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JANUARY—JUNE, 1860.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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ST STEPHEN'S.

[In this Poem it is intended to give succinct sketches of our principal Parliamentary Orators, commencing with the origin of parliamentary oratory (in the Civil Wars), and closing with the late Sir Robert Peel. The Poem will be completed in Three Parts.]

When frank-eyed War with Love stood hand in hand,
And cities oped on lonely Faeryland,
Song was the voice most faithful to the time,
And England spoke in Chaucer's lusty rhyme.
Thus long ere yet the Orator is known,
Each age demands an utterance all its own;
Now thrills in carols wise without a rule,
Now fires a camp, and now dictates a school.

But not till warring thoughts mature their strife,
Till some slow people swell to stormy life,
And, lost the inert hereditary awe,
Exact a reason where imposed a law,—
Not till the right to argue truth be won,
The heart of many fires the lips of one;
And the great Art which sways this age of ours,
Stands forth as Justice 'midst conflicting powers,
And, lest the foe of all, Brute Force, prevail,
Leans on the sword, while proffering but the scale.

What causes first in English halls combined
To free the voice?—those which first freed the mind.

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In Eastern tales, a fond enchanter's care
Immures in rock a giant child of air;
By its own growth the genius wears away
The yielding stone, and nears its native day;
Till through pale fissures rushes in the storm,
And from the granite whirlwinds lift the form;—
So forth soared Reason from the cells of Rome,
Rapt on the blasts that rent her prison-home;
And her own pinions in their angry flight
Cast shadow down while sailing up to light.
Then Man, tormented with a glorious grief,
Scared by the space that spreads round unbelief,
Sought still to reconcile the earth and sky,
And to his trouble came Philosophy.
She came, as came from Jove a Prophet-Dream,
Mid Night's last shade and Morning's earliest beam,
And in weird parables of coming things
Showed truth to seers, but boded woe to kings.

Forms that hem round this social state of Man
Are so by custom blended into plan,
That thro' one chink if some bold footstep steals,
Each fence is loosed, and all the structure reels.
Hark, BACON speaks! and walls, with which the wise
Had belted Nature, vanish; startled eyes
Explore a bound, and skies expand on skies.
Faith thus dislodged from ancient schools and creeds,
Question to question, doubt to doubt succeeds—
Clouds gathering flame for thunders soon to be,
And glass'd on SHAKESPEARE as upon a sea.
Each guess of others into worlds unknown
Shakespeare revolves, but guards concealed his own—
As in the Infinite hangs poised his thought,
Surveying all things, and asserting nought.

And now, transferr'd from singer and from sage,
Stands in full day the spirit of the age—
INQUIRY!—She, so coy when first pursued
In her own ancient arduous solitude,
Seized by the crowd, and dragged before their bar,
Changes her shape, and towers transformed to War;
Inscribes a banner, flings it to the gales—
Cries, "I am Truth, and Truth, when arm'd, prevails."
Up leaps the zealot—Zeal must clear her way,
And fell the forests that obscure the day.

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To guard the Bible flashes forth the sword,
And Cromwell rides, the servant of the Lord.
Twin-born with Freedom, then with her took breath
That Art whose dying will be Freedom's death.
From Thought's fierce clash in lightning broke the word;
Ungagg'd at last the Isle's strong Man was heard:
Still in their sheaths the direful swords repose;
Voice may yet warn: The ORATOR arose!

Founders of England's slow-built eloquence—
Truth's last adornment as her first defence—
Pass—but as shadows! Nevermore again
May the land need, yet reel beneath such men!
Lo, where from haunted floors the phantoms rise,
Pale through the mists which cleared for us the skies,
There, but one moment lingering in the hall,
The earliest, hardiest Orator of all
Shines—and wanes ELIOT on the verge of War,
As day, in redd'ning, slays its own bright star.
There flits by WALLER of the silvery tongue,
And faith as ductile as the lyre he strung.
There, wise to warn, yet impotent to guide,
And sad with foresight, moves the solemn HYDE.
Mark in the front, fit leader of the van,
Yon large, imperfect, necessary Man;
With all the zeal a cause conflicting needs,
And all the craft by which the cause succeeds;
Iron as Ludlow, yet as Villiers trim,
'Twixt saint and sinner—Atlas-shoulder'd PYM.

Behind, pure, chill, and lonely as a star,
Ruthless as angels, when destroying, are,
Sits VANE, and dreams Utopian isles to be,
While swells the storm, and sea but spreads on sea;
Still in a mirage he discerns a shore,
And acts with Hampden from belief in More.

Nor less alone, nor less a dreamer, there
Wan FALKLAND looks through space with gloomy stare,
Pondering that question which no wise man's voice
Ever solved yet to guide the brave man's choice,
When the dread Present, as on an abyss,
Splits, in two paths, the frowning precipice—
That, to lost towers which tides already whelm;
This, through dark gorges to an unknown realm;

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Hard to decide! each future has its crime;
Each past its wreck: here, how control the time?
There, how rekindle dust? Between the two,
At least choose quick. Life is the verb "To do!"
What makes the huge wall crash before the course
Of the slight ball? Accelerated force!

Ponderest thou still, while murder fills the stage,
And the ghost becks, O Hamlet of thine age?
"The scholar's, soldier's glass!"—glass clearer still,
Of worth made useless by the want of will.

But lo! what shadow fills the phantom hall,
Awful and large, awhile obscuring all;
On angry aspects bending brows of woe,
Still as a glacier over storms below?
That front, proud STRAFFORD, needs no bauble crown
To make it kinglier than the Stuart's frown.
How the dire genius, skill'd, alert, intent,
Speaks from each swart Italian lineament!
Some close Visconti there your search defies,
In the cold gloom of unrevealing eyes;
And the hard daring of Castrucci dwells
In scheming lips comprest as Machiavel's.

But hark! what voice, deep-toned, and musical
With Raleigh's noble English, thrills the hall?
Still of that voice which awed its age, one tone
Comes, sad as flutes funereal, to our own;
When, at the last, the grand offender pleads,
Tears drown our justice and efface his deeds;
And when poor Stuart, with his feeble "Nay,"
Signs the great life which shields his own away,
Freedom, that needs the victim, rights his shade,
And turns her axe towards him who has betrayed;
While loyal Knighthood, half a rebel grown,
Veils its shamed eyes from Treason on a throne.

But see, where rising last on lull'd debate,
With brief discourse, in which each word has weight,
With "brain to plan, tongue to persuade, and hand
To do all mischief,"—which can free his land,
Great HAMPDEN fills the eye!——
Oh, wise as Strafford, and as Vane sincere,
Warm without frenzy, wary without fear,

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Freedom's calm champion, while in peace her trust,
Freedom's first martyr while her war was just.
Hadst thou but lived thine own designs to crown !—
No ! at its brightest let thy sun go down !
If Heaven in thee had viewed the later guide,
From Heaven's elected death had turn'd aside.
Thrice happy one ! thy white name is not seen
In the red list of Bradshaw's jurymen ;
Thy manhood smote not the grey crownless head—
Thy faith forsook not the good cause it led—
Thy cheek flush'd not at the usurper's scoff,
When pikemen bore a people's bauble off ;
Hid from thy sight the loved Republic's doom,
In courtiers crowding Cromwell's ante-room,
And Gideon-Saints, the men of Marston Moor,
Drill'd into sentries at the Brewer's door.
So pass, O pure Ideal of the free,
True star to steer by, wheresoe'er the sea,
Linking the cause that gives the world its breath—
With Cromwell's triumph ? No ; with Hampden's death.

Slow out of sight the conclave fades away,
And the last shape which doth the gaze delay,
Resting on orb and mace the large right hand,
Is yon rude sloven with the blood-stained band.

Wide is the void they leave as they depart ;
Long Freedom sleeps,—with Freedom sleeps her art.
The grand Republic—for the million won—
Shrinks into space just large eno' for one !

Safe from wild talk, reign, lonely Cromwell, reign !
Hath not the Lord delivered thee from Vane ?
What ! would a Sanhedrim of Vanes appal
Less than one stranger-shadow on thy wall ?
Why gag the Time ?—To guard with Mutes thy life ?
Safer the loud tongue than the noiseless knife :—
To still the flood that floated The Good Cause ?
Or save from critics Cromwell's fame and laws ?—
Vain dupe,—the stream thy genius might have led,
Stopt by thy fear, runs back to its old bed—
And The Good Cause ?—is Charles on his white horse !
And Cromwell ?—lo ! at Tyburn hangs a corse !
Yes, silenced long, outbreaks the Nation's voice—
" King Charles—King Charles—let all the land rejoice ! "

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Sick of grim saints, short commons, and long graces,
Welcome wild sinners, laughter, and gay faces.
France saves our monarch from that vulgar curse,
A mean dependence on his people's purse—
Charles from King Louis takes his annual fees,
Snubs rude St Stephen, and misrules at ease.
Shut up the House—can Freedom need its votes
To doom a Sidney?—or to saint an Oates!
But from the flats of that ignoble hour,
What genius lifts its lightning-shatter'd tower?
Wild as the shapes invoked by magic spell,
Dire and grotesque, behold Achitophel!
Dark convict, seared by History's branding curse,
And hung in chains from Dryden's lofty verse.
Yet who has pierced the labyrinth of that brain?—
Who plomb'd that genius, both so vast and vain?—
What moved its depths?—Ambition?—Passion?—Whim?
This day a Strafford—and the next a Pym?
Is it, in truth, as Dryden hath implied,
Was his "great wit to madness near allied?"
Accept that guess, and it explains the Man;
Reject—and solve the riddle if ye can!

But, "halting there in a wide sea of wax,"
Trusting no star, trims boasting HALIFAX;
And who so fit that fickle age to lead—
An age of doubt, a man without a creed?
Complete as Gorgias in the sophist's art—
Orator not—for orators need heart.
Note him, "of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endowed by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move assemblies;"—yes, to reconcile
Patriots to place! That 'wit' had won no smile
From Marvell's lip; that 'pregnant thought' supplied
No light to Hampden; nor dispelled in Hyde
One noble doubt,—in Vane one noble dream!
When what they are not men desire to seem,
Their praises follow him who can suggest,
Smooth public pleas for private interest,
Dwarf down rude virtues with a cynic sneer,
Yet simulate their substance in veneer,
Unite extremes in this sole golden mean,—
"'Tis good for both *my* good should come between;
And who with zeal sincere can raise the cry,
'My country thrives'—unless he add, 'and I.'"

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Out on the mask!—we turn a man to find,
The naked face—the honest human mind—
And hail fair SOMERS! If some names more near
Our work-day world shine more distinctly clear,
Yet who shall tell, in glory's luminous host,
Which are the orbs that influence earth the most?
And every life of use so purely bright,
Beams evermore a part of the world's light;
The air we breathe, its noiseless rays suffuse,
Blent in the rainbow, nourishing the dews.

What voice now swells from Anne's Augustan days?
What form of beauty glows upon the gaze?
Bright as the Greek to whom all toil was ease,
Flash'd forth the English Alcibiades.
He for whom Swift had not one cynic sneer,
Whom hardiest Walpole honoured with his fear,
Whose lost harangues a Pitt could more deplore
Than all the gaps in Greek and Roman lore,
Appalling, charming, haunting ST JOHN shone,
And stirr'd that age as Byron thrill'd our own;
Sighing for ease, yet ever keen for strife,
Zeno's his creed, yet Aretin's his life;
With Protean grace through every change he sports,
Now awing senates, now perplexing courts;
A soul of flame, though both a brand and torch,
Firing the camp or dazzling from the porch.
Behold him now, not in his autumn day,
But the full flowering of his dainty May;
Not Pope's sad friend, and soul-deceiving guide,
But the State's darling and the Church's pride.
How the fair aspect, ere a sound is heard,
Prepares the path for the melodious word;
Mark in each gesture force with ease allied,
And manly passion with patrician pride;
And oh, that style! so stately, sweet, and strong,
Which, tamely read, has all the charm of song,
What must its power o'er beating hearts have been,
The genius speaking while the man was seen!
Judge it by this—behold a later time,
His party shattered, and its cause a crime;
His white name blotted, his young vigour spent,
A lone grey man comes back from banishment.
Fear seized the Council; England seemed too weak
Against that tongue, if once allowed to speak;

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Law ransacks all the expedients at its choice,
Restores the peer, and then proscribes his voice.
So the grand orator, his field denied,
Shrunk to a small philosopher, and died.

Dear to all classic taste that age of Anne;
We love its poets, though their verse will scan;
Its prose still greets us like a pleasant friend,
Though not so wise but what we comprehend—
A well-drest elegant Horatian age.
Suspend the curtain, glance along the stage;
Who's that with timorous yet with pompous air,
Blandly reserved, and stiffly debonnair?
HARLEY, "got up" for splendour and parade;
And ne'er less Harley than when in brocade.

Note, through the levée with a careless stride,
Parting the throng as some tough keel the tide,
With soldier bearing, yet in priestly guise,
With black brows knitted over azure eyes,
With lips that kindle from the gravest there,
The boisterous laughter which they scorn to share,
The stern, sad man who made the world so gay,
SWIFT comes—half-Rousseau and half-Rabelais.
Half-Rousseau?—yes; for while we gaze on both,
Hating we pity, and admiring loathe;
With varying fever-fits now glow, now freeze,
And shuddering ask, "Which genius, which disease?"
Half-Rabelais?—yes; on crozier and on crown
Hanging wild fool-bells, jingling reverence down;
Profaning, levelling, yet illuming earth,
Vile and sublime, the demagogue of mirth:
Power, wisdom, beauty trampled, smeared, and spurned:
What rests to admire?—the strength that overturned!
Genius permits no mortal to debase
By his own height the stature of his race;
The crowds beneath if he with scorn surveys,
He dwarfs them not; he does but lift their gaze.

But Swift, not now the envenomed malcontent;
His mind has space—its gloomy fires a vent;
The smile, if wintry, yet plays round the sneer;
The bright stern eye sees some cathedral near;
And the fierce hand that warms in Harley's clasp,
Feels at the touch a mitre in its grasp.

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Break up the levée! *that* no place for friends,
Harley's gilt coach the equal pair attends—
Poet and premier take the air together,
Discussing Church and gossip, State and weather.
See, as they pass, what quaint familiar groups,
What lively Muses in what formal hoops!
See Pope's light Sappho, arm'd with pen and fan,
This points her billetdoux, that slays her man;
While her pale poet scorn'd yet courted sighs,
And one brief folly dims those lustrous eyes.
Lo, Marlborough's duchess! welcome to her grace—
Her with the fury heart and fairy face;
Whose aim a despot's, and whose sense a doll's—
Whose pride Roxana's, and whose language Poll's.

With English humour and wild Irish heart,
See STEELE rehearse what Goldsmith made a part,
Ranging at whim from fever-heat to zero,
Now the frank rake, and now "the Christian Hero."
Play as he will, the deuce is in the cards;
Student at Isis, trooper in the Guards—
A brisk comedian now before the lamps,
And now—a grave Commissioner of Stamps;
Now a church union with the Scotch his wish,
Next day, "a project for preserving fish;"
Inventing Tatlers, scribbling a Gazette—
Ever at work, and never out of debt.
Ah! wits, like fools, oft make their proper rods—
Where Prudence comes not, never come the gods.

But there, with step more modest and more slow,
Comes the supreme "SPECTATOR" of the show;
Exquisite Genius, to whose chisell'd line
The ivory's polish lends the ivory's shine.
With strength so sweet, in its subdued repose,
Virgil of humorists, and Pope of prose;
In this what dignity, in that what ease!
In both what charm!—the rarest charm, to please!

Quick glide the rest. See CIBBER has his lord;
Were there more Cibbers, lords would be less bored!
See BERKELEY, lingering on his heavenward way,
Smooth his large front to the child-laugh of GAY;
See peers, see princes vying for the praise
Of high-bred CONGREVE, heartless as his plays.

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But wheresoe'er the eye delighted rove,
The Muse still stands beside some earthly Jove,
Fused in one air the universal Powers
That light the ages, or but gild the hours.
Rank then was pleased when Wit its birthright claimed;
If either cringed—not Swift, be Harley blamed.
In court, in senate, hall, and mart, and street,
Frank Genius came its fellow-chiefs to meet—
Pleasure itself seemed dull and void of ease,
Till some bright spirit taught her how to please;
And no Sir Plume was half so proud as when
The sylph politely shaped him to a pen.

But all too long a truant from my theme,
I mark the sparkles, not pursue the stream.
Now comes the Man who has for verse no ear,
For lore no reverence, and for wit no fear;
Burly and bluff, in St John's vacant place,
The land's new leader lifts his jovial face.
Alas! poor Nine—a dreary time for you!
King George the First, Sir ROBERT WALPOLE too!
Sir Robert waits;—those shrewd coarse features scan,
How strong the sense, how English is the man!—
English, if left to all plain sense bestows,
And stripp'd of all that Man to genius owes.
He sets no flowers, but each dry stubble gleans—
Statesman in ends, but huxter in the means—
Boldly he nears his hacks, extends the chaff,
And flings the halter with an ostler's laugh.
Corruptly frank, he buys or bullies all,
And is what placemen style "the practical."
Is this man eloquent? The man creates
New ground, now ours—the level of debates.
Eloquent?—Yes, in parliamentary sense,
The skilful scorn of what seems eloquence;
Adroit, familiar, fluent, easy, free,
And each quick point as quick to seize as see;
Shielding the friend, but covering from the foe,
And ne'er above his audience nor below:
Arm'd in finance, blow up with facts the speech,
And rows of figures bristle in the breach.
Soft in his tones, seductive in his sighs,
When doom'd to take "a vote upon supplies;"
At times a proser, at no time a prater,
And six feet high—in short, a great debater.

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And is that all?—Nay, truth must grant much more;
The bluff old Whig was Briton to the core.
With this strong purpose, whatsoe'er he plann'd,
To save from Pope and Papist kings the land.
His heart was mild; it slew not, nor proscribed;
His tenets loose; in clemency he bribed.
A town conspires in secret:—he sends down
Cannon—tut! candidates to buy the town.
Sly Jesuits have a senator misled,
He hints a pension, and he saves a head.
While since adventure outlets must obtain,
In closing war he frees the roads to gain;
Shows teeming marts, and says to Hope, "Behold,
'Tis Peace that guards the avenues to gold."
So blent with good and evil all the springs
Which move in states the wheels of human things,
That, though the truth must be with pain confest,
Men not too good may suit mankind the best:
So leave Sir Robert "buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within,"
To tax, to bribe, to coax the public weal
From foreign standards and fraternal steel.

Far livelier wit, which malice more refines,
Words better minted, and from wealthier mines,
More warmth with dignity, more force with grace,
Rank PULTENEY loftier—loftier till in place.
His art attack, success his genius ends;
Yield him the fort—he's lost when he defends.
Yet none so boldly rushed upon the wall,
And none so stoutly sapp'd it to its fall;
And none e'er wielded with so keen a fence
The poniard sarcasm lends to eloquence.
See him with Walpole singly hand to hand,
How the slight dagger foils the heavy brand;
Sharpening to epigram each word of hate,
He shines and stabs, the Martial of debate.*

With wit as piercing, but in words more chaste,
That steal their blow, and never wound the taste.
His Thyrsus sword, in classic wreaths conceal'd,
Charms and persuades Hortensian CHESTERFIELD.
Too slight to jostle with the Burghers' crowd,
With tones too well bred when the roar is loud,

* "How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!"—POPE.

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Form'd for the air patrician calm affords,
He rivals Cicero when he speaks to Lords;
Makes commerce courtier-like, and Cocker clear,
And speaks of freedom like a free-born peer.

High above each in genius, lore, and fire,
With mind of muscles which no toil could tire,
With lips that seem'd like Homer's gods to quaff
From nectar-urns the unextinguished laugh,
Frank with the mirth of souls divinely strong,
CARTERET's large presence floats from out the throng.
What earlier school this grand comedian rear'd?
His first essays no crowds less courtly cheer'd.
From learnèd closets came a sauntering sage,
Yawn'd, smil'd, and spoke, and took by storm the age:
Who that can hear him, and on business, speak,
Would dream he lunch'd with BENTLEY upon Greek,
And will to-night with Hutcheson regale on
The feast of Reason in the tough To Kalon.
With what rich spoils the full life overflows;
His genius gilds, because his nature glows;
Call it not versatile, but, like the sun,
Fix'd and the same whate'er it beams upon;
Fix'd and the same not less because it calls
Colour from things on which, as light, it falls.

Pass by the lesser, not inglorious host;
Awed, they shrink back; arise, majestic ghost!
Lo, the great Arts' unrivalled master one,
The mightier Father of the mighty Son!
Like hero myths before the Homeric time,
Looms the vast form—if vague, the more sublime;
That pomp of speech but such memorial leaves,
As the gone storm with which the wave still heaves;
Or as, on hills remote, the cloudy wreath,
Flush'd with the giant sun that sank beneath.
Yet it is not by words that critics praise,
Nor yet by deeds which after-judgment weighs
With ounce and scruple in impartial scales,
That a great soul, like a great truth, prevails.
Apart from what is said and what is done,
There is a force by which the world is won,
Born in men's destined ruler!—Reason halts
To gauge the merits or assess the faults,

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While forth unguess'd magnetic influence flows,
Attracts the followers, or unnerves the foes.

Our fathers tell us what their fathers told,
How from those lips the glorious cataract roll'd;
And while its scorn all barrier swept away,
Each wave the roughest still flash'd back the day.
The effect sublime; the cause why fritter down?
Did stage-craft teach the mode to wear the crown?
Learn'd he from Roscius in what folds to bring
The imperial purple?—was he less the king?
"Actor" you call him; yes, with inborn ease
What labour made divine Demosthenes;
Tones with the might of music at their choice,
The front august, the eye itself a voice,
These Nature gave; did care the rest impart,
Nature herself were chaos without art.
Was it a fault, if cowering Senates shook,
Thrill'd by a whisper, spellbound by a look?
Or could the gesture dazzle and control,
Save as it launch'd some lightning of the soul?
Others take force from judgment, fancy, thought,
CHATHAM from passion; for its voice he sought
Sounds rolling large as waves of stormy song,
By pride made stately, but by anger strong;
To colder lips he left the words that teach;
He awed and crush'd—the Æschylus of speech.

Hush! let that form the long perspective close,—
In marble calm the Olympian kings repose;
Place on his throne the thunder-lord of all,
To end the vista and complete the hall;
And as ye turn with reverent steps to tread
Galleries that niche the less majestic dead,
Retain that noble image in the heart,
And, your own selves made nobler, so depart.
Thus when the Greek, enshrined in Elis, saw
The Zeus that Phidias shaped for human awe,
The Power but bent above him from its throne
A front that lifted to the stars his own;
Back from the shrine to active life he brought
The sacred influence in the statelier thought,
More nerved to high design and dauntless deed,
To front the Agora or repel the Mede.

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NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—EARLY DAYS.

PHILOSOPHERS have often disputed and men of the world debated as to the station in life which, under ordinary circumstances, is most likely to insure the happiness of a human being; but I am not aware that the controversy has resulted in any general agreement. The majority, I suspect, if some beneficent fairy gave them the option of choosing, would decide in favour of ten thousand a-year, or it may be a little more, with some hereditary title of honour corresponding to the amount of the fortune. Few would content themselves with "that thousand" which, in this country, is amply sufficient for the wants and reasonable luxuries of existence; very few, indeed, would name five hundred as their ultimatum; and none but a stray Apemantus, or a wayward cynic with strong eccentric tendencies, would restrict himself to a crust and liberty.

Let not the reader suppose that I have confounded two separate things, station and fortune. In this happy land of ours, which is becoming every year more and more weaned from aristocratic prejudice, fortune and station are as nearly as possible synonymous. Let a man have but money enough, and, unless he is an absolute idiot, he need not despair of working his way to the peerage, and sitting one day on the same bench with the representative of the oldest barony of England. Be his origin what it may, money will buy him a fair wife. Not in Circassia only is there a trade in such commodities. Money, in the ears of a dowerless girl, who has been hawked season after season from one watering-place to another without attracting an offer, means diamonds, a house in London, a handsome equipage, a box at the opera, independent pin-money, and other things having a close connection with the pomp and vanities of this wicked world, which few damsels so sadly situated can resist. Why blame them, if, never having known what love is—never having surrendered their hearts with maiden fear and trembling to the keeping of others—never having been beloved, or solicited, they yield to the parental solicitation, and stand, bedecked with lace and orange-flowers, before the altar, promising in the face of God and man thenceforward to obey, serve, love, honour, and keep, in sickness and in health, some vulgar millionaire of advanced age, who, in manners and learning, is decidedly inferior to the valet who serves and despises him? Is it necessary to say that, through money, a fool can get into Parliament far more easily than the wisest man of the age, if so be that the latter is deficient in the purse? Yes, Mammon! of all the spirits that fell, thou hast the decided ascendancy in this commercial age of enlightenment. Belial is but thy subordinate, for his best votaries own superior allegiance to thee; Asmodeus, poor scoffing imp, cannot sneer thee down; and Mephistopheles is never sure of his victim without thy confirmation and assistance!

Possibly, reader, you may deem me a hypocrite when I protest that I never have been covetous of wealth, or have entertained any desire to rise above a middle station. Nevertheless, I aver upon soul and conscience, keeping in view that the knowledge of one's-self is the most difficult and deceptive of all possible sciences, that such is the case. I am, God be thanked, a sincere Christian in belief; and, so far as the weakness of humanity will allow, and praying for that grace and assistance which, if fervently implored, will not be withheld, I strive that my practice shall be in some conformity with my belief. "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me," is a good, wise, and

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solemn prayer, which ought to ascend oftener than I fear it does to the eternal throne. I shall not insist now on its fitness as a means of preparation for the life which is to come. I shall take it merely as embodying a secular maxim or apothegm—which, I may remark, is the case with the sublimest of the scriptural precepts, for all that revelation teaches us to believe will contribute to eternal happiness, does, if practised here, secure our temporal peace; and I say, broadly and advisedly, after the experience of many years, that, in the middle station of life, a man, be his accomplishments and talents what they may, has a far better chance of happiness than if he were greatly elevated, or unduly depressed. Who would choose, if he could help it, to be an emperor or a king? Read Gibbon, and you will see what became of the infatuated creatures who, in the latter days of the Roman Empire, bought the dignity, generally to perish in the course of a year or so by the swords of a hireling band, purchased by some new and equally asinine competitor. Who envies Charles Dix, or Louis Philippe? or who can envy the present Napoleon? Can it be pleasant, when you step into your carriage bound for the opera, to reflect that the chances are two to one that, when you descend, some infernal machine will explode at your feet? To know that you are marked down for assassination by a club of dare-devils in masks, who deliberately throw dice for the honour of taking you off, effecting, after the lot is cast, assurances on your life for the purpose of providing for the outcast children of the murderer? Should you like to have the responsibility of wars, undertaken for the maintenance or aggrandisement of your own dynasty, in the course of which many thousands of souls, altogether unfitted for eternity, must pass to judgment, naming you as the man who, for selfish earthly motives, had prematurely sent them to their long account without even the chance of repentance? I am no Covenanter, nor addicted to rash application of scriptural terms; but this I must needs say, that if Tophet is made hot for any one, it will be for the individual whose personal ambition has disturbed the peace of Europe; and who, if evil spirits submit to an earthly incarnation, is perfect Moloch, with a Mammonistical fondness for the funds.

To be a duke is not, in my humble opinion, much more desirable. Dukes are subjected to all the inconveniences of high dignity, without that fine sensation of being irresponsible which is the sole privilege of majesty. In the olden time, very few dukes died peaceably in their beds. They either perished in foreign battle, or in civil conflict, or mounted the scaffold to lay their heads upon the block, as the penalty of their rebellion. There are no rebellions now; and a considerable time has elapsed since any of ducal rank occupied apartments in the Tower. But for all that, a duke can hardly be said to have more freedom than a prisoner on parole. Wherever he goes he is a marked man, at whom the many may stare with impunity. His every word and deed are sure to be quoted and commented on with undue severity. If he has large possessions and a fair share of patronage, he must lay his account with being pestered from morning to night by all manner of applications from the greedy, the indigent, and the unscrupulous. If he is munificent, he is accused of being extravagant. If he is economical, he is branded as penurious. Archbishop Tillotson, in a sermon preached before the Merry Monarch—doubtless with Buckingham, Rochester, Sedley, and the rest of that respectable crew among the audience—took occasion to illustrate the advantages of a creditable example from men of lofty station. "Those," said the excellent prelate, "who are in a low and private condition, can only shine to a few, but they that are advanced a great height above others, may, like the heavenly bodies, dispense a general light and influence, and scatter happiness and blessings among all that are below them." To my humble thinking, it must be very cold among the stars.

But it would be impertinent, or, even worse, tedious, to pursue this topic further, more especially as I have got some sort of a story to tell; and it is against all æsthetical rule to philosophise in the preface. I merely wish to state my conviction,

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that a man placed in a middle station of life, and content to remain there, not only is likely to secure a larger share of temporal happiness and enjoyment, but is enabled to take a more just and unbiassed view of society than can be obtained by those who move at either extremity of the social scale. The peasant cannot comprehend the ways of the prince, nor the prince those of the peasant. The middle-man, who stands between the two, can form a right estimate of both.

I was born about the time when the star of the great Napoleon was beginning to decline. My father, a subaltern in the British army, whose hereditary portion was very small, fell at the Battle of the Pyrenees. He had been imprudent enough to contract a marriage with a young lady of good connections, but quite as poor as himself, before joining his regiment; and I believe that the letter which was intended to convey to him the news of my birth, was on its way to Spain, when he, along with many other gallant soldiers, was struck down by the terrible fire of the French artillery. My mother, whose constitution was originally delicate, and who was deeply attached to my father, never rallied from the blow. She drooped and died within six months after she had assumed the widow's garb, leaving me, a helpless infant, to the care of an old woman, who had been her own nurse, and who, like many of her class in Scotland, concentrated the whole of her strong affections upon her charge. I know not why it should be so, but it is a well-known fact that nurses are often much more passionately fond of the children committed to their rearing, than of their own kith and kin. This was the case with dear old Eppie Osett, who still lives in venerable age, the keeper of my little lodge; and faithfully and truly did she fulfil the trust imposed on her by my dying mother. Eppie was the sole link between me and my parents, and often in my boyhood have I heard her tell, with affectionate prolixity, the story of my mother's death.

"She was but poorly, the sweet lamb," would Eppie say, "before the Captain gaed awa' to thae weary wars; and weel I mind that when they parted she grat sair, and made as if she wadna let him gang, for I think she had something on her heart that telled her she wad never see him mair. A' night long I heard her sobbin' in her room, and prayin' for the brave lad that had gane to fight his kintra's battles—weary fa' thae French that hae spilt sae muckle o' the auld Scottish blude! But neist morning she was quiet-like, and gaed about the house as before; only she was wan as ony lily, and I could see by the quivering of her lip that her thoughts were far beyont the door-stane. For twa or three days she hardly spoke even to me that had been her nurse; and I durstna venture to speak to her, forbye on ordinary matters of house-skep; for I felt that if I had named his name, I wad hae broken out into woman's weakness; and sma' was the comfort I could gie her, puir innocent lamb, in the hour of her heavy tribulation. Sae I tried to look as canty as I could, and put a' things out o' the way that might distress her wi' thoughts o' the past. But I was an auld fule for my pains; for I might hae kenned that there is naething sae dear to a woman in absence as the image of him she loves. She, puir thing, had a bit picture o' your father that she wore round her neck on a chain; and when she gaed to her lonesome bed, she kissed it, and put it under her pillow, and ilka night her prayers—for I often heard her pray, sleeping as I did in a wee closet aff her room—were less for hersel' than for your father. And nae wonder, for she was a sinless burd! The angels, when they cam' to tak' her awa', could hardly hae been whiter than she was; and I dinna believe that the breath was out o' her body before she heard the psalms o' heaven!

"Weel; it was nae lang time afore ye were born, Maister Norman, that your father gaed awa'; and to say the truth, dear bairn as ye are to me now, I wadna hae cared if ye never had had an existence. For your bonny sweet mither was no like Leah, wha had the first o' the patriarch Jacob, and, will ye, nill ye, brought him a bairn ilka year, and

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whiles wad hae been glad o' twins. She was mair like douce Rachel, wha dee'd in child-bed, and was Jacob's first love; for whom he mourned, and set up a pillar upon her grave in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day, as is revealed unto us by the holy Scriptures. Ye made a narrow escape, Maister Norman, of being christened Benoni, though your father didna ken, when the ball shattered his breist, that his puir wife ayont the sea had given birth to a buirdly man-bairn.

"Weel do I mind the day when the awsome news was brought hame to us. There was nae letter, for the ither offishers doubtless had muckle mair to do than to write—they were, ye ken, fighting for their ain lives in a far-awa' land; but the auld minister—that was worthy Mr Daniel Simpson, wha afore that had the parish of Kircuddy—he got a newspaper; and in it, wae's me! was your father's name as having died on the field o' battle. It wasna a field either, for the battle, as I heard tell, was focht among the mountains, like unto that terrible battle in Mount Gilboa, where Saul, king o' Israel, was slain. But, field or mountain, it was a' ane. There was nae doubt o' what had happened. The handsome light-hearted lad that we a' lo'ed sae weel, wi' an e'e like a gosshawk's, and a laugh that rang through the house as cheery as the sang o' the mavis, was now but a bluidy corp, laid in unco mools, without a stane to mark his head!

"Worthy Mr Simpson had a gude heart o' his ain, though he was nae great dab at the preaching, being somewhat lang-winded, and ower fond o' displaying that carnal knowledge, which is but sour sowens to them that hunger for the savoury meat o' doctrine. But he never was backward in the hour o' affliction, and that's mair than can be said for some that sit in the high places o' the synagogue. Sae he just came across to break the waefu' tidings to your puir mither. But nae sooner did she see him enter the room wi' the sheet in his hand, and the marks o' sorrow on his face—for the auld man could hardly refrain himsel'—than her heart divined what he had to tell her; she uttered a great cry, 'O, my Henry!' and fell down on the floor like ane that had been struck wi' the lichtning. It was lang afore we could bring her round, and langer afore she could speak; for her mind seemed to be taken frae her, and she could do naething but sit and tremble, puir thing, as if she had seen a spirit pass before her face, like that which appeared unto Eliphaz the Temanite, making all his bones to shake. Death is a terrible thing at ony time, and sad to witness, whether it be that of a strong man smitten down by sudden agony, or of a frail bit lassie creepin' awa' to her Creator after a lang and weary sickness; but O, when it comes to us unseen, like a peal of thunder in a simmer sky—when we hear tell, without warning and preparation, that them we lo'ed best on earth, and maybe better than we should lo'e ony earthly creature, have been ta'en awa' frae us for ever; and when we ken that we sall never again hear them speak or see them smile, nae wonder if the horror of darkness falls upon us as it did on that day when the Lord withheld the licht from the dwallins o' the Egyptians.

"The first thing that seemed to break the dwam o' her bewilderment, was my bringing you, a wee innocent babe, and laying you on her knee. Then the instinct o' the mither came back: she caught you up in her arms, and burst into a flood o' tears. I could say naething to her then, for my ain heart was ower full, and I weel kenned that sorrow maun hae its course; say I just put worthy Mr Simpson to the door, for he could do her nae gude, and I drew down the window-blinds and darkened the room, and syne sat doun mysel' upon a creepie, and wrapped the plaid around my head, and prayed that the Comforter might come unto her. Doubtless she had comfort after a season, but it wasna o' the common sort. Her comfort was the assurance that she wadna be left to tarry here lang in her bereavement, but that before the primroses o' spring blossomed on the braes, she wad be wi' him she had lost, in that blessed place where there is no more death, neither

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sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain. That was what she said to me, no aboon sax days after the tidings cam', and I could see weel eneuch that she wasna lang for this warld. It's my belief that she had but ae thing heavy on her mind, and that was the thocht o' leaving you behind her, a puir unfriended orphan. For though she had faith in the kindness o' the Lord, and dwalt upon His promise that He wad be a father to the fatherless, she was yet a mither; and your wee hands, as they closed round her fingers, were the cords that held her to the earth. If ever a bairn was prayed for, it was you. She held you in her bosom till her e'en closed in death, and the last words she uttered were words o' blessing on her babe. And then the licht gaed out, and there was hush and stillness in the chamber, but for the bit cry ye gave as I stooped to tak you from her."

My father had no near relatives. It was indeed believed that a first cousin of his was settled in London, and engaged in some prosperous line of trade; but he had left Scotland at an early period of life, and maintained no communication with any of his former friends. My mother, however, had a brother much older than herself, a medical practitioner, in Edinburgh, upon whom devolved the duties of my guardianship. Dr Alexander Buchanan was a bachelor of peculiar habits, regarding whom I shall presently have occasion to speak: meantime it is only necessary to say, that he cheerfully accepted a responsibility, which in Scotland is regarded almost in the light of a sacred duty—that the little money which remained after payment of my parent's simple debts was invested for my benefit—and that Eppie Osett, who, failing every other resource, would have carried me on her back through the world begging from door to door, received the assurance that my education would be properly cared for, and shelter given me under my uncle's roof, so soon as it was considered advisable that I should be brought to Edinburgh. Until then it was arranged that I should remain with my nurse at the house of her brother, who rented a small farm in Selkirkshire; as Dr Buchanan very naturally expressed a disinclination to being "fashed with bairns," whereof, as he pertinently remarked, he might, if so minded, have provided himself with a stock of his own.

Accordingly, in the bright days of spring, we removed from the little town wherein I was born, to the farm of the Birkenshaws, cultivated by honest Jamie Osett, the first place that I can remember, and probably the last that shall fade from my memory. It was a little steading, situated in one of those glens which are so common in that romantic pastoral district, by the side of a clear mountain stream, which, descending from the ridges that separate the valleys of the Tweed and Yarrow, flows in a long succession of rapid and pool, until it loses itself in that beautiful sheet of water, from which emerges the last-named river so famous in Scottish song. Round the house were a few old trees, originally planted there to screen it from the blasts which in winter swept fiercely down the glen; but beyond these, the face of the country was bare and unwooded, save that on the scaurs, on the very edge of the loose shingle, or curiously inserted among the rocks, some thorns and birches, of great age but stunted growth, still remained to show that, in days long gone by, the title "forest," as applied to the district, had not been given in derision. There it was that I first became conscious of the beauty of external nature; where I plucked the gowan, and purple thyme, and yellow crow-foot from the mountain-sward; and with my comrades, Davie and May Osett, plaited caps from the rushes that grew in the bonny meadow by Meggat-side, where the lapwings had their nests. Even now that pastoral region has for me a strong attraction, and inspires me with an intense sensation of delight, albeit it will bear no comparison with the grander beauty of the Highlands, or the richness of the more cultivated vales. Solitary it is not, though the farmsteadings and shepherds' houses lie far apart; for life is teeming everywhere, in air and water, on the hill-side, and in the glen. In spring

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the call of the cuckoo, that "fairy voice," comes to you from the old thorn-tree on the crag; the hills are resonant with the bleating of a thousand lambs; the merry ephemeral swarm hover over the stream, or flit in clouds across the pool; and the speckled trout, watchful of his prey, leaps after them, or chases the shoal of glistening minnows among the stones of the rapid shallows. In summer, life becomes even more strongly developed, and in more gorgeous hues. The butterflies, white, and speckled, and red, and blue, dance over the meadows, blending their glorious colours with those of the tall flowers on which they light, until you cannot well distinguish the blossom from the butterfly, or the insect from the petal of its repose. There, too, the strong dragon-flies, like shafts of topaz and beryl, shoot themselves from the long grass by the river-side; the water-pyet, scared from his stone, dips down under the ripple; the pike, basking among the reeds on the margin of the loch, rushes out at your approach; and the wild-duck, at the head of her brood yet unable to take the wing, steers away, with maternal instinct, to the depths. See the cattle in the ford, how they luxuriate in the coolness of the stream, standing belly-deep in the fresh water, and lowing to each other with a note of supreme satisfaction, such as assuredly no Malvern patient, swathed in wet bandages, ever emitted for the comfort of his friend who was being "packed" in the next apartment! And when autumn comes, there is the merry song of the reaper; the crowing of the muircock on the hill; the call of the partridge from the field or the fern; the happy festivities of harvest-home, from one farm-steading to another; and that general intercourse, assistance, and friendly communion, which always marks the fall of the year as the most affectionate and kindly period. In winter only can the glens of the south of Scotland be justly termed solitary; for solitary indeed they are when the snow-wreaths are lying thick and heavy, obliterating every landmark, filling up the water-courses, and rendering the mountain-tracts impassable even to the daring shepherd. But let the storm rage ever so wildly without, within the house all is comfort and warmth; industry not suspended, but applied to a hundred matters of domestic convenience; and household provision made for the wants of the coming year. So the day went by swiftly, and when evening came, and all were gathered round the fire, many a tale and ballad, not then collected, but familiar through tradition to the peasantry, was recited for our wonder and delight. Eppie Osett, in respect of minstrel learning, would have put Ritson or Leyden to shame. She could not only repeat such fine historical ballads as "The Battle of Otterburn" and "Sir Patrick Spens," but she knew by heart most of the beautiful romantic ditties current on the Border, and she gave them forth with an animation and even pathos that produced the strongest effect upon her simple audience. Honest Jamie Osett did not deal in the pathetic, nor indeed did he possess any large store of rhyme, though on occasion he could rattle off the humorous ditty of "Our Gudeman" with much gusto and comic power. He was better versed in the prose legends, the tales of imagination and fairy lore, which, brought into this country in all probability by the old Norse settlers, continued for centuries to be the literary heritage of the people. One story in particular, the details of which I cannot now recall, used to entrance us all. It related to the adventures of a beautiful princess, who, for some fault or other of her own, or being under the influence of a malignant spell, was separated from her lover, and doomed never to know rest or happiness until she should reach an enchanted castle reared in a land where the sun never shone, and the wind never blew, far, far away beyond the uttermost limits of the earth. How she reached it, I cannot exactly say; but I think it was through the aid of a certain "Red Bull o' Norroway," who bore her on his back through forests filled with giants and ogres, over water-floods where the kelpies lay, past caverns where witches were stirring their caldrons, and down to the shore of a desolate and

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shipless sea. The story ended of course happily for the lovers, about whom, I rather think, I did not feel much interested. The red bull was certainly the favourite hero; for I can remember wondering, after I had been put into my crib, whether he bore any resemblance to Willie Laidlaw's muckle bull, a ferocious animal much given to assault and battery, whose roaring from the other side of the loch was terrible to our infant ears.

The impressions of childhood, imperfect though they are, almost always exercise a large influence over us in future years. It is observable that persons who have been exclusively reared in towns, rarely exhibit, in later life, any marked relish or desire for country sports and occupations; whereas those brought in childhood from the country to the city, never forego their early associations, but always contemplate a return to the scenes that delighted their infancy. "*O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam!*" was the ejaculation not of a town-bred man, but of one who never had forgotten the freshness of the Apulian breeze, the wooded heights of Mount Vultur, or its deep recesses gay with the asphodel and anemone. Virgil, among the pomps and luxuries of Rome, and beneath the roof of the lordly Mæcenas, still heard in his dreams the humming of the bees and the rustling of the beeches around his dear old Mantuan home; and often in the plenitude of his fame recalled the happy hours when he first courted the muse by the banks of the winding Mincius.

I attribute to those early impressions the strong disinclination which I have always felt to a city life; the pleasures of which are, to my thinking, more than counterbalanced by its pains. The excitement of it fatigues one; and I soon become weary of that perpetual emulation and straining after effect which is the characteristic of city men, and which, in the great majority of cases, resolves itself into positive egotism. I much prefer the fresh air to an atmosphere contaminated with smoke, the morning song of the birds to the jingling of the dust-cart, the mild lowing of oxen to the obscene cursing of the drunken operative; and I would rather stroll, pursuing my own run of thought, by the side of a wimpling burn, or over a common of sweet-scented furze, than walk along George Street or Pall-Mall in the height of the fashionable season. Fortunately there is among men a vast diversity of taste, which I doubt not tends in the aggregate to the general comfort and happiness. There is an old saying, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison; and I daresay that a town devotee, if called upon to justify his preference, could assign most excellent reasons for adhering to that mode of existence which is most consonant to his inclination.

I was scarce nine years of age, when a letter from my uncle, Dr Buchanan, was received at the Birkenshaws, announcing that he was now ready to redeem his pledge, by taking me into his household in Edinburgh, as it was full time that my regular education should commence. I pass over the sorrow which this message brought to the whole family, for I had lived so long with the Osetts that I had become as it were a child of their own; and though I had been told that one day I must expect to be separated from them, that sounded rather like an obscure and indefinite hint than the warning of an event at hand. Fortunately our preparations for the journey were of the simplest kind, so that the interval of leave-taking was shortened. The devoted Eppie, refreshed by her long sojourn in the place of her nativity, once more took up the staff of pilgrimage; and on a fine summer morning, when the lambs were racing on the meadows, and the trees just clad in their light-green verdure, I was lifted, amidst a storm of tears, kisses, and benedictions, into the carrier's cart; and immediately afterwards we were jolting along the shore of St Mary's Loch, on our way to the hoary metropolis of the north.

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CHAPTER II.—UNCLE BUCHANAN.

My uncle, Dr Andrew Buchanan, was, as I have already said, a bachelor; and long celibacy had developed certain eccentric habits which prevented him, though his talents were really considerable, from occupying a high place in society. Naturally shy, he never had made an effort to overcome that constitutional defect; so that his manner towards men was abrupt and unconciliatory, and towards women, awkward and diffident in the extreme. Left in early youth very much to his own guidance, with little fortune to sustain him or interest to push him on, yet proud, as most Scotsmen are, of a good ancestral name, he unfortunately conceived the idea that he was unduly slighted, and treated by the world at large with less consideration than was his due. Men of that temperament are apt to become exceedingly jealous and irritable, construing into a deliberate affront the most trivial mark of inattention, and never reflecting, that if people will not take the pains to make themselves agreeable, they cannot in reason expect to be overwhelmed by gratuitous courtesy.

If my uncle had betimes taken to himself a sensible wife, who would have found no difficulty whatever in exercising dominion over him, this incipient misanthropy, for such it really was, might have been cured, and the jaundice purged from his system. But here again he was unfortunate. He chose to fall in love with a consummate flirt, who, as her friends alleged, kept a regular list of her admirers; and after having been victimised and rendered ridiculous in every conceivable way, to the infinite amusement of a heartless circle who thought it excellent fun, the Doctor was brought up to the point of a formal proposal, and then unscrupulously rejected. In his rage and agony at finding himself so palpably befooled—for the young lady was barbarous enough not to spare him a single pang—Andrew Buchanan, like the Prince of Morocco, took a solemn vow,

> "Never to speak to lady afterward
> In way of marriage;"

which vow, being registered, he kept thenceforth inviolate.

It was universally allowed that he was a man of first-rate ability, a good scholar, and a sound physician, qualities which ought to have put him on the way to fortune, or at least raised him to eminence in the estimation of his professional brethren. But he did not possess sufficient tact to avail himself of these advantages; his manner was rather repulsive than conciliatory; he shrank back when he ought to have put himself forward; and sometimes committed the worse error of maintaining with spasmodic energy some opinion which already had been denounced as heterodox by the medical faculty at large. If called in to visit a patient, he exhibited none of that kindly interest and friendly solicitude which sits so well on the modern Machaon. He would ask a few gruff questions, feel the pulse, survey the tongue, write out some common prescription; and then, without a word of civil consolation, depart, never to renew his visit unless he was specially summoned. No doctor who adopts such a method can hope to attain to an extensive domestic practice. What fond mother would a second time be party to calling in a monster who exhibited no kind of sympathy with dear little Tommy suffering from the measles? What dowager with shattered nerves could repose confidence in a Goth, who told her in so many words that she might have spared herself the trouble of sending for him? What mattered it if, when Azrael, the angel of Death, was really standing by the couch, Dr Buchanan was prompt and able to give him battle, and oftentimes to scare him away? Not at every sick-bed is the gloomy-browed Azrael in attendance; and we form our estimate of the physician's skill, and accord him our confidence, rather from the manner in which he deals with our minor ailments and complaints, than from his acknowledged

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reputation for ability in cases of a desperate nature.

Again, it would be false to assert that my worthy uncle was popular among his brethren. He was, I firmly believe, superior to most of them in scientific attainment—that is, he had read and experimented more—but he was somewhat deficient in judgment, and apt to be led astray by new discoveries, or what appeared to be such, before their phenomena had been accurately tested, or their principle satisfactorily ascertained. In fact, he was very credulous; a tendency which, in medical men, is dangerous, inasmuch as it leads to the suspicion, if not the reality, of empiricism. He was one of the very first who, in this country, professed their belief in the curative powers of Animal Magnetism; a daring avowal at the time, when the pretended miracles of Prince Hohenlohe were creating vast excitement on the Continent. If he did not absolutely assert, he certainly did not deny the possibility of *clairvoyance*, magic crystals, and spiritual communications; he was a diligent student of the writings of Swedenborg, whom he would by no means admit to be an impostor; and I suspect, from certain manuscripts of his which afterwards came into my possession, that he was more than tinctured with belief in the doctrines of Sympathy and Antipathy, as propounded by Sir Kenelm Digby. Such aberrations of the intellect might possibly, at the present day, when there is a renewed taste for wonders, be forgiven, or treated as harmless hallucinations; but at the time to which I allude, they were vehemently denounced by the medical faculty as wicked and presumptuous heresies, scandalous in themselves, and beyond the pale of forgiveness when avowed by a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. Thus neglected by the public from his own fault, and disowned by his brethren on account of his singular and extravagant opinions, my poor uncle gradually became a recluse, and fell into those habits of slovenry and carelessness, from which, when once formed, an elderly scholar can no more escape than a fly from the web of a spider.

The maintenance of an establishment such as his does not necessitate a large expenditure. He kept two servants; one of whom, a strong untidy wench from the Highlands, whom no wooer was likely to assail, undertook the whole of the housework, which she was enabled to perform by restricting her dusting operations to a hebdomadal visitation with the broom. The other inmate was a decrepid old serving-man with a cantankerous temper aggravated by deafness, who was simply rude to his master, but insolent to every one else. Indeed, so far as usefulness went, Saunders Jaap was a domestic luxury that might have been dispensed with, only there was no way of getting rid of him; for though discharged twice a-year by my uncle, he obstinately refused to quit. Beyond cleaning shoes, pilfering snuff, appropriating aged garments, laying violent hands upon as much victual as he could procure, and insulting a stray visitor, I am not aware that Mr Jaap performed any distinct function in the house. Out of it, he was nominally doorkeeper of my uncle's lecture-room, to the deep disgust of the students, from whom, in the intervals of swearing (for the old wretch cursed like a second Shimei), he never ceased to demand sixpences in the way of subsidy.

Dr Buchanan was not a Professor in the University. His peculiar notions prevented him from aspiring to such a situation; and even had it been otherwise, the number of those who were really his friends was so small that he could not reckon upon sufficient interest. But limited though his expenses were, he could not make ends meet without some source of income beyond the receipts of his dwindling practice, so he set up a private class, wherein he lectured on chemistry—a branch of science which, of all others, he was most competent to explain. After a year or two, those lectures became sufficiently popular to attract a considerable audience, and to return something like a competence; and the necessary exertion, besides preventing him from lapsing into total indolence, had a salutary effect both upon his health and spirits. He occupied a small house in St John

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Street, at right angles to the Canongate, a quiet locality in the neighbourhood of St Leonards and of Salisbury Crags.

When the cart containing Eppie and myself, with our small complement of luggage, drew up at my uncle's door, a serious obstacle to our entrance presented itself in the shape of Mr Saunders Jaap, who, besides being that day in an unusually ungracious mood, had made up his mind to resist any permanent intrusion on the premises. Three vigorous pulls at the bell having proved ineffectual to elicit any notice, the carrier, Watty Shaw, a powerful youth from the braes of Yarrow, commenced beating a tattoo upon the door with the butt-end of his whip, whereupon Jaap rushed forth like a mastiff assaulted in its kennel.

"Wha's scoondrel are ye, that daur to mak' sic a din? What brings ye here disturbin' honest folk at this time o' day? Saul o' me! but I hae mair than half a mind to lend ye sic a lounder as wad gar your head ring on the kerb-stane, ye muckle unsonsie brute!"

"Ay, man?" replied Watty, nothing daunted, "and whaur, think ye, wad my whup be then? Steek your mouth, ye donner'd auld deevil, and lift the boxes in. *You* lend me a lounder! Lordsake, puir body! ye haena pith to thraw the neck o' a hen."

"Maybe I'll see your neck thrawn ae day at the tap o' the West Bow!" retorted Jaap, keeping, however, cautiously within reach of the door; "Ye'll be a Yetholm tinkler or a caird frae Blair-an-gone, stravagin' about the country, stealing mair claes than ye souther kettles! Gang awa' wi' ye—there's nane o' your sort wanted here!"

"Whisht, ye auld foumart!" said Watty, "whisht, or it may be the waur for ye! Isna this Doctor Buchanan's?"

"And what has the likes o' you to say to Doctor Buchanan?" snarled Saunders.

"Naething for mysel'," said Watty, depositing a box on the pavement, "but this bairn is the Doctor's nephoy, and this woman is his nurse, Eppie Osett, come frae the Birkenshaws; and it wad set ye better to be helping them down, than to stand there, girning like a tod without its teeth."

"I never heard tell of ony nephoy,' muttered Jaap, "and I'm no gaun to let in gangrel folk whether I ken them or no. There's a hantle siller spunes in the pantry. Forbye, the Doctor's far frae weel, and canna be fashed wi' naebody. Sae just gae your wa's, and bide till ye are speered for."

Uttering these hospitable remarks, Mr Jaap was in the act of slamming to the door, when he was confronted by Eppie Osett, who sprang like a lioness from the cart.

"Sinner that ye are!" cried Eppie, "and waur nor sinner—for ye wad do Herod's wark without Herod's wages—wad ye daur to keep this innocent wean out o' his uncle's house, in a wat evening? Weel do I mind your ill-faured, black-a-vised face, Saunders Jaap, though it's aught years and mair since I clappit een upon you. Think ye I hae forgotten that ye tried to wile half-a-crown out of my pouch when I cam' here to tell your maister that his bonny young sister was a corp, and when ye kenned that we hadna money enough to pay for her winding-sheet? Stand out o' my gate, ye worthless blackguard, or I'll gar ye carry the marks of my haill ten commandments to your grave!"

I know not what response Mr Jaap might have made to this formidable threat, had not a new interlocutor arrived in the person of my uncle, who, hearing the dispute, sallied down stairs in his dressing-gown, and gave us a welcome, the warmth of which I thoroughly felt in spite of the oddity of his appearance.

"Come in, come in, my poor little fellow!" he said, bestowing on me a vigorous kiss, "and come ye in too, my good Eppie Osett. God give me patience! did that drunken vagabond try to put you from my door! Saunders Jaap, I've endured your insolence for well-nigh twenty years, but this puts an end to the account. Did I not warn you that Master Norman was coming here this day? and did I not desire you to tell Peggie to make his room ready, and to have the tea-things set out? But it's no use talking to such a selfish

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brute. Saunders Jaap, you quit this house to-morrow!"

"Blythe wad I be to get rid of ye," grumbled Jaap, "but your temper's getting sae bad that nae one else will live wi' ye. Hoo was I to ken your nephoy frae ony ither bairn in the Canongate? Tak' him in, gin it be your will—I'm sure I hae nae objection; and I'll quit the morn, if that be your mind—weel I wat it's little I get for staying! But I rede ye first to hire somebody to pu' ye out when ye chance to stoiter into the fire."

The rapid disparition of Mr Jaap saved him in all probability from a severe contusion, for my uncle had caught up a bag which he seemed disposed to hurl at the audacious serving-man. We were taken into the house and supplied with refreshments, Dr Buchanan watching me, as I ate, with an interest which was somewhat embarrassing. Presently, however, he seemed to lapse into a fit of abstraction; and after having summoned Peggie, the servant-of-all-work, and desired her to show me to my room, he took up a book and was instantly absorbed in its contents.

Eppie Osett and I followed the damsel up-stairs to a little attic, where there was a table, a chair, and one diminutive crib without curtains. It looked very cheerless, and though the season was early summer, there was a feeling of cold, and a damp odour in the apartment.

"Are ye sure, my woman," said Eppie Osett, after having carefully scrutinised the room, "that this is where my bairn is to sleep? He's no used-like to lying by his lane, and I think for a week or twa it wad be mair convenient if he lay in the room wi' me. Whaur am I to be putten up?"

"Troth, I dinna ken," replied the Highland damsel; "I heerd tell o' naebody coming but the laddie. It's my mind that ye wasna expected."

A flush came over Eppie's face as she seized the tin candlestick with one hand, and my jacket with the other.

"Come wi' me, my blessed bairn!" she said, "I maun hae this redd up afore ye lay your head on a pillow! It's no ony uncle ye hae that is strong enough to twine us twa."

"Maister Buchanan!" said Eppie, marching into the apartment, "ye'll understand that it's no for mysel' I speak, for may His name be praised, there's them at the Birkenshaws wad be ower glad to hae me wi' them. But is it your pleasure that this sweet lamb is to be left here, wi' naebody to look after him but a Hieland lass, and that uncircumceesed Philistine, Jaap, wha's lug I wuss ye had smitten aff this day, as the Apostle Peter did that of Malchus, wha was servant to the high-priest? If that be your wull, sir, say it at ance. I ken whare Watty Shaw puts up; he'll be glad to gie us a cast; and by the morn's night we baith may see the Yarrow."

"God bless me! what's that you say?" said my uncle, starting from his studies. "I told them to make everything comfortable for Norman—Is there anything wrong? The fact is, Mrs Osett, that I know little about domestic arrangements, but if you have any suggestions to make——"

"I hae naething but a simple question to ask, Doctor Buchanan, and ye can answer it, ay or no. Am I to be separated from my dear bairn? These auld hands were the first that received him when he cam' into this weary warld, the child o' sorrow and pain—these hands lifted him from the bosom of his dead mother, sinless angel that she was—and wi' these hands I am ready to work for his daily bread, if kith and kin should forsake him. But as to my gieing him up, it's no to be thought o'; for where he goes I will go, and where he lodges I will lodge. The Lord do so to me and more also, if ought but death shall part us!"

"Confound my stupidity!" said Dr Buchanan, "I never once thought about that. Yes, yes, Mrs Osett, you are right, perfectly right—somebody must look after the boy; for I, God help me! have enough to do to look after myself; and Peggie, though a decent lass, is but a tawpie. No doubt of it, Mrs Osett, you must stay, and I'll settle with you about wages to-morrow."

"I'm muckle obligated to your honour," replied Eppie, "but dinna ye think that I'll tak' plack or bawbee for looking after my ain bairn. I'll stay wi' you, sin' it is your pleasure, and I'll do what I can to hae the house redd up, for it's no just

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what it ought to be; but I say unto you as Elisha said unto Naaman the Syrian, that I will receive nothing of thy hand."

"Well, well! that's all arranged," said Dr Buchanan, "so there's no more to be said on the subject."

"But whaur am I to put the bairn for this nicht?" persisted Eppie; "I canna let him lie a' nicht his lane, in yon wee bit room at the tap o' the house, and I kenna whaur I am to lay my ain head."

"Heaven grant me patience!" cried the Doctor, with a vigorous pull at the bell; "was there ever an unfortunate man so cursed with useless servants as I am! Here!—you—Peggie—idiot—why don't you show Mrs Osett to the blue room?"

"The blue room, did ye say, sir?" stammered the Highland maid; "it's the best room in the hoos."

"That's the very reason why I wish Master Norman and Mrs Osett to have it, you fool. I never see company, and where would be the sense of letting it stand empty?"

"But it's no empty, sir, ava'. It's been occupied thae four months."

"Occupied?" cried my uncle. "Who the devil has occupied it? Speak out, you slut, or I'll instantly send for the police!"

"'Deed, sir, it wasna my doing," sobbed the damsel. "He wad hae the room to himsel', for ought I could say to the contrair; and he threatened he would ding out my harns if I ever lat ye ken."

"He? whom do you mean by he?"

"Just Saunders Jaap, yer honour."

The Doctor started from his chair in a towering passion.

"I never committed murder," said he, "but the temptation is strong upon me now! The scoundrel!—the useless, insolent old vagabond! I know him to be a thief and a liar, but I never thought he durst have done this. Give me a candle, woman—I'll see to this instantly."

So saying, the Doctor rushed towards the blue room, and we, excited by curiosity, followed. There, sure enough, lay Mr Jaap, snoring in bed, as luxuriously lodged as any gentleman in the land. A strong odour of coarse tobacco which pervaded the apartment, indicated that the sensual Saunders, before retiring to rest, had derived solace from a pipe; while the remains of a cold fowl, and a brandy-bottle almost empty of contents, showed that his creature comforts had been duly cared for.

"Get up, you old rascal!" shouted my uncle. "Get out of that this instant, or I'll brain you with the water-jug!"

Mr Jaap opened a lack-lustre eye, but displayed no alacrity in obeying the command.

"Was ye wanting onything frae me?" he said.

"Wanting anything from you?" repeated my uncle, mechanically.

"Ay—for if ye want naething, what's the sense o' disturbing folk at this time o' nicht? Can ye no let a body rest in peace?"

"Damn your impudence! Out of that instantly, or I'll have you lugged to the Tolbooth!"

"Weel—since that's your wull, I'm conformable. But ye had better bide outside the door till I put on my breeks."

"And finish the brandy, you incorrigible thief!—my best French brandy, too!"

"Oo, if ye grudge it, ye're walcome to what's in the bottle. Puir stuff it is too, though ye mak' sic a sang aboot it—no to be compared to Hieland whisky. And whaur is it your pleasure that I should sleep this nicht?"

"In the gutter or the King's Park; anywhere but under my roof!"

"Ye canna pit me out till the morning," said Jaap, deliberately, "it's clean again' the law. And there's wages and board-wages—I'll no stir a foot till ye pay me them; I've had nae regular warning. And I hold ye responsible for my claes, forbye——"

Here my uncle lost all remnant of patience. He seized Jaap, who by this time was struggling into his garments, by the neck, thrust him down stairs and out of the house, and then pitched the remainder of his apparel from the window.

"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated my uncle, helping himself to the driblet of brandy that remained. "I've got rid at last of the greatest nuisance of my life!"

My nurse and I being thus installed, matters went on more smooth-

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ly and comfortably in Dr Buchanan's establishment than before. Up to that time the poor man had been entirely at the mercy of his servants, and not having the faintest notion of housekeeping, was sometimes in positive danger of being starved. Peggie M'Craw, as may readily be supposed, had never studied the works of Mrs Dalgairns, that oracle of the Scottish kitchen; consequently her style of cookery was such as would hardly have been tolerated by a Hottentot. But in justice to Peggie, it must be stated that even the succulent Dalgairns would have found some difficulty in sending up a banquet from a kitchen void of the most ordinary culinary utensils. Now, among her other accomplishments, Eppie was an excellent cook, well versed in the composition of the favourite old Scottish dishes, and was, moreover, a first-rate manager; so, before she had been in office many days, a vast reform was effected in the commissariat department; and my uncle, who previously might have been indicted for conspiracy on account of his lean and hungry look, waxed quite plump and pursy, and began to throw out some indefinite hints as to the propriety of asking some friends to dine with him; a notion which, I am persuaded, had not entered the brain of the worthy gentleman for the last twenty years.

As for myself, I was sent in due time to school; but that time did not arrive until the ensuing winter. Scotland in general, and Edinburgh in particular, were then in a state of pleasurable excitement such as had not been known for centuries. George the Fourth, whose personal popularity had been somewhat damaged in consequence of the trial of Queen Caroline, had, very wisely, resolved to make an attempt upon the affections of his northern subjects, by paying them a royal visit; and as this was the first time that royalty had vouchsafed so much, since the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne, the popular enthusiasm was tremendous. In vain did infant Liberalism, hardly emancipated from its swaddling-clothes, insist upon the insensate folly of a cordial national reception, and demonstrate that a severe reticence and cold respect was all that ought to be exhibited by the people to their sovereign. The instinctive feeling of the people taught them otherwise. They resolved that this should be an ovation, unparalleled of its kind; and they gave no heed to the grumbling of the disaffected, though they grumbled with unusual pertinacity. But the Royal visit, the first public event of which I have any distinct remembrance, must form the argument of a new and separate chapter.

CHAPTER III.—GEORGE IV. IN EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh, though even then a noble city, had not at the period to which I allude attained its present magnificence. Much of the New Town was still unbuilt, in particular the western portion, situated upon grounds belonging to the Earl of Moray which were still private enclosures. The beautiful gardens which divide Heriot Row from Queen Street were then simply bleaching-fields, and the elegant suburb of Inverleith had not yet been constructed. Its growth and extension has been more gradual than that of other cities, but it has never experienced a check; and although it is by no means probable that Edinburgh will ever become an emporium of trade or a seat of manufactures, it possesses more attractions as a place of residence than any other city in the United Kingdom, with the exception of imperial London.

When it became known that George the Fourth intended to visit his ancient kingdom of Scotland, intense was the excitement that prevailed. If there is one feature in the Scottish character more marked than another, it is the desire common to all classes of exhibiting their country in the most favourable aspect to the eyes of strangers. Hence in the old days when Scotland was a separate kingdom, and in reality one of the poorest in Europe, foreigners were amazed at the magnificence exhibited at the Court of Holyrood, at the masques and public rejoicings which attended

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a royal progress, and at the semi-regal state maintained by some of the greatest of the nobility. It is true that after the Reformation, or at least after the deposition of Queen Mary, public ceremonies fell into disuse, a gloomy asceticism superseded the ancient joyous spirit, and the more elegant forms of court entertainment were ill supplied by a coarse and illicit revelry. The union of the crowns in the person of James the Sixth, threw over Scotland a gloom which lasted for a long period. Civil wars and dissensions, political and polemical strife, both distracted and impoverished the nation. It became of no weight at all in the councils of Europe; for though it still retained a Parliament, and had a separate Ministry, it was justly regarded by foreign powers as a mere appanage to England; and having lost its importance as a state, it possessed no other attraction. The union of the kingdoms did not at first effect any amelioration in the social state of Scotland; nay, it rather seemed for a time to produce a detrimental effect, by causing the removal of the nobility and members of Parliament to London, and depriving Edinburgh of its last claim to recognition as a metropolis. It is not to be wondered at, that the great measure to which the present wealth and enterprise of Scotland must be mainly attributed, should have been long unpopular even with the middle classes; and should have been felt by the lesser nobility and gentry as a grievous blow to their importance, and a serious injury to their order, inasmuch as it lessened their chances of lucrative public employment. The insurrections of 1715 and 1745 threw a further impediment in the way of progress; and the eighteenth century had well-nigh closed, before Scotland took that wonderful start which has since raised her to such high consideration.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks affecting her material wealth, Scotland still continued to preserve a fair literary reputation. The names of Hume, Robertson, Reid, Smith, and Blair were well known beyond the boundary of the Tweed; Thomson and Beattie proved that the fire of poetry was not extinguished; and Smollett as a novelist must be ranked equal with, if not superior to, Fielding. Also, in the Northern universities, physics were studied with a zeal and diligence unknown elsewhere; so that, however much Englishmen might be inclined to sneer at Scottish pride and poverty, they could not refuse them credit for considerable intellectual acquirement. The fame of the University of Edinburgh, in its medical and metaphysical departments, began to attract visitors, and to initiate that intercourse which might now be more aptly designated as a fusion. But it was reserved for Sir Walter Scott, by far the most wonderful literary phenomenon of his age, to renovate the history of his country; to give it prominence in the eyes of Europe; to invest its grey towers and mouldering ruins with the glowing tints of romance; to portray the character of its people with marvellous minuteness and fidelity; to give a new enchantment to its beautiful scenery and an interest to its every relic; and to transform it from an obscure and half-forgotten region, seldom named abroad and very rarely visited, to a land of poetry and renown. Well may Scotland be proud of that colossal genius; for not only did he raise its literary reputation to the highest point which it ever attained, but he gave it new life, vigour, and energy, restored it to its pristine place among the nations, swept away the gloomy cloud that had obscured it so long, and prepared it for its new career.

Scarce one-half of that great man's work was accomplished when the royal visit was announced; but so strong had been the effect of his writings upon the national mind, so completely had he fascinated his countrymen and imbued them with his own romantic spirit, that they would not be content with a gathering however enthusiastic, or a reception however cordial, unless it partook of the nature of a pageant recalling the memories of the past. That an idea so ultra-romantic, and so opposed to the sober usages of the present century, should have possessed a hard-headed people like the Scots, might well excite the astonishment of those who knew not the deep under-current of national pride, not

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easily distinguishable from fanaticism, which, far more than reason, actuates their conduct, and which alone can furnish the explanation of many an historical anomaly. But it was so determined and done. The universal feeling was that the King's reception in Scotland should be of an exclusively Scottish character; and as the customs and costumes of the present age were not peculiarly distinctive, the only alternative was to fall back on those of the past, and to make the processions resemble as nearly as possible those which would have been marshalled at the coronation of the last of the Scottish kings. In the eyes of the disciples of Carlyle, this, no doubt, will appear to be tomfoolery, but God help the nation that accepts the incoherent Thomas as its instructor!

So the fiery cross was sped "o'er mountain and through glen," and the Highlanders were summoned once more to display a general gathering of the clans. They answered with alacrity to the call; and from Dunkeld to Caithness there was such a brushing-up of sporrans and furbishing of dirks and claymores as would, eighty years previously, have stricken the hearts of the Lowlanders with consternation. I remember well being taken to the green in front of Heriot Row, to see the mustering of the sons of the Gael, whose stalwart forms and tartan array inspired me with awe and veneration. Of course I knew not that many of those sinewy warriors, than whom Achilles, clad in the divine armour of Vulcan, could scarce have looked more terrible and resplendent, followed the humble but exceedingly useful calling of chairmen and street-porters. If I had known it, I question whether my admiration would have been diminished; for Achilles himself, at the Court of Lycomedes, assumed a disguise less creditable than the greatcoat and leather straps of the caddie; and yet, in the camp before Troy, no one dared to allude to his performances at the distaff and the loom.

To a stranger unacquainted with the cause of the excitement, the streets of Edinburgh must have presented an extraordinary spectacle. Tartan, I need hardly say, was in the ascendant; for every man who wrote himself a Mac, considered it a point of honour to don the philabeg. Some Macs there were, however, especially of the Gallovidian breed, M'Candlishes, M'Caskies, M'Crackens, M'Haffies, M'Letchies, M'Ritchies, M'Whannels, M'Whinnies, and M'Whirters, whose pedigree no bard could unravel, and whose checker was unknown. But even for them there was balm in Gilead. They might either claim affinity with the MacGregor, alleging a remote change of name in consequence of the proscription of that warlike sept; or, if expense was of no moment, they could procure at wonderfully short notice, through the medium of enterprising haberdashers, tartan of an entirely new pattern and brilliant hues, to be set apart for their glorification, and that of their heirs for ever. Next to the Gael in number were the Royal Archers, whose antique costume would have been really picturesque, but for the absurd ruff which they wore round the neck—a palpable anachronism, as the traditions of the body-guard are much more ancient than the invention of starch. As in duty bound, the retainers of the Lyon Court shone out in blazoned splendour—

> "Heralds and pursuivants, by name,
> Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay, came
> In painted tabards, proudly showing
> Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing."

Pages, beef-eaters, and yeomen of the guard met you at every turn. Only a few jackmen from the Border were wanting to give a complete realisation of the picture so vividly portrayed in *Marmion*. For those who had no pretext for masquerading, heather was provided, to be worn in the hat, and stars and cockades bearing the white cross of St Andrew. Every one was expected to exhibit some kind of decoration; and by common consent all traces of mourning disappeared, and black was a forbidden colour.

I remember perfectly the difficulty which we experienced in making our way through the encumbered streets, on the day when the King landed, to the gallery at the corner of York Place, for which we had secured tickets,

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in order to witness the procession. Brought up in a secluded pastoral district, I felt both bewildered and awed at the spectacle of such a mighty mass of humanity; for not only were the streets so thronged as to obstruct the passage, but the Calton Hill was crowded to the very top, and no pinnacle or place of vantage, however dizzy or dangerous, but was occupied by an eager group. The galloping of the horses, the flash and clash of steel, and the stunning discharge of artillery from the Castle, fairly took away my senses; and though by no means devoid of curiosity, I would very willingly have given my St Andrew's cross, the most valued thing in my possession, to any benevolent genie that would have wafted me away to the quiet banks of the Meggat. We reached the stand, however, without any mishap; and, perched in a place of safety, I had ample leisure to survey, with childish wonder, the stirring scene beneath, to pester my good-natured uncle with a succession of disjointed questions, and occasionally to regale myself with sugar almonds, of which nurse Osett had given me a supply.

My recollection of the procession itself is vivid as to its general feature, but indistinct as to details. I remember hearing afar off the sound of tumultuous cheering mingled with military music, whereat there was a sudden movement and swaying of the crowd immediately below us, and a hum of expectation which deepened into a roar as the leading horsemen, in crimson and gold, the Lord Lyon and his suite, came into sight. Gorgeous was the array that followed, knights and squires on prancing steeds, cavalry, Highlanders, yeomen, in almost interminable succession, until an open carriage, drawn by (I know not how many) splendid led horses, rounded into the square, and a deafening shout of acclamation welcomed the presence of the King.

It is a common observation, and has almost passed into a proverb, that children are easily pleased; meaning thereby, I presume, that they are never critical as to the congruity of any spectacle which they behold, but regard the passing pageant with absorbing wonder and delight. I am rather inclined to doubt the soundness of that position. I think that children are very often critical after their own peculiar fashion, and that the conclusions which they form through natural induction are sometimes more shrewd and sensible than those of their elders, who are biassed by prepossession or prejudice. At all events, I shall frankly confess that my first impression on gazing at George the Fourth was one of sad disappointment. Although my education was not far advanced, I had read something and heard more about kings, and I had seen their effigies set forth in picture-books; and my fixed idea was that a king never went anywhere, even to breakfast, without a jewelled crown on his head, a gorgeous mantle on his shoulders, a sceptre in one hand, and a golden ball surmounted by a cross in the other. What was the reality that I beheld? A very stout elderly gentleman, almost bursting through his clothes, with a swollen face and elaborate periwig, bowing from side to side with a sort of mechanical motion! Was that indeed the King? Why, he was not half so fine as the other king who headed the procession—(I had been particularly fascinated by the apparition of the King-at-Arms, whose equipment that day, I am satisfied, gave the hint for the sketch of Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, in the *Talisman*)—and as for dignity, I could discern nothing of the kind. Young radical that I was! I had hit upon the real blot. The palpable absurdity lay in the medieval character of the pageant. To have made it congruous and intelligible, George the Fourth should have appeared in the costume of Harry the Eighth, which would have suited him remarkably well, and in that dress his undeniably fine presence would have made him the stateliest among the stately. As it was, but for a certain self-possession and air of high-breeding, scarce, however, to be distinguished at a momentary glance, he might have been mistaken for that omnivorous alderman, Sir William Curtis, who pertinaciously followed in his train.

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Still that was the King, no doubt of it,—a corpulent embodiment of power, might, and majesty; and no wonder that he was surprised and delighted with the warmth of the popular reception. No such ovation had ever greeted him in England: indeed, during the Queen's trial, he had become an object of vituperation to the multitude, who were but too well acquainted with the scandals of the period, and whose rough sense of equity had been offended by a charge of infidelity being preferred against the wife, when the husband was notoriously liable to the same reproach. When he came to Scotland all personal considerations were cast aside. The homage of the nation was paid to the king, and not to the man. It was loyalty that dictated the movement, not affection or esteem; a signal proof of the deep-rooted attachment of the nation to the principle of hereditary monarchy.

One other glimpse I obtained of George the Fourth, and that was on the occasion of the procession from Holyrood House to the Castle. On the day of his entry into Edinburgh, the weather was propitious, the sun shone out brightly, and gave lustre to the pageant. But the effect of the later procession was marred by a heavy wind and drenching rain, most damaging to plumage and embroidery. We had places in a gallery erected on the esplanade of the Castle Hill, and, as I remember, had to wait a long time before the procession appeared. The plight of the Royal Archers, who lined the way, was piteous to behold. Most woeful did they look with their dripping hats and thawed ruffs, exposed to the pelting of the storm on a day when even Robin Hood would have been glad to leave the deer of Sherwood unmolested, and take refuge in the hermitage of Friar Tuck. There was, however, one lull, in the midst of which two persons of unpretending appearance, and in ordinary costume, walked up the centre of the way. One of them was a tall man of massive build, with a slight stoop in his shoulders and an imperfection in his gait,—a man whom, when you once had seen him, you felt certain you could recognise again at any distance of time. His companion did not attract my attention; but I remember well that, as they passed, there arose from the crowd a cheer of more than common heartiness and fervour, and I heard my uncle say that these were Sir Walter Scott and Mr Peel, then Secretary of State.

Amidst the plashing of the rain and the blustering of the wind, up rode the cavalcade, gallantly contending with the elements; the Regalia being carried by the representatives of the first houses in the land. Up, too, came the royal carriage, but this time it was prudently closed; and yet the assembled multitude were not balked of the sight of the monarch, for shortly after he had entered the grand old fortress, when the gale was blowing most fiercely, and the great folds of the royal standard were rushing out, George the Fourth appeared alone on the brow of the highest battery, erect and commanding, in the view of all the people, and such a shout arose as possibly never before was given in greeting to a king.

Of the rest of the proceedings and shows of that memorable period—the illuminations, bonfires, and the like—I retain but a faint impression. What I have already noted is all I can recall without an effort; and though it may hardly be worth the telling, for a more perfect record exists elsewhere, I could not bring myself to omit mention of a pageant certainly the most magnificent which has been witnessed in the present century, and perhaps without a parallel since the Field of the Cloth of Gold. And yet, notwithstanding the universal enthusiasm which was displayed, the vast concourse of people from all parts of the country to behold their monarch, and the gorgeous parade of ceremony, sure I am of this, that a far wider and deeper homage of loyalty, affection, and reverence, than was paid to George the Fourth, is accorded to Queen Victoria when she seeks her Highland home.

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MR BULL'S SONG.

THE SLY LITTLE MAN.

THERE's a sly little man that lives over the way,
Who always has something quite civil to say:
Yet he looks at my House, from his own, with an eye
That says, "I perhaps may look *in* by-and-by:"
So I think my best plan
With the sly little man
Is to make all the premises safe, if I can.

I have not the least doubt he would think it no sin,
Any night that he thought me asleep, to "look in;"
There's "the old pewter spoons," and "the old tankard" too,
And the sword o'er the mantelpiece marked "Waterloo."—
And it's clearly the plan
Of the sly little man
To take them all from me—whenever he can.

So my doors and my windows I've bolted and barr'd,
And the truest of watch-dogs takes care of the Yard—
A watch-dog of whom I, his master, will say,
"Woe betide the house-breaker that comes in his way!"
For really the plan
Of the sly little man
Is one I must foil if I possibly can.

No doubt he will say, as in fact he has said,
"What fancy is this that's come into your head?
Your House once was open; it surely can't be
That all this is meant for a kind friend like *me?*"
But then it's the plan
Of the sly little man
To deal much in blarney wherever he can.

There's one of the Scullions, a fellow in drab,
An impudent tyke, with the gift of the gab,
Who often will say, "Is it not a hard case
That our door should be shut in the gentleman's face?
'Twould be far the best plan
To trust to the man—
No fear of our losing a pot or a pan!"

But the views of the Scullion I own are not mine,
And still to the bolts and the bars I incline;
Nay, I should not much care if my neighbours all knew
That I've lately been getting A RIFLE OR TWO;
That's *my* simple plan
With the sly little man;
And so, he may now take the spoons—if he can.

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THE ELEMENTS OF DRAWING.

MR RUSKIN has been before the world for some years as the most voluminous, the most confident, and the most dogmatic of art-critics. He has astonished his readers no less by his platitudes than by his paradoxes. He has revealed the astounding fact that Titian and Velasquez could paint, and had made the no less surprising discovery that Raphael could not; that Rembrant's chiaroscuro is "always forced, generally false, and wholly vulgar;"* that Murillo, Salvator, Claude, Poussin, Teniers, and "such others,"† are base and corrupt; that it is the duty of every one who happens to possess the principal works of Strange, Morghen, Longhi, and the other great line-engravers, forthwith to consign them to the flames; and that the horrors of the French Revolution were attributable to the Renaissance school of architecture.‡ These kind of assertions, conveyed in a light, confident, and flippant style, are amusing enough, and, as long as Mr Ruskin's audience is confined to those who have some real knowledge of the subjects of which he treats, do no harm, but pass off as the fanfaronade of some clever half-crazy talker does at the dinner-table, when no one thinks his amusing absurdities worth a serious answer, and he is tolerated as an oddity until he becomes intolerable as a bore.

Mr Ruskin has, however, of late appeared as a lecturer to the working classes, and a teacher of drawing to beginners in the art; and in this character he assumes, upon what ground we do not exactly know, a kind of semi-official authority.

Now he may be, and we have no doubt is, a perfectly safe and harmless companion for the young ladies who draw at Marlborough House, but he is a dangerous guide for those who do not possess considerably more knowledge than himself: those who do, may follow his vagaries so long as they find them amusing, and quit them when they please, without much harm being done. But the persons to whom Mr Ruskin specially addresses himself, in his *Letters to Beginners*, will, we are convinced, derive nothing but mischief from his teachings. We have read these Letters with attention, and we can discover no reason why Mr Ruskin should not follow up the *Elements of Drawing* with elements of naval tactics, horsemanship, engineering, dog-breaking, political economy, rat-catching, domestic cookery, moral philosophy, and the duties of husband and wife, upon any or all of which subjects he is fully as well qualified to teach as he is to instruct beginners in the elements of drawing.

Even so early as his Preface, Mr Ruskin makes a display of ignorance which is perfectly astounding. He tells his pupil that "perspective is not of the slightest use except in rudimentary work;"§ that "no great painters ever trouble themselves about perspective, and very few of them know its laws;" that "Turner, though he was Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy, did not know what he professed, and never drew a single building in perspective in his life;" and that "Prout also knew nothing of perspective," and twisted his buildings, as Turner did, into whatever shapes he liked. This is precisely equivalent to saying that a knowledge of anatomy is not of the slightest use to the surgeon, that no great operator ever troubled himself about it, and that Sir Astley Cooper and Mr Liston were utterly ignorant of the science they professed to teach.

Drawing consists in the art of representing on a plane surface the varieties of appearance presented by natural objects as they recede from the eye. Perspective is the science which teaches the artist how to do this correctly; and when Mr Ruskin says that "you can draw

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The Elements of Drawing. By JOHN RUSKIN, Author of *Modern Painters*, &c.
* *Notes*, 1859, p. 52. † *Elements of Drawing*, App., p. 346. ‡ *Lectures*, p. 138.
§ Preface, p. xviii.

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the rounding line of a table in perspective, but you cannot draw the sweep of a sea-bay; you can foreshorten a log of wood by it, but you cannot foreshorten an arm," * he simply displays his own ignorance of the terms he uses.

The principles which govern the foreshortening of a beam and the foreshortening of a limb are identical. It is true that the application of those principles is more difficult in the latter than in the former case, because the object to which they are applied is more complex and varied in form. Nor is the acquiring of such knowledge of perspective as is requisite for a beginner by any means so difficult a task as Mr Ruskin represents. Let the student keep steadily in view the fact, that the impression upon his eye is produced by a ray of light reflected straight from the object he wishes to represent; let him consider his paper as a transparent vertical plane placed between his eye and the object, and then let him observe at what point such a ray would pass through that plane; let him think this over, and practise it by holding a piece of glass between his eye and any simple object, and observing how the lines fall, and he will find his difficulties as to the principles of perspective disappear more rapidly than he would expect. But never let the student fall into the fatal error of supposing that he can safely neglect the acquirement of a knowledge of perspective. How he is to acquire that knowledge is another matter. We do not say that he must necessarily learn it from treatises. If he learns it from his own observation of nature, so much the better. But learn it he must, or he will fall into errors as gross as those which we shall show Mr Ruskin has himself committed, when we come to consider the "illustrations, drawn by the author," with which he has adorned his pages. Having told his pupil what he is not to do, Mr Ruskin next proceeds to tell him what he is to do: and since the days when Michael Scott set his troublesome demon to make ropes of sand, we have known no task so wearisome, so hopeless, and so unprofitable. He is to cover small pieces of smooth paper with a uniform grey tint by means of an infinitude of scratches made with black ink and an extremely fine steel pen. Having accomplished the uniform tint, he is then, with the same materials, and the same instrument, and by the same means, to produce a tint graduated from perfect black to an imperceptible grey. If the ingenuity of man were employed to produce a scheme to dull the intellect and cramp the hand of a student, it would be impossible to devise one more calculated to effect those objects. To hope to draw, however imperfectly, without the devotion of time and labour, is folly; but time and labour are too valuable to be cast away—we will not say with no result, but with what is far worse, with the result of damping energy, extinguishing hope, degrading the intellect, and crippling the hand of the labourer. Such would be the inevitable consequence of a faithful adherence to Mr Ruskin's teachings. His first lesson is to reject what is valuable; his second, to acquire, at the cost of infinite pains, what is worse than worthless.

As he advances, the student is to exchange his square bits of paper for the capital letters of the alphabet—literally to go to his A, B, C! Here he might, in a very imperfect way, by copying the forms of the letters, acquire some accuracy of eye and some command of the pencil; but no, even this is denied him by his inexorable taskmaster; the forms of the letters are to be set out by ruler and compasses!

We trust that few students will follow Mr Ruskin's instructions beyond this point. If they do, they will find themselves involved in an inextricable labyrinth of confusion, and directed to attempt the most useless and impossible things. For example, they will find that they are desired to *copy* photographs. Now a photograph is a most valuable subject for study. It enables one to refer from time to time at leisure, and whilst one is at work, to an

* Preface, p. xviii.

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accurate transcript of a great part of the work of nature. But it is a part only, and the very excellence of the photograph in that part, the minuteness and accuracy with which it records what it does contain, renders it unfit for the purpose of being copied from, by reason of the impossibility of following it accurately. At the same time, the omissions and variations which are inherent in the nature of the process, make it equally unfit, for reasons the very reverse. Photographs are necessarily affected by the local colour of the objects,—thus yellows print off darker, and blues lighter than in nature; and as colour is universal in all natural objects, this renders them not merely useless but mischievous as copies for the student, and requires that they should be used with caution even by the accomplished artist, who may derive considerable service from them as memoranda by which to fill up the details of his sketches, or supply the defects of his memory.

Our limits will not permit us to go step by step with the student through the maze which Mr Ruskin has prepared for him, or to point out the quagmires and sloughs of despond which await him on his journey; we must hasten from Mr Ruskin's teaching to his practice.

In the third volume of his *Modern Painters*, Mr Ruskin has given us as a frontispiece his exposition of "Lake, Cloud, and Sky," drawn by himself, and very beautifully engraved by Mr Armytage. We do not intend to subject this work to criticism, such as might fairly be applied to the production of any professional artist; we shall handle it gently; but Mr Ruskin is a teacher, and we may, therefore, fairly require that his work should at least be free from such errors as a moderately intelligent pupil, who had received half-a-dozen lessons from an ordinary drawing-master, ought to be ashamed of committing.

The scene which Mr Ruskin has selected as the subject for his pencil is in the neighbourhood of Como. The sun, sinking behind a distant mountain, pours a flood of light along a valley rich with woodland and meadow, through which a glittering stream winds its peaceful way past towers and trees, and beneath the arches of picturesque bridges, whilst the eye of the spectator (who is supposed to be at an elevation of about eight hundred feet). is sheltered from his rays by a group of fantastic clouds, under which they are showered down upon the landscape and the lake beneath his feet. The subject is simple as well as beautiful, and we shall proceed presently to examine how Mr Ruskin has treated it. Before we do so, however, we must (at the risk of telling him what he is already very possibly acquainted with) remind the reader of one of the simplest rules of Mr Ruskin's despised science of Perspective.

The rays of the sun are, as every one knows, parallel to each other. It follows that the shadows of vertical objects cast upon a horizontal plane are also parallel to each other. When such shadows are to be represented in a drawing, it is necessary, in order to give the effect produced upon the eye correctly, that they should be drawn so that if their lines were prolonged they would all meet in one common focus, on some point level with the eye of the spectator, which point is called the vanishing-point.

When, therefore, the position and direction of any one such shadow is determined (which, of course, must depend upon the relative position of the sun, the object that casts the shadow, and the spectator), the position and direction of all the rest may be found by means of lines drawn from the vanishing-point of that shadow past the base of the objects which cast the others. We will now apply this rule to Mr Ruskin's drawing.

The eye of the spectator, he tells us, is about eight hundred feet above the lake; the horizon (as it is technically called), or line opposite to the eye, is therefore considerably above the top of the tower on the right-hand side of the picture—probably about level with the line of mist that crosses the distant mountain.

Now on the margin of the lake there are a number of trees, standing on a flat alluvial plain, all of which

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cast very distinct and clearly-defined shadows. If these shadows were correctly drawn, they would all converge at some one point on the horizon. Let the reader find the vanishing-points of these shadows. He will discover that, instead of converging to one point, they fall, some to the extreme right, others to the extreme left of the picture, some out of the picture altogether, some in one place, and some in another, apparently not by rule or observation, but by mere hap-hazard, and, strange to say, *all* wrong.

We can explain in a few words why we say *all* wrong.

The sun, it will be observed, is as nearly as possible opposite to the eye of the spectator; the shadow of the large tree directly below the sun would therefore be projected towards the spectator. Instead of this, it is represented as falling towards his right hand.

The vanishing-point of this shadow ought to be in the centre between the two sides of the picture, and about half-way up the distant mountain: towards this point all the shadows ought to converge. It will be found, however, that not one of them even approaches that direction, but all fall wider of the mark than the balls of an awkward squad on their first day's practice at the target.

If any reader doubts our correctness, let him take the print to the top of Arthur's Seat any bright afternoon, when the sun is sinking towards the Pentlands, and observe the shadows of the trees in the neighbourhood of Newington and Salisbury Green, and compare the workmanship of nature with the workmanship of Mr Ruskin.

As may be supposed, this is only one of many blunders. They are about as numerous in this pretty print as in the famous old Willow Pattern dinner-plate. For example, Mr Ruskin has introduced two bridges in parallel planes; one he throws into dark shadow, whilst the under-side of the arch is brilliantly illuminated; the other, by way of variety we suppose, and in defiance of all the laws of optics, has its side in bright light, whilst under the arches all is darkness. In regard to both, the spectator is supposed to be gifted with organs of vision endued with the powers of Sir Boyle Roche's celebrated gun; for though 800 feet *above* the bridges, he sees *under* both of them, whilst not a particle of the roadway over either of them is visible! Such is the work of one who assumes to teach the "Elements of Drawing!"

At page 146 of this latter book, Mr Ruskin gives his pupils an example of his capacity for instructing them in the laws which govern light and shade, so ingenious in combining the greatest possible number of obvious errors within the smallest possible space, that we examined it carefully, read over and over again every word relating to it, and found it repeated four times before we could convince ourselves that it was not intended as an example in the same sense in which a drunkard suffering under *delirium tremens*, or a pickpocket on the treadwheel, is spoken of as an example—to wit, a shocking example.

The subject here is even more simple, consisting of a foot-bridge thrown across a small mountain-ravine and guarded by a handrail. The bridge is represented as supported by struts fixed into the bank on each side of the bridge, and the light falls from the right-hand side of the picture.

Now we will assume that some one of the shadows is correctly given, and we will take the plainest and most obvious; namely, the shadow thrown by the strut nearest to the right-hand side of the sketch. The light (falling, as we have said, from the right hand) throws the lower side of this strut into shade, casting also a distinct, well-defined shadow down the bank to the left. So far so good. But will Mr Ruskin tell us how it happens that the fellow-strut which supports the other side of the bridge, and which cannot by possibility receive a single ray of direct light, comes to be in bright sunshine also? Will he explain how it happens that the roadway of the bridge stands shadowless as Peter Schlemihl himself, or whence comes the long

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shadow which wanders down the bank at its own free will, with no substance whatever to account for it—an independent, strong-minded shadow, living on a separate maintenance, and bidding defiance to all laws of optics? And above all, will he tell us whether his experience of alpine bridges is that it is common to find black curtains suspended from them? or if not, how it happens that the eye of the spectator, which wanders freely into distance *over* the bridge, is denied the satisfaction of seeing anything whatever *under* it, where in nature either the opposite side of the ravine, clothed in its lovely garment of heather, fern, or moss, or a landscape of some sort near or distant, must have presented itself, instead of the triangular black patch with which he has filled up the space?

It is impossible to comprehend to their full extent the absurdities comprised in this sketch without careful examination of the cut itself; but they are so obvious, that any eye with the slightest practice will detect them at once; and it is marvellous how any one who has seen so many drawings as Mr Ruskin must have done, should be capable of putting such a design upon paper without being startled and shocked at his own performance. It adds one to the many instances which prove how volubly a man may talk, and how many cubic feet of paper he may cover with ink, upon a subject of the very rudiments of which he may remain to the last profoundly ignorant.

We shall content ourselves with these two examples of the success with which Mr Ruskin, when he has trusted himself with the pencil, has shown his contempt for perspective and optics, and shall proceed to examine an instance of equal daring in the use of the pen. In the first volume of *Modern Painters*, Mr Ruskin lays down the law upon the subject of the effect of shadow on water in the following words:—

"Water receives no shadow. . . . . There is no shadow on clean water. If it have rich colouring-matter suspended in it, or a dusty surface, it will take shadow; and when it has itself a positive colour, *as in the sea*, it will take something *like shadows* in the distant effect, but never near. . . . . The horizontal lines cast by clouds on the sea are *not* shadows, but reflections."

Then follows Mr Ruskin's usual assertion—

"These rules are universal and incontrovertible."*

It is difficult to say whether this passage betrays more ignorance of fact, confidence of assertion, or confusion of language. Mr Ruskin appears not to know what shadow is. Wherever the rays of the sun are intercepted by an opaque substance, all objects beyond that substance would be in total darkness, were it not that they become partially illuminated by means of the rays reflected upon them by other surrounding objects. Shadow, therefore, is simply a deprivation of the *direct* rays of the sun; and to assert that water receives no shadow, is either an absurdity or a confusion of terms. If a cloud, a rock, or the hull of a ship, is interposed between the sun and the surface of the water, the water receives the shadow; or, to speak with more accuracy, it does not receive the *direct* rays of the sun. Now let us examine what effect is produced upon the eye of the spectator by this deprivation of light on the surface of the water. If the water were as transparent as the air on its surface, the eye would be unconscious of its existence—the ray of light which defines the edge of the shadow would pass through the water as it passes through the air, and the shadow of the object would be seen at the bottom, in the same way (allowance being made for refraction) as if there were no water at all.

Such absolute transparency is, however, never found in nature. There is always practically *some* shadow on the surface of the water, the degree of intensity of that shadow being dependent on several circumstances, but mainly on the degree of transparency of the water. The reader may test this for himself by a very simple experiment. Let him take a

* *Modern Painters*, p. 330.

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wash-hand basin, half-filled with clear water, and place it in bright sunshine; then let him hold a pencil or brush so that the shadow shall fall partly on the side of the basin above the water, and partly on the water, he will see the shadow on the bottom of the basin refracted at the point where it impinges on the water; but he will not be able to detect any perceptible shadow on the surface of the water. Then let him darken the water with a little sepia; he will now see at the edge of the water two shadows, one on the surface of the water and the other on the basin, seen imperfectly through the semi-transparent water. As these shadows approach the centre of the basin where the water is deeper, he will find the one on the basin gradually disappear, and the one on the surface of the water become deeper and more distinct.

What Mr Ruskin means by saying that the water of the sea "has itself a positive colour," and that, therefore, it will take "something *like* shadows," but which we suppose are not shadows, it is utterly impossible to say. The nearest approach to absolute transparency that we have ever seen in water, is in deep sea. Mr Ruskin's notions of the positive colour of sea-water may perhaps be taken from Brighton, where the sea generally looks as if Neptune had been shaving himself, and had thrown the soap-suds into it.

To any one who watches with care the ever-varying appearance of the ocean, or of any large body of water under the influence of sunlight, clouds, and wind, it will at once be apparent that the effects which delight his eye are produced by the action of shadow falling on the constantly-changing surface, combined with the reflection of the forms of objects more or less disturbed by the irregularities of that surface. He will easily discern how much is due to one cause, and how much to the other, by keeping in mind that the reflection of any object must always be in a direct line between that object and his own eye, whilst the position of the shadow cast by the same object depends altogether upon its position in relation to the sun. Thus the shadow cast by a cloud falls upon that part of the sea between which and the sun the cloud is interposed, whilst the reflection of the same cloud is upon that part of the sea which appears to the eye to be in a direct line below the cloud. So, too, in regard to the effect of ripple upon the water; the side of each tiny wave which is presented towards the sun is in light, whilst the opposite side is in shadow. The same is true of all waves. It must, however, be always borne in mind that the appearance presented to the eye by water depends greatly upon the angle at which it is seen, and also that, owing to its highly polished surface, it sends back, even in its shaded part, a far greater portion of the reflected light which it derives from the atmosphere and from surrounding objects than land does, and these circumstances produce an infinite variety of effects.

We have said enough to put the student upon his guard against supposing that he can derive any benefit from the teachings of Mr Ruskin. When he has acquired some knowledge and proficiency in his art, he may, if he likes, read Mr Ruskin's book to see what ought not to be taught. The rule of contrary is almost a safe one in this case. Before we quit this part of the subject, however, we must give the student a few words of advice as to what he safely may do, keeping in mind that we are addressing ourselves to those who follow art not as a professional study, but as a means of useful and delightful self-instruction. To acquire accuracy of eye and correctness of hand, he cannot do better than copy carefully, first in pencil and afterwards in pen and ink, Retsch's outlines, illustrative of "Faust," "The Song of the Bell," and "The Fight with the Dragon." The illustrations of Shakespeare's Plays are very inferior. This practice will teach him accuracy and delicacy of execution. He should draw the hands, feet, and faces with extreme care, which will prepare him for afterwards drawing from the round, or from the living model. Pinelli's etchings are also excellent practice. He should study, and, when more advanced,

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may, with great advantage, copy the facsimile engravings from the sketches of the old masters by Bartolozzi and others. Here, however, he must be upon his guard, as these etchings are full of the "pentimenti" or corrections of the artist; things invaluable, as showing how great men worked, and how sedulously they corrected any errors into which they might happen to fall, but not to be imitated. The student may rely upon it that he will make abundance of mistakes of his own without copying those of other men. In landscape, he will be fortunate if he can procure a copy of David Coxe's *Young Artist's Companion*, and wise if he will work diligently through it. Failing this, Harding's *Elementary Art* is a safe and useful guide. Let him study woodcuts, but not copy any except such as have been drawn expressly for that purpose. The reason for this advice is, that the process of woodcutting is precisely the reverse of that of drawing with the pencil or pen. In woodcutting, the stroke of the graver produces a white, in drawing, the pencil, in etching or engraving, the needle or graver, produces a dark stroke. This reversal of the process renders the woodcut, which has its own peculiar advantages in the rendering of sparkling effects (especially observable in the exquisite works of Bewick, and also in the cuts from Mr Birket Foster's designs), unfit for a student to copy. If possible, copy drawings, not lithographs. In the lithograph the action of the hand is unavoidably reversed; and the best way of copying them, therefore, is to place them before a glass and to copy the reflection. Always remember that the eye requires more education than the hand: and that the most important knowledge to be acquired is to know accurately what you see. To one who does not pursue art as a profession, this is the principal advantage of practising it. Even a moderate proficiency is almost equivalent to a new sense; and a man who does not draw may almost be said not to see. The student will soon feel that he hardly sees any object thoroughly until he has drawn it, or at least looked at it with the view of doing so. Do not meddle with colour until you have acquired some facility in representing form accurately. Seize every opportunity of seeing and carefully examining the sketches and studies of first-rate artists—of men who *can* draw. Whatever Mr Ruskin may say to the contrary, you will be fortunate if you are able to possess yourself of the works which he directs you to throw into the fire—the works of the great line-engravers! It is the only way in which a familiarity with the greatest works of art can be acquired by the vast majority of people. A journey to Rome or Florence, or even to Paris or Antwerp, is not possible to all men; and even when possible, it is but a very small portion of a man's life that he can afford to spend in picture-galleries. But the engraving may be always with us. It is a household friend; an armchair-and-slipper companion. We go to it from the turmoils, disappointments, and vexations of life, sure of a welcome. We have at this moment lying on the table beside us, Doo's admirable engraving from Etty's great picture of "The Combat; Woman interceding for the Vanquished." What glorious images crowd on our brain as we gaze upon it! Let us enter the portals of that temple where the original is enshrined—our own National Gallery of Scotland. What associations of genius and heroism greet us on the very threshold! There the matchless beauty which inspired Reynolds, Hopner, and Romney—which speeded Nelson to victory, and shared his thoughts with his ungrateful country in the hour of his crowning glory and death—still glows on the canvass of Lawrence. That lithe agile boy, who stands ready to vault into his saddle, is one whose

"Lion port and awe-commanding face,"

in days when genius had shed its full effulgence on his brow, and linked the name of Wilson in kindred immortality with those of Burns and Scott, was again stamped in undying colours by the pencil of Watson Gordon. There Gainsborough tells us how lovely, in all the charm of perfect womanhood, was the earthly form of her whose spirit hovered over Graham on the

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bloody field of Barossa; and here, surrounded by noble works of Tintoretto, Vandyke, and Velasquez, by the sweet fancies of Noel Paton and the glens and moors in which Thomson of Duddingston delighted, stand five grand pictures by Etty. In three of them he tells how Judith, the daughter of Merari, clothed in holiness and chastity, went forth to deliver the people of God from the might of Holofernes, the general of the Assyrians; how she put from her the garments of widowhood, and put on her the garments of joy; how she anointed her face with ointment, and tied together her locks with a crown; how her sandals ravished his eyes, and her beauty made his soul captive; how the Lord struck him by the hand of a woman, and the angel of the Lord kept her both going and abiding, and did not suffer his handmaid to be defiled, but called her back unpolluted to the people she had saved. Next he tells how Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, who killed the lion in the pit on a snowy day, and plucked the spear that was like a weaver's beam out of the hand of the Egyptian, slew two lion-like men of Moab. And last, greatest and most lovely of his works, he shows how Mercy, clothed in the garb of the most perfect work of God, arrests the uplifted arm of the victor, and tells him that vengeance is not his. Mr Ruskin has looked at these pictures, but he has not *seen* them; he has gazed upon them with an eye insensible to woman, and a heart that has no sympathy with man. He tells us that Etty is "gone to the grave, a lost mind!" Let the blasphemer quicken his steps, and hurry stealthily past the tabernacle of Holofernes, lest the flashing sword of Judith should fall upon his head!

A "lost mind" indeed! Let the student of art read diligently the story of that mind. Let him note the patience, the courage, the undaunted determination with which, through poverty, neglect, obscurity, and disease, Etty worked his way to fame; then let him listen to the tales that are told by men now great in art of how the kind word, the wise advice, the generous encouragement, which he had never received, fell from his lips amongst the youths with whom he sat labouring in age at the task he had loved with a life-long constancy.

But we must tear ourselves away from these associations, with all that is lovely, and all that is noble, to go back to Mr Ruskin and his book.

We have still a heavy task before us, and one which our limits will by no means permit us to do full justice to. Not content with art, Mr Ruskin extends his teaching to History, Religion, Metaphysics, Political Economy, and about every cognate and correlative branch of study. His views on most of these subjects, when they happen to be intelligible (which is not always the case), have at least the charm of novelty. We can, however, only notice one or two salient points which appear to us, to adopt Mr Ruskin's language, to be "very precious."

The history of the world, according to Mr Ruskin, is to be divided into three great periods: the Classical, extending to the fall of the Roman Empire; the Medieval, extending from that fall to the close of the fifteenth century; and the Modern, thenceforward to our own days.

The first was the age of pagan faith, when men believed in the gods of their country, such as they were; the second was the age that *confessed* Christ; and the third (our own wicked days, and our own wicked selves inclusive) is the age that *denies* Christ. Of course we need not say that the second age, which culminated in burning John Huss as a heretic, and Joan of Arc as a witch, is the age which, according to Mr Ruskin, has comprised all the little virtue ever to be found in the world. The change to "Modernism," which took place just at the time of the Reformation, when, under the teachings of the leaders of that fatal movement, we began to "deny Christ," was a change from better to worse, a change backwards from the butterfly to the grub; or, as Mr Ruskin rather irreverently expresses it, "like Adam's new arrangement of his nature."

The great and fatal act which inaugurated the opening of this un-

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happy era, in the sloughs of which we are still sticking, was the invitation of Raphael to Rome to decorate the Vatican for Pope Julius II., when "he wrote upon its walls the *Mene Tekel Upharsin* of the arts of Christianity." "And from that spot and that hour, the intellect and the art of Italy date their degradation," and so going on from worse to worse, not only in Italy, but wherever "Modernism" has prevailed, the world has been becoming more corrupt, more cruel, more ignorant, more foul and abominable in every way, until at last, principally, as it would seem, from the general prevalence of the "accursed" Renaissance school of architecture—

"Where from his fair Gothic chapel beside the Seine, the King St Louis had gone forth, followed by his thousands, in the cause of Christ, another king was dragged forth from the gates of his renaissance palace to die by the hands of the thousands of his people gathered in another crusade, or what shall it be called? whose sign was not the cross, but the guillotine." *

Now, this rabid nonsense was actually addressed to the people of Edinburgh, in the form of lectures. Is it mere midsummer madness?—the simple raving of a lunatic? Does Mr Ruskin write from a cell in Bedlam, or is he to be considered still amenable to the treatment and arguments applicable to sane men? That we may not be supposed to have exaggerated or misrepresented anything, we give one passage, out of many on the subject, word for word:—

"And in examining into the spirit of these three epochs, observe I don't mean to compare their bad men. I don't mean to take Tiberius as a type of Classicalism, nor Ezzelin as a type of Medievalism, nor Robespierre as a type of Modernism. Bad men are like each other in all epochs; and in the Roman, the Paduan, or the Parisian, sensuality and cruelty admit of little distinction in the manners of their manifestation. But among men comparatively virtuous, it is important to study the phases of character; and it is into these only that it is necessary for us to inquire. Consider, therefore, first, the essential difference in character between three of the most devoted military heroes whom the three great epochs of the world have produced,—all three devoted to the service of their country, all of them dying therein. I mean Leonidas in the Classical period; St Louis in the Medieval period; and Lord Nelson in the Modern period.

"Leonidas had the most rigid sense of duty, and died with the most perfect faith in the gods of his country, fulfilling the accepted prophecy of his death. St Louis had the most rigid sense of duty, and the most perfect faith in Christ. Nelson had the most rigid sense of duty, and ——

"*You must supply my pause with your charity.*"

Now, if this passage has any meaning at all, it means that Leonidas was a better man, and St Louis a better Christian, than Nelson; that the age of Leonidas was more heroic, and the age of Louis IX. more Christian than the present century. The death of Leonidas is the hackneyed theme of every schoolboy; so familiar, indeed, as the standard instance of heroic self-immolation at the shrine of honour and patriotism, that it requires a moment's thought to recall the fact that the point of honour was mistaken, and that patriotism would have been better served by his preserving his life than by his throwing it away. We need only refer to the story as told in Mr Grote's History,† to be reminded of this at once. So long as he repelled the Persians from the Pass of Thermopylæ—so long as he stood as a barrier between the invader and his country, Leonidas and his band deserve the same rank in history (and a higher one cannot be awarded) as that which was earned by the brigade of Guards who held Hougumont on the day when the fate of Europe hung upon the issue of Waterloo. But when his flank was turned—when resistance became impossible, rational duty and rational honour would have required Leonidas to reserve the lives of his men for future combats, and his own for the future service of his country. The Spartan sense of duty, the Spartan point of honour, required him to offer up both—a worse than useless sacrifice on the altar of patriotism. He

* *Lecture*, p. 138.

† Vol. v. p. 120.

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flung them away, not recklessly, not wantonly, but coolly and deliberately, with high and devoted heroism. Posterity has justly awarded to him high honour, but honour not so high as that with which a future posterity will encircle the names of Havelock and Neill, of Clyde and Hodson, of the hero who held the lines at Balaklava, and the hero who captured the princes of Delhi—warriors of the age that has given birth to Florence Nightingale!—the age which Mr Ruskin tells us denies Christ!

Mr Ruskin says that Leonidas, St Louis, and Nelson, all died in the service of their country. As to one of the three, he is manifestly and ignorantly wrong. St Louis died in an attempt to baptise the King of Tunis against his will; an object about as legitimate as if the Sultan were to besiege Paris for the purpose of circumcising the Emperor of the French. His sanctity displayed itself in "pursuing with blind and cruel zeal the enemies of the faith." France was exhausted of men and treasures. The flower of her troops panted and died on the burning sands of Africa, and he closed the last of the crusades by an inglorious death, which was immediately followed by the ignominious retreat of the remains of an army of six-and-thirty thousand men, whom he had lured on to destruction by the hope of plunder.* This is Mr Ruskin's idea of dying in the service of his country. St Louis's sole argument in favour of Christianity consisted, to use his own language, in thrusting his sword as far as it would go into the belly of any disputant who might happen to be opposed to him!† This is Mr Ruskin's idea of the most rigid sense of duty, and most perfect faith—the type of an age which confessed Christ.

We almost fear to approach the example which Mr Ruskin has given as the type of an age *denying* Christ. Our reverence for the character of Nelson is so deep, our disgust at the cowardly and malignant insinuation lurking under the hypocritical mask of charity so intense, that we can hardly trust ourselves with words to express it. Insinuation is to calumny what an equivocation is to a lie; it is slander guarded; baser, meaner, more cowardly than simple falsehood. We shall, however, as far as possible suppress these feelings, and proceed to supply Mr Ruskin's pause, not with charity, for Nelson needs, and Mr Ruskin deserves none, but with a few words of simple truth.

No doubt Mr Ruskin intended to awaken in the minds of his hearers a recollection of the charges once so rife against Nelson, and now so fully proved to be groundless, with regard to the execution of Caracciolo. Party spirit long perverted, and the carelessness of successive biographers obscured the truth. But since Sir Harris Nicholas's publication of the *Nelson Despatches*, we should have supposed it to be impossible for any one honestly to repeat these slanders.‡

The facts are few and simple. Caracciolo was a commodore in the service of the King of Naples, and commanded a ship, called the Tancredi, with credit. He accompanied the King in his flight to Palermo. By the permission of the King he returned to Naples, to avoid the confiscation of his estates by the Republican government. He deserted the cause of the master whose commission he held, and accepted the command of the Republican marine. He took an active part in the war, and fired upon the flag of the King and his allies the English. He was captured, and brought to the Foudroyant, then the flagship of Nelson, who was High Admiral of the allied navy. From Hardy, and the other gallant men who served under Nelson, and who had known Caracciolo

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* GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, chap. 59.

† "L'omme lay quand il ot medire de la loy Crestienne, ne doit pas deffendre la loy Crestienne ne mais que de l'espée, *dequoi il doit donner parmi le ventre dedens* tant comme elle y peut entrer."—JOINVILLE, p. 12; cited by GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, chap. 59.

‡ *Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson*, vol. iii. p. 398; Appendix, C, p. 499.

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in former days, he received far more compassion and consideration than he deserved. Nelson had but one duty to perform, and he performed it as he did every duty that he owed to his country. He ordered a court-martial, composed of officers in the Neapolitan service, to be immediately held. Caracciolo was tried, convicted, sentenced, and hanged. He died, as he deserved, the ignominious death of a deserter and a traitor. Had Nelson shrunk from the performance of this act of justice, he would have been false to his country, to her allies, and to himself. The story of his having acted under the influence of Lady Hamilton has been refuted over and over again. It was in silence and in solitude that he performed his stern and painful duty. He communicated with no one but his officers, and to them his commands were given in the fewest possible words. There is not one particle of evidence that Lady Hamilton took any part whatever in the transaction. The ignorant blunders of Miss Williams, the spiteful insinuations of Lord Holland, the malignant calumnies of Captain Brenton, and the revengeful slanders of Captain Foote, have been repeatedly disproved. Yet Mr Ruskin has the insolent audacity to crave "charity" (!) for one who was perhaps the most perfect realisation of the ideal of a hero that the world has seen.

There is nothing more painful in Mr Ruskin's writings than the total want of reverence for things divine or human that pervades them. The treasures of ancient art, from which successive ages have drank deep draughts of inspiration, are to him nothing but stumblingblocks in a dark valley of ruin.* He sees nothing but "a faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads"† in Raphael's impersonation of the Redeemer and his Apostles, and a "pleasant piece of furniture for the corner of a boudoir" in the Virgin mother of our Lord.

The same unhappy tone of mind shows itself wherever sacred subjects are referred to. It is painful to find a person of Mr Ruskin's education adopting, when he has occasion to speak of the high and solemn mysteries of religion, a tone of familiarity which has hitherto been confined to the lowest and most ignorant sectaries. Still more offensive is his habit of dealing damnation around on all who disagree with him. Thus Mr Corbould paints an "Iphigenia" and "a Daughter of Jephthah," in a manner not accordant with Mr Ruskin's taste, and forthwith Mr Corbould "believes in no Deity!" Now we must confess that Mr Corbould's "Dream of Fair Women" did not quite realise our ideas with regard to the half-dozen women most celebrated for beauty recorded in history, sacred or profane. We believe, however, that Mr Corbould was only in part answerable for this shortcoming. The principal figure, we have been told, was a portrait, and we believe that what we cannot help considering the somewhat questionable taste of representing that lady, whoever she may be, as the centre of a group of what Mr Thackeray calls "Clipstone Street nymphs"—ladies who assume for the nonce the character of Cleopatra or Meg Merrilees, Joan of Arc or Fair Rosamond—is not chargeable on Mr Corbould. But be this as it may, what absurd insolence to ground upon it a charge of atheism against the artist! Mr Corbould may, however, console himself. He only shares the common fate of the whole nation. We have all (except, of course, Mr Ruskin) "wholly rejected all these heathenish, Jewish, and other such beliefs, and have accepted for things worshipful, absolutely nothing but pairs of ourselves; taking for idols, gods, or objects of veneration, the infinitesimal points of humanity, Mr and Mrs P., and the Misses and Master P's."‡

Now of this we can only say to Mr Ruskin, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "In sooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, and of the Vapians passing the equinoxtal of Quebus; 'twas very good, i' faith."

Mr Ruskin has become powerless for blame. Mr Mulready and Mr Maclise may be well content to share his condemnation with Raphael and

* *Lectures*, p. 219. † *Modern Painters*, iii. 54. ‡ *Notes*, 1859, p. 42.

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Murillo. Mr Creswick and Mr David Roberts will not consider themselves in bad company with Claude, Salvator, Poussin, and Canaletto. But his praise is not so harmless.

> "Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,
> It is the slaver kills, and not the bite."

His fulsome adulation of Turner is simply ridiculous. Turner's fame owes just as much to Mr Ruskin as Shakespeare's does to Mr Charles Kean. We mean no disrespect to that gentleman, who has far too just an estimate of his own merits to suppose that we should design to place him in the same category with Mr Ruskin. We simply use the illustration, because those who would not have known the merits of Shakespeare but for the scenic representations at the Princess's Theatre, are just about upon a par, as to literary knowledge, with those who would not have known the merits of Turner but for Mr Ruskin's writings, in art-knowledge.

But upon some artists of real ability his commendation has had a most mischievous effect. Mr Wallis, Mr Brett, and Mr Windus, have been perhaps the principal sufferers. We mention their names with sincere respect for their talents, and a hope that they may shake themselves free from the incubus that has had so pernicious an effect upon their genius. There is another artist, with higher and longer established claims to admiration, to whom we must address a few words of respectful remonstrance.

Mr Noel Paton early proved how richly he was endowed by nature with the gift of playful fancy. His "Oberon and Titania," to which we have already referred, is a living witness of this. His picture of "Home" established his right to the highest place as a master of all that is pathetic in art, of all that can touch the deepest sympathies of human nature; and in addition to this, it proved that he thoroughly knew how to make every detail of a picture contribute to the main object and main interest, still retaining its subordinate place, and not obtruding its faultless execution on the eye. His "Dante and Beatrice" (a picture which, as far as we know, was never exhibited, but which we once had the good fortune to see) was a chaste and poetic embodiment of the creation of the great Florentine worthy of the original conception, and admirable in drawing and execution. With these gifts of genius, what malign influence has induced Mr Paton to stoop to the cataleptic contortions, the crude colour, and the microscopic niggling of "The Bluidy Tryste," and, still worse, to the accumulated horrors of "In Memoriam?" We make this remonstrance with feelings of respect and admiration for the artist, and gratitude for the delight we have received from his works. We implore him to retrace his steps; and we can suggest to him no safer guide, no better teacher, and, in the present day, we may add, no higher example, than his former self.

We have heard a good deal, from time to time, of the powers of Mr Ruskin's eloquence; and we must admit that here and there we have met with passages which induced us to say with Lorenzo,

> "The fool hath planted in his memory
> An army of good words."

But, upon examination, we have invariably found that these grandiloquent sentences were like the little boy's india-rubber ball, immortalised by the pencil of Leech and the pen of *Punch*:—

> "*Scientific Governess, loq.*—'My dear, if you puncture this ball, it will collapse. Do you understand me?'
> "*Little Boy.*—'O yes! You mean, if I prick it, it will go squash.'"

So, when we pricked Mr Ruskin's rotund periods with the smallest possible point of common-sense, we have invariably found that they "go squash."

We were for some time puzzled as to the source from which this peculiar style of eloquence is derived, but we have at last discovered it. Apropos of Mr Hook's very clever picture "Luff, Boy," Mr Ruskin breaks forth with the following rhapsody on things in general:—

> "War with France? It may be. And they say good ships are building at Cherbourg. War with Russia? That also

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is conceivable; and the Russians invent machines that explode under water by means of knobs. War with the fiend in ourselves! That may not so easily come to pass, he and we being in close treaty hitherto, yet perhaps in good time may be looked for. And against enemies foreign or international, French, Sclavonic, or demoniac, what arms have we to count upon? I hear of good artillery-practice at Woolwich; of new methods of sharpening sabres, invented by Sikhs; of a modern condition of the blood of Nessus, which sets sails on fire, and makes an end of Herculean ships like Phœnixes. All which may perhaps be well, or perhaps ill, for us." *

Now, it came into our head when we read this oracular passage, that, like Mr Sneer in the *Critic*, we had "heard something like it before," and after slight search we found the great architype of all Mr Ruskin's eloquence in the captain of the "Cautious Clara."

"My name 's Jack Bunsby! And what I says I stands to; whereby—why not? If so, what odds? can any man say otherwise? No. Awast, then."

Our readers see that Jack Bunsby was no less infallible than John Ruskin. We shall soon find that he was fully as oracular:—

"Do I believe that this here son and heir's gone down, my lads? Mayhap. Do I say so? Which? If a skipper stands out by Sin' George's Channel, makin' for the Downs, what's right a-head of him? The Goodwins. He isn't forced to run upon the Goodwins, but he may. The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. That an't no part of my duty. Awast, then. Keep a bright look-out for'ard, and good-luck to you."

Mystery and unintelligibility have in all ages been the grand resource of those who wished to impose upon the gullibility of the world, and to pass for being wiser than their neighbours. Quacks religious, quacks moral, quacks political, and quacks literary, have resorted to them no less than quacks medical and quacks legal, and nowhere will they be found in greater abundance than in the ponderous tomes with which, year after year, Mr Ruskin burdens our groaning table.

* *Notes*, 1859, p. 26.

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THE LAST FRENCH HERO:

BEING SOME CHAPTERS OF A VERY FRENCH NOVEL NOT YET PUBLISHED.

BY ALEXANDRE SUE-SAND, FILS.

CHAPTER I.

I ASK you, my reader, to picture me as a young man nineteen years of age, just entering Parisian life.

Imagine, also, that I am of a passionately ardent temperament, under the influence of which I persuaded, two weeks ago, a young person, also of a passionately ardent temperament, to run away with me from a convent where she was being educated.

Imagine, further, that while seated after breakfast in my apartment smoking my cigar, I receive the following letter from her; and then ask yourself what must be my feelings at perusing it.

"ANGÉLIQUE PAPILLON TO AUGUSTE GRENOUILLE.

"MY FRIEND,—You remember our compact. Actuated by the same impulse, perhaps by the same presentiment, we took along with our vows of love this other vow, that directly either of us should perceive our fetters of silk becoming for one of us fetters of lead, the change should be frankly avowed and the chain cast off. And we did right. To what end should the mask of constancy be maintained when the heart is no longer the same? Why continue to walk hand in hand in the same linked intimacy as before, while the averted glance, fixed on another object, no longer guides in the former paths of love the devious and hesitating footsteps? Why offer on the cold and barren shrine of fidelity the sacrifice of reason and truth? In fine, why at seventeen, with flowers springing on all sides in the parterre of life, should I obstinately continue to press to my bosom the rose I have gathered, when its thorns annoy and distract me? You, my friend, would not thank me for a forced fidelity, nor will you reproach me for an honest inconstancy. My heart, which cannot deceive, tells me it is better to be faithfully fickle than falsely true.

"On perusing these sentiments, you will perhaps say that the tears I shed, the love I expressed for you at our parting yesterday, were feigned—that I must even then have been meditating disloyalty to our mutual passion. Not so, my dear Auguste—heaven and the Virgin, who have witnessed my struggle and temptation, will witness also my truth. Yesterday I was as sincere in my professions as I now am in my recantation. Let us part, then, my friend, with mutual esteem, since the passion I felt for you is transferred to another. Who that other is you may not perhaps care to know; it is sufficient to say that at first sight of him, my heart (which can never deceive me) warned me of the presence of its master. For a time,—upwards of an hour,—I refused to acknowledge the influence. Your last whispers still dwelt in my ears, the very wax of your mustache still lingered on my cheek. I retired to my chamber—my sufferings were horrible. I passed a dreadful night, distracted by thoughts of you and of your rival, of my old and of my new love. But I prayed for guidance, and not in vain. A celestial ray lit my soul and directed my choice. Yet still I felt this morning a moment's hesitation; but only a moment's—the sight of the beloved object fixed my fate, and I knew that hitherto I had been dwelling with you only in the antechamber of Love, whose gorgeous saloons I now enter under other auspices. Adieu, my friend; yet, ere we part, let me recall once again the intoxicating hours that we have spent together. Let me remember for a moment the gloomy conventual veil which was to have hidden me from the paradise of the outer world, and which you, with brave and devoted hand, tore away. Let remembrance for a moment dwell fondly on the fortnight we have since so sweetly

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passed in the rapture of our first romance. Let those moments, hallowed by youth and passion, be for ever sacred. Enough! they are past. Adieu!

"ANGÉLIQUE PAPILLON."

Again, I ask, what would you, my reader, have felt at receiving such a letter under the circumstances I have imagined? You doubtless answer—the terrible recoil of impetuous passion, the turmoil of a heart whose holiest aspirations and most sacred confidences have been outraged. And you are, my reader, right in the general view, though not in the particular case. I read this letter, so well calculated to raise the tornado of the soul, with perfect calmness. The cambric on my bosom did not heave—the glow of my cigar was not for an instant brightened by the hastier breath of anger, nor were the jets of smoke accelerated by the convulsions of disappointment. I perused it with the same tranquillity as if it had been a matter the most indifferent, and the reason was, that at the same hour when Angélique posted this letter for me, I had despatched the following one to her, so that the missives must have crossed on their way:—

"AUGUSTE GRENOUILLE TO ANGÉLIQUE PAPILLON.

"ANGÉLIQUE,—Heaven, that for two rapturous weeks has smiled upon our passion, is now hostile. A vision has appeared in my path forbidding the continuance of our felicity. Listen, my friend.

"Three days ago I was at the Louvre, filling my mind to overflowing with the ideas of the great painters, and, by a judicious selection of subjects, gathering that mingled aroma so grateful to the taste of our age and country, which arises from a due combination of sentimental religion with the voluptuousness of the heathen mythology. What can be more striking, and at the same time more pleasing, than the contrast between the two opposite aspects of life, asceticism and indulgence, placed in juxtaposition. For of what does life consist, Angélique, except of two classes—those who are still votaries of love and pleasure, and those who, no longer capable of enjoyment, pass the remnant of their days in melancholy remembrance—a terrestrial purgatory which serves to balance the account between youth and heaven? Some day, when fortune shall afford me the means of expressing the more exalted conceptions of my soul, I will commission some great artist to condense these sentiments, now diffused over many pictures of different styles, into one triumphant work, where a Magdalen, recumbent in a charnel-house, shall seek to detach her reluctant thoughts from the still seductive pleasures of the world (on which, in the background, the artist shall lavish all his warm imagination), by pressing to her bosom the skull of a former lover, out of which worms shall be creeping. You, Angélique, when years shall have ripened your beauties, will make a charming Magdalen. But this refined artistic treat I shall reserve for my old age.

"Thus agreeably occupied, and predisposed for tender sentiment, I saw enter at one door, passing through to the other, a lady—in fact, there were two, but of one only I would speak, for one only engrossed my thoughts. Her shape was perfectly just; her dress was evidently a *chef-d'œuvre* of the most successful of Parisian *modistes;* her bonnet, in particular, was an exquisite production, trimmed with costly lace, and furnished with a veil of the same, through which bloomed a roseate complexion, which put to shame by its delicacy the tints of Raphael and Corregio upon the walls around us. Between her bonnet and her snowy neck had escaped a tress of flaxen hair, such as might be expected to accompany that delicate blonde skin with its vermilion tints. I need not explain to one so sympathetic as yourself the power there is in contrast to stir afresh the emotions of the heart, and in this instance it had its full effect. My admiration, attracted before by your clear olive skin and warm tints and dark hair, Angélique, now oscillated violently in the opposite direction: I had never before experienced a feeling so

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sudden and so powerful as for this fair stranger.

"At the first glance which she cast in my direction, I saw that the attraction was mutual. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the steps by which kindred spirits, magnetically attracted, approach each other in such circumstances: it is sufficient to say that I soon found myself seated at the side of this charming being, exchanging with her those delicious nothings which at once veil and express the emotions of the soul.

"Angélique, you know what a charm mystery has for me, as for all imaginative, poetic natures. There was about this woman enough of the mysterious to complete the spell to which I was yielding.

"In the first place, I observed that she never laughed, nor even smiled, but received my gayest sallies with perfect gravity, though her replies showed that she possessed, like all superior souls, keen sympathy with wit.

"Can it be, Angélique, that this adorable being has some secret grief shadowing her spirit? Yet her conversation was light and playful, and her speaking eye betokened no sorrow.

"Before we parted I besought this bright vision to say by what name I should remember her.

"She thought for a moment, and then replied, as she pressed my hand, 'Call me Ninon, my friend.'

"Ninon! what pleasing emotions does the name excite! recalling as it does Ninon de l'Enclos, the beauty whose charms were not only unrivalled amongst her contemporaries, but who continued to enchant three generations of lovers. On her my fancy had always dwelt with peculiar interest. The enterprising spirit of a French lover finds its keenest zest in what is removed from the commonplace and humdrum order of attachments; and it has ever been a favourite thought of mine, that Ninon in her old age, as having something supernatural in her charms, must have been a more lovable object than in the freshest bloom of her youth.

"I accepted the name, then, as a happy omen, and departed in a delirium of joy.

"On the following day we met again. The same place witnessed our interview.

"She was beautiful, bewitching, mysterious as ever—nay, even more mysterious.

"'Take care,' she said, as I urged my suit with ardour; 'do not be rash! It is not for nothing that I am called Ninon!'

"'You are called Ninon,' I said, fervently, 'because you are irresistible, and because heaven will not suffer such beauty to fade!'

"An inexpressible melancholy stole over Ninon's countenance. 'The great Mirabeau,' said she, 'told me just the same.'

"'Mirabeau!' I cried; 'but he was dead before I was born. Surely you are jesting.'

"'I am serious, my friend,' said Ninon.

"Angélique, this woman, who is so beautiful, who never smiles, who calls herself Ninon, who talks of having conversed with Mirabeau, is an enigma the most enchanting.

"Yesterday we met again and again in the Louvre. Again I was subdued by the intoxicating influence of her presence—subdued, yet exalted: never had I been so brilliant—so seductive. I urged my passion with fervour. I gazed into those charming eyes, whose azure depths were still hidden by that eternal veil, which she never lifts. I was about to draw towards her more closely—to whisper yet more tenderly, when, casting my eyes around to assure myself that there was no spectator of our happiness, I beheld a well-known figure.

"'Heavens!' I said, starting, and relinquishing her hand, 'my father!'

"Ninon's eyes at the exclamation followed mine. Instantly she was violently agitated—she trembled—her lips quivered, and I should certainly have thought she was about to faint, but that her roseate complexion remained lovely as ever.

"'What did you say, my friend?' she gasped.

"'Yonder stands my father,' I replied. 'But calm yourself, Ninon—he has not observed us—he is passing into the next room.'

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"In effect, my father disappeared without appearing to notice us.

"'My friend,' murmured Ninon, faintly, 'we must part. Fate wills that our brief dream of happiness should now end. Adieu, Auguste. I will write this night to tell all. Do not attempt to follow me.' So saying, she pressed my arm convulsively and disappeared.

"Angélique, this woman who never smiles, who calls herself Ninon, who talks of having conversed with Mirabeau, and who is violently agitated at sight of my father, is not only an enchanting enigma, but one that it has become a necessity of my life to solve.

"To that solution I devote myself. It is therefore that, in virtue of our agreement, I say to you, Adieu! Adieu, Angélique! you must ever remain the most charming vision of my life, with one exception. That exception is Ninon.

"AUGUSTE GRENOUILLE."

The reader will now understand why I received my *congé* from Angélique with such perfect philosophy. Some may ascribe our simultaneous wish for the termination of our intimacy to chance, some to a magnetic influence. But the heart is never so alive to pious feeling as when sublimated by love; and in my present exalted mood I read with clearer vision in this strange concurrence the will of heaven.

CHAPTER II.

My father had married early in life a pretty *roturière* against the will of his family, who wished him to wed a rich though deformed scion of the *noblesse*. However, with the ardour of youth he listened only to the dictates of his heart, which, as he afterwards acknowledged, was highly imprudent; for by taking the bride selected for him, he would have secured her fortune without incurring the necessity of submitting to her society; he would have kept on terms with his family; and, finally, he need not have debarred himself from the pleasure of my mother's company, merely because he had been induced from motives of *convenance* to marry another. Later in life he saw this—but wisdom came too late. He chose otherwise, and from that moment separated from his family, dropping even their name; and, taking that of my mother, was known simply as M. Grenouille. He continued after his marriage to live on an estate which my mother's father, a pawnbroker of the Mont-de-Piété, left to them in a distant province; and as he continued to entertain feelings of rancour against his father, whom he considered to have treated him with harshness, it happened that I grew up in profound ignorance of my pedigree.

My mother died early, and my father, who was of an extremely affectionate nature, remained inconsolable. I never remember him otherwise than despondent and depressed; and though, being a handsome and attractive man, he made many conquests, and indulged, for the beguilement of his widowed loneliness, in a great number of intimate female friendships, which his late wife's relations viewed with pity and respect, yet I am convinced that his heart remained faithful to the memory of his departed saint, whose tomb he constantly visited in company with the different fair ones who desired to console him for her loss. It was a sad pleasure to my father, and one indicative of his sentimental and imaginative nature, to cause each one of them to lay wreaths of *immortelles* on the tomb, in number proportioned to her place in the order of succession to his affections: thus the first placed one, the twenty-fifth twenty-five, and so on: and as he never permitted any of them to be removed, the monument was in course of time quite hidden by these garlands, the testimonies of his unalterable conjugal devotion. His enjoyments, however, were all tinged with this melancholy hue;—he never recovered his spirits, and remained always a kind of gloomy Don Juan.

My father, being in easy circumstances—for the pawnbroker was rich and generous—made me a handsome

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allowance, and never demanded any account of its disposal. Accordingly, I was enabled to enjoy to the full all the pleasures of Parisian society immediately on entering it.

On the night following the scene in the Louvre, which has been narrated in my letter to Angélique, I found myself at the Opera Comique before the rising of the curtain. No man with a heart will need to ask what took me there, for his heart will sufficiently inform him—it is unnecessary, therefore, to say that I expected to behold Ninon.

Before she appeared I knew of her approach by an electric current which passed through me, causing my heart to palpitate violently. A noble humility made me lower my eyes as she entered, and it was not till she had taken her seat that I ventured to glance towards her. She raised her lorgnette—a look and motion of her fan made me feel that I was recognised. O there was something inexpressibly delicious in the thought that these rays of intelligence, like the wires of the telegraph, passed through crowds without revealing the message they bore, except to him who was destined to profit by it.

I know not what passed on the stage, for thither I never directed my eyes; but I suppose it was a performance of merit, since the applause was frequent and the laughter loud. But what did attract my attention even from Ninon was a conversation that was passing between the occupants of two stalls behind me.

"Pardieu! she is wonderful," said the old Vicomte de Clos-Vougeot, whom I knew by sight, directing his opera-glass towards Ninon's box.

"There is no change perceptible since I first saw her in that very box, with the great Mirabeau leaning over her, holding her fan," said his companion, the venerable Comte de Chateau-Margaux.

"I have not seen her until to-night since her marriage with the Marquis de Toujours-Vert. One might imagine that she had been buried for a generation or so, and been dug up quite fresh," said the Vicomte. "She has been living abroad, I think."

"That makes her reappearance seem all the more extraordinary," returned the Comte de Chateau-Margaux. "She must have gone to sleep in an enchanted palace for the last quarter of a century, and have woke up to find her former admirers either ghosts or greybeards."

"They say she has had no lover since Mirabeau," observed the Vicomte; "she amuses herself with the passions she continues to inspire, but favours none."

Heavens! what delightful exultation did this inspire in my breast! I could have clasped the venerable Vicomte de Clos-Vougeot to my bosom.

"A thought strikes me," he resumed presently; "she must have had the Wandering Jew for a lover in early life, and imbibed a portion of his perpetuity."

"I wish I knew the secret by which she preserves so well," said the Comte de Chateau-Margaux. "I would reveal it to the Comtesse de Chateau-Margaux, who must be about her age, and I would then permit myself to enjoy that lady's society much oftener than I do at present."

"One remarkable thing about her is, that she never smiles," remarked the Vicomte. "Observe how stoically she watches the performance, while all around her are convulsed with laughter."

This was true, and it confirmed my previous observation in my letter to Angélique. But at that moment something especially ridiculous must have occurred on the stage; for Ninon (or rather the Marquise de Toujours-Vert), after an apparent struggle to resist joining in the mirth of the audience, suddenly burst into uncontrollable laughter. She immediately put her handkerchief to her face and left the house.

It was very singular. Had she made a vow against laughter? or was it in displeasure with herself at yielding to so trivial an emotion, that she quitted the scene? I knew not. But this I knew, that she was the Marquise de Toujours-Vert, and that she had not without reason called herself Ninon. Her beauty derived for me tenfold piquancy from the two circumstances of her great age and her former intimacy with so emi-

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nent (though perhaps in such matters somewhat indiscriminate) a personage as Mirabeau. As to the words she had uttered on quitting me, I considered them merely as the expression of one of those caprices which the breath of love dissipates in a moment, and I awaited with perfect confidence the explanation which her letter would bring next morning.

So speculating, I quitted the opera-house, where nothing now remained to interest me. In the lobby I encountered the Count de Monte-Cristo.

"Remember you sup with me to-night, M. Grenouille," said the Count, whose acquaintance I had made a short time before; "may I offer you a seat in my carriage?"

I accepted, and was waiting to hear the carriage announced in its turn, when a person who was superintending a telegraph in a corner of the saloon said, "M. le Comte, your carriage is telegraphed; it is now distant two hundred and fifty-seven yards, and will be at the door in twelve seconds and a half."

"Good!" said the Count. "It is a little arrangement of my own," he observed, in answer to my inquiring look. "I dislike having my name shouted out. I have therefore established a private telegraph, by which my coachman communicates with me."

Descending to a private door, we found the Count's carriage in the act of drawing up. It was a magnificent equipage, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, harnessed with gold-lace of the same pattern as that worn by officers of the royal household, and was preceded by the same number of outriders, on grey Arabs of the true breed of the desert. The coachman and lackeys wore bouquets of precious stones, made to imitate flowers. We took our seats, and I thought we should be obliged to remain for some time stationary, as there was an immense string of carriages before us. Scarcely had the door closed on us, however, before we were in motion.

Surprised at the dead silence which reigned around us, and which had replaced suddenly the rattle and hubbub of the street, I looked out of the window and found we were traversing a long vaulted tunnel, lit with rows of lamps. After proceeding some distance we emerged into the courtyard of the Count's hotel, which I then perceived was the terminus of several tunnels like that we had just quitted.

"These tunnels," quietly remarked the Count as we ascended the steps of the grand entrance, "communicate with all the principal places of amusement in Paris. I have had them constructed because I dislike waiting for my carriage, or being delayed by a throng."

Lost in amazement at the magnificence of the man, I entered the supper-room, where the banquet was already spread, the master of the Count's household (a gentleman of very ancient and noble family) having been warned of his approach by the private telegraph.

CHAPTER III.

The supper-room of Monte-Cristo was a scene of surpassing magnificence. The pendants of the chandeliers were not of glass, but of diamonds. The plate was gold richly wrought in the style of Cellini. The flowers were the rarest to be found in the forests of the tropics. The lackeys were clad as mousquetaires of the time of Louis XIV.; that is to say, as Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

An elderly gentleman of distinguished appearance stept up to Monte-Cristo just after we entered, and took him aside. From the direction of their glances I perceived they were talking of me. Presently they approached me, and Monte-Cristo introduced his guest as M. de Beaurepaire, who wished to make my acquaintance.

As the guests were taking their seats M. de Beaurepaire proposed that we should sit together.

He was a thin old gentleman, with dull eyes, a black wig, and teeth wonderfully white and even for his years. In contrast to the mustaches,

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beards, and tufts, so general in the assembly, he was clean shaved. His dress savoured somewhat of a former generation, but was in excellent taste, and harmonised well with the pretensions of an old beau. His manner was composed, even to languor, and perfectly well-bred.

I thought I had never listened to such charmingly interesting conversation. He seemed to look back with despairing regret from the lofty, and not particularly cheerful, pinnacle of a sort of Mont Blanc that he had attained to in existence, upon the green valleys of youth, in which I and most of the rest of the company were still disporting. The effect was to increase indefinitely for me the value of my own time of life, and to inspire me with an intense horror of ever growing old. It was doubtless the desolation which surrounded his existence in its present stage which caused him to live almost entirely in the past; and he favoured me with many anecdotes and recollections of his youth, which were all the more fascinating because many of the most distinguished men and women of a former period found a place in them. It was like a hasty peep into the Œil de Bœuf.

My attention and that of all present was shortly after supper diverted from private conversation to concentrate on our host.

"My friends," said M. de Monte-Cristo, "we must not forget that on the third night from this we hold our Grand Chapter of the Order of the Bonnes Fortunes."

I had heard (as who had not?) of this institution, which began at this time to create an immense sensation in France. It was a kind of Round Table, only with quite different laws —for though Sir Lancelot would have kept his lofty position, Sir Galahad would have found no place there. It had been established by the Count, who was himself Perpetual Grand Master, and under him were three Commanderies, each having its chief, or Grand Cordon, and the members of which constituted an inferior brotherhood, styled Companions of the Bonnes Fortunes. Any one properly introduced might be nominated a candidate; but admission into the Order depended upon the nature of the sentimental adventures of which he could proclaim himself the hero at the appointed anniversary. According to the degree of originality, adroitness, or hardihood displayed in these, was the question of a candidate's admission into the Order decided; and a very uncommon union of these qualities was required to secure the distinction of wearing one of the three Grand Cordons of the Bonnes Fortunes.

These distinctions were not merely nominal. The Count supplied the insignia, worn at all meetings of the Brotherhood. As Grand Master, he was distinguished by a magnificent collar of diamonds; the Grand Cordons wore also diamond collars, smaller than the Grand Master's, but still worth each a principality; while the Companions were decorated by emblematic clasps of precious stones.

"Are any of the members present?" I asked of M. de Beaurepaire after he had imparted to me these particulars.

"Certainly," he replied. "A Grand Cordon of the Order sits opposite to you."

"What! that shrivelled old shadow, with little hair and no teeth?" I exclaimed.

"Speak reverently, young man," returned M. de Beaurepaire, not without a certain severity. "You see in him the illustrious Chevalier de Faublas. With the adventures of his youth you are doubtless familiar, and he still, at the age of ninety-three, retains no inconsiderable portion of his youthful fire. Only a few months ago he ran away with the lady superior of a convent in Rome, a year or two his junior. The venerable yet still ardent and enamoured partner of his flight sank under her fatigues as they crossed the St Bernard, hotly pursued by the emissaries of the papal government. The Chevalier has been since excommunicated."

I gazed with reverence at this eminent man, the close of whose days was so admirably consistent with the promise of his youth. It is a noble spectacle, that of a man refusing to succumb to age and infirmity, and trailing after him to the very verge of

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existence the pleasures of his youth. I thought, too, with sadness, of the fate of the hapless abbess, on the evening of whose life the star of love had arisen only to be quenched in eternal night.

"Now," said my informant, "observe that bronzed man with the heavy mustache, the long square tuft on his chin, and having his hair cut close to his head. He is only in the twenty-fifth year of his age, yet he too is a Grand Cordon."

I eagerly inquired how he had attained this dazzling position so early.

"He has served with our army in Algiers," replied M. de Beaurepaire, "and during his residence there he turned Mussulman, and married three hundred and fifty Arab wives."

"The idea is," I remarked, "in its origin, a commonplace one, but he has carried it to a pitch which may be called sublime. Two, three, or even four Arab wives, would be not worth mentioning; but to marry three hundred and fifty is certainly a vast conception. Still, for my own part, I should prefer to attain the Grand Cordon by a single magnificent achievement, rather than by a grand but somewhat monotonous repetition."

"Observe," said M. de Beaurepaire, "that I am imparting only facts that are well known. I could not tell you of the enterprises which have won some high reputations in the Order without compromising others."

"But they must be related, or how could the distinctions be conferred?" I remarked.

"Of course they must," said my informant, "but they are narrated only in the meetings of the Order, to divulge one syllable of the proceedings of which is certain death."

"You have shown me two possessors of the Grand Cordon," I said. "Who is the third?"

"The third Commandery," said M. de Beaurepaire, "is at present vacant. It will be filled up at the Chapter, which, as you heard the Count announce, is to be held three days hence."

At these words a burning ambition fired my soul. One of the summits of earthly distinction was vacant,—might not a daring genius, aided by a happy fortune, plant his foot there? But how attain even the base of the pinnacle? Examples were of no use here: to imitate others, however successfully, was, to one conscious of the inspirations of original genius, a humiliating course; besides, originality was in this case one of the tests of success. It was therefore out of the question for me to think of qualifying myself, either by eloping with an old abbess or by marrying three hundred and fifty, or even four hundred wives. Revolving many projects, I was sunk in an ecstatic reverie, during which I traced absently with my finger in some wine spilt on the table—"Auguste Grenouille, Grand Cordon of the Bonnes Fortunes."

A sarcastic laugh from M. de Beaurepaire roused me from my reverie. "Your dreams are lofty," he said, looking at the words I had written, "considering, too, that you are not even yet nominated as a candidate for the inferior degree. As a necessary preliminary, you must be introduced by a Companion."

"And where, oh where, shall I find one to do me that inestimable service?" I asked eagerly.

"Permit me to have the honour to introduce one," he returned, bowing, and displaying on his waistcoat the emblematic clasp.

"And will you do this for me, Monsieur?" I said, breathlessly.

"I shall esteem it an honour to propose you," he replied, "provided you can show me some grounds for the nomination."

Hastily I told him—but with rather more detail—what I have already told the reader of my affair with Angélique, suppressing only her name.

My companion listened with interest. "If she had only been a nun," he said, "you might have been nominated to the Order at once. As it is (you say that you carried her off from a convent), your nomination will at all events be an honourable one."

My thoughts were in a whirl. Of all the subsequent incidents of that memorable night I remember but one. M. de Beaurepaire was as good as his word. That night I was en-

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rolled as a candidate, and might aspire some day even to the Grand Cordon.

"Breakfast with me to-morrow," said M. de Beaurepaire, giving me his address as we parted. He added, paternally, "You interest me, and I am not easily interested."

CHAPTER IV.

It may be imagined that my night was restless. On the very threshold of Parisian life, fate was opening for me prospects the most brilliant. Enrolled in the brotherhood of the Bonnes Fortunes, I felt a secret assurance that my career would be successful and distinguished. In youth, the heart, inspired by the sacred fire of love, is a prophet, and I accepted its oracles with that undoubting faith which, to a pious nature like mine, was at once a necessity and a duty. In a brief slumber I dreamt that I knelt at the feet of Ninon, who conferred on me the Grand Cordon of the Order.

What were the chief conditions of eminence in the brotherhood? Originality of conception, boldness of execution. I felt myself capable of the most arduous enterprises. Fate was soon to put my courage to the proof.

I thought of Ninon's manifest partiality with triumph. To be the first successor of the great Mirabeau in the heart of a woman who was a world's wonder for her perennial beauty—and that woman Marchioness of Toujours-Vert—was to pass at one proud step far beyond most of my compeers. Her age would have formed an objection with many lovers—and would with me, in the case of an ordinary old lady—but coupled with her extraordinary charms, it produced that effect of singularity which lends so much piquancy to passion. Still even the conquest of Ninon's heart would not probably of itself constitute a sufficient claim to the Grand Cordon. Yet on that eminence, apparently so unapproachable, my mind was fixed with extraordinary tenacity.

My servant entered with a letter addressed in a female hand, which I felt at once must be from Ninon. I was not deceived. It was as follows:—

"AUGUSTE,—Suffer me one moment to recall the feelings which you have awakened in a breast vacant since the decease of the illustrious Mirabeau.

"It was not merely that you admired my beauty—that merely gratified my pride; it was that you revived those feelings that sanctify the heart.

"I yielded to the influence—say, rather, I did not attempt to oppose it. I again felt all the ardour of a confiding and undoubting passion for an object that seemed perfectly worthy of it. My bosom, desolate for nearly forty winters, was again warmed and cheered. I was happy, for I loved.

"Then came a fatal moment—it was when you recognised your father; for I at the same moment, in the same individual, recognised—my son.

"Assist me, I implore you, Auguste, in my struggle to change the feelings you have inspired me with for those of a grandmother.

"Come to-night at ten to the Hotel Toujours-Vert; a person will meet and conduct you. Come, then, with feelings utterly changed, to take an eternal farewell, if not of me, yet of the hapless "NINON."

I know not how at any other time I might have received this astounding disclosure, though I think the character of my mind, habitually opposed to the cold conventionalities and ridiculous restraints of society, would under any circumstances have impelled me to disregard this unforeseen obstacle. But now one thought, rising paramount to all others, drowned all lesser feelings of scruple or timidity. The GRAND CORDON actually appeared, by a series of chances the most fortunate, within my grasp. As for Ninon's letter, and wish for an eternal farewell of her in her former character, I perceived, or thought I perceived, plainly, tokens of yielding, and apprehended no difficulty in converting her to my view of the case. And what, then, would become of the pretensions of Faublas with his old abbess, or of those of the possessor of three hundred and fifty wives, co-

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pared with mine! I should be—intoxicating thought!—the first man of this or of any age who had made successful love to his grandmother!

It was under such inspirations that I replied to Ninon (still let me call her by that name) in the following terms:—

"You have required that I should think of you only as a grandmother. You have required an impossibility.

"Had I from infancy been accustomed to contemplate those heavenly charms—had I listened to the tales of childhood told in that seductive voice—had I, above all, never heard that voice murmur other than maternal sentiments, never seen those charms flushed by a deeper than maternal instinct, then I might perhaps (for I cannot, even in that case, fully answer for myself) have seen in you only the grandmother. But my feelings are no longer to be controlled, even by the spell of a title so venerated. What is the obstacle in our path? Blood, you answer—the blood that runs in the veins of both. What is the impulse that urges me to disregard all obstacles? Blood, I also answer—the blood that throbs in this heart, Ninon, and throbs only for you.

"That my father should be your son is an untoward accident. That I should love you is an unalterable necessity. Shall necessity yield to accident, or accident to necessity?

"Ninon, I implore you, abjure relationship, abjure everything but me, and listen, as I do, only to the dictates of your heart. The heart, believe me, never deceives—custom and the world may. This evening you will see basking in your smile, not the grandson, but your own AUGUSTE."

The messenger who had brought Ninon's letter waited, and to him I confided my reply.

I was on the point of setting forth to keep my engagement with M. de Beaurepaire, when my father entered my apartment. Approaching me with an agitated look, he took a seat near me.

"Listen, my son," he said.

"My father, I hear you."

"You have never heard me speak of your grandfather; you are even ignorant who he is."

I was silent.

"Estranged from him before your birth," my father went on, "I have wished to forget him; I have wished to exclude from my thoughts, and from the thoughts of my son, him who excluded me from his paternal embrace. Many years ago I vowed a solemn vow never to reassume his name until he should beseech me to do so, and that vow I have religiously kept. But my resentment, long cooled, has been extinguished by a letter received from my father to-day. He says that, learning the presence of his grandson in Paris, he has felt an uncontrollable wish to see and observe him; that he has accordingly contrived, unknown to you, an opportunity to gratify his wish, and that the result of his observation is so favourable that he recognises in you a worthy scion of the race, and inheritor of the name of ——"

He paused.

"Toujours-Vert," I said, completing the sentence.

"Ah," he said, "then you have recognised your grandfather."

"On the contrary, my father, I have never seen him."

"Then you shall see him to-day," said my father. "We will together kneel before him. But you do not, my son, receive the proposal with the alacrity I expected," he added presently.

"In effect, my father, it is impossible for me to join you in that visit to-day, and I wish you to defer the interview also."

"But your reasons, my son?" said my father, who was occasionally rather despotic.

I meditated. Should I take him into my confidence? His paternal affection merited such a course, but then he might raise a thousand obstacles.

"Pardon me, my father. I would prefer not to give my reasons."

"Then I adhere to my purpose, and I command you to accompany me, Auguste."

I foresaw that such an interview with my grandfather might be fatal to my prospects. "Grant me but the respite of to-day," I said, "and to-morrow you shall know my reasons."

My father with some difficulty

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consented to this, and, wishing him good morning, I left the house humming the appropriate little *chanson*,

"Grenouille se mit en campagne
Pour aller faire l'amour."

I found M. de Beaurepaire as charming as ever, as weary of the world for himself, as full of maxims for the benefit of his friends, as invaluable in his counsels, the result of a ripe experience—so ripe that it might almost be termed rotten. I listened to the sage with inexpressible pleasure as he imparted to me his adventures, his sentiments, and his observations on mankind and womankind with his usual refined *insouciance*. The breakfast was excellent, and I enjoyed alike the *pâté* and the principles, the coffee, the claret, and the conversation.

"Have you thought of any achievement for the Order, my neophyte?" he asked, presently sipping a *petit verre* of Chartreuse.

"I have," I said, endeavouring to hide my exultation behind a corresponding modicum of *crême de thé*.

"You have a *grande passion*, young man?" he inquired, keenly observing me over his glass.

"Inextinguishable, Monsieur," was my reply.

"Ardour is said to be an element of success in most pursuits, I believe," said M. de Beaurepaire; "but I doubt its efficacy in love. Your calm unimpassioned lover, who has his faculties perfectly under control, and who can coolly watch his opportunity, he, my friend, is the man who commands success."

An uncontrollable impulse to confide my secret to this man, so wise, so prudent, yet so sympathetic, now seized me. I desired his good opinion and his applause no less warmly than his counsel. I began, at first hesitatingly; but soon, reassured by the interest he took in the narrative, my natural fluency returned, and I told him of my hopes and aspirations for a distinguished lady, keeping only the secret of my relationship to Ninon, as I styled her throughout my narration.

"Not bad," said M. de Beaurepaire. "By no means bad; on the contrary, it does you credit. And the name of this enslaver is, then, Ninon?"

I reflected for a moment. Should I reveal her real name? But why not? Was he not a brother of the Order, and therefore bound to secresy?

"I call her Ninon," I answered, "but her real name is the Marquise de Toujours-Vert."

Something made M. de Beaurepaire start, for he upset his *petit verre* over his shirt-front.

"*Peste!*" he exclaimed, recovering himself, and wiping the Chartreuse from his bosom with his napkin. "But to proceed. The Marquise, does she return your passion?"

"Ardently, I flatter myself," I said. "At least, I venture to hope so."

"And you are to meet her, you say, this evening?"

"Precisely so—at ten, Monsieur."

"And the place?" inquired my host.

"The Hotel Toujours-Vert."

M. de Beaurepaire seemed thoughtful for a few moments, smiling slightly to himself the while. Then, changing the subject, he became entertaining as ever. It was with regret that I rose to leave him.

Not wishing again to encounter my father, I did not return home, but dined at Philippe's, and went to the theatre.

CHAPTER V.

If my reader is a young man, I ask him to imagine—if an old man, I ask him to recall—the feelings with which I entered the Hotel Toujours-Vert, to keep my appointment with Ninon.

A *fille-de-chambre*, who awaited me in the street, conducted me by a private entrance to a room, where she left me. It was vacant. I traversed it impatiently. Then I sat down and waited—no one came. I rose again and walked to and fro. Suddenly I arrested my steps before the fireplace,

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above which hung a picture of Ninon. The same complexion, the same azure eyes, the same flaxen hair—no difference, except that it smiled, which Ninon, I have said, never did; yet the date in the corner showed that it had been painted before my father was born.

"What a miracle of nature!" I said aloud.

A step crossed the room behind me—my heart bounded—I turned and beheld—M. de Beaurepaire!

He advanced, serenely *insouciant* as ever.

"Permit me," he said, "to receive you once more as my guest."

"Your guest!" I exclaimed. "Allow me to inform you, Monsieur, that this jest is untimely, and I will take the liberty to add, Monsieur, that the pleasure of seeing you is unexpected. It is impossible to believe that you have taken advantage of my confidence only to betray it. I trust you can explain your presence here satisfactorily."

"Perfectly so, I imagine," he replied, taking out his snuff-box. "I"—here he took a pinch—"am"—he used his handkerchief—"the"—he brushed some grains from his shirt-frill—"Marquis de Toujours-Vert"—he returned his snuff-box to his pocket.

"Mon Dieu!" I exclaimed, starting back. "You the Marquis!—then you are my grandfather!"

"I enjoy that honour also," replied the Marquis, with a bow.

At any other time I should have embraced with rapture a relation so amiable and respectable. But now—it was horrible—Ninon seemed at once already hopelessly separated from me by this untoward discovery, and the Grand Cordon of the Bonnes Fortunes was receding to an immeasurable distance. The Marquis remained silent.

"Permit me, M. le Marquis," I said, at length recovering myself, "to inform you, that to profess yourself my friend, and to make yourself master of my most cherished secrets, merely to frustrate them, is a course alike unworthy of a man of honour and of a grandfather."

"Listen," said my grandfather, with imperturbable coolness. "You are decidedly in error. Permit me the honour of explaining."

He took a pinch of snuff.

"I was struck last evening," he proceeded, "by something in your appearance—probably a family likeness—asked Monte-Cristo who you were—recognised our relationship—and with a curiosity to study the family type in the latest generation, I desired Monte-Cristo to present you; but I desired him, at the same time, to introduce me under a feigned name, because it would then be more easy to withdraw from the acquaintance if I should not find you to my taste."

"It was no more than prudent, my grandfather," I remarked.

"My grandson, I did find you to my taste. The only emotion of any kind that I have felt for the last quarter of a century was excited by finding in you a renewal of my own youth.—Sacred season!" said my grandfather, lifting his eyes filled with tears towards heaven, "when beauty is the only divinity, when woman feigns to fly and we pursue, and when we dream not of the dreary desert of old age which awaits us at the end of this flowery labyrinth, where nymphs lie hid in roses!"

I was profoundly affected by the desolation of his tone.

"I feel for you, my grandfather," I said. "Accept my tenderest sympathy."

"My conversation with you," resumed my grandfather, "suggested to me a new and refined idea—the only one that has visited me for a great number of years; for age, my grandson, does not originate ideas, but only recalls those which the warmth of youth formerly inspired. I said to myself—I no longer enjoy anything worthy of the name of existence, but here is one who does. At his age I wanted but one thing to make my existence perfect—experience. I now have experience, when it is no longer of use to me. Let me join my experience to his youth, and thus realise the ideal of perfection."

It was a sublime thought. I looked at my grandfather with new sentiments of respect and gratitude.

"Accordingly, I wrote last night to your father to pave the way to

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a reconciliation. This morning at breakfast I was about to declare myself, and to offer my aid in advancing you in the Order—and, between us, what might we not have achieved, your ardour and audacity directed by my coolness and experience? Great heavens!" said my grandfather, in a burst of feeling, "the prospect was ravishing."

"*Was* ravishing? my grandfather," I said, with melancholy tenderness.

"I say *was*," repeated the Marquis, "for the prospect exists no longer. It was for ever destroyed when you revealed to me the passion you entertained for Madame de Toujours-Vert."

"And which I still entertain," I exclaimed. "Never will I relinquish the hope that she has inspired me with."

"Had it been the wife of anybody else," said the Marquis, "you might have commanded me. It is not that I am jealous," he continued, waving his hand loftily; "for about thirty years Madame de Toujours-Vert and I have been merely friends—nothing more. But when you mentioned her name, you dissipated in a moment that dream of my old age of which I have spoken, because you threatened my honour."

For this man, so cold and impassible—who had felt for me a solitary emotion of regard—who had destined me to assist him in realising the vision that was to cheer the evening of his days, and whose hopes were blighted in their birth—I felt a profound commiseration.

"Enough!" said the Marquis, dashing away a tear. "I have spoken as the grandsire; I must now speak as the man of honour." His face, as he spoke, assumed an inexpressible and severe dignity. "Monsieur," he went on, "you owe me satisfaction."

"Which I shall be proud to render, M. le Marquis," I replied. A gleam of hope once more irradiated my breast—victorious over my grandfather: claiming my grandmother as the prize of success, my title to the Grand Cordon would be more secure than ever.

Opening a case on the table, the Marquis drew thence a brace of pistols already loaded.

"Choose!" he said, authoritatively, yet courteously.

I took the one next me; he lifted the other.

"One moment," he said. "Embrace me, my grandson."

I threw myself on his bosom.

"So much for relationship," said my grandfather, recovering from his temporary emotion; "it remains to satisfy honour. As we have no seconds to give the word, we will place ourselves back to back in the centre of the room, step out together, and, on reaching the walls, turn and fire.

I assented. I placed myself with my back against his. I felt the calves of his ancestral legs touching mine, and I remember that their hardness suggested the idea that they were false. I was about to say I was ready, when I dropped my pistol, and, in suddenly stooping to recover it, communicated an impulse to the Marquis's person which nearly threw him forward on his nose.

"Pardon, M. le Marquis," I said; "deign to accept my regrets."

The Marquis bowed stiffly, and we resumed our position. I cast one glance on my grandmother's portrait—the word was given—we stepped out—and, on reaching the wall, I turned round and levelled my pistol, but as suddenly dropt it; the Marquis did the same; for between us knelt, with hands and eyes upraised to heaven—my father!

CHAPTER VI.

There was silence for a time, during which my father continued to kneel like a statue of Piety. My grandfather spoke first.

"*Peste!*" he said "why did you interrupt us? *Ma foi*, it is not good taste."

"Pardon, sire!" said my father, still kneeling, and extending his clasped hands towards the Marquis;

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"pardon, my son!" he said, repeating the gesture to me.

We approached him; whereupon, rising from his knees, he threw himself first on the Marquis's neck and then on mine.

"How came you here?" I asked him.

"An hour ago I picked this up on the staircase," said my father, drawing a letter from his pocket. It was Ninon's to me of that morning. "The address being the same as mine, I thought I had dropped it—I recognised the handwriting—I knew all—I knew your ardour—I knew her beauty. I judged of your constancy by my own—I knew the chivalrous temper of the Marquis—I am here."

"Perhaps," said the Marquis, stiffly, "you will now permit us to proceed."

"Stay," said my father—"hear me. I admit the necessity of satisfaction. I sympathise with both: on the one side" (turning to me) "I see disappointed love; on the other, injured honour. But it is impossible that I can permit the duel to proceed, for by the victory of one party I should lose a father, by that of the other a son. In the former case it would be incumbent on me to take vengeance on the slayer of my parent; in the other, on him who renders me childless. Neither of you, then, has the right to place me in this dilemma."

"I admit the justice of this reasoning," I said. "But I beg to suggest a method of satisfying the Marquis's honour and of removing your scruples. I will commit suicide."

"Say rather *we* will commit suicide," said the Marquis, with a lofty air—"I will not be behind you in the sacrifice, and this will terminate all difficulty. There will then be nobody left for your father to take vengeance on."

"I was about to make a proposal," said my father. "When I interrupted the duel, I was not unprepared with an alternative. I could not bear to survive you. Let us therefore all commit suicide together."

I threw myself on the breast of my heroic parent; my grandfather, actuated by a like impulse, simultaneously did the same, and our heads came so sharply in contact as to bring tears into the eyes of both. We mutually apologised.

"The time for executing the project," said my father, "must be now. The means we must debate on."

"Here are still the pistols," said the Marquis.

"They would serve for two only, and the third ought to be spared the pang of surviving his relatives," said my father. "We must devise some means of effecting our object simultaneously."

"For my own part, I should much prefer poison," said my grandfather, producing a small phial from his pocket, "as being a more quiet and well-bred way of terminating one's existence, and more suitable to my time of life. But unfortunately this dose, which I have long carried about with me, and the effect of which is instantaneous, is only sufficient for one."

My father meditated deeply for a short time.

"I think," he said, "I have devised a plan which shall obviate all scruples and difficulties. M. le Marquis, may I be permitted to ask for some cord?"

The Marquis jerked down a bell-rope and handed it to him. My father, standing on a table, passed the small end through a hook which supported the chandelier, drew it through to the tassel, and made a noose in the lower end. While he was doing this, a servant, summoned by the bell which had rung when the Marquis pulled down the bell-rope, entered.

"Depart!" thundered the Marquis.

"Stay," said my father; "have the goodness to fetch me some cord and a spoon."

The servant brought them, and again disappeared. My father fastened the cord by the middle to the tassel of the bell-rope, which he drew back a little way through the hook. Then pouring my grandfather's dose of poison into the spoon, he balanced the latter across the back of a book close to the edge of the table. He attached one of the ends of the cord which he had tied to the bell-rope to the handle of the spoon, and the other to the trigger of one of the pistols, which he then handed to me."

"Observe," said my father, after

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completing these preliminaries, which we watched with silent interest, "I shall kneel on the table with the noose round my neck, balancing myself on the edge. I say kneel, for in that posture, before the picture of my mother, I wish to quit the world."

"I also will kneel before the Marquise's picture," said the Marquis.

"I also," I said, "will kneel before the picture of Ninon."

"The attitude will suit admirably," said my father, much pleased with the arrangement. "I will then, as I have said, kneel on the edge of the table, having the noose round my neck, so that a slight pull will bring me down. You shall each grasp one of my coat-tails and pull me over: as I fall, the bell-rope will run up with my weight, and will tighten the cords, the one of which will discharge the pistol, my son, into your breast, while the other will upset the poison into the mouth of the Marquis, held underneath it for that purpose."

"It is sublime," I said, lost in admiration. "Thus no one will kill any one, yet each will kill all. We shall join in one grand simultaneous immolation."

"Decidedly," said my grandfather, as soon as he realised this astonishing conception—"decidedly it ought to make a sensation. It must be the suicide of the day—nay more, of the age."

My father's preparations were soon made. He arranged the noose on his neck, and knelt on the edge of the table. I, also kneeling, grasped the pistol, which I had placed on full-cock, and which I now directed at my breast. My grandfather knelt with open mouth beneath the fatal spoon. It was a touching spectacle, if there had been anybody to witness it. Three generations of the Toujours-Verts awaiting death on their knees, with their eyes fixed on the countenance that looked down on them with its unpitying smile. In that supreme moment I glanced at my father—he was firm as adamant.

"Take hold of my coat-tails," he said, in his usual manner, and with no more tremor than if he had been addressing his tailor.

My grandfather and I, stretching out our hands, seized those parts of his dress, and awaited the signal.

In that instant, while my father finally settled his noose, the thoughts of the two loadstars of my young existence shot across my mind.

"Adieu, Ninon!" I said; "Adieu, Angélique!"

"Ha!" said my grandfather, taking his mouth from the spoon—"Angélique, you say?—that reminds me ——I cannot commit suicide to day—it is impossible," he added, rising from his knees; "and if I can't, of course you can't either."

I uncocked the pistol and placed it on the table. My father reluctantly undid the noose and descended from the table. We both awaited my grandfather's explanation.

"It is a great pity not to do it," said the Marquis, glancing regretfully at the bell-rope and its dependencies. "It was a neat and most admirable arrangement."

My father was unmollified even by this tribute to his mechanical genius.

"We have missed an eternity of fame," he said, gloomily. "But I have done my part towards the settlement of this matter. I now await explanation."

"The fact is," said my grandfather, "that Auguste's exclamation reminded me of an engagement I am under to visit to-morrow a lady named Angélique. She has inspired me with the most ardent affection I have felt for many years—she does me the honour to return it: it would be an insult to the sex, and a blot upon my name, if I destroyed myself without discharging that obligation. At this hour to-morrow I must positively be in the Rue d'Antin."

"The Rue d'Antin!" I exclaimed, "and to visit Angélique! Tell me, I beseech you, her other name?"

"Papillon," said the Marquis—"Angélique Papillon."

"Heaven is just!" I exclaimed. "'Tis the same I told you of that I brought off from a convent."

"It appears, my grandson," said the Marquis, "that we have been playing a game of chess in the dark."

"And have given check to each other's queens," said my father."

"My grandson," said the Marquis presently, "I wish you would give up this fancy for the Marquise."

"My grandfather," I replied, "I have shown that I am ready to die first."

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My grandfather shook his head—my father fixed on me a look of regret mixed with paternal pride—the Marquis begun impatiently to traverse the apartment, while I looked with ever-augmenting passion on my grandmother's portrait.

At length the Marquis suddenly stopped in his walk, and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Those blue eyes are bewitching, are they not, my grandson?" he said, looking at the picture.

"My grandfather, I have found them so."

"And that complexion, what roses can vie with it?"

"Not the fairest in Provence."

"That smile too, how enchanting! and the teeth which it discloses."

"Rows of orient pearls," I responded.

"Poor youth," said my grandfather, sighing, "it is so indeed. The beauty of the Marquise is, in effect, fatal: yet there is a remedy—shall I try it? My grandson, if you persist, the duel must still take place."

"I am at your pleasure, my grandfather," I replied.

"Yet there is still one chance of avoiding it, though you are the only man in the world to whom I would offer the alternative. You have some regard for me, my grandson?"

"Which I am ready to show in any way except by giving up the Marquise."

My grandfather mused. "Yes," he said, at length, "it shall be so; I will make the great sacrifice for your sake and for my own. Come here to-morrow at noon and you shall see the Marquise. Now leave me."

I dropt on one knee and kissed my grandfather's hand. He raised me tenderly, embraced me and my father, and dismissed us.

CHAPTER VII.

Noon next day found me at the Hôtel Toujours-Vert, my heart throbbing at the prospect of the approaching interview with Ninon.

My grandfather received me in the same apartment which had witnessed the events of the night before.

"My grandson," he said, embracing me, "I am about to place immense confidence in you. Promise you will be secret about what you may see this day."

"On the faith of a gentleman," I replied.

"Enough," said my grandfather. "Now, excuse me, I must leave you for a few minutes."

Need I say that those minutes were employed by me in contemplating the angelic features which the portrait disclosed. I was still gazing at them when my grandfather re-entered the room.

"What were you saying of the Marquise when I found you here before her picture last evening?" he said.

"That she was a miracle of nature," I replied.

My grandfather smiled inscrutably. "Come," he said, "let me introduce you. She will not be visible immediately, but before you quit the house you shall see Madame la Marquise."

I followed him along corridors and galleries into a small dressing-room hung with pictures. Going up to one of these and beckoning me to approach, he lifted part of the moulding of the frame and desired me to look into the opening.

The aperture was not in the frame alone, but passed through the wall behind, so that I commanded a view of the adjacent apartment—spacious, luxurious, and containing an immense toilet-table, with its mirror and other accessories all of a gorgeous kind.

"Do not fear being seen," said the Marquis; "it opens on the other side, beneath the shadow of a heavy picture-frame. It was constructed by my father, the late Marquis. Now look attentively and be silent."

I looked, and presently saw a lean old woman in a dressing-gown enter—bald, toothless, and wrinkled, and led by a femme-de-chambre. She seated herself with some difficulty in the chair before the toilet-table.

Having her back towards me, I saw her face in the glass only by glimpses during the ceremonies which now took place.

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The femme-de-chambre first brought a large white wrapper and enveloped her to the chin, so that in the glass she looked like a bald old gentleman going to be shaved.

"Rosalie," said the old lady.

"Madame," said the femme-de-chambre.

"Some eau-de-vie—I shall not get through the fatigue without it. My trials have debilitated me." The want of teeth made her voice indistinct.

The eau-de-vie was brought and administered. Then Rosalie took a morocco case from the toilet-table, opened it and took out two articles that looked like very small white bracelets, and stooping over the lady's shoulder, and holding back her head, seemed to be preparing to shave her. When she left the mirror clear again, I saw that the old lady's mouth had undergone a remarkable change, and that her utterance, the next time she addressed Rosalie, had become singularly distinct.

"My grandfather," I whispered, "remember your promise. Permit me to remind you that I did not come here to witness an old lady's toilet."

"Patience and observe, my grandson," was the Marquis's reply.

Again I looked through the aperture. I saw the femme-de-chambre open a door leading into another apartment. "Enter, Monsieur," she said.

A man with a painter's palette and brushes, whom I recognised for the famous portrait-painter M. Vermeille, now entered. He bowed to the old lady, placed a chair near her, mixed his colours as if for a picture, and then applied his brush to the sitter's countenance.

I watched this not without interest and amusement. Still I was puzzled to know why the Marquis should have brought me here.

The femme-de-chambre assisted the process, and, standing behind the old lady's chair, obscured my view; but I caught an occasional glimpse when she moved. It was, my reader, a thing the most singular, to watch a change of complexion stealing, under the magic brush of the painter, over the venerable countenance, like a ray of sunshine over a dreary landscape.

The painter worked systematically. In a short time a glimpse in the glass showed me a forehead smooth, white, and young, with brows of the most delicate pencilling, surmounting a countenance the most wrinkled and ancient; like a lid of Sèvres on a grotesque bowl of clay.

After a little, the painter shifted his chair to the other side of the patient; and the spectacle reflected in the glass reminded me now of one of those portraits which hang at the doors of picture-cleaners, where one half of the countenance is fresh and charming, and the other covered with the dust of ages.

"This is vastly entertaining," I whispered to the Marquis; "but permit me again to remark, that it does not seem quite to the purpose."

"Patience, my grandson, and observe," was still his reply.

The next glimpse I caught in the mirror showed me the whole face and throat delicately enamelled, but colourless as marble. A skilful touch or two about the eyes give them marvellous brilliancy and expression.

At this stage of the operation I became perplexed. I began to ask myself where I had seen something of which that bald, enamelled, egg-like countenance reminded me?

Presently, as beneath the skilful brush of the artist a vermilion tint crept like the rosy dawn over the countenance and lips, my trouble increased. I became agitated with I know not what doubts and fears. I was glued to the aperture in the wall, as if a precipice yawned below me, into which I must fall if I relaxed my hold.

The painter, rising, contemplated his work—approached for a few last touches, and, as he bestowed them, the femme-de-chambre, taking something from an open box, approached the lady in the chair, and crowned her with hair—flaxen hair. As she quitted the chair, the finished portrait appeared reflected in the mirror —*Juste ciel!*—it was a copy of the portrait over the fireplace in the Marquis's apartment.

"Mon Dieu!" I exclaimed, totally forgetting my obligation to silence, "Is that Ninon? Say, O say you are not Ninon!"

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The figure in the chair half rose at the sound of my voice, then fell back again, and I heard an hysterical laugh. At the same moment the face in the mirror shivered as if *it* were of glass, the cracks radiating round the mouth in all directions, and rendering the likeness to Ninon a ghastly and transparent imposture.

I knew then why Ninon never laughed. Mirth does not suit enamel.

I turned to my grandfather, and fell half insensible into his arms.

"The miracle of nature, my grandson," he said, "is, you see ——"

"A miracle of art," I answered with a groan.

"Be tranquil, my grandson," he continued, soothingly. "I too have loved. I too have found the object of my passion an apple of the Dead Sea."

"Would that I were at the bottom of that sea," I murmured.

"Choose now, my grandson," he whispered, "choose between me and Madame de Toujours-Vert."

For reply I cast myself on the neck of this heroic, this antique-minded man.

"I know now," I said, "the sacrifice you have made to save me; but the secret is for ever safe. You are to me unapproachably sublime."

Two nights after I accompanied the Marquis to the chapter of the Order, at the Count of Monte-Cristo's.

In all humility I took my seat. The lesson I had received, joined with the affection, more than paternal, of the noble Marquis, bowed me to the dust. I, lately so elate and so ambitious, sat now silent and downcast, while the Companions related their achievements and claims to honour. Wrapt in my own thoughts, I scarcely listened to the narratives; though, from what I remember of them, they must have compromised about nine-tenths of the female aristocracy of France.

My grandfather in vain tried to cheer me. My sufferings from the late tortures of a too sensitive heart were still horrible. I knew not what a salve was in store for me.

At length Monte-Cristo arose, glittering in the collar of the Grand-Mastership.

"My brothers," he said, "all have spoken except one young neophyte. Modesty keeps him silent. The truly great do not always wish to exalt their own praises. I will speak for him."

Then, while astonishment and the admonitions of my grandfather kept me silent, he narrated the tale which I have just been recording, and which he must have received from my grandfather.

He concluded the tale. "My friends," he then said, "shall circumstances beyond his control deprive the man of such lofty aspirations of his just reward?"

The acclamations of all present answered him.

"M. Grenouille," he said, "deign to approach."

I left my seat. The eyes of all were fixed envyingly on the only man on record who had dared to make of his grandmother an object of love. As I passed the chair of the venerable Faublas, he rose and stopped me.

"Permit me," he said, "the honour of one embrace. I die happy, since young France so well maintains the reputation of its forefathers. My friend, I have done something—but nothing like you."

He pressed me to his bosom. We both shed tears, as did many of the spectators.

The other Grand Cordon, the man with three hundred and fifty wives, seemed, I thought, to scowl at me. Perhaps he was envious.

I bent before the great Monte-Cristo. I knew not as yet what was the honour he was about to confer on me. I felt his hands about my neck. I saw something sparkle on my breast, and I knew it was *not* the same collar as that worn by Faublas, and by the husband of the three hundred and fifty wives. I glanced upward at Monte-Cristo. His breast was bare. It was *his* collar I wore. Fate had—can have—nothing further in store for me. I was not Grand Cordon, but perpetual Grand Master of the Order of the Bonnes Fortunes.

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THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.—PART XI.

CHAPTER XXXI.—FROM HUNTINGDON TO MORTON GRANGE.

GIACOMO had been surprised and distressed at the effect produced upon Isola by Le Hardi's public assertion that he had a living child. Such a claim had been as little anticipated by him as by any of those present. He was aware that Sir Godfrey had taken the Crusader into his counsels, and that whatever proceedings he might now adopt to recover possession of Giulio, would be dictated by a subtler spirit than his own. He had come to Huntingdon in the hope of finding opportunity, by the use of such knowledge as he possessed, to frustrate the designs of both; but for this new and bold falsehood he was wholly unprepared. The child which had been born to Isola had died; on that point at least Dubois had spoken truly. Immediately after Le Hardi's desertion of her, when she had been scarce a twelvemonth's bride, and before her infant was two months old, one of the pestilential fevers of Italy had struck down the whole household of which she was an inmate, and when Isola recovered her senses after a wild delirium of many weeks, it was only to find herself a childless mother. She had refused at first to believe it; and often, long after the fact had gradually found its way to her understanding, her weakened memory and ever-active imagination represented the child to her as still living. She would start from a troubled sleep declaring that she heard its cry, and complain piteously that they were hiding it from her—that her husband had carried it away; and it was hard to bring her back again to the more painful truth. Those who had only seen the chaplain of Ladysmede with the bitter sneer upon his face, and heard the mocking courtesy of his ordinary speech, would never have recognised there the gentle tones and patient smile of never-wearying kindness, which had then fulfilled almost an angel's office in soothing the impatient fancies of the heart-stricken and forsaken woman. But if they could have traced now in the Italian's countenance none of these gleams from heaven, they would have had little difficulty in identifying the light of hell which had burnt up in the eyes of the young priest, while in his solitary walks, after quitting the chamber of Isola, he had nursed the bitterness of his heart against the man who had slandered the name and ruined the happiness of the two beings he had loved best. When Isola had sufficiently recovered, he had placed her for shelter and consolation in a convent in Genoa—not that from which she had fled with Sir Nicholas—one of the superiors of which was a relative of their house. There, in the lapse of time, the old grief had been buried, if not forgotten; and of late, other cares and distresses had helped to weaken a remembrance which was already fading into the dimness of past years. But there remained always a natural excitability of temperament—perhaps the brain had never fully recovered its balance—which made her at all times liable to be carried away by any sudden emotion. It was a form of the same restless excitement, working upon the strong impulses of her woman's love, unchanged by wrong or suffering, which had made her weary of the safe retreat in which Giacomo had placed her, and led her to embrace the opportunity of Sister Beatrix's removal to the English convent at Michamstede to cross the sea herself, in the wild hope of reclaiming Le Hardi's affections, or at least of seeing him again. Of the knight's return to England from Palestine Giacomo had himself informed her, unconscious that he was thus encouraging an enthusiastic dream, the folly of which he had since denounced with more of bitterness than he had ever used towards Isola. They had not met for years, until

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Cuthwin, the basket-weaver, had summoned him to his hut with a mysterious message from the stranger lady who was sick and like to die there.

The claim to the paternity of Giulio, which Sir Nicholas had just made publicly in the court at Huntingdon in answer to his friend's appeal, had evidently been drawn from him with some unwillingness; it was a part which he had not contemplated acting in the presence of so acute an observer as William of Ely. Nor would Sir Godfrey probably have ventured upon it at the moment, if he had known that his chaplain was within hearing. But the Knight of Ladysmede, under the influence of his late guest, was now playing for a much higher stake than he had originally intended, and was more indifferent than before as to any construction that might be put upon his own conduct in the matter of the child of whom he claimed the wardship. He was still anxious to recover possession of him, and he cared little by what means; but his motive was now at least as much the vindication of his own dignity and asserted rights, and a fierce impatience of the interference of the churchman, as any importance which he attached to the future fortunes of the boy himself. Only let the great purpose succeed, for which they were to hold meeting at Sir Hugh Bardolph's tonight; let but William Longchamp be deprived of his position and authority in the kingdom, and replaced by John Earl of Morton,—and of this consummation every hour brought them more sanguine hopes,—and de Burgh would need to care little who had the keeping of the young Giulio; the abbot and Giacomo should be welcome to him from that time forth, if they would. If ever Cœur-de-Lion came home from Palestine, he would find too much on his hands upon his own account to set up for a redresser of grievances. If all went as they hoped and expected, those who should have helped to set Prince John on the throne would surely have purchased from him more than an immunity for the past.

Before Giacomo had reached the humble lodging to which he was now conducting Isola, he found himself followed by Waryn Foliot. When the latter accosted him as they turned down one of the by-streets of the town, the Italian looked round at first with a gesture of impatience at the interruption. Even when he recognised the speaker, whose person and character were well known to him, his first replies were brief and barely courteous; for he was in no mood to have Isola's emotions, or his own connection with her, made matter of comment even by one who might be reckoned as a friend. Waryn, however, had sufficient discretion and delicacy to abstain from even the slightest notice of the trembling figure which, closely veiled, was shrinking to her companion's side, and contented himself with briefly delivering a request from Abbot Martin that Giacomo would come to him with as little delay as possible. The priest readily promised compliance; and Foliot, after informing the superior that he had acquitted himself of his errand, hurried to the legate's hostel, which was at no great distance, and was soon closeted with him upon business which, for the time, put far out of his mind all thoughts of Ladysmede and Rivelsby.

The abbot's object in his interview with Giacomo was to question him, in the first place, as to Isola's story. The chaplain had little difficulty in explaining her delusion, and Abbot Martin had an instinctive feeling that Giulio had never owed his birth to her. He bid Giacomo prepare her for a summons from Longchamp, from whom she might rest assured of receiving kindly consideration, and such redress as her unhappy case might admit of. The Italian shook his head sadly.

"I have had sore work of it," said he, "to calm her even now. She is in no state to be questioned by strangers, nor could I be sure she would answer according to reason. His holiness must fain be content with such satisfaction as I can give him in the matter; for to be plain, good father, I will not have her troubled again at present, if it were to satisfy the Pope himself."

"God forbid she should undergo any

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suffering that may be spared her," replied the abbot, feelingly; "I will inform the legate myself of this; but in any case, you will wait upon his holiness at Rivelsby to-morrow?"

Giacomo readily promised.

"And now," said the abbot, "as to the boy. I have passed my word that the bishop shall see him, and indeed it may be for his own safety that he shall be known to have so powerful a friend. Will it please you to bring him yourself to St Mary's, as early to-morrow as you may? You have my signet still—and I have none that will look so well to his safe-conduct as yourself."

"Yes," returned the Italian, thoughtfully, "so it will be best. Men may look long for King Richard's return; and I do verily believe that the Bishop of Ely will do right—I trust, too, that he shall yet have the power. Yet I were loth," he continued, with hesitation, "to leave my unhappy sister here alone amongst strangers; had she been fit to travel so far as Michamstede, she has a friend there."

"Leave that to me," said the abbot, kindly; "I am no stranger in this town; there is an honest widow with whom she shall rest safe enough,—and I can find those that will convey her to the mynchery when she may venture on the journey."

Content to leave Isola for the present in such friendly hands, until she should have regained strength and composure, Giacomo returned to find her sleeping quietly after the excitement of the day, and to make his own preparations for an early journey to Morton Grange on the morrow. He was to travel alone; indeed, in the present disturbed state of the neighbourhood, such a course was the safest; the solitary yeoman was little likely to tempt the cupidity or stir the wrath of any roving parties whom he might encounter by the way.

He set out in the grey twilight of the winter's morning, thoughtful and sad. The hard sneering tone, patent to any observant eye, under the mask of obsequious courtesy so slightly worn as to be scarcely a disguise, which he had adopted in the coarse household of Sir Godfrey, and which, more than any direct act or word had made him so generally hated there, had given place in his late intercourse with Foliot and the abbot to a much more open bearing. The malignant fire which had lighted his dark eyes — oftenest when he turned them on Sir Nicholas, as the Crusader had been himself unpleasantly conscious—was not seen there now. The ordinary rustic dress which he now wore was hardly a more effective transformation. When, therefore, in turning the corner of the narrow street, he came suddenly upon the Knight of Ladysmede and his party, it was little wonder that he was not recognised at the moment, though they met almost face to face. The Lord de Lacy was riding side by side with de Burgh, but Sir Nicholas was not in the company. They had even passed him without notice, engaged as they were in eager conversation, but the Italian saw Gundred's eye rest on him meaningly, and felt certain that his disguise was detected. He judged it best, therefore, to play a bold part, and, turning in his saddle, accosted his patron by name.

"You ride early, Sir Godfrey—are you bound for Ladysmede?"

The knight started at the well-known accents, and knew the speaker at once.

"What!" he exclaimed in puzzled astonishment—"is that Giacomo?"

"Even so," replied the chaplain, with a low obeisance.

"Why, what new freak is this? we have missed your valuable presence of late at the manor—you, too, have taken service under another master, it seems, and are become one of the profane, even as myself; the church hath had a sore loss, an that be the case, as well as I."

He spoke angrily enough at first, but the tone changed into a careless jest as he ended. The knight was evidently in one of his better moods that morning. It might be that he did not care to wrangle with Giacomo in the presence of his noble companion. He would even have ridden on, with a careless oath of contempt upon his lips, when the Italian, as if by some sudden impulse, said in a low and earnest voice—

"May I crave a word with you apart, Sir Godfrey? Pardon my bold-

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ness—I would not ask it without a cause."

Sir Godfrey looked at him with some surprise. It seemed a strange request, under all the circumstances; for he well knew that he saw before him the man who had done his best to frustrate all his present plans. But the chaplain had always seemed to exercise a remarkable influence over him; and at this moment there was something in his look and tone which arrested his attention strongly. As for the notion of any treachery lurking under such a request, Sir Godfrey had that perfect fearlessness which laughs to scorn all thought of personal danger, open or secret; least of all did he dread it from the Italian.

"Ride on, I beseech your lordship, for an instant," said he to de Lacy,—"'tis one well known to me. I will overtake ye presently."

"Now speak," he continued to Giacomo, as the others rode on,—"double-faced, smooth-tongued that thou art, now as ever—what new mischief lies under the russet jerkin?—could not the priest's frock cover enough?"

The Italian neither smiled, nor answered him in his own tone.

"I might rather ask you, Sir Godfrey," he said, looking at him steadily, "what madness has seized you, that you go in such perilous company of late?"

"This is too insolent!" said the knight; "away!—you have abused your privilege, and may try my endurance too far."

"Sir Godfrey," said the chaplain—and in his earnestness he laid his hand upon the knight's bridle as he was turning off, but it was his look that detained him—"you hold me for your enemy, yet I am not."

"You have done an enemy's part, at least, with right good-will: I am not skilled in clerkly quibbles, but I can make shift to read what a man's actions say. But I laugh ye all to scorn now—do your worst."

"You put your trust in the Prince John—you lean upon a reed that will pierce you. But you will not listen to me in this, I know; I were but a fool to look for it. What I prayed speech of you for, was to protest against that bold falsehood spoken in the hall but yesterday—it can only turn to your own mischief."

"So!" said the knight, in a tone of vexed surprise—"you were there, too, to hear? Are they right, friend, who say thou hast dealings with the father of evil?"

"Fools speak closer to the truth than they think sometimes," said the Italian, with a smile which turned the expression of de Burgh's face from mockery to seriousness—"there are worse falsehoods spoken than that." Sir Godfrey feared neither ghostly nor bodily enemy, but there were looks upon the Italian's face sometimes which even he could not jest at. He was disconcerted, too, to find that Giacomo had heard what had been said before the legate. He had sufficient sense of honour left to feel humiliated in the presence of his dependant, at the lie in which he stood convicted; for he was well aware that Giacomo knew it to be such.

"Hear me," continued the Italian, taking advantage of his momentary confusion; "draw back from this, before it be too late. I beseech you—it is for your sake that I speak now. You have been led into this. You had promised me protection for this boy——"

"And, by heaven, did I not keep my word? Have not he and you had the shelter of my roof for years? Have ye been grudged ought, that ye should snarl at me at last like a hound? Did I not well and honestly by the brat, if I loved him not?"

"I grant it—you did—until——"

"Until I found out what your motive was for bringing him to Ladysmede?"

"You are saying that in your anger which you do not yourself believe. Until Sir Nicholas le Hardi crossed your threshold——"

"Come," said de Burgh, interrupting him, "we seem to be in a mood for confidence—what know you against this gallant knight that you are so hot against him?"

"I know him for a false villain—a coward, for all his brave words—a liar and a slanderer, who murders by paid hands."

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"While men of your stamp—and mine—on the contrary, trust no hand but their own?"

"They strike their enemies," said the Italian, his brow growing very dark again, "not the woman who loves and trusts them. I say again, I know this Sir Nicholas; I thought, too, I knew Sir Godfrey de Burgh."

"For a graceless sinner, that fears neither man, nor saint, nor devil—speak it out. Yes, we know somewhat of each other, Father Giacomo, —Paris and Mantua to witness. But it is ill to reopen the foul sores of the past."

"Let the past rest, then," said Giacomo, gloomily; "it hath evil enough of its own; it is of the future that I have to speak. Break with this false knight; acknowledge the boy for what he is, and let him take his place rightfully in your household. I pledge myself, as I have before, you shall not be disturbed on his account in the lands of Ladysmede. You are a childless man, and he can wait."

"Acknowledge him!" said Sir Godfrey, in a tone of bravado; "what warrant have I that your tale is true? what proof have you yourself to offer beyond your bare word?"

"You have proof enough," said Giacomo, in a tone of contempt; "better proof than, it may be, I have as yet to show."

"It is false!" said the knight, loudly.

The other looked at him steadily, and made no answer.

"I say again," repeated Sir Godfrey, "there is no proof but your own tale."

"There have been those at Ladysmede who could give you proof enough; ay, and will give it, if it suit their purpose, or if it may save their own heads. Bethink you, Sir Godfrey, a ward of King Richard's is not dispossessed without peril."

"If you speak of Sir Nicholas le Hardi," said the other, turning his face impatiently from the priest's questioning eye, "and if, as you say, he too is in possession of this secret, of what avail were your promise of silence—how would ye muzzle him?"

There was a bitterness in his tone that told Giacomo that he was already chafing in his bondage. It gave him some hope that his persuasion might yet succeed.

"Break with him, I say again, and at once—raise the country for the legate and King Richard, and crush this conspiracy ere it be ripe."

"And turn a double traitor?—no! by the mass, no!" He raised himself in the saddle, and spoke with his accustomed expletives, in the old voice that had rung so long at Ladysmede. "What! purchase his majesty's most gracious pardon by selling my friends? Is that your devil's wisdom?—ay, from a fitting preacher! an apostate who has denied his faith, and an assassin whose hands are foul with murder!"

Giacomo turned very pale. "You say true—and it is right that I should hear it from your lips," said he, bitterly; "yet, when I found you left to die a dog's death in the streets of Paris, you did not ask, I think, whether the hands that touched you then were heathen or Christian, or whether there were blood on them or no."

"Ay, you saved my life, and ever since, I verily believe, have looked upon me as your own chattel. Dost taunt me now with that poor service? By this light, I am not sure it was a matter to thank thee for, when all is said! But go, Giacomo,"—he changed his tone again, either from his habitually changeful temper, or that his violent language and manner had not been altogether real—"go your ways—this matter will be settled shortly by other hands than yours or mine."

He galloped off to overtake his company, and made no inquiry as to Giacomo's further movements: they had become matter of comparative indifference to him now. But the other looked after him, as he disappeared, with something of interest in his face. A fellowship of some years' duration, even if it be a fellowship in evil, binds men together, if they have anything left in them of the better part of humanity, closer than they perhaps know; and there was possibly that in the master of Ladysmede, in spite of all the grosser features of his character, which, in their long com-

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panionship, had found some chord to answer to it in the Italian's breast.

Morton Grange lay at a nearly equal distance from Huntingdon and from the abbey, but not in the direct road between those places. Standing in a remote neighbourhood, surrounded by farms or by wild moorland, far from any town or lordly castle, it had been well calculated as a place of concealment, and Giulio had been safe enough there from all Sir Godfrey's inquiries. The rude tillers of the abbey lands had seen nothing remarkable in the appearance amongst them of the boy-monk (for such he seemed) whom Gaston had brought with him; there were plenty of such in all monasteries; and as his faithful guardian seldom allowed him to be out of his sight, they had little opportunity of questioning him, even if they had not been too dull to feel much curiosity. The boy's life there, lonely as it was, was not altogether without interest for him; for the Angevin monk had been a cunning fowler in his day, and instructed his charge in many mysteries of net and cross-bow which were sufficiently attractive to develop a boy's propensity to sport. It was in some respects a wholesome change for him, from the studious hours spent with Ingulph in the abbey *scriptorium;* and when Giacomo was once more clasped in the boy's loving embrace, he remarked with pleasure the slight but healthy colour in his cheek, and the bright light in his eye, which were natural to his constitution, but had seldom been seen at Ladysmede. Giulio's delight at meeting again with his earliest protector was excessive, and shown in a hundred boyish words and ways: he was full, too, of the particulars of all his new acquirements under Gaston's teaching, and would have gladly taken his old friend down at once to see the decoy that he had helped Gaston to make for the wild-fowl; and his enthusiasm was hardly contented with the exhibition of such treasures as were closer at hand—the little cross-bow which his new friend had manufactured purposely for him, and the great water-dog which had been given him for his own, and answered already to his call (repeated at intervals which sadly interfered with the good animal's love of rest) with a grave and wondering patience.

It was a curious study to see the gentle interest with which Giacomo listened to the boy's garrulous details, and the thorough confidence and fearlessness with which Giulio poured all his heart out before the man whom so many feared and hated. But even while the chaplain played with the bright golden curls, and looked into the eager open eyes, an expression of pain might have been noticed passing over his features at times like a spasm; and when the young lips, after some long story, were raised to kiss the friend whom he was so delighted once more to take possession of, that pale face almost drew back from his, and quivered with a shuddering reluctance.

There was no difficulty in convincing Gaston that his charge was at an end, and that he and Giulio were to accompany the stranger back to Rivelsby. Even had not the abbot's signet-ring been sufficient warrant to the old soldier, used to a mechanical obedience, the reception of the bearer of it by Giulio himself might warrant him in believing that there could be no evil intended; and the boy was charmed at the news that he was to be domiciled with Abbot Martin and the good monks again. Striking across a wild and little-traversed district, an easy three hours' journey would bring them in sight of the abbey towers.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE LEGATE.

Abbot Martin had complied with the legate's request, which had been again conveyed to him more formally upon leaving the county-hall, to become his guest for the evening. Longchamp welcomed him cordially, but the abbot noticed that his features did not wear their usual frank

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and joyous expression. He made courteous apologies to his visitor for having kept him some time waiting, for the supper-hour was long past.

"But power has its penalties, my good brother," said he; "I have worked harder for these last three days, I will be sworn to it, than any groom in my following."

He was more silent than his wont during the evening, and although, as he said, the short time of rest since his arrival at Huntingdon had been busily occupied by him in company with Foliot and his secretaries, yet more than once, during their repast, the arrival of messengers from different quarters was announced, and letters placed in his hands, at whose contents he glanced rapidly and with eagerness. They must have been of no common importance, before the impatient and luxurious prelate would have brooked such interruptions when once he was seated at table. The last was presented to him with the announcement that it came from Lincoln. He read it with a frowning brow, more than once, and at last crushed it in his hands with a short and bitter laugh, giving order that the bearer of it should be safely looked to. He ate no more; but he drank of the delicate wines that were assiduously presented to him with even more than his usual freedom. The copious draughts, however, seemed to do no more than their legitimate office; his noble countenance grew more cheerful, and he rallied his companion on his abstemiousness with something of that hearty joyousness which won him favour at his own board even with many who were his most jealous opponents. But when the abbot took advantage of this freer mood to recur to the events which had passed in the county-hall, his host did not appear to interest himself in them so readily as before. He even cut the abbot somewhat short, though not discourteously, in the account which he was proceeding to give of his own motives in receiving the young Giulio under his protection.

"None that knows the Abbot of Rivelsby," said he, "will doubt his good faith in the matter. I trust yet to bear you harmless in spite of all the bluster of Sir Godfrey and his fellows."

"As for this claim which Sir Nicholas makes——"

"*Peste!* let us not speak of him," interrupted the legate hastily, with the cloud gathering again on his brow. "We will deal with these matters at Rivelsby to-morrow, if heaven will — I am weary of this world's troubles for to-day. Alas for me! that Helion de Blois lies sick at Ely! His gifts were worth an empire to me now. Didst ever hear him, good brother of mine? Saint Cecilia would have forsworn virginity for a lover with such a voice. But call Perrinet there, some of ye; he shall make some mirth for us, though, certes, it be commonly of the scantiest."

The rhymester came forward at his lord's summons, and after some flowery compliments to the legate and his guest, he chanted forth in a thin voice, but which he managed with some artistic ability, a long series of stanzas, partly improvised, the subject of which was the high qualities of his patron, and the love that was borne to him by all men, young or old, churl or noble, throughout England. Even the incident in the court that day was turned to account, with considerable adroitness, towards the close of the eulogium.

Such flatteries were in accordance with the spirit of the day, and did not necessarily convey to the hearers any notion of fulsomeness or servility. Abbot Martin listened with the pleased attention of a child; the measured cadence, which Perrinet accompanied with a few notes of his instrument, was not more monotonous to his ear, perhaps, than some of the chants in his own cloister; and he expressed his gratification heartily and honestly at the close. To the poor rhymester such a tribute was as welcome as it was unusual; in spite of his affectation and his mercenary temper, he was not without some of the higher feelings of his craft; he was accustomed to the gibes of haughty knights and their illiterate followers, and even of Longchamp himself, from whom his ab-

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surd conceit often provoked a jest: he took it all with the same smile with which he received the liberal guerdon which was sure to follow; but in the obeisance with which he acknowledged the Abbot of Rivelsby's honest applause, there was a higher gratitude than had ever been called forth by his patron's bounty.

Longchamp had listened to the first few stanzas with a smile which expressed any feeling rather pleasure. He called impatiently for wine, turned his shoulder from the singer in careless contempt, and fixed his eyes, while he drank, as if in abstraction, on the face of the abbot. But as he marked the expression of simple genial delight which lighted up those manly lineaments, his own smile had gradually changed its character, and softened into an almost pensive sadness, such as few men had seen him wear, and which brought back for a moment to the delicately-cut lips something of their youthful beauty. He took no notice of Perrinet when the strain was ended, but addressed himself to his brother churchman.

"Ay," he said, "such are the pleasant falsehoods we in high places are content to listen to. But I have another tune ringing in my ears to-night. How many men in England, think you, would take up the burden of that strain?"

"Full many of them, I trust," said the abbot; "all the best and wisest. That your holiness hath enemies, I know: pardon me if I say that, in the very nobleness of your nature, you have been over-careless as to making them."

"Yea, by heaven!" said the legate; "if I had borne my honours meekly, as you say; if I had cringed here, and flattered there, and laid myself as the ground to those that would walk over me, I might have tripped them up in turn. Is that your meaning? But because I strove to do justly, and to stand where my sovereign placed me—because I will not be a niggard of my wealth, nor a dissembler in my tongue—therefore I am hated?"

He spoke in a subdued voice, that those below the table might not hear; but his tone was that of violent emotion, and as he drained his goblet, he struck it on the board until it rang again.

"Not so," replied his companion, firmly; "you wrong yourself in this, my lord legate, and you wrong the men of England."

"I do not wrong you, Abbot Martin," said Longchamp, as he stretched across the table and grasped the other's hand; "if there are a score such hearts left in England, all is safe yet.—Ha!" he continued, as he saw his guest's cheek flush, and his glance kindle at his own warmth, "how say you, brother? Shall we doff rochet and scapulary, choose us a stout lance apiece, cry *Dieu aide* and *Cœur-de-Lion*, and swoop down upon these carrion where they lie now?"

The tone might have been either jest or earnest, for the good wine had warmed him now. It was so loud that the knights and squires of his retinue started in amazement, and paused in their own busy conversation to look round upon the legate and his guest. The latter only smiled and shook his head, as he sought by a meaning glance to make Longchamp aware of the attention which his last words had excited. At that moment an attendant stepped up to the legate, and informed him that there was one without who requested an audience upon urgent business.

"Whence comes he, Damian?"

"I cannot tell," answered the page, humbly—he was an earl's younger son—"he said your highness would know him, and he has the password."

"Have him in hither, then," said the legate; "I had need of a hundred ears—Is Waryn Foliot there?"

Inquiry was made for him, but without success. Meanwhile the new claimant for an audience was introduced into the legate's presence.

"Ha!" said Longchamp—"the Gascon!"

It was Dubois who entered. He controlled a movement of surprise when he saw who Longchamp's companion was; but Abbot Martin, though he recognised the saturnine features as having been seen before, failed to connect them with the visit of the royal pursuivant to Rivelsby.

"Well, sir, what tidings? Speak out, and to the purpose, if there is aught to tell." The page had with-

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drawn, and there was no one but the abbot within hearing.

The esquire bowed low. "The Lord de Lacy and Earl Harding came into the town after nightfall, and are housed with Sir Hugh Bardolph, in the Nether-gate."

"I know it," said the prelate, shortly.

"They have learnt that your holiness will be at Rivelsby to-morrow with but small following. Their purpose is to set upon you by the way, on your return, and make prisoner of your person—under warrant, as they say, from King Richard. There is no design upon your life; a small ship waits in the roads at Lynn, and your holiness may count, the Lord de Lacy saith, on a fair wind for France."

Longchamp laughed scornfully. "The very elements will serve them in such a righteous cause," said he; "they scarce expected me, I think, by way of Huntingdon?"

"No; their information was, that you would have ridden straight yourself to Michamstede and Rivelsby, and that the greater part of your train had orders to await you here; but they still look to find you unprepared on your return."

"A man's counsels are safe when he is his own counsellor," said the legate. "Who were of this company at Sir Hugh Bardolph's, did you say?"

Dubois repeated the names he had already mentioned, and added some others.

"Good!" said Longchamp; "this tallies with what we have learnt already. You were present when the Lord de Lacy said this?"

"I heard all with my own ears," said Dubois. "I can tell your holiness farther the number of each knight's following, the hour at which they start, and the roads which they are to take; and I will stake my life upon the truth of what I say."

"I do not doubt your tidings," said Longchamp, after a short pause, during which he had more than once scanned the Gascon's countenance closely; "and now—you said that for this service you would ask your own reward. I told you that no man ever found me a churlish paymaster."

"I will be no trespasser on your holiness' well-known bounty for either lands or gold: if I have done you good service, and have proved my loyalty to King Richard, I would seek knighthood at your hands."

"Knighthood!" said Longchamp, with an expression of undisguised astonishment; "by my faith, you ask a long price!"

"I come of knightly blood," said Dubois, boldly; "I have served under the king in Palestine; I have fought in a good score of stricken fields, and dealt as good blows on Paynim and Christian as any knight who stands in this presence. Had it but been my luck to have ridden under William of Normandy, I had won my spurs long since. But even as your holiness will; if my service be not worth so much, let it go unrewarded—I am content."

Longchamp looked at him for a few moments with an expression which it was not easy to read. Dubois met him look for look, and neither flinched nor coloured. If it had been an over-bold request, at least he maintained it boldly.

"Forward here, gentle sirs!" said the prelate, rising at last, and calling to his knights below; "I have a grace to bestow on a worthy gentleman who hath laid me under heavy obligation; but for whose good service, indeed, it is like enough that some of ye might have lost an indifferent master. Sir Guy Treherne—your sword."

The followers of Longchamp gathered round the foot of the dais, and whispers of curiosity passed rapidly from one to the other, for the Gascon was a stranger to them all.

"Kneel!" said the legate, addressing Dubois.

The esquire seemed to hesitate for a moment. There was something in the legate's eye which did not altogether correspond with an act of favour. He bent one knee, however.

From the seat out of which he had just risen, Longchamp drew a heavy bag of coin—from which he was wont to reward such performances as that of Perrinet—and struck Dubois with it on the shoulder with his full strength, so as almost to bring him backwards to the ground. The leathern bag burst with the force of

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the blow, and Byzantine gold and English silver rolled on the floor in rich confusion.

"Pick up the wages of your work, and begone!" said the legate, fiercely; "there is gold enough there to buy half the dukedom of Aquitaine—but didst thou dare to think I would prostitute knighthood to a traitor?"

"Sir Judas! Sir Judas! the knight of the money-bag!" cried Perrinet the rhymester, coming forward from the throng; "a very taking theme for minstrelsy!"

Dubois had risen to his feet, glaring with rage, and laid his hand upon his dagger. For the moment, it was a question whether the prelate's life was safe, and Abbot Martin himself made a movement forward to arrest the attack which he expected. But furious as he was, the Gascon's prudence checked him, and he vented his rage in a safer quarter. Sheathing his half-drawn weapon, and turning upon Perrinet, he struck the unfortunate poet in the throat with his clenched hand with such goodwill that he sent him headlong backwards amongst the circle that stood round. The same voices that had applauded the jest were ready also to sympathise with the reprisal, and Perrinet's fall excited more merriment than compassion.

"I will keep one piece, my lord of Ely, in token of remembrance," said Dubois, stooping to pick up one of the gold coins that lay at his feet, and biting his teeth hard into the metal; "the slaves who serve your holiness are welcome to gather the rest.—If this jest is played out, fair knights and gentlemen, I pray you of your courtesy to let me pass."

They moved aside for him, not perhaps without some involuntary respect for his bold speech and bearing. Longchamp gave no sign to interfere with him; and as he still handled his dagger as he moved towards the door, there was that in the pale face and gleaming eye which did not invite any needless meddling.

"Pardieu! my good brother," said Longchamp as he watched the Gascon withdraw, "that bold villain hath chafed me more than is altogether seemly; but knighthood, forsooth, for one that has betrayed his master! Nathless, his communication I verily believe is true to the letter, and I must use it too: for such scavenger's work as I have here to do, one must needs handle foul instruments by-times." He drew the abbot farther apart as he continued. "It seems our journey together tomorrow must be put off: I must to Lincoln at once, where my main power lies, that I be not trapped here like vermin. Rivelsby must go unvisited for this time—the less I need care therefor, since there is little call for visitation while it is under such able rule. But even for you, my good friend and brother, I doubt whether at the present either the journey thither, or the quarter itself, be safe. I rede you, be of my company rather to Lincoln: we will send for this boy, of whom you have elected yourself godfather, and carry him with us, if he be near at hand; or he can meet us there, when the ways shall be clearer."

"I owe your holiness many thanks," said the abbot, "but my duties lie in mine own house, which I have left in questionable keeping. Come what may, I am bound for Rivelsby in the morning. Remember, my good lord, your fair kinswoman, the Lady Gladice, who is even now expecting you, may be in peril there. I would but that these helpless ones were in safety; as for me and my house—if our calling is to suffer, we shall suffer, I trust, not less courageously, if more deservedly, than they who have gone before us."

"True," said Longchamp, with a stamp of vexation—"you have well reminded me. That wilful girl should have been in a nunnery long since, could I have had my will. She may well be in peril, as you say, if all that has been told me is true. This must be looked to, though it cost me more than I should choose. Plague on the wench, that she could not time her love-matters better—for some such folly is at the bottom of it!"

He walked a few steps backwards and forwards, more vexed than he cared to show. He had too true a spirit to leave a woman in danger, who had appealed to his protection: the fate of a kingdom might hang on his movements during the next few

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hours, yet for a moment he had half resolved to risk it all, and keep his tryst with his young kinswoman at Rivelsby. But it would have been little better than madness, as he felt. In the impending struggle for life and power, it was most important that he should fall back at once upon Lincoln and Ely, where his stanchest and most powerful adherents lay; every step that he advanced in the direction of Rivelsby would carry him farther into the district where the influence of de Lacy and de Burgh was paramount, and entangle him perhaps hopelessly in the net which they and their partisans had been so cunningly spreading.

"After all," he said, "until this storm is over, she were at least as safe perhaps at Rivelsby as with me. When it is once known that I have returned towards Ely, these gallant lords, it is like, will find business in that quarter. The walls of your convent are strong enough, if I remember me rightly, to stand against something more than Sir Godfrey's loud words?"

"The walls are well enough," said the abbot; "with five hundred men, and munitions of war, I would engage—if I were soldier still instead of churchman—to hold them against all Huntingdon for six months. But we have neither men nor money, my lord bishop, and a mile of wall with a score of cross-bows is but a treacherous dependence."

"I must strengthen your garrison as well as I may," said the legate; "though I am scant enough of force here, if there be any mischief between this and Lincoln. But I can spare you, I think, some fifty Brabanters. I will go surety for them that they shall eat, drink, and swear with any set of knaves going; as for fighting, that, I take it, comes naturally to most men. In any case, they are like to stand by them that feed them; they will find but few friends in the country besides. Sir William Zouche hanged me two of them last week, who had strayed from their quarters. He is a good knight, and they had richly earned it; but had some men ventured on it, it might have cost them dear."

The abbot sensibly hesitated as he acknowledged this offer of protection. He felt that there was little alternative but to accept it; yet the character which his new garrison brought with them was far from encouraging. These strangers within his gates might prove almost as formidable as the enemies without. At this moment Foliot presented himself, having heard that the legate had been making inquiry for him.

"Waryn," said he, as he beckoned him forward, "you love the lord abbot well; I commend him to your charge, along with the good brethren of Rivelsby, until I see peaceful times again. You can raise men enough of Sir Marmaduke's to aid, if you see need; and when you find yourself strong enough in other resources, Abbot Martin, you can send me my Brabanters back. I have a word for you on other matters, Master Foliot, before we part to-night, if you will follow me to my closet."

The abbot took his leave, and returned to his own lodging. But before he left the door of the legate's hostel, he called Wolfert, his chaplain, who had accompanied him, and had been entertained at the knights' table below.

"Take these silver pieces," said he—he sighed as he remembered how small the store was from whence they came—"and see the captain of these wild riders, Wolfert; bid him, for courtesy, pick me out of his band men of some small decency and discretion, if they be not altogether wanting in such qualities, to discharge the legate's commands; it were not seemly to have such reprobates within our walls, as I fear most of them are."

The chaplain had little difficulty in finding out the foreigners' quarters. Guided by wild snatches of song and bursts of revelry, he succeeded in making his way to the officer who was in chief command, and delivering to him the abbot's message. The legate's order for a party to hold themselves in readiness to accompany the churchmen on their return had been already communicated to him.

"Now, on my word," said he, as he chinked the douceur in his palm, "the abbot hath put a hard task

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upon me, and one that I wot I shall have some trouble to make good; but I will serve his reverence with as good a bargain as I may. Here, Dannequin"—he called to one of his subordinates who was near him—"you are to betake yourself to the cloister of St Mary to-morrow—for the reformation of your morals, let us hope; see that you take with you such men as shall not breed a scandal on our noble calling. Let me think; who have we here? There is Wat the priest, as we call him—he was a monk once himself," he continued, turning to the chaplain, "and could say Paternoster with the best of ye, but I fear is somewhat short of practice of late years. Then there is Jacob the Fleming—he hath a wife and five children in his own country, as he avouches: if aught can sober a man, that surely will."

He summoned round him some score of others who were within call, and addressed to them a few sentences of admonition, in a rough mixture of jest and earnest.

"Harken, Dannequin, and the rest of ye, as ye value the lord legate's favour; he hath put a high trust upon ye, to guard the good brethren of Rivelsby, who are his especial friends. Ye will have, as is like in so devout a house, the best of meat and drink—not to speak of the benefit of the good fathers' prayers, and divers religious advantages which I, sinner that I am, am not worthy to speak of: ye may feast all day, and pray all night, if it like you; but look to it, that you behave yourselves in all points discreetly, as being, for once in your lives, in godly company. If my lord hear of any outbreak amongst ye, it were best for ye to betake yourselves to confession before he comes there, for he will leave you but scant leisure afterwards."

The men laughed, and promised for themselves and their companions. The order to garrison Rivelsby had not been unpopular; for already the cloister was beginning to earn a common reputation for good cheer. Their captain, to do him justice, performed his share of the compact honourably; there was not a man ordered on the escort whose character was not better than his own.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE RESCUE.

It was late when Foliot took his leave of the legate. The intelligence which had been received that evening from Lincoln, and from other quarters, had fully confirmed the Gascon esquire's information in the main; and there was no reason to doubt the truth of the details of the conspirators' movements, which he had gathered that evening at Sir Hugh Bardolph's by his treacherous espionage. It had been the legate's expressed wish that Waryn should accompany him back to Lincoln; for haughty and overbearing as Longchamp too often showed himself to his equals, he resembled Abbot Martin in one point—he often placed unreservedly in the young a confidence which he refused to their elders; and Waryn had been of much use to him in the conduct of a correspondence with almost all parts of England, the secret of which was known but to few. Foliot had pleaded, however, for permission to remain for the present at Rivelsby; and the alteration in the movements of the legate, and the possible danger to which the Benedictines and their guest might be exposed, had led to the resolution that he should proceed at once to his father's domain, and raise such force as he could for their protection. He had met with Raoul again in Longchamp's train at Huntingdon; and the youth's eyes brightened with delight as Foliot, who had a great liking for his frank companionship, proposed that he should, with his lord's permission, ride with him on his present expedition to the Leys. He judged it safest, in the present disturbed state of the neighbourhood, to take his journey at once that night; they would gain time also by this means, and every hour might be of importance.

Escorted, therefore, by six mounted archers of the legate's guard, rather to maintain the respect due to Foliot's station than with any idea of their

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serving as an efficient protection in case of attack by the way, the two young men set out for the old castle of the Foliots, tolerably confident that the lateness of the hour, and their own intimate knowledge of the country, which would enable them to avoid the more public roads, would secure them against any interruption. It was near midnight when they passed the abbot's quarters; but Foliot, who rightly judged that the superior would expect to see him again before he left Huntingdon, and who had left many things unsaid, turned in at the gateway of the court, and giving his horse to one of the men to hold, went himself to the abbot's chamber.

The street was silent and deserted when they had entered it; but a few minutes only had passed while Raoul and the others were waiting for Waryn to rejoin them, when the tramp of horses was heard approaching from the same direction as they had come themselves. Motioning to his companions to remain quiet, Raoul rode out into the gateway; and soon a small party, mounted and armed, passed close to where he stood almost invisible in the deep shadow of the arch. Either they did not see him at all, or the appearance of a single horseman in his position, in a town where many knights and nobles were known to have their quarters on that night, presented nothing suspicious or remarkable; for they neither paused nor ceased their conversation as they rode by. Nor would the young esquire have paid any particular attention to the movements of so small a party, had he not caught distinctly, as they came up, the word "Rivelsby." Some question as to the distance appeared to be discussed; and then came a few words of angry command from the leader of the band, enjoining silence upon his less cautious comrades. It was sufficient to convince Raoul that, whatever might be their object, they were bound for the monastery. He waited with considerable impatience for Foliot's reappearance; and no sooner had the latter returned from his interview with the abbot, than, before he had time to remount, the esquire led him aside, and communicated to him what he had just seen and heard. Foliot listened with alarmed attention.

"You could not tell who or what they were?" he asked.

"No," replied Raoul; "yet methought there was a voice I knew amongst them. They are none of Ladysmede."

"How many were there in the company?"

"Some eight or ten, men-at-arms and bowmen—scarcely more, I think, in all."

"They go on no wholesome errand, I dare be sworn," said Waryn, pausing for a moment or two before he mounted; "it is like enough they may be some of de Lacy's men, and are carrying orders to some of his fellows on the other side the river." It struck him that they might be merely engaged in carrying out the design of the confederates to close their forces round the legate on his return from Rivelsby, and that it was to this that their conversation had reference. He scarcely thought the movement of sufficient importance, therefore, to return again to communicate it to the legate himself. Still there was an uneasy doubt in his own mind; and as he led his men out of the court into the street again, he determined at least to watch, if possible, the road taken by the other party. Directing his own followers to keep some distance in his rear, he hastily communicated his intentions to Raoul, and they two spurred on in the hope of gaining sight of the strangers again. It was not long before they did so. At the end of one of the long flat roads leading out of Huntingdon, the ground rose a little, sufficiently to show, about half a mile ahead, the figures of a party, corresponding in numbers to Raoul's account, in distinct outline for a few moments against the sky. Raoul pointed them out eagerly to his companion.

"It happens well enough," said Waryn, "that our roads lie in the same direction for some miles yet. I had meant, indeed, to strike off to the right yonder, as being somewhat shorter and less frequented; but we will see something more of these

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riders yet, be they who they may. We may push on now for a while."

Still keeping the strangers in sight from time to time, until they had now left Huntingdon many miles behind them, they came at last within view of the point when the main roads diverged; one leading on in the direction which they would have to take in order to reach the Leys, and the other following more closely the course of the river towards Ladysmede and Rivelsby. They could see that the party they were following took the latter. Foliot hesitated for a while as to his own course; at last his determination was taken. If he followed them as far as the monastery, it could but cause a delay of a few hours; if they halted, as he thought probable, at Ladysmede, it would have led him, after all, but a few miles out of his direct road to the Leys. The chief precaution to be taken was, not to allow the strangers to find out that they were thus watched and followed. Explaining his object to Raoul, Waryn waited at the junction of the roads for his followers to rejoin him; and then, directing the young esquire to keep his party at sufficient distance in the rear to be out of sight, he himself rode forward alone, keeping the riders in front of him in view from time to time, but concealing himself as well as he could under the shadow of the trees and thickets by the wayside, or hanging back out of sight altogether whenever the level open road would have made his figure too conspicuous in the bright moonlight. Even if they caught sight occasionally of a single horseman in the rear, he did not think it likely that such a circumstance would affect their movements.

So they rode on, until the turn to Ladysmede was past, and the horsemen, leaving its towers on their left, rode on towards the bridge at Swinford Mill, which was scarce three miles from the monastery. It was plain, then, that either Rivelsby was the point of their destination, or that they were bound still farther on. A very few minutes would decide it; for, after crossing the bridge, if they took the by-road to their left, it could bring them nowhere but to the abbey gates. Carefully keeping himself out of sight, Waryn watched until they should clear the low growth of alder and willow by the river-side, which they were now riding through, and make their appearance on the bridge. He watched and waited—longer than he had calculated as sufficient for them to reach the spot—but he saw nothing. There was a drift of clouds over the moon, too, at the time, which prevented his seeing as plainly as before. But he listened, and could hear no horse-hoofs on the bridge, as in the still clear night he could hardly have failed to do; and when the moon shone out again as before, there was no living figure in sight. He rode cautiously forward, and watched and listened again. So long a time had now passed, that he could hear the sound of his own party coming up in the distance. It became clear to him that, whatever had become of the strangers, they could hardly have crossed Swinford Bridge. Far from quieting his suspicion that they were bound on some evil errand to Rivelsby, this circumstance served to increase it. There was no regular frequented horse-road on that side of the river; but the low thickets with which the banks were lined were well adapted for concealment or ambuscade. The correspondence which the prior had been carrying on with the enemies of the legate, and which, thanks to the latter's liberal payment of his spies, had passed through Waryn's hands, made it probable enough that some treachery might be planned there during the abbot's absence; or there might be some attempt on the part of Sir Godfrey or his friend to obtain possession of the person of the heiress of Willan's Hope. He waited, therefore, after crossing the river, for Raoul and the others to rejoin him; and then, stationing one of his small party within view of the bridge, with strict injunctions to keep close, and to bring him intelligence if any persons crossed it, or if he saw any movement on the other side of the river, he rode on with the rest in silence, but at a brisk pace, to the abbey.

The road which they took was in a line much more direct than the

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course of the river, from which it consequently diverged some distance immediately after crossing it at the mill, and did not approach it again until within a short distance of the abbey. Already its old towers almost threw their shadow on Foliot and his companions, when a cry, twice or thrice repeated, struck upon their ears from the meadows by the water-side. It might have been nothing more than the note of some of the wild-fowl, flocks of which, of all kinds, found food and shelter in the thick osier-beds and swampy ground which bordered the river, many acres of which, in a wet season, presented the appearance of a wide mere. Had Foliot's ears been less suspicious, it might have passed without notice, but at this moment he was on the watch for any sound or sight more than ordinary. He checked his horse at once, and holding up his hand to his surprised followers, whose obtuser senses had not remarked it, he bid them stop and listen. Raoul had heard it too. At the moment when both had almost come to the conclusion that it was really nothing more than the cry of a heron or some other water-bird, it was repeated. This time the sound was even more peculiar—more like a human voice, but as if muffled and subdued. All bent forward eagerly to look and listen, for it seemed as if it came from no great distance; but the fog along the river-banks defied one sense, and went far to bewilder the other, for there was a difference of opinion amongst the listeners as to the quarter from which the sound had proceeded. Again it came—for an instant only, but now so loud and distinct that even the rude bowmen started, for it seemed almost close beside them. There was no longer any doubt as to its nature; it must have been a woman's voice, and in bitter peril or distress. Dashing through the low fence that lined the roadway, as by a simultaneous impulse, Waryn and Raoul made down towards the river, the rest following as they might. There was no word spoken; not only because any answering shout that would have betrayed their near neighbourhood might have defeated their object, if any violence were afoot, but also because in both of the young men their whole faculties were absorbed for the moment in the intense eagerness to reach the spot where their help seemed to be required. Less than two minutes, at headlong speed, found them at the river's side. But even now they could see or hear nothing. Floundering in the heavy ground, they dashed on instinctively towards the abbey. They did not hear the voice again; but as they stopped for an instant to listen, they caught the sound of oars in the same direction. Bright as the night was, the heavy mist clung so close and thick where they now were, that they could barely see threescore yards before them. They were almost close under the abbey walls, where what was called the water-gate opened on the river, which washed the outer precinct, before they knew they were so near. A few paces more, and the cause of the piteous outcry they had heard became evident enough, though it was longer before the whole scene became intelligible.

A female figure, whose white dress was the first object which broke upon their eyes clearly through the mist, stood clinging to one of the low willow-trees on the bank nearly opposite. Two men were trying, with as little actual violence as possible, to unloose her grasp of it, with the object, apparently, of mounting her upon a horse which a third held close at hand. Two or three others, themselves mounted, and holding their comrades' horses, stood at a little distance. A flat boat, with one or two persons in it, lay close alongside. There was no cry heard now from the victim of this outrage—a scarf had been tied close over her mouth; but so unequal a struggle could not have lasted even so long as it already had, if it had not been that the men were plainly exceedingly cautious of hurting their prisoner—a risk which her desperate grasp of the tree to which she clung made it difficult to avoid. They seemed to be waiting until her failing strength would make further resistance impossible. Both Foliot and Raoul recognised the struggling

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figure at once as that of the Lady Gladice.

So intent had her captors been upon their one object, that they did not appear to have heard the approach of riders on the opposite bank; and it was not until they saw the figures of Waryn and his companion burst into sight through the veil of mist, and heard their loud and indignant shouts of wrath and defiance, that they were aware of any threatened interruption to their proceedings.

"Let go, false villains!"—"Unhand her, on your lives!"—cried Foliot and Raoul in the same breath, waving their swords as if they would have hurled them across the river.

For a moment the two men who had seized Gladice, startled at this sudden apparition, half let go their hold. She took advantage of it to tear the covering from her mouth, and to appeal piteously to the newcomers (whom, however, she did not seem to recognise) for help. The men still stood irresolute; Foliot and the young esquire, though their own followers had not yet come up, represented to their alarmed fancy an indefinite force of enemies. A voice, which seemed to come from the leader of the party, soon recalled them to a juster appreciation of their position.

"Cowardly fools!" said he, riding forward, "is not the river betwixt ye?"

He advanced towards Gladice as he spoke, as if to aid the others in forcing her on horseback. She clung desperately to the willow, and again shrieked wildly for help.

"O, save me! save me! for the blessed Virgin's sake, whoever ye be—take me from these men's hands! Oh, Master Foliot," she said, as at the moment she recognised his features or his voice—"for the love of heaven and honour, save me!"

Waryn gnashed his teeth with honest rage as the gallant animal he rode, by an instinct more prudent than his master's, refused, in spite of the spur which was driven into him up to the rowel, to take the water. Deep and wide, and with no footing on its steep banks for a horse to land without the utmost difficulty, steed and rider might hardly have made good the passage of that river, even if no enemy had opposed them on the other side. Twice the good chestnut refused it; his sagacity was proof against his master's excited temper, which might be judged of by the oath which escaped his lips. Raoul had made the same attempt, and with a similar failure. He had even, in a fit of boyish desperation, succeeded in backing his horse partly over the bank, but, fortunately for himself and his rider, he struggled out again.

What was to be done? to dismount, and swim across in the face of their opponents, would be all but madness. The reception they would meet with in such an attempt was plainly intimated by the voice which now came to them across the water.

"Ride back, if ye love your lives! meddle not with them who seek not to meddle with you. No harm is meant to the lady—but keep back, or ye are but dead men!"

An arrow whistled close to Waryn's ear, as if to give emphasis to the warning; but the leader seemed to rebuke the man who had discharged it. At this moment the slender escort that had followed them from Huntingdon rode up. Leaping from his horse, and trembling with excitement, Foliot seized a bow from the hands of the first, and whispered to the next of his comrades,

"Shoot me a straight bolt now, and I will not fail to remember it. Take him on the grey horse yonder."

The man had unslung his bow, and had his arrow fitted. But the movement had been marked on the other side. Another bow-string twanged before he could draw his own, and he dropped at Waryn's feet, writhing in his death-throes.

It did not unsteady Foliot's hand, though the poor bowman grasped his knee in his silent agony. But it gave a fierce meaning to the low laugh which burst from him, as a smothered groan from the opposite side gave assurance that his own aim had at least avenged him. For the first time he had taken life, and felt nothing but a terrible exultation. He saw at once, however, that his own diminished party stood too much exposed for

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this kind of contest to be carried on successfully, even if their adversaries were not superior in their number of archers—for they were sheltered in great measure by the willow-trees, of which they would well know how to take advantage.

"Back, under the wall, all of you, and dismount—let the horses go!" He stepped back himself as he spoke, while he fitted a new arrow to the weapon he held in his hand. Under the abbey wall they were in such strong shadow, as to be all but invisible from the other side.

Again Waryn drew his bow, and one of the men who had laid hands on Gladice dropped forwards amongst the reeds.

Their adversaries, on the other hand, were evidently not so anxious to continue the contest as to carry off their prey. The boat had already made its way up the stream. One or two arrows struck the wall behind Waryn; but the leader's voice was heard again in loud tones, ordering some of his men to fall back under shelter of the trees, while he himself, with some sort of apology, as it seemed, for his violence, tore Gladice from her hold, and half dragged, half carried her towards the horse. Once more her piteous appeal came across the water.

Waryn followed the man with his eye as he moved, his arrow drawn to the head, yet not daring to discharge it, the two figures were in such perilous contiguity. Twice he raised and levelled the weapon, and twice he lowered it again, not venturing to shoot. For one instant his impulse again was to dash into the river, and swim across, at any hazard, to the rescue. But his better sense told him that such an act was but throwing away his only real chance of effecting her deliverance. In his eagerness, he had stepped out from the cover of the wall, and every movement was visible enough to those on the other side of the river.

"Shoot!" cried Gladice, ceasing for a moment to struggle in her captor's grasp, as she saw Foliot's hesitating action—"shoot, in God's name! shoot, and fear not!"

The man who held her saw his advantage, and kept his prisoner as much as possible in front of him, while he still strove to force her on the horse. Waryn's bowmen had not been idle, and the comrade who was assisting him had already been wounded, and obliged to let go his hold.

Again Waryn had drawn his arrow to the head, when a sudden movement in the two figures brought Gladice into the line of his aim. He waited an instant, and then raised the bow again, but his hand shook and his eye failed him. He lowered it once more, with a muttered expression of impatience at his own weakness. He had never felt a lack of confidence in his own skill before. It could be barely twoscore yards to where they stood, and at that length he would have held it child's play to shoot within a finger's-breadth. It was not the light that was in fault—that was good enough; he could see the white arms gleaming in the moonlight, as bright as if it were day. Standing where he did, he was a mark at once for the archers opposite. Two or three arrows were aimed at him while he hesitated; one glanced off his steel cap, one went through his shoulder up to the feather—but he neither heard nor felt. He breathed a word of inward prayer, and let his arrow go. A faint scream followed the shot, and he saw Gladice and her captor come to the ground together. His brain and eye swam, so that he could no longer see distinctly; but he threw the bow from him, and in another moment was breasting the river.

Raoul meanwhile, armed with no other weapon than his sword, had fretted impatiently on the bank for some few moments in helpless inactivity. Then, riding a short distance up the stream, he sought to find some less impracticable passage. At one point the shelving bank seemed to promise better for his object. His horse had been wounded by an arrow, and, stung with the pain, answered perhaps the more readily to the esquire's desperate spurring, and plunged at last bodily into the deep water. Horse and rider made their way across with some little difficulty, unnoticed by either party, whose attention was

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fully occupied elsewhere; but the steep banks under the willows, where the full course of the stream lay, and where the water was many feet in depth to the very edge, offered no footing to the struggling animal, already exhausted with loss of blood. Raoul, after many attempts, finding him failing under his weight, endeavoured to throw himself off to the bank; but in the effort his foot caught either in the stirrup or the housings, and the animal, plunging more wildly than ever, dragged him along under the willows in the direction of the combatants. In vain were all his desperate struggles to extricate himself; and by the time that Foliot had touched the opposite bank, the young esquire was being carried all but senseless down the stream.

It was with a mixed feeling of relief and of painful apprehension that Waryn, upon gaining the bank, saw Gladice rise from the ground, and struggle towards him. He could see that her white dress was stained with blood.

"Mother of heaven!" said he, as he rushed to meet her—"you surely are not hurt!"

"No," she said, trying in vain to command her feelings, and bursting into a fit of violent weeping, the reaction of long excitement, as she recognised the face of a friend, and leant on him for a moment for support—"No! I have taken no harm; this blood"—she gave a sickly, shuddering smile as she looked down at it—"is not mine; but are we safe now?"

She clung to Foliot, while she looked round still in trembling apprehension. Disheartened by their leader's fall, and being themselves probably more interested in their own safety than in the success of their object, the men had taken to their horses and were already galloping off. The appearance of Foliot, and the plunging of Raoul's horse in the water, had made them think it possible that the attacking party were crossing the river in greater force. Gladice's eyes rested in alarm upon the struggling animal, which now rose with his fore-legs on the bank almost at their feet.

Dazzled and bewildered as he was, Waryn guessed at once that Raoul had tried to swim the stream.

"Where is the boy?" he exclaimed, as he saw that the horse was riderless.

"Who? what?" said Gladice, only clinging to him in fresh alarm.

Gently but rapidly Foliot unclasped the arm from his shoulder. Raoul was drowning. He rushed to the bank and called his name, but there was no answer. He was about plunging into the river again, when he saw that the horse was prevented from making good his landing by an arm that still clutched his rein. In another moment he had drawn the insensible body of the young esquire to land; and Gladice, who had now come to some half-comprehension of what had happened, was kneeling with him by Raoul's side, chafing the cold breast, and using such simple means as their unskilled zeal could suggest to restore warmth and vitality.

"Ride round to the abbey gates, men," shouted Foliot to the archers on the other side, as soon as he could collect his thoughts—"get help at once, and, above all, a boat, for the love of heaven!"

Again old Peter was disturbed, and muttered subdued anathemas against all unseasonable travellers; but this time he did his office by deputy. The bell rang out for lauds while the men were telling their hurried story, and the sacrist and two or three others, who were already on their way to the church, and had stopped to listen, no sooner heard Foliot's name, and the nature of the service required, than they hastened at once to the water-gate, where a small boat usually lay for the accommodation of the brotherhood. The boat, however, was not there; and some little time was lost in procuring a larger one from the boat-house. At length it was launched, and the sacrist and his brethren arrived just when the almost despairing efforts which had been made for poor Raoul's recovery were beginning to have some effect, and he was giving signs of returning consciousness. The good Benedictines at once took his further treatment into their own more ex-

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perienced hands—Brother Andrew, shrewd and prompt in all emergencies, had even found time to bring a stimulating cordial with him—and in a few minutes their patient was sufficiently restored to admit of being placed in the boat and carried over with the rest to the other side. No words could have expressed the worthy monks' horror and astonishment, when they had time to comprehend the whole particulars of the scene; the Lady Gladice, whom they had thought safe within their own walls, stood pale and shivering by the river-side, while the bodies of the fallen archers lay bleeding before them. No words, indeed, did they speak, whatever their feelings were, but wisely confined their attention at first exclusively to Raoul; and when his case seemed in favourable progress, with the unfailing charity of their order, they turned their attention to the wounded men who lay near. Three, when gently moved and spoken to, gave signs of life, and were lifted carefully into the boat by the Benedictines. Waryn could not resist an exclamation of impatience when, after carefully wrapping his cloak round Gladice, who was shivering with cold and terror, he had placed her in the boat, and was waiting for them to push off.

"Let the hounds lie," he said, as they went to fetch the second man—"there are lives here in peril which were ill risked to save a hundred such—let them reap their own deserts."

"Nay, my son," said one of the Benedictines, old and grey-headed,—"all lives are alike in the sight of Heaven."

They soon completed their work of mercy; and Waryn, rebuked and silent, said no more until they reached the water-gate.

As they touched the steps at the landing-place, Gladice suddenly rose, and looked wildly round her.

"Bertha!" she cried,—"Bertha!—Harry! where are they?" A low groan came from the bottom of the boat, where the wounded men lay. The sacrist put down his oar, and looked in the face of the one who lay next him.

"He it is, sure enough," said the monk, "if Harry be his name: how he came here is another matter—he is sore hurt, I fear."

"And Bertha—my poor Bertha! where is she? She was with us in the boat! Shame on me that I should forget her! Oh! for Heaven's love," Gladice cried, laying her hand on Waryn's shoulder, "seek her for me! we must not leave her in such hands—I pray you, let us seek her at once!"

It was an unanswerable appeal. Reluctantly giving Gladice herself into the sacrist's charge, and leaving the rest to carry the wounded men, Waryn took two of the archers with him in the boat, and pulled again across the stream. After searching in vain the bank where the struggle had taken place, and shouting loudly the poor tire-woman's name, he bethought himself of the boat which had disappeared, and proceeded up the stream, though with little hope of overtaking it. At the distance of about a mile they found it lying under the bank, but empty. Of poor Bertha (who had followed her mistress to Rivelsby only, as it seemed, to share a new peril) they could find no trace.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE RETURN.

It was high noon on the day following when Abbot Martin again made his appearance at Rivelsby, on his return from Huntingdon. Peter, when he opened the great gates for his admission, stared at his superior and his strange retinue with evident alarm and misgiving, as if his nerves had not yet recovered the shock which they had experienced from the strange visitant two nights ago. The abbot spoke to the old man with his usual frank and kindly greeting, but Peter only shook his head, fumbled with his keys, and muttered something which sounded but ominously for a welcome. He looked more and more bewildered as the wild-looking train of lances and bowmen filed through the entrance after

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the churchmen, and addressed to each other rough expressions of admiration at the noble quadrangle which opened upon their view, and promised such substantial and well-provided quarters. He lifted his hands once or twice, as in a kind of pious protest, as the Brabanters passed; although, in fact, they exhibited what was for them an unusual degree of gravity and decorum. Abbot Martin remarked the old porter's strange expression, which he attributed entirely to the effect produced by the sight of the legate's retainers.

"Peter does not love strange faces," he observed quietly to Wolfert as they passed on.

"Our new friends, it must be granted, have not a very taking cast of countenance," replied the chaplain.

"Peter grows too old for his office, methinks," remarked the treasurer, who was less charitably disposed; "he were far better in the infirmary."

He spoke out of a laudable disgust at his superior's reception; and besides, he had a brother in the monastery who was expecting promotion, and the porter's was a place of trust, and enjoyed privileges and perquisites accordingly.

The abbot had arrived at the hour of refection, which might in part account for the fact that few of his house came forward to greet him. Waryn Foliot, however, had long been anxiously on the watch for his coming. Hours before it was possible that the journey could have been accomplished, he had been impatiently pacing the terrace, looking out towards Swinford Bridge. It was with a feeling of intense relief that he at last made out the abbot's train winding over it, and knew that he had escaped the dangers of the road. He might have found the time pass less slowly, had he been able to question the Lady Gladice herself in person as to the cause of her last night's danger, and have received the explanation from her own lips. But he had not seen her since his return to the abbey from his ineffectual search after Bertha, for she had not left her chamber, nor would he have chosen to intrude upon her privacy until the abbot's return. He had, however, visited her wounded follower in company with the sacrist, and had gleaned from him such particulars as served to throw some light upon the late outrage. He found cropt Harry sitting on his pallet, weak and pale, but sufficiently master of his faculties to give a tolerably connected account of all that had happened within his own knowledge. He had been summoned at midnight to attend his lady, as he understood, to Huntingdon. A boat was waiting for them at the river-steps, and they were to go part of the way by water, because the roads were dangerous—an escort was awaiting them farther on. He had found his mistress apparently in considerable tribulation at the suddenness of the message, and the unseasonableness of the hour; and two of the brethren were endeavouring to cheer and comfort her. They had it, they said, under the abbot's hand, that she was to go; some powerful kinsman of hers, a bishop or the like, had sent for her; so that at last she was overpersuaded. One of the monks—the prior, as he believed—had been very anxious to the last, that he, Harry, should be left behind, saying that it was ill to be cumbered with too many in the boat, and that Bertha's company would be sufficient; nay, that the churchmen themselves would go with her until they met the escort; but that the Lady Gladice had refused to stir without him, and that he himself would have surely found a place in the boat if he had been forced to tumble one of the reverend fathers out of it; indeed, he added with an oath, that he was just now inclined to believe that for so doing St Bennet himself would have given him absolution. He went on to say that the prior—for it surely was the prior—had let them out at the river-gate, where a boat and men were waiting; that they had crossed the river to get out of the stream, as the churchmen said, and touched upon the bank, as though it had been by accident; that two or three men jumped up from among the reeds, and sprang into the boat—that Bertha screamed, and that he had raised his axe and would have given short account of one of them, but that,

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as he believed, one of the monks had caught his arm—then came a crashing blow upon his own head, and the moon and stars seemed strangely multiplied, but he had struggled ashore, as he believed—and there his reminiscences of the night ended.

Of the other wounded men, whom the monks had carried into the abbey, one was in a dying state, the other had been shot through the face, and either could, or would, say nothing.

There could be no doubt but that Gladice had been decoyed from the abbey by a false message from the abbot, and little that the prior himself had been the chief agent in this detestable treachery. The horsemen whom Foliot had tracked from Huntingdon, and of whom he had lost sight so strangely at Swinford Bridge, had no doubt ridden along the further bank of the river, and awaited there, by a preconcerted plan, the crossing of the boat from the monastery. It was no wonder that Waryn had chafed with indignation and anxiety as he walked to and fro, watching what little he could see of the road by which the abbot was to come; if anything should have occurred to detain him at Huntingdon, or if, as was by no means improbable, he should be cut off in his return by some new movement on the part of Sir Godfrey or his fellow-conspirators, in what a position should he find himself at Rivelsby! knowing himself to be in such a nest of traitors—for in the first burst of his wrath Waryn was inclined to class all the poor Benedictines in that category—without authority or power to take any measures for his own or others' safety. He did not feel the burden of his responsibilities the less, perhaps, since that piteous appeal to his protection had wrung across the water.

In the sacrist, indeed, he believed that he had found one that he could implicitly trust. Brother Andrew had been present while Foliot had extracted from Gladice's follower the information which has already been recorded; nay, he had heard it all piecemeal beforehand, while he was dressing the man's wound: he had even taken the precaution of impressing upon him the necessity of a cautious silence upon all these particulars, and especially as to the prior's supposed share in the transaction, to any in the monastery except Foliot and himself; and for this reason had taken upon himself an office which would have been more naturally performed by the servants of the infirmary. His patient, though inclined to be garrulous enough upon all matters which concerned himself or others—a quality which had already gained him some popularity in his new quarters—was shrewd and faithful enough to see the need of this precaution, and feigned either sleep or ignorance when others of the brethren—one an emissary from the prior himself — tried to ascertain from him what he remembered of his last night's adventure. But when Foliot was disposed to take brother Andrew into council, and to question him as to what he might know or suspect of the prior's dealings, he did not find his confidence as fully reciprocated as he could have wished. Mysterious shakes of the head and short ejaculations were pretty nearly all that the sacrist vouchsafed in answer. He looked upon all outside the walls of his convent as Gentiles, who were not to be trusted with the secrets, or admitted to a knowledge of the failings, of a privileged people. Besides, Waryn was young; which was synonymous in his eyes with the sins of folly, rashness, and, in short, all the opposite qualities to sound counsel. Though he bestowed on him, therefore, many words of what he intended for gracious encouragement and patronising kindness, and endeavoured to show in his peculiar manner that he appreciated his services, they did not advance much in the way of a mutual understanding. It did not contribute to this result, perhaps, in the young man's present mood, that in discussing the circumstances and probable motives of the last night's outrage, Brother Andrew introduced by way of comparison some profoundly moral observations as to Mother Eve, Delilah, Helen of Troy, and other characters, profane and sacred. If there was a sly twinkle in the sacrist's eye as he thus philosophised, which might have led to a doubt whether he was altogether

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in earnest, Waryn was too angry to observe it.

He had been almost as anxious, however, as Foliot or Raoul could be, for his superior's safe return, and had been sitting quietly in brother Peter's chamber at the gate, awaiting him. He knew that expected arrivals do not come the quicker for being watched along the road.

"I would he were come too, brother Peter," he had said, as Raoul left them together after coming for the third time at least to look out from the upper room in the gate-tower, which was ascended by a little stair from that in which they were sitting, which he fancied commanded rather a more distant view than the terrace. "Ay, I am fain enough for him to be here—St Mary bring him safely by the way! But the mother of Sisera, I reckon, did not hasten the chariot by looking forth of the lattice window."

He was the first to assist the abbot to dismount when he at last arrived.

"The saints be praised, father," said he as he held the stirrup, "that we have you home again—we little hoped for you so early. Nay," he added in a whisper, "there be some here who scarce looked for your reverence to return at all."

The abbot did not reply at once, for his eyes were fixed on Foliot's face, who was assisting him on the other side. He saw at once, by its expression, that there was something to be told: his own forebodings helped him to the conclusion that it was evil.

"Is all well, Waryn?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Welcome home, my good lord—you come in good time," replied Foliot, evading a direct answer to his question, while others were by to listen. He led the abbot aside a few steps, and proceeded to explain to him, briefly and hurriedly, so much as he knew of the events of the past night.

"I told you," said he, "that the prior was false; you need now no further proof of it."

The abbot's honest indignation scarcely left him the power of speech for the first few moments. Unsuspicious to a fault, treachery and falsehood struck him with tenfold abhorrence when they were proved.

"By St Mary! but he shall rue it," he exclaimed, "if it were the last act of my life! I have used the power which Heaven hath given me all too lightly, hitherto—it has been my sin, my grievous sin; but I were more unworthy even than yon false traitor himself, if I let such a deed go unpunished for an hour.—Where is the prior?" he asked, turning to the sacrist, who stood at a respectful distance.

"He is in the refectory with the brethren," said the sacrist.

"Let us go thither at once."

Through the lofty archway, which connected the two quadrangles, to the refectory Abbot Martin straightway proceeded, followed by Foliot and the sacrist. He acknowledged the lowly obeisance of the few monks whom he passed on his way in a more constrained manner than usual; he had but too much at the moment to occupy his thoughts.

Prior Hugh sat in the place of honour amongst the assembled brethren. Not in the abbot's chair, which was left vacant; but in all other respects he had assumed, as of right, the superior's office and authority. He had done what he could, during these few hours of rule, to increase his popularity not only with those whom he already counted amongst his friends, but with the large mass of indifferentism which at Rivelsby, as elsewhere, was always ready to go with the stream of present success which might be likely to carry their own advantage with it. An ample allowance of mead, at the prior's private cost, was being set upon the board (though it was a *maigre* day) as the abbot entered, as if to inaugurate a new and more liberal administration.

All rose as Abbot Martin passed up the long line of tables, and without a word took his own proper seat. His sudden appearance—perhaps also the unusually stern expression upon his features—produced an evident consternation. Some ominous foreboding kept even those voices silent, which would have been most ready to welcome heartily his safe

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return. Brother looked at brother with glances of various expression; but only a few here and there whispered to each other their thoughts. One fruit already had been borne from the seeds of discontent and discord which Prior Hugh had long been sowing so diligently—no man there now fully trusted his neighbour.

The prior set down the cup from which he had been drinking, and his face flushed purple as though the draught were choking him. He recovered himself, however, before the abbot reached the spot where he sat, and even succeeded in greeting his superior with a fairly assumed show of congratulation and deference.

"Welcome, my lord abbot—earlier than we had hoped, or we had surely not suffered you to take us thus unawares."

The abbot made him no reply.

"Take this hence," said he to the lay brother who officiously placed a beaker of wine before him—"it beseems us better to fast than to feast to-day, when the faith and honour of our house is trampled in the dust by those who should most maintain it! Brother Oswald!" he called to the third prior, who sat near, "you are the eldest of us in years, and I have to lay on you an office which I never thought to have had cause to exercise on the humblest of my children here—still less"—his voice broke as he went on, but he mastered himself, and his last words pierced the intense silence, distinct though not loud. "Take in charge Hugh, no longer prior of this house, but perjured to his monastic oath, and a traitor to his king!"

The prior had felt that he was detected, and was resolved to brave it out. As the aged monk, timid and hesitating, moved towards him to execute the superior's command, he drew back a step or two, and shouted aloud to the assembled monks.

"Listen, good brothers! we have borne with this lord abbot too long! He does well to make the most of his few days of power—he knows that already there is a warrant passed for his deposing. The right noble Earl of Morton——"

"To prison with him straight, brother Andrew; call the servitors to aid if he resist—we will listen to no treason here!"

The sacrist was making his way up to support the hesitating and trembling official, when the prior's friends closed round him, and seemed inclined to offer at least a passive resistance to the abbot's authority. The prior stood with his back against the refectory wall, and still, loudly appealing against the abbot's proceeding, seemed determined to bid defiance to his would-be captors. Foliot was pressing forward, when the abbot stopped him.

"He is a son of the Church," he said, "false and unworthy as he is—we will not lay secular hands upon him, if it may be helped. On your obedience, my sons, I call upon you to remove this bold bad man from amongst us."

The prior's friends still made a close circle round him, and looks of defiance met the abbot on many faces within view. The better disposed of the monks, on the other hand, seemed cowed and irresolute, when a single powerful figure forced its way with quiet strength through the crowd, and, grappling the rebellious churchman, drew him from amongst his partisans as easily as if he had been a struggling child. It was the pilgrim monk, whose black vizard gave him almost the appearance of some professional executioner. The prior almost ceased to struggle as the fierce eyes gazed on him through the mask with unnatural brilliancy.

One bold word or act decides a wavering multitude for good or evil. The prior's allies, few in number, were disheartened at once; the officials found no lack of zealous assistants in securing their prisoner; and the majority of the brethren of Rivelsby were unanimous in their approval of the abbot's promptness and decision, as Prior Hugh, still threatening and protesting, was led off to the abbey dungeon.

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THERE was a great deal of talk, a few years ago, about Administrative Reform. Some public meetings were held; a society was formed; and satirical novelists took the matter in hand as something especially worthy of their regards. But, somehow or other, the clamour for Reform was soon either stilled or it subsided of itself. The cause of the failure may be readily suspected. The cry was too loud and undiscriminating to secure for it an audience among reasonable men. Exaggeration, the besetting fault of reformers, arrested what, under the auspices of moderate men, might really have been a serviceable movement. The administrative reformers condemned without inquiry, and clamoured for the destruction of what they did not understand. They failed, therefore, to influence public opinion, and actually retarded the progress which they desired to promote. The public service, which they attempted to cover with odium, under the force of a favourable reaction, rose in popular esteem. People said that, after all, the country was not badly governed, and that our administrative departments, though by no means perfect, were still the best in the world.

What truth there may be in this last assertion, we do not profess ourselves to be sufficiently well acquainted with the administrative systems of other countries to be able to declare. Generally speaking, indeed, the subject is one regarding which the outside public have no very clear ideas. Every one is familiar with the words "under Government," "public offices," and so on; there are few people, indeed, who have not among their acquaintance some gentleman representing the public service, and described as holding "some appointment under Government." But we are not wont to proceed from the individual to the general conception of the public service, except at times, when the newspapers tell us that everything is going wrong at home or abroad, in peace or in war, because the public service is "scandalously defective." These are exceptional periods—generally speaking, at wide intervals. At other times the wheels of Government quietly revolve; nobody hears anything about the public service; nobody remarks that the business of the country is done well or ill, or cares to inquire how it is done. But it is in these quiet times, when there is no public excitement; when no victim is demanded; when there is no fear of vehement exaggerations on the one side, or of indignant denials on the other, that the administrative system of the country may be inquired into with the best effect. In such times the truth may be fairly elicited by discussion, because it is the interest neither of Parties nor of Persons to distort it.

Considering the paramount importance of the subject, we have often wondered how it has happened that the administrative systems and agencies, whereby the affairs of the country are ordered, have been hitherto so little discussed. Either there must be a prevailing sense in the public mind that these systems and agencies work so well on the whole that we may be content to take their efficiency for granted; or there is a very general ignorance in the said public mind as to the manner in which the country is governed. Perhaps both causes are operative. But, whatever may be the reason, it is undeniable that there are thousands of well-educated Englishmen who would esteem it a disgrace not to be able to give a satisfactory account of the Areopagus of the Athenians, or the Ephori of the Lacedæmonians, and who yet could not tell you what are the constitution and the functions of the Board of Trade or the Home Office. It is not until a man finds that he has a number of sons to provide for, and believes that he has a little Government interest, that he begins to inquire into these things; and then his inquiries are commonly limited to the money-

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value of the appointments to be obtained.

For all such inquirers there cannot be a better book than that recently compiled by Mr Parkinson of the Inland Revenue Office.* It has a Shakesperian motto on the title-page —"Our Offices, and what we have to do." But the book itself hardly bears out this promise. It signifies rather what such a book ought to be than what it is. Doubtless, the first thing of which a man, in search of employment either for himself or his son, bethinks himself, is the amount of pay attached to a situation. On this head the information supplied by Mr Parkinson is ample. But candidates for public employment want to know what they have to give, as well as what they have to receive; or, in the Shakesperian language quoted above, "what they have to do;" and we cannot say that the gentleman of the Inland Revenue Office is as communicative on these points as we could wish. A good book on the Civil Service, therefore, is still a desideratum; and we hope that some day we may get it.

What we purpose to say on the subject is of a general rather than of a special or detailed character. We desire to keep the subject before the public, at a time when it may be fairly and temperately discussed, and to offer some suggestions for the elevation and improvement of the Government Service, when the admission of existing defects is not rendered almost impossible by the vehement exculpatory tone generated — we might almost say necessitated — by the sweeping charges and wholesale condemnations to which the entire Civil Service of the country is subjected in periods of great public excitement. It is the rule and practice of some advocates, political and forensic, never to make an admission. There may be wisdom in this, in cases of individual dispute, when there is a sharp death-struggle as it were, and every advantage must be taken of, none given to, the enemy. But true Conservative policy consists in the art of making timely concessions under no immediate pressure, thus averting revolutions by moderate reforms.

It is to be borne in mind, *in limine*, that government is of two kinds—Political and Administrative. The one includes such weighty matters as the making of war and peace; the conduct of our relations with foreign states; the reform of the constitution; the system of taxation, &c.; matters greatly affecting the interests of the country, and supposed to be dependent upon the views of the dominant party of the hour. The other is the current executive business of the nation, which flows on with very little apparent change, whatever may be the vicissitudes of party. The first is shaped entirely by the will of a small body of fluctuating ministers, who owe their position to a parliamentary majority; the latter is done by a staff of permanent officials, who are not affected by the fluctuations of party. The parliamentary minister is, however, supreme in all matters of administration as well as of policy. He may direct the business of the department, over which he presides, in the most trifling matters of detail, and regulate the smallest points of procedure. Here, indeed, he is the veriest autocrat. In matters of policy he may be restrained and overruled by other members of the Cabinet; but in the executive business of his office he is absolute, alike over measures and men. No autocracy can be more complete. His decisions may be of the most arbitrary and eccentric character, but there is no appeal against them. He may interfere in the most vexatious manner, but there are no means of preventing or avoiding his interference. Men who have been all their lives at the work may be told how to fold a sheet of paper, or to tie a piece of red tape, by a parliamentary statesman, who has been

* "*Under Government:*" *An Official Key to the Civil Service of the Crown, and Guide for Candidates seeking Appointments.* By J. C. PARKINSON, Accountant, and Comptroller-General's Department, Inland Revenue, Somerset House. Bell & Daldy, London.

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pitchforked into office by a happy speech and a casual majority, but who has no more departmental or official knowledge than the coachman who drives him to Whitehall.

Such being the case, a grave question arises, and one which it is not altogether undesirable to discuss, although we shall not attempt to pursue it to a conclusion. The question is, Whether, in the regulation of the administrative machinery of the country, undue importance is not attached to parliamentary position? When a new Government is to be fashioned, no one asks who is the best man to fill a certain post!—but who is the best member of Parliament, on the winning side of the House, to fill that post? It is assumed that the heads of all the great departments of the State must occupy seats either in the upper or the lower legislative chamber. Such has been the custom of the country for two hundred years. "From the time of Charles II. down to our own days," says Macaulay, in his off-hand, unhesitating way, "parliamentary talent has stood in the place of all other acquirements. It has covered ignorance, weakness, rashness, the most fatal maladministration. This is the talent which has made judges without law, and diplomatists without French; which has sent to the Admiralty men who did not know the stern of a ship from her bowsprit, and to the India Board men who did not know the difference between a rupee and a pagoda; which made a Foreign Secretary of Mr Pitt, who, as George II. said, had never opened Vattel; and which was very near making a Chancellor of the Exchequer of Mr Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division."

That the case is so is hardly to be questioned. There is rarely a change of Government which does not witness the introduction to the highest situations in the State, of members of the two Houses of Parliament who require to be instructed by the permanent officials of their department in the very A B C of their business. Able men they doubtless are—accomplished parliamentary speakers—with a good general knowledge of passing events and the principles and practice of modern statesmanship; but men whom no one in the world would select from among their contemporaries as the fittest men to fill certain places, by reason of their especial knowledge of the business to be done. Everybody knows the reason of this apparent anomaly, and is ready with an answer or an explanation. It is necessary that there should be a minister responsible to Parliament for each department of the State—responsible in the lesser and in the larger sense; responsible in the matter of responding to questions put to him in Parliament, and responsible to the country, through its representatives, for the proper conduct of the business intrusted to him. Now, it is very certain that no one out of Parliament can respond to questions put *in* it. The necessity, therefore, of every department having a parliamentary mouthpiece may be admitted. As it is, however, the condition is but imperfectly fulfilled. Every department ought to be represented in both Houses, under a system which provides that its chief, whether he be Secretary or President, should sit in one House or the other, and that there should be also a parliamentary Under-Secretary of State or Vice-President; but as in ministerial arrangements personal convenience is more thought of than public convenience, it often happens that the Secretary of State and the Under-Secretary of State sit in the same House. So far, therefore, as parliamentary catechisation is concerned, the present system is defective. It is ludicrous to perceive sometimes the shifts to which the Government are put, when notice of a question is given in one of the Houses (it commonly happens in the House of Lords) relating to a department which happens to be unrepresented in that branch of the Legislature. Some ready speaker is put up, with a string of notes provided from the department, to answer the untoward inquiry, but he generally finds himself, before he has proceeded far, so hopelessly bewildered that he is compelled at last to evade, rather than to respond to, the question, and to substitute platitudes for facts. For the performance of work of this kind

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Lord Granville has been for some time past a tower of strength to the Whig Cabinet. He possesses, in a high degree of perfection, the art of saying plausible nothings in a pleasant way, and he has too much tact and cleverness to make any great mistakes. But if the principle of parliamentary representation of departments is one of any cogency, this vicarious service ought not to be necessitated by arrangements made, in many instances, only for the personal gratification of members of the Cabinet who have family connections or pupils to be pushed forward, and naturally desire from among such to select their seconds-in-command.

And as to the larger responsibility, we acknowledge readily enough the constitutional principle that the head of every department of the State is responsible to the nation for the honourable and the efficient performance of the duties nominally intrusted to him. But, after all, to what does this responsibility amount? It is said that for any grievous wrong-doing a minister may be impeached. *Impeachment* is a word often to be heard in the mouths of a certain class of politicians, but it is only a word. It is a word, too, that does no harm to the statesman to whom it is applied—or where would Lord Palmerston be? We have a suspicion, indeed, that veteran politicians know that, in any real difficulty, a cry of impeachment is serviceable to them. It excites sympathy, and is commonly followed by a favourable reaction. When one's enemies overdo the thing, one generally escapes scot-free. The principle and practice of impeachment are clearly not to be encouraged by men who have held office, or are ever likely to hold it. The idea of the thing is commonly scouted, therefore, as something altogether preposterous and outrageous; and the accused, amidst the hubbub which the demand creates, escapes altogether, because his punishment has been fixed, in the first instance, on too high a scale.

But even admitting the existence of this responsibility as something more than a name, we do not see that it in any way implies the necessity of the parliamentary chiefship of which we are speaking. Parliamentary impeachment does not demand a parliamentary victim. The most memorable impeachment in the annals of our country is that of a man who had never sate in Parliament. Indeed, if this principle of responsibility is worth anything, it is worth more in connection with the idea of a permanent than of a parliamentary or fluctuating chief of a department. A permanent official chief would be really answerable for the deficiencies of his department; those deficiencies would be fairly attributable to his own incapacity. But it is felt that a 'parliamentary minister, who has often barely time to master the business of his department before an adverse parliamentary vote displaces him altogether, is hardly to be accounted answerable for defects which he did not create, and which he has not had opportunities of remedying. If in any emergencies—and it is only in emergencies that we hear anything of such things—it is found that the business of the State cannot be effectively done by the particular department whose function it is to do it, the outcry against the responsible minister is commonly stilled by the assertion that the evils complained of are not attributable to him; that they date back so many months, perhaps so many years; that they are, in fact, attributable to his predecessor; that he was doing his best to remedy them, &c. &c. In this way responsibility is commonly obscured. Everything has gone wrong; but it is nobody's fault, or the fault of so many people that it is impossible to fix the precise share of blame chargeable to each offender. The permanent subordinates, of whom no one probably ever hears anything beyond the walls of their office, may or may not be to blame; but as they receive none of the praise when everything goes right, they cannot fairly be censured when everything goes wrong. Besides, they justly plead that they have no power. "How can we help it?" they say. "If we had our own way, we would do very differently. But we have no independent authority. We wished to

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do so-and-so, but we were overruled." There is nothing, of course, to be said against this; and the only fact that is patent to the public is that their business in this case is badly done, and that nobody is to blame for it.

Whilst, then, this system of parliamentary leadership tends rather to loosen responsibility than to fix it, where are its real merits to be found? Does it increase the efficiency of our administrative departments? Let us see. We are not insensible to the evils of stagnation. A department of the State, presided over for too long a time by the same chief, is apt to become somewhat rusty. There is doubtless much truth in the assertion that—

——— "A new eye—a new hand—
May do much at our vigour's waning point."

We do not clearly see the defects of a work over which we have been long poring. The occasional introduction, therefore, of a new supervisorship unquestionably has its advantages. The question, then, like well-nigh all such questions, resolves itself into a question of degree. Are the advantages of change at the head of a department greater than its disadvantages? If this change were governed by some intelligible system, instead of being the result of the merest accident and caprice, perhaps we might recognise its superior advantages. But the tendency of the times is towards more frequent ministerial vicissitudes than have obtained at any previous period of our history. The subdivision of parties renders tenure of office extremely precarious; and the probabilities are that a minister vacates his place at the head of a department, just as he has begun to acquire some knowledge of the business to be done and of the men who do it. Practically regarded, these repeated changes would seem to throw all the administrative power into the hands of the permanent officials. But ignorance and modesty are not always combined. Experience, indeed, proves that the disposition to interfere is generally strongest in those who possess the least information. It requires some knowledge and experience to impress a man with an adequate sense of the advantage of leaving things alone. Moreover, a man with real knowledge is seldom anxious to display it. He can afford to be quiet. An ignorant man, on the other hand, endeavours to conceal his ignorance under a cloak of extraordinary officiousness. He must always be doing something, lest he should be suspected of not knowing how to do it. Continual changes at the head of a department have commonly, therefore, an effect the very reverse of what might be predicated of them, if there were more wisdom, and more humility, the best ally of wisdom, in the world. They unsettle and disturb. The *quieta non movere* principle is one which is seldom taken up, until some hard lessons of experience have taught us the folly of "not leaving well alone."

It is not easy to overrate the evil of these repeated changes. Of course, anything like consistency is out of the question. The Secretary of State for ——— in 1859 stultifies the judgments of the Secretary of State for ——— in 1858. In 1860 another Secretary of State, laudably anxious to be made acquainted with the decisions of his predecessors, finds himself hopelessly bewildered and perplexed. Not only are the permanent officials compelled to waste a large part of their time in explanations, but their zeal is damped, and their general tone and character lowered, by being compelled, from time to time, to become the exponents of conflicting opinions. This in itself we hold to be an immense evil. According to the recognised system of civil government, every functionary except the "responsible" Minister—the head of the department—is recognised only as an instrument—a pen. Whatsoever he does, he does ministerially. He is not responsible for it, any more than a dressmaker is for the colour of a robe when "ladies' own materials" are made up. Under such a system, it is difficult for the men who possess a real knowledge of the business of the office to take any interest in their work. The more information, the more capacity, the more public spirit they possess, the more heart-broken they are likely to be. It is a necessity that they should

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either subside philosophically into mere drudges, selling their work at so much an hour; or that they should chafe, in bitterness of spirit, under this infliction of a continual succession of new masters, with new principles and new practices, each one having more or less a tendency to settle questions, not upon their own merits, but according to foregone conclusions pronounced by their party, not improbably, when out of office, in a spirit of factious opposition to the Government of the day.

There is no greater trial to an honest and zealous public functionary than this melting down of administrative questions, which have an intrinsic right and wrong of their own, in the great crucible of Party; and there is no greater obstacle to good government. The "responsible" Minister, if not very strong in his self-complacency, may take the advice of a permanent official on other points, to save himself the trouble of arriving at a judgment of his own; but if the question has any kind of parliamentary connection, the Minister is obdurate. He will listen to nothing about right or wrong. He has something to think of beyond the public weal. A notice of motion on the papers is known to scare a Minister from his propriety. A visit from a troublesome member, or a chance conversation in the lobby of the House, often secures a decision in defiance of justice and reason, to stave off ulterior proceedings in Parliament. Weak Governments are of course peculiarly susceptible of this pressure from without; and the day of strong Governments is past. Not merely government, therefore, but administration by party, is on the ascendant. A Minister cannot afford, for his own and his colleagues' sake, to lose a friend or to make an enemy in the possession of a vote.

The system, therefore, which acknowledges the supremacy of the parliamentary chief, in all matters of administration as well as of policy, is obviously defective — firstly, because absolute power, even in the minutest details, is vested in a functionary who, in all probability, has no knowledge of the matters in question; and, secondly because his judgment is being continually warped, and his actions perverted, by parliamentary influence often of the lowest kind. In many cases, the legal members of a Government very successfully exert themselves in winning over their colleagues to decide cases in favour of suitors who have aforetime been valuable clients. This is lamentable. But it is a fact, which might be readily illustrated by a reference to special cases. Some of these cases are notorious; but their notoriety does not appear much to damage the reputations either of the lawyers or of the statesmen concerned. It is, we presume, regarded as a necessity, inherent in the administrative system of the country, that such things should be. But is it a necessity that this system of parliamentary chiefship should endure in its present formidable integrity?

Before we attempt to answer this question, we must refer to one more source of public inconvenience inseparable from the recognition of the absolutism of the one parliamentary chief. It involves an immense loss of time, and occasions the most embarrassing official delays. We can, of course, make no general statement with respect to official procedure, which is not to be taken with some exceptional reservations. The system of routine varies in different offices, and in the same offices at different times, in accordance with the will of the Minister of the day. The parliamentary chief may, or may not, superintend all the work that emanates from his office. In most cases we may say that he does. The possibility of doing this effectually and promptly varies according to the amount of work to be done. But such supervision can never be exercised without very great delay.

The year of the parliamentary Minister is divided into two parts: one part ranges over the session of Parliament, the other over the recess. During the first he is continually in a hurry. He leaves office early to attend "his place in Parliament;" or he is kept away from it by a Cabinet Council. His mind is occupied with general affairs of State, involving questions affecting supremacy of party and permanence of place. The administrative business

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of his department is a matter of secondary importance in his eyes. During the other half of the year, it might claim, with certain interruptions, his undivided attention. But the Minister must have his holiday. We do not grudge it to him. It is essential to the preservation of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. He oscillates, therefore, between Whitehall and his estate in Yorkshire or Hants. He is in a greater hurry, perhaps, during the recess than during the session. When he comes up to town, he finds an accumulation of work awaiting him; office-box piled upon office-box; Pelion on Ossa. There is then a ludicrous struggle among the minor functionaries to catch the Minister flying, and each to obtain the legitimate official sanction (attention is often out of the question) to the particular departmental work which has been cut out for him. This is no easy work. A draft-despatch may be approved, with or without alterations; but before it can be copied for his signature,* he is at Barnet or Kingston, on his journey homewards.

Even without these accidental circumstances to impede the prompt despatch of business, any detailed supervision by the parliamentary chief is incompatible with official promptitude. Business will accumulate on his table in spite of all his efforts to keep it down. The more conscientious and painstaking he may be, the more likely is he to find himself with heaps of business gathering upon his hands. The fact is, that the administrative business of any great department of the public service is more than any one man can efficiently superintend, if he has parliamentary duties to attend to, and general affairs of State policy in which he must bear his part. "A statesman," it is truthfully observed by Mr Henry Taylor, who, at once a poet and a philosopher, and an excellent member of that service of which we are now writing, brings large experience, as well as deep reflection, to the discussion of the subject — "a statesman, who takes a part in consultations in the Cabinet, or debates in a legislative assembly, or in both, ought to be relieved from all business which is not accessory to the performance of his duties as counsellor and legislator. For these duties, if amply and energetically performed, must by their nature, if not by their magnitude, incapacitate any but very extraordinary individuals for performing others. The excitement of oral discussion, with able colleagues, upon deeply interesting and often personal topics, and still more the excitement of public debate, can rarely be combined with patient application to dry documentary business within the walls of an office. If the one class of business be transacted, in the duties of research and preparation with fidelity, and in those of execution with ardour, the other class will be almost inevitably neglected. It is true that no accurate demarcation can be made between parliamentary and Cabinet business on the one hand, and office business on the other; and a good deal of acquaintance with the latter will be necessary to give the general knowledge required for the former. It is also true that, in order to answer the claims of our constitution, the statesman who is dependent for his place on a majority in the House of Commons, must be responsible for everything; and in order to bear this responsibility, he must be conversant with all the more important business transacted under his authority. This conversancy, I would be understood, therefore, to include in the business accessory to the discharge of a Minister's duties in the Cabinet and in Parliament; the exemption which I require from him being of that actual execution of his office business which is not indispensable to a competent degree of conversancy with it."

There can be nothing, indeed, more fatal to the utility of a Minister than an undue tendency to interfere in details. Apart from the evils entailed on the department, on which

* The greater number of official letters, on ordinary current business, are signed by the chief permanent officer of the establishment; but despatches to diplomatic missions, colonial governors, the governments of India, &c., are signed by the parliamentary chief.

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we have commented above, there is the evil which it entails on the Minister himself. Every one engaged in what may be called the intellectual part of the public business feels, in his inmost heart, that, whilst he is engaged in an inevitable conflict with the current work of his office, he is compelled to divert his thoughts from larger matters of statesmanship, and to neglect opportunities of rendering good service to the public, a capacity for which he feels within him, but the outward manifestation of which he is compelled to suppress. It is right, perhaps, that, being in a subordinate and irresponsible post, he should suppress it. He has his own immediate work to perform, and he must not neglect his obvious primary duties in search of some remote and conjectural good. Nevertheless, he feels that he is crippled by detail, and that he can do full justice neither to the State nor to himself. But if this is keenly felt by an irresponsible subordinate public officer, how distressing it must be to a statesman in high position, with any instincts of greatness within him! Whilst he is wasting his strength in the strenuous idleness of Detail, great opportunities pass away from him; they mock his lips like the stream that agonised the Titan; the current business is too much for him, and at the end of his career, he finds that, whatever may have been the aspirations with which he started, he has done little more than make himself a chief clerk in all the departments of the office over which he has presided, and that the work has not, after all, been done so well, or so quickly, as if he had left it alone.

In such a case, the responsible Minister has not the consolation of the aspiring subordinate, who knows, at all events, that he has performed his appointed work; that he has done what the State requires of him. For the State does not require that the responsible head of a department should do more than exercise a general supervision over the whole office; any more than it requires a commander-in-chief to interfere in the manœuvring of single regiments, to the neglect of that comprehension and combination by which alone great battles are to be won. The State has provided him with a sufficient agency, and it is in the management of this agency that the qualities of an administrative statesman are most conspicuous.

On assuming the direction of a department of the State, it should be the first care of the parliamentary chief to acquaint himself with the working of the several sub-departments or sections of his office, and with the characters and capacities of the men who preside over them. The greatest leaders are those who make the best use of the several lesser chiefs working under them. In this respect many "responsible Ministers" lamentably fail. If you find the working men—the real "head-pieces" of an establishment—throwing their hearts also zealously into their work, each man contributing, to the very best of his ability, his individual quota to the completeness of the general business of the department, you may be sure that you have a statesman at the head of it. The first thing to be done to attain this object, is to make the chief members of his official staff well pleased with themselves and their positions. And this is really so easy, and so advantageous to the chief himself, that the wonder is so many responsible Ministers fail to conciliate the good-will, and thereby to stimulate the zeal, of their subordinates. It is an evil epoch in the career of a public servant, when he begins to be indifferent regarding the good opinion of his official chief. But somehow or other this epoch very often does arrive in the life of a public servant; and although, under a new official chief, the embers of his old zeal may again be fanned into a blaze, he is never the same man as before.

It is the study—at least, it is the practice—of some responsible Minister to depress as much as possible the permanent officials; to make them feel that they are merely the instruments of his pleasure—mere pens for his directing hand. Such men are prone, without knowledge and without inquiry, to upset decisions, the results of both. They must have a pencil in everything, if only to show that they are supreme. The

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chances are that the work is best done in the first instance; because it is done, thoughtfully and carefully, by one well acquainted with the subject, and who is habituated to the performance of a particular kind of work. Cases will necessarily occur in which the judgment of the Minister may be the sounder of the two; the subordinate will be readily convinced of this, if a few words of explanation are offered to him, and he will cheerfully correct his work, or do it, if need be, all over again. But arbitrary unexplained alterations, often of mere phraseology, by which sentences are dislocated and disconcerted, one part not harmonising with the other, and the whole exhibiting a patch-work appearance of various styles, discourage and annoy the workman, and render him careless about his work. They tend to increase and to retard business to an extent hardly conceivable by those who do not know the distaste—indeed the absolute repugnance—with which a man returns to business which he has once discharged, and had hoped never to confront again. A wise statesman refrains as much as possible from correcting the work of his subordinates. If the work is not done well for him, it is his duty to find men who can do it better. But having found such men, he should have faith in them. He only wastes his own time, and disheartens his agents, by continually attempting to improve their work.

He should have faith in them, we say. He should do all he can to raise their self-respect, and to teach them to think highly of the importance of their several offices. The business of a department goes on best when every man in it feels that it could not go on without him. Practically, of course, the communication of the responsible Minister is only with the higher class of subordinate functionaries, and it will rest with the latter to stimulate directly the energies of those beneath them. But this kindly, generous spirit, in which is the truest wisdom, once emanating from the chief Minister of a department, will permeate all classes. In the lowest copying-clerk it will produce the good fruit of increased diligence. Thus, instead of attempting to do everything himself, and thus doing nothing well, he works effectually for the public good through others, and he may render the work of his department more really and intrinsically his own, by imbuing it with his own spirit and principles, than by continually practising and patching with his own hand.

And, after all, let the diligence or the self-sufficiency of the parliamentary chief be what it may, the real executive work of the department must be done by the permanent officials. In most cases the decisions must practically emanate from them, for they alone are in possession of the data upon which such decisions are based. Wheresoever the initiative lies, there must be, whether constitutionally recognised or not, much real though latent power. In fact, the old copy-book aphorism, "Knowledge is power," is nowhere so undeniably true as in a public department. As that knowledge rests with the permanent functionaries, however strenuously the parliamentary Minister may assert his own supremacy, they must in reality not only do, but design, the principal business of the State.

The question then is—Whether it may not be desirable to attach more real responsibility to them? In their case it would be a reality, not a fiction of responsibility. At present there is constitutional responsibility, but it is generally felt, for reasons already stated, to be no more than a delusion and a snare. Serious blunders are sometimes committed; culpable official negligence is proved—perhaps grave offences against political morality are perpetrated—but no one is to blame; the public are defrauded of their victim—the benefit of example is lost. If by the rashness, or the incompetency, or the neglect of a public functionary, some serious mischief is done to the State, why should that public functionary be irresponsible? and why should the responsibility be fixed upon a Minister who does not select his own agents, and who is bound to believe that the permanent officials of his department are competent public servants? If the captain of a ship

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loses his vessel, he is brought to a court-martial; the First Lord of the Admiralty is not impeached. We believe that the public service would gain greatly in efficiency if the permanent members of the Civil Service were in some way rendered responsible for the work which they do and understand, instead of the parliamentary Secretary, who neither does it nor understands it at all.

But what are these permanent functionaries? Let us see. There is first the permanent head of the office; say, the permanent Under-Secretary of State—perhaps there is also an Assistant Under-Secretary; and then there are several chiefs of departments, or, properly, sub-departments, under whom, again, are a number of clerks. The real work of the office is done by these several divisional chiefs. In different offices the work is divided in different ways. In the Foreign Office the division is geographical. One officer conducts the diplomatic correspondence with France, &c.; another with Turkey, and so on. In the Colonial Office there is the same geographical arrangement: one officer has charge of the North American department, another of the West Indian department, &c. In the India Office, the distribution of labour is not regulated by geographical limits, but is of a subjective character. One departmental secretary* conducts the correspondence respecting the finances of India; another undertakes the legislative and judicial business; another the political (or diplomatic); a fourth the military, &c. &c. But whatever may be the character of the subdivision of labour, and whatsoever the forms of official procedure—whether the secretary or chief clerk prepares at once answers to the departmental correspondence laid before him, or whether he prepares a minute or memorandum to be submitted to the official chief before the letter itself is drafted—practically the initiative is with him. From this divisional officer, the work, in some shape or other, goes up to the permanent Under-Secretary of State, and from him to the responsible Minister, who, if he be a wise man, will consult the permanent official, and in most cases be guided by his opinion. The largest share of actual power, in administrative business at least, rests, therefore, with the permanent Under-Secretary of State, who superintends all divisions. But the permanent Under-Secretary of State is not a responsible Minister. He despatches no business, except, perhaps, of a routine character, without the sanction of the parliamentary chief. The more important despatches are signed by that chief; and letters of less moment, though signed by the Under-Secretary, carry on the face of them the fact, or the fiction, that they are written by direction of that chief. The permanent head of an office does nothing, therefore, except in a ministerial capacity. He has constitutionally no more power than any other executive officer. The sole undivided responsibility of the chief Minister of the department, in matters of the most trivial import no less than in those of the highest moment, is, we repeat, the theory of our government. There is an almost ludicrous incongruity between the moral and the constitutional responsibility in such cases—between the fact and the fiction of power.

But although the permanent Under-Secretary supervises more or less the current business of the office, it is not his part generally to originate it.† The initiative in most cases rests with the chief-clerk or departmental secretary, to whom is intrusted a certain class or division

* In the India Office the divisional chiefs are secretaries; in the other offices cited in the text they are chief clerks. The former designation should be more generally adopted when the duties are such as to warrant the title.

† The reader will of course bear in mind that there are in different departments of Government different forms of administrative agency. It being necessary, in tracing the course of official procedure, to individualise more or less, we have selected a Secretary of State's office (of which there are now five) as the most convenient for illustration. But what we write will apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to other departments.

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of the aggregate official work. It is his duty to be well versed in the particular antecedents of every case, and in the general precedents bearing upon it. His business is confined to a particular branch of the tree, and therefore he is expected to be intimately acquainted with all its subordinate ramifications. Unless, therefore, he is signally deficient in capacity, he must be better acquainted with his subject than the superior official who superintends all the divisions of labour, and, after longer official experience, attains to a serviceable, but rarely to a minute, acquaintance with all. Of these minor functionaries—each in his own line exercising an important influence over the character of the public work—the world, however, hears little or nothing. But how much depends upon the efficiency of these men! Let the permanent head of the office be as capable as he may—and we have a very high opinion of the capacity of such functionaries as Mr Merivale, Sir George Clerk, Mr Hammond, &c. &c.—and let the parliamentary chief interfere in matters of detail as much as he can, still the greater amount of the work done will remain in the same state as that in which it has emanated from the minor functionary who first puts his pen to paper. If the men, with whom practically the initiative rests, are deficient in the capacity or the will to do their work, the general business of the department must go lamentably wrong.

The immense importance, therefore, to the national interests, of a thoroughly effective staff of permanent officials, especially in the higher ranks, being admitted, a question arises, and a very grave one, as to whether we hold out sufficient inducements to men of first-rate intellectual capacity and energy to enter the public service. There are two things for which men toil, early and late—scorning delight, and living laborious days—the one is money, the other is honour. By money, of course, we mean all that money can purchase, for ourselves or for others—personal comfort; the happiness and respectability of our families; the education of our children; provision for the helpless ones we leave behind us. These are things of which men may think without imputation of avarice—which may be sought worthily by the best of us. And a love of personal distinction, if a weakness, is "an infirmity of noble minds," and may be cherished without shame. It may be true to some extent—nay, we believe that it is true to a very large extent—that good service is its own reward. Every good public servant knows the unspeakable contentment derived from the thought that he has done good work out of his own brain, by his own hand, unaided and alone, to whomsoever the credit may be given. It may bear another name, but it is still his. The peer or the baronet at the head of the department may, in popular estimation, have all the honour of its paternity, but it is none the less the good work of the real workman; and the world, which "knows nothing of its greatest men," though it acknowledge him not as a benefactor, still owes everything to his labours. There is a sustaining power in the inward satisfaction derived from such reflections as these; but there are times when a man needs other support, and only the very great are able to "bear up and steer right on," supported only by "the conscience," under the depressing influence of unmerited neglect.

Let us consider these two matters separately. And, firstly, in respect of the monied wages of the permanent civil servants of the Crown. In Mr Parkinson's little volume we may see before us at a glance the salaries of all principal officers "under Government," permanently engaged in the administration of the country. We can only find one appointment valued at more than £2000 per annum, and that is the appointment of Solicitor to the Post-Office. And this brings us, before we had intended it, to what may be regarded as the very root of the matter—viz. the high price which professional or technical knowledge fetches in the market, in comparison with administrative ability. That a solicitor attached to a public office should receive a salary higher than is paid to Under-Secretaries of State, and equal to the pay of the

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parliamentary chief of the department (the Postmaster-General), would excite unmeasured surprise, if it were not for the fact that all the liberal professions are notoriously better paid than the Government service. A successful lawyer or physician makes incomparably more money in the course of the year than the exercise of an equal amount of ability and industry would obtain for him in the employment of the Crown. There are scores of lawyers and physicians trebling the official income of an Under-Secretary of State, and yet, perhaps, not possessing half the capacity and perseverance of the public functionary. In other words, the community are infinitely better paymasters than the State.

It is with reference to the ordinary amount of professional emolument, derivable from private practice, that the official salaries of lawyers are fixed at the highest figures to be found in the schedule. The salary of a permanent Under-Secretary of State is £2000. This is the ordinary salary of a solicitor in a public office, though we have shown that it may be exceeded. But although the due discharge of the duties of legal adviser to a public department necessarily demands good capacity, it can hardly be said to require so high an order of intellect as that which is necessary to the due performance of the administrative duties of an important official appointment. Yet to the greater number of official appointments, demanding the possession of a high order of ability, are attached salaries ranging no higher than £1000 or £1200 a-year. In the public service, indeed, £1000 or £1200 a-year is considered a large income. But a lawyer or doctor, not making a larger income than this, is not said to be in "good practice." As a class, the civil servants of the Crown are poor men. The reader has only to turn over Mr Parkinson's book to ascertain *how* poor they are. If he could obtain access to the returns of the professional incomes of metropolitan practitioners, either in medicine or the law, the poverty of the public servants would be still more apparent. We do not see how, by any possibility, indeed, an official man can make a fortune. Say that, after thirty or forty years' service, he rises, by slow stages, to an appointment with a salary of £1000 a-year. He has very probably by this time a large family, and having been compelled to live in or near London all his life, it is not unlikely that, whilst in the lower grades, he has accumulated debts to be paid off on acquiring the higher salary. And if he have neither family nor debt, he does not hold the maximum salary long enough to enable him to make a large purse before he drifts into superannuation. The instances of men in the English Civil Service who have left fortunes to their children, saved from their official salaries, are so few that they may be counted on your fingers.

But we must not be unjust to the public service. It doubtless *has* its advantages. All private professional occupation is more or less precarious. A man may break down, under ill-health or some other accident, and may lose his practice altogether. His income may suddenly fall from thousands to hundreds, or to *nil*. But in a public office it takes a good deal (loss of character excepted) to bring a man down to this state. Loss of health, in the public service may injure, but it does not ruin a man. A Government servant can only claim as his right a certain number of days during which he may absent himself from his official duties. But, practically, in case of certified illness, considerable latitude is, and ought to be, allowed; and if frequently recurring attacks, or long-protracted incapacity, seriously mar his utility as a public servant, he can fall back upon the superannuation rules, and take his pension. There is a certainty, therefore—a reliableness in an official income, which, doubtless, recommends it to persons not of an aspiring or speculative character. It is something to be able to calculate your income (barring eccentricities of income-tax) to a fraction, and to know that at a certain age you may retire altogether from active business with a moderate competence, the amount of which you know beforehand as accurately as your present income.

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But if there are special advantages in Government service, there are also special disadvantages to be taken into account. To enter the public service is necessarily to make a large sacrifice of independence; it is to place yourself under inconvenient restraint, to submit to rules and regulations framed by others, and to be debarred, in many instances, from that liberty of action which citizens of a free country claim as their birthright. Having chosen to be a public servant, he must be only a public servant. He must give up all his days to the State. He cannot absent himself from office without permission; he can neither go where he likes, nor say what he likes, nor do what he likes. He cannot, even though he performs his official duties satisfactorily in office hours, devote himself to any other business or profession. He must not sit in Parliament. He must not trade or speculate. It is a question to what extent he may, without offence, write for the public press. He is liable to be called to account for the opinions which he expresses, and to be told that a servant of Government ought to exercise a discreet reticence, and to remember what he owes to the Government he serves. He may be the victim any day of vague charges and arbitrary judgments, and is scarcely less at the mercy of a single individual than if he were in private employment.

The pecuniary attractions not being sufficient to induce men of knowledge and ability of a high order to sacrifice their independence by entering the public service, it remains to be seen what other advantages there are to reconcile them to the scanty emoluments of Government employ. Is personal reputation to be gained? Are public honours within the reach of the public servant? The personal reputation gained by an able and industrious servant of Government seldom extends much beyond the walls of the public office in which he passes his life. He may help to make the reputation of half-a-dozen parliamentary statesmen; but he is fortunate, indeed, if he can make any reputation for himself. There is probably no position in life in which the *sic vos non vobis* principle is practically enunciated more thoroughly than in a public office. There may be occasional instances of the partial identification of irresponsible public servants with the paternity of public measures for which parliamentary statesmen have stood sponsors and gained the larger praise—Mr Deacon Hume, and one or two others of the same class, might be named as exceptional cases of rare good fortune in this respect. But the rule is to ignore utterly the services of the permanent functionaries of the State; they labour on from year's end to year's end, and are as little known to the world at the end as at the commencement of their career. A successful lawyer or a successful physician makes for himself a name, and is a marked man wherever he goes. Whatsoever he does well is a part of himself—no one can deprive him of it. But a public servant may fill whole Blue-books, and provide largely, by his own exertions, the materials of history, and yet be known, for his capacity, to no one beyond his own department of the State.

But if the public have not the means of recognising the individual merits of those who serve them, surely, it may be said, the Government know the individual merits of the men who serve them, and will not suffer good service to go unrecognised and unhonoured. But what, in such a case, *is* Government? It is a sounding name; but, practically, it is little more than a myth. If we try to personify it, it is just this: it is either the administrative agency that does the work of the State; or it is the little cluster of fluctuating parliamentary officials; or it is the Queen on the throne. The first are the men themselves whose services call for honorary reward—so they are out of the question. The second—that is, the responsible parliamentary Ministers of the day—might recognise meritorious service, and recommend it for honorary distinction; but, somehow or other, they do not. We have heard it said that any large acknowledgment of the services of the permanent *employés* of the Crown would be constructively a detraction from the

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value of the services rendered by the "responsible Minister"—that, in other words, it is the interest of the Minister to keep up the fiction of a single ministerial agent as distinguished from a numerical ministerial agency—and that, therefore, little credit is to be given to those who understand and who do the work of a department. But we attribute no such paltry motives to our great parliamentary leaders. The real fact we believe is, that the changes at the head of the different departments are so frequent, that the Minister knows little and cares little about those who work under him, until his tenure of office is at an end; and that party objects, rather than administrative ends, being generally uppermost in his mind, he has no great inducement to solicit honorary distinctions for those who have nothing to do with party—who, indeed, are precluded from taking any part in the faction-fights of the hour. The only hope, then, of the public service, is in the Sovereign herself. The day *may* come when that hope will be fulfilled.

That it has not *yet* been fulfilled is certain. Royal Calendars and Court Circulars tell the story. How many of the civil servants of the Crown have obtained honorary distinctions, after a life spent in the active service of the State? Military and naval officers are decorated every year, by scores. As a general rule, it may be said that the officer commanding a certain army, or a certain expedition, sends in the names of those whose regiments or ships have done good service, or who have distinguished themselves by some isolated act of gallantry. It is his privilege to name such officers in his despatches, and the Commander-in-Chief, or the War Minister in England, then recommends them for honorary distinction to the Crown. Everybody knows that there are certain specific rewards, such as brevet promotions, and the military Order of the Bath, set apart for those who fight their country's battles with swords, and muskets, and heavy guns. We have a high respect for men who are thus honourably distinguished. But has the State no other battles to be fought than those which are fought amidst the roar of artillery and the obscurity of sulphureous smoke? A military or naval officer is rewarded either because he displays personal courage in the field, or because he exhibits professional ability which enables him to apply the amount of military force at his disposal to the best possible use, or because he happens to be at a particular place, in a particular office, at a particular time. But if mere animal courage, or what is called "gallantry," of a somewhat higher order, is the quality recognised by the grant of Bath honours and brevet promotion, we are afraid that some of the remarks made by Mr Hosea Biglow, in his celebrated "Papers," about soldiers getting all the raps and officers all the honours, are not altogether impertinent. And if professional ability, or the right application to a particular purpose of the resources of the State, deserve honorary distinction in one line of Government employment, why not in another? A man leads his regiment into action, and the regiment does its duty in the face of the enemy. The commanding officer is made a C.B., or something higher. But perhaps the brother of this very colonel, who has made good use of his regiment, or, being in command of it, could not do otherwise than he did without running away, had been sitting in an office in London, pen in hand, working early and working late, to embark, to clothe, or to feed the whole army, of which his brother's regiment forms a part, and which never could have gone into the field at all without the successful exertions of the unrecognised civilian. The conclusion arrived at by the little Pippa, in Mr Browning's poem, is that

> "All service is the same with God—
> With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
> Are we, there is no last nor first."

But, in our country, the temporal Government establishes a law the very reverse of this, and service, to be recognised and rewarded, must be service of a particular kind. Perhaps in no other country is the agency by

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which the affairs of the State are managed regarded so absolutely as a vast machine. It is not a machine, but a body of thinking, striving men, with flesh and blood, feelings and appetences, and each with as strong an individual character as the one recognised "responsible" chief, whose personality is acknowledged by the Crown—a body of men who, doubtless, do well under the present depressing system, but who would do far better if it were not for the feeling that they are regarded only in the concrete as the machinery of the State.

It is not otherwise than a laudable ambition, that men should desire, in some shape or other, the notice of their sovereign; the instinct is one that ought not to be suppressed. But, under the existing system, we are afraid that it very soon is suppressed in the public departments, for want of the stimulus of encouragement. We are aware that some eminent civil servants of the Crown have received the civil order of the Bath, but the instances are so few, and these few, by reason of certain personal or party connections, so suspicious, that we can say little more of them than that the exception proves the rule. Again, how few are they whom royalty delights to honour, even with a passing glance of recognition! Read the lists of those honoured with invitations to balls and concerts at the Palace. The guests are numerous, and not very select; but among the many hundreds assembled on these occasions, how few of the permanent public servants of the Crown are to be found; and of those few it may in many instances be surmised that they do not owe their invitations solely to their public services. It may be said that an invitation to a ball is a poor object of ambition. Doubtless it is so in itself; and, moreover, a nuisance to have to respond to it by personal attendance. But regarded as a mark of respect either to his office or to himself, every public servant of the Crown may laudably appreciate the distinction. And we may be sure that a public functionary will not work less zealously for knowing, or for believing, that when the head of the Government stamps her royal approbation upon his work (and this headship of the Government is no constitutional fiction), she has some notion of the hand, or the brain rather, that wrought it.

It has now, we think, been distinctly shown that, the real work of Government being done by the permanent civil servants of the Crown, it is a matter of the highest importance to the nation that these permanent civil servants should be men of first-rate administrative capacity; but that, under the existing system, the encouragement is so small that such men are with difficulty to be obtained; and if obtained, are, for want of the ordinary stimulants to exertion, seldom kept up to the full athletic standard of their personal efficiency. It is a great point that we should see clearly the nature of the evil; and if we have succeeded in doing that, we have not written in vain. But a few words may be said about the very obvious remedies which doubtless have suggested themselves to every reader who has followed us thus far in our investigation of the pathology of the disease. In the first place, no reform of the administrative system of the country can be complete, which does not recognise the necessity of emancipating the several administrative departments of the State from the absolute and arbitrary dictatorship of parliamentary chiefs, shifting and changing with every vicissitude of party. There may be some difficulty in this, but it is not impossible. Larger control over administrative details might be given to, and more direct responsibility vested in, the permanent head of a department. The necessity of every one responsible to Parliament—that is, to the country—having a seat and a voice in Parliament, is a conventional idea, but it is by no means a substantial fact. We have already shown that the tendency of the present system of ministerial responsibility is to obscure rather than to enlighten; because the real responsibility lies in one direction, the nominal responsibility in another. It would not be so if the permanent head of a

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department were held directly responsible to the nation for the efficiency of the office over which he presides. He alone can secure that efficiency; and therefore, full power over all executive details and all executive officers should be vested in him. If matters go wrong, it should be his business to investigate and report upon the cause of the maladministration, and clearly to indicate the offending parties, so that every man, down to the lowest, may be responsible for the work that he does. The internal management of the department, indeed, should be entirely in the hands of the permanent chief. For among the many causes of defective administration, there is not one, perhaps, more fatal to the general efficiency of a department, than those frequent changes in the manner of doing official business, which are almost inseparable from the condition of an office subject to the individual caprices of a succession of parliamentary chiefs.

Increasing the power and the responsibility of the permanent chief of the office, and in a corresponding degree of the different minor departmental chiefs, we would at the same time increase the scale of remuneration, so as to assimilate the rewards of efficient public employment more nearly to the prizes of private professional success. It is a bad state of things when a man has nothing further to look forward to; when in the prime of life, and in the full vigour of his intellect, he finds that he has reached the maximum of success, and that, do what he may, there is no professional advancement for him. But this is the condition of a large number of Government *employés*. They have reached to the highest position, and are in the enjoyment of the highest salary attainable in their department, short of those of the permanent chief of the office. They know that so long as they do their work respectably they will retain their appointments and draw their salaries; but the stimulus to extraordinary exertion being altogether wanting, it is not strange if they drowse away year after year, fine specimens of official mediocrity. It is admittedly advantageous to the public service that men of mature years, full experience, and proved capacity, should be induced to take office, not as a crude experiment (as in early youth), but for the sake of turning certain ascertained special qualifications to account for the benefit of the State. An Act of Parliament, passed last session, especially provides for such cases, so far as the superannuation rules are concerned. A man entering the public service, on account of special qualifications, late in life—or, as the Act phrases it, "on account of professional or other peculiar qualifications not ordinarily to be acquired in the public service," "at an age exceeding that at which public service ordinarily begins"—may now be allowed to count any number of years, not exceeding twenty, in addition to his actual period of service, in calculating the amount of his claims to the superannuation allowance. This is, doubtless, a very salutary provision so far as it goes. But, unless a man goes in for a gross job, he does not think much of superannuation allowances when he enters the public service. It is more to the point for him to know that, after a certain number of years of good service, he may obtain an increase of his effective salary. We hold, therefore, that in the higher as in the lower grades of the Civil Service there should be an increasing scale of official salaries; the increase not being demandable as a right, but obtainable as the reward of testified efficiency.

We come now to the subject of honorary distinctions, the attainment of which is in all cases a stimulus to exertion. Stating the nature of the complaint, we have necessarily indicated the character of the remedy; but still a few words more may be said. What the Civil Service requires is a more clearly defined social position, and a more open recognition of good service. We do not very clearly see why there should not be a classification of civil, as of military and naval officers—why the permanent civil servants of the Crown should not be distributed in different ranks, each rank giving certain social precedence. Good service, in such case, might entitle a man to promotion from one rank to another; and in special

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cases, the Order of the Bath might be conferred, and with good advantage, more frequently than at present. It is worthy of consideration whether an outgoing Minister might not, on leaving office, be called upon to record a minute expressive of the estimate he has formed of the value of the assistance rendered to him by the principal officers of his department. Why should not the Civil Service have their gazettes, from time to time, like their military and naval brethren?

If the public require, as they unquestionably do, the best servants in the world, they ought to be the best masters in the world. But it is very questionable whether they take proper steps to obtain the best servants. They have a vague impression that they are not well served, and every now and then there is an unmeaning cry against one of the public departments, or against some unfortunate statesman who happens accidentally to be at its head. And then there is a demand for "the right men in the right places;" but no one suggests that the way to get the right men is to hold out sufficient inducements for them to enter the public service, and sufficient encouragement for them to work zealously and energetically when they are in it. But a profession, in which neither wealth nor honour is to be obtained, is hardly one that can command the best available capacity in the market. The command, however, of this capacity is at the bottom of all cheap, as of all good government. The prizes of the public service should be the highest drawn by the intelligence of the nation. An incapable public servant may cost the country more in a year than it would require to command the services of scores of capable men for a quarter of a century. Financial reform does not consist in reducing public salaries, any more than administrative reform consists in depreciating public men. If we want our work done cheaply and well, we must elevate the public service. At present it appears to us to be unwisely and unjustly depressed. The real working members of the great Government firm are not in their proper position; and until they are, although the work may be, as we believe it is, done well, the Administration of the country cannot attain to that point of vigorous efficiency which might be reached under a better system.

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RAMBLES AT RANDOM IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

COULD those whose scientific discoveries have rendered them the greatest benefactors to humanity, have foreseen, in all their varied effects, the results of their inventions, and perceived exactly the extent of that influence which they were destined to exercise over the fortunes of posterity, the satisfaction of having carried their exertions to a successful issue would have doubtless been enhanced tenfold. In what light, under these circumstances, the prophetic eye of honest James Watt would have regarded the flood of light literature with which the world is now deluged may be a matter of speculation, but he would have little difficulty in perceiving in it one of the results of his great discovery, since the performance of journeys in railways and steamers conduces largely not only to the reading but the writing of books. If you doubt this, and want a practical evidence of its truth, cross the Atlantic, travel three thousand miles by railway, devour in the cars piles of "sensation novels" at 25 cents each, by eminent American authors, and on your return write "The Englishman in America," being an account of your own sensations in that land of liberty, and you will find, just as your original work appears, that half-a-dozen other Englishmen are advertised as doing precisely the same thing. Still don't be dismayed; if ever there was a country that would bear writing about, it is America. In the first place, you can always take up the cudgels on one side or the other in any of the great social problems which are being resolved there, and which are deeply interesting to the world at large. Its institutions offer a wide field for speculation and criticism. Scarcely any two travellers agree in their general impressions; the consequence is, that they wax warm in support of the cause they espouse, and that always amuses the world at large, far more than descriptions of Alpine scenery, or European capitals, or Italian picture-galleries. If, then, you do not aspire to be a Barth, a Livingstone, or a Burton, and have not imagination enough for a "sensation novel," let me recommend your visiting the Southern States of America, and espousing enthusiastically the cause of the slave proprietors, like the Hon. Miss Murray, garnishing with facetious woodcuts, like her namesake, the Hon. Henry. Or if you have talent enough, take up the opposite side; but it is more hacknied, and therefore difficult to be original, unless, indeed, you happen to have heard at Brooklyn one of the Rev. Mr Beecher's political sermons, and taken shorthand notes of it:—such a one, for instance, as he preached upon the Sunday following the last presidential election, when he taunted Mr Preston Brooks with cowardice for not daring to cross the frontier and fight a duel with a chivalrous partisan of Mr Sumner's who challenged him. The particular passage in which this announcement was made, would, of course, not have so strikingly original an effect in a book as it had from the pulpit, but some of his expressions would be telling anywhere. Slavery is only one of many questions of interest in America, and no man of ordinary intelligence or observation will find any lack of material, or much difficulty in handling it differently from his neighbours. Moreover, in so progressive a country there is always something to describe which is altogether new. Towns rising into importance on the borders of civilisation, young emporia of a newly-developed trade; experiments in cultivation, discoveries of minerals, extension of railways, opening of canals, and the formation of new territories, with all the disorders incidental to infancy and childhood: insubordinate youngsters, they early become much troubled with internal commotions, and are perpetually, with much clamour, striving for the privileges of manhood, while still in short-clothes. All this there is to write about, and indeed all this is yearly written about, but still the public of England are in a very gross state of ignorance upon the subject. They seem to owe their knowledge

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of Georgia to Mr Arrowsmith, and of Alabama to Lucy Neal, it is generally so very vague. In talking of the respective capitals of these States the other day—viz., Augusta and Montgomery—I was asked whether she (Augusta Montgomery) was pretty! Under these circumstances, as long as there is anybody who will read, let all of us who have been in the United States keep on writing about them: let those who understand the mysteries of a presidential election discourse learnedly upon caucus meetings and Pollywog conventions, and explain how it was that Pennsylvania turned the scale in Buchanan's favour, and discuss, in '56, Seward's chances next time; though it is to be said, in justice to the *Times'* Correspondent, that a better account was given of that election than of any previous one, and it is the fault of the public themselves if they are not "posted up" on the subject. Those who have emigrated to the States should certainly give us the benefit of their experiences, otherwise the world will believe, not that Mr Beste proved himself utterly unfitted to be a settler on the Wabash, but that the Wabash is a river utterly unfitted for settlement. An interesting book might also be written upon the various phases of theological opinion in the United States. In a country where such creeds as Mormonism and Spiritualism exist, there is evidently a wide scope for freedom of thought on subjects which, in our own country, are generally left to the contemplation of those who are paid to think about them for us. The influence of this liberty, and the extent of its present development, has scarcely been sufficiently noticed by travellers, or its effects upon coming generations considered. For my own part, I shall refrain at present from entering into any such abstruse considerations; and availing myself of those excuses which I have endeavoured to make for my fellow-scribblers on the same subject, I will jot down a few random recollections of my random ramblings to one or two nooks and corners a little out of their beaten track.

There is a pleasant land, for instance, which I never remember to have read about, not far from the sea-shore of a celebrated Southern State, watered by the Wacamaw, Great Peedee, and Winiyaw, noble rivers, whose names were new to me, but upon whose waters steamers actively ply, bearing to the ocean the rich produce of their shores. A land it is of johnny-cakes and waffles, hoe-cakes and hominy, very agreeable to look back upon. A belt of pine-barrens, fifty miles broad, intervenes between it and the nearest railway—a most dreary tract to traverse, along deep sandy roads, through an interminable forest of pines, where the only variety is that some are notched for turpentine, and some are not. Turpentine oozes everywhere; even the trees that are not gashed seem to be weeping tears of turpentine for their unhappy comrades, whose gaping wounds are all mortal. The whole of this district is uninhabited, except by a few miserable specimens of white humanity, whose occupation is collecting turpentine, who are said to possess an unnatural craving for a clay diet, and who are popularly known as "crackers," but whose gaunt aspect and haggard vacant countenances induce one to suppose that they might with greater truth be called "cracked." A little farther north this region sinks into the Peedee and Great Dismal Swamps,

> "Where Will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine
> In bulrush and in brake,
> Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
> And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
> Is spotted like the snake;
> Where hardly a human foot would pass,
> Or a human heart would dare;"

but over which now the cars rattle with shrill whistle, and the trestle on which they run, high above the tops of the highest trees, trembles beneath them; and as you look out of the window there is nothing between your eye and the morass but the pointed summits of the waving pines. It is at this point that the tourists of our own country listen intently for the bay of blood-hounds, and crane eagerly from the window, expecting to see some equivalent of Dred dashing madly through the fen, and after him the field in full cry. Or if it be at night, they look for "the fire of the midnight camp,"

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and, failing to discover it, call Mrs Stowe an impostor, pull their night-caps over their eyes, and dream of anything but of getting out, as I did at two o'clock on a pitch-dark morning, at a solitary log-hut, in the midst of that dreary region, where the cars stopped for about five seconds. In these swamps the above-named rivers rise, and after a winding course approach the sea, and near it fertilise a vast extent of alluvial country, where the rice-fields extend to the distant woods, and on the river-banks neat comfortable mansions of opulent planters are situated, with lawns reaching down to the water, surrounded by well-tended gardens, and sheltered by noble trees; while, a little way back, a street of negro houses, like a country village, contains their living store of the material wealth of the proprietor. Broad-grinning visages greet you merrily as you pass through it; and if the occasion of your arrival is that also of the master, after his absence during the summer months, great is the commotion which is created; all the field-hands come trooping in to welcome him; the old and decrepid hobble out of their cabins; and the juvenile portion of the population, under charge of a stalwart matron, are drawn up, a somewhat mutinous-looking assemblage of curly heads; and a shaking of hands commences, beginning with the master, and going through all his own family, and then on to the guest, so that by the time the latter has grasped 300 hands, whose owners are of both sexes, of every age, and are reeking at the moment with the effects of every description of manual labour, he is abundantly satisfied with the evidences of their good-will. That this scene necessarily takes place every autumn is one of the greatest drawbacks to the possession of property in this part of the country. But so it is. Every spring the owners of all these plantations are compelled, by the unhealthiness of the climate during the summer months, to vacate their houses, leaving their rice-fields to the care of a sickly fever-eaten European overseer, to betake themselves to the gaieties of the Virginia springs, or Newport, or, crossing the Atlantic, to swell the crowd of Continental tourists, until the first frost proclaims the setting-in of the cool weather, and the extinction of those noxious influences which the malaria of the lowlands of South Carolina exercise upon all but the negro. Even Mr Olmsted, the stanch advocate of white labour in the Southern States, can scarcely deny the necessity here of the African race as cultivators of the soil. If you see a faint tinge of colour in the usually blanched cheek of a European child, and compliment the mother upon its comparatively healthy appearance, she will probably answer, "Yes, sir, he missed fever this season;" and even then the family has been living either in pine-woods or on the sea-beach, as being more healthy than the plantation, and the overseer has had a long ride to and from his day's work. But when that deadly season is over, families come flocking back, and open the doors of the hospitable houses which have been closed for six months past, and the traveller who has the good fortune to enter them may thank his lucky stars, and find that his lines have fallen in pleasant places. If life on a slave plantation is new to him, and he arrives with the notion popular in England upon the subject, he will find the occupation interesting of becoming practically acquainted with the working of what Americans call "our peculiar institution." If his host be a good master, he will have an opportunity of seeing it in operation under its most favourable aspect; and whatever may have been his preconceived notions upon the matter, he will find himself driven to the conclusion, that however indefensible, in a moral point of view, he may conceive slavery to be, it may be made to conduce to a degree of happiness and contentment in the slave, as much beyond the ordinary experience of the peasantry of free countries, as is that opposite extreme of misery and distress which the same system is no less liable to involve. It is its peculiarity, that in its operation it embraces the most widely different results. It is seldom, however, that the traveller has an opportunity of witnessing for himself the more flagrant abuses of slavery; the probability being that his

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friend is a gentleman and a humane master, or else he would not have made his acquaintance, and become his guest. I have often regretted that no tyrant, or even commonly cruel master, ever asked me to stay with him; but it is not easy to be honoured by an invitation from such a quarter, because, in all likelihood, such a man and the friends whose guest you are, are not intimate, or, perhaps, even not on speaking terms. To stroll, then, through the negro houses, to visit one which is set apart as an hospital, and others which contain curious fossil specimens of negro humanity, whose working days have been past for thirty years, and who have all that time been pensioned and cared for by their master and his wife, upon whose heads they have just strength and sense enough left to mumble blessings as he enters; to listen to others, not yet so far advanced in dotage, recall reminiscences of three or four generations back of the family to which they have belonged for nearly a century; to pass on to the other extreme, and inspect the nursery, where the juvenile community are grinning and rioting and driving their elderly guardian to despair; to extend our walk into rice-fields, and watch all the papas and mammas of these little urchins at work, the former taking it uncommonly easily, and the latter perpetually giggling over jokes known to themselves, and very ready to shake hands upon all occasions, and afterwards to titter and blush unseen;—to go through an experience of this sort on divers plantations, will, to say the least of it, conduce to a certain modification of the idea which possesses most of my countrymen, that misery is the rule, and happiness the exception, with the negro in the Southern States of America. Latterly, no doubt, in consequence of a series of revivals, the result of perpetual camp-meetings, the negroes have assumed a certain air of solemn gravity and sobriety, a good deal at variance with the natural vivacity of their dispositions—a characteristic, however, which they never manage effectually to smother. On some plantations in South Carolina they had, at the period of my visit, given up dancing, held constant prayer-meetings, and never sang anything but their own sacred compositions. These chants break with their pleasant melody the calm stillness of evening, as we glide down the broad bosom of the Wacamaw, and our crew with measured stroke keep time to the music of their own choruses. The words, however, are more original than the music. Here are specimens taken down as they were sung:—

"Oh I takes my text in Matthew,
And some in Revelation;
Oh I know you by your garment—
There's a meeting here to-night."

This is the entire effusion, and is constantly repeated, the last line being the chorus; some, however, are more elaborate:—

"In that morning, true believers,
In that morning
We will sit aside of Jesus
In that morning.
If you should go fore I go,
In that morning,
You will sit aside of Jesus
In that morning.
True believers, where your tickets
In that morning?
Master Jesus got your tickets
In that morning."

And so on, with a number of variations, often extempore, but with the same refrain ever recurring, and joined in by all. Sometimes the metre is less regular, as—

"I want to sing as the angels sing,
Daniel;
I want to pray as the angels pray,
Daniel;
I want to shout as the angels shout,
Daniel.
Oh Lord, give me the eagle's wing.
What time of day, Daniel?
In the lions den, Daniel?
I want to pray, Daniel.
Oh Lord, give me the eagle's wing."

The sense of the above is more difficult than usual to discover, and affords some notion of the superficial character of their knowledge of Scripture. Here is one, however, where a definite idea is intended to be conveyed. It is supposed to be sung by a believer on his deathbed, and the air is singularly touching:—

"Master Jesus, send for me—
Lord, I must go;
Dem archangels send for me—
Lord, I must go.
Fare de well, my broders—
Lord, I must go;

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General Jesus, send for me—
Lord, I must go.
Fare de well, my sisters—
Lord, I must go.
Weeping Mary, send for me—
Lord, I must go;
Sister Martha, send for me—
Lord, I must go."

Generally, indeed, the airs were appropriate to the spirit of the composition; some of them were sung with great vehemence and unction, and from the excitement of tone and manner, the susceptibility of the negro to appeals of this nature to his devotional instincts was evident. The sacred names were generally screamed rather than sung, with an almost ecstatic fervour. The two following were clearly great favourites:—

"The heavenly bell is ringing loud,
I wish it was ringing for me;
Broders walking to New Jerusalem,
Sisters walking to New Jerusalem,
Doubters walking to New Jerusalem.
Oh the heavenly bell is ringing loud,
I wish it was ringing for me;
Sarah's walking to New Jerusalem,
Elias' walking to New Jerusalem,
Heroes walking to New Jerusalem.
Oh the heavenly bell," &c. &c.

And—

"Broders, don't you hear the horn?
Yes, Lord, I hear the horn;
The horn sounds in jubilee.
Sisters, don't you hear the horn?
Yes, Lord, I hear the horn;
The horn sounds from door.
Mourners, don't you hear the horn?
Yes, Lord, I hear the horn;
The horn sounds like broder Tony's horn."

It does not require the last line of the latter composition to prove its originality; indeed, all of them differ very much from the Nigger Melodies, popularly so called, both in the character of the music and words. Nor does any attempt at rhyme enter into their construction. The most important consideration, however, connected with the spread of this devotional spirit by which the negro is apparently so much influenced, is how far it practically affects his daily walk and conversation; nor have my inquiries on this point, I regret to say, been satisfactory. The exhortation which I once heard proceed from the lips of a negro preacher, when holding forth with great earnestness to his sable congregation in another part of the country, would be as much to the purpose here as it was there: "Oh my deary bredren," he ejaculated, "don't waste your precious lives in drink, or dash dem away in adultery!"

If, beguiled by these dulcet strains, we push our aquatic expedition farther than usual, we reach at length the little port of Georgetown, to which the tradition alone remains of its former importance, when the first colonists from England made it their seat of government. Now, it lives upon the necessities of the neighbouring planters, and is a dull unhealthy place, containing about two thousand inhabitants. It is, however, conveniently situated on the Winiyaw for the export of the productions of the surrounding country, about eighteen miles from the sea. Steamers ply to Charleston, which they reach in ten or twelve hours. But it is not necessary to pass through Georgetown to reach the sea; there is a short cut from most of the plantations through a belt of pine forest to the shore, which differs materially from what is called the beach, inasmuch as the latter consists of a bank of sand separated from the pine-fringed shore by a narrow lagoon, which must be crossed in order to reach the summer-houses of the planters, who find that this strip of water importantly affects the salubrity of the climate, and whose wooden erections are consequently placed on the sand, with the sea-spray almost beating into the front windows, and the waters of the lagoon washing their back-stairs—the whole arrangement presenting a very desert-island aspect indeed; and at this season, except for curiosity, there is no object in visiting it. A more profitable way of spending the declining hours of day is to explore the neighbourhood, driving or riding among the surrounding plantations, or to navigate, under pleasant guidance, the numerous channels which connect the large streams, and which afford a convenient mode of intercommunication; or, for the sake of variety, to sit with a gun upon the ridge of a rice-field; and as dense flocks of wild-ducks, of numerous varieties, come winding past in long single-file, or, closing their ranks, settle in dense masses, with

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noisy quack and flutter, all round you, to provide for the larder until it becomes so dark that, though you can hear them paddling and scuffling about in a most tantalising proximity, you are compelled to relinquish your occupation with regret.

Meantime we grieve to say that we must allow no attractions of this or any other sort to induce us to prolong our stay: the time has come when we must steel our breasts against all hospitable entreaties, and once more prepare ourselves to undergo afresh the usual experience of American travel—to pass some nights to come in the state-rooms of river steamboats, and on the uncomfortable seats of crowded cars; to eat a series of dinners at gaunt hotels, at the risk of dying of indigestion; to swallow incredible quantities of boiling-hot oyster-soup at miserable stations; to be jostled in omnibuses, through large towns, from one terminus to another, and then to find that the connection has been broken, and that we are condemned to pass the six small hours of the cold morning on a platform, waiting to start; to imbibe innumerable drinks, at divers bars, of infinite variety of composition, with a miscellaneous succession of travelling companions, whom we are continually fraternising and parting with, as we each follow our respective routes; to run off the rails at one place; to be nearly burnt in a steamer loaded with cotton in another; to become reconciled at last to all our miseries, and quite sorry that the journey is over, because we have performed the last half of it with some really charming family, and have laughed in company at what we groaned at alone. All these are, I say, incidents of American travel, more or less of which all who venture upon that species of excitement may be prepared to expect.

. . . . . .

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley."

Rich though that valley is, and very smiling to look upon, it is not now my intention to wander among its verdant meadows, or tarry with substantial farmers on their well-stocked homesteads, but merely to introduce to the reader the home of Evangeline's youth, ere we follow her footsteps on her distant wanderings; for it so happened that, storm-stayed on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and unable to cross it, I was once compelled to traverse its eastern margin, and thus visited the scene which Longfellow has invested with a melancholy interest, not then imagining that I was journeying in the track of that band of exiles who,

"Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune,
Sought for their kith and kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast and the prairies of fair Opelousas."

Few probably besides ourselves have ever started from that secluded little valley to visit those distant prairies; fortunately I did not wander on so sad a quest.

"Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré."

It is replaced by a thriving English settlement under another name, and not many miles off. The prosperous town of Windsor is rising into importance, and the terminus of a railway; while through the village that stands on the site of Grand Pré, a coach-road leads to Annapolis, and affords one of the prettiest drives in "Acadie, home of the happy," for such it still is, though they are chiefly British and not French happy. Still a remnant exists of its French population; and here and there an old house, "*with frames of oak and of chestnut, such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reigns of the Henries,*" bears witness to the nationality of its founder. They are, however, generally replaced by the substantial mansions of the prosperous Nova Scotian farmer, whose fields extend for many a rood in every direction, and evidence an amount of enterprise and industry which, I fear me, the countrymen of Evangeline could never hope to rival. But, happy though the scenes of her childhood were, the maiden in search of her lover was destined to traverse with a heavy heart others still more attractive.

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"On the banks of the Têche are the towns of St Maur and St Martin;
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

Thither let us follow her, and judge of it for ourselves: to reach it we must cross the delta of the Mississippi, and thread the innumerable channels, called Bayous, by which that father of waters, percolating through its own vast alluvial deposits, finds its outlets to the sea. Some idea of the extent of this delta may be formed from the fact, that a railway extends from New Orleans for about seventy miles into the heart of it, passing all the way through a flat and marshy country, where the tangled roots of lofty trees twist themselves into the mud, and a thick underwood renders any attempt to penetrate the gloomy recesses of the forest impossible. Sometimes it crosses a moving prairie, impassable for passengers except by the railway, which is supported on piles. Occasionally a deer, startled by the scream of the engine, dashes through the thicket —an unusual sight from the window of a railway carriage. Few evidences of human habitation are there, nor does the time seem ever likely to come when human enterprise will have overcome the difficulties that nature opposes to the conversion of these swamps into arable land. Here and there a rise of the ground has been taken advantage of, and the neat house of the planter, embowered in orange-trees loaded with golden fruit, and surrounded by a few acres of sugar plantation, show that energy is not wanting to do more, were it possible. And as the country improves, and alters slightly in character, and the bayous become more numerous and important, these plantations occur more frequently upon their banks; and then it is that we begin to discover that the same hospitality which we have already experienced on the rice-lands of South Carolina, will be cordially extended to us on the sugar plantations of Louisiana. As we are now beyond railways, we are compelled to pay our visits by water, and explore in a boat the labyrinth of bayous by which we are encompassed. The character of the vegetation is totally different from anything to which we are accustomed; the beautiful live oak fans with its quivering leaves the glassy surface of the bayou; the waving cypress, here the most valuable tree of the forest, fringes its margin; the sweet gum and common oak, smothered in creepers and Spanish moss, raise their lofty summits, and "*look like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic— stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.*" The yellow hickory and fan-leaved palmetto and graceful cane conceal the sturdy trunks of the larger trees, which, meeting overhead, form an almost impenetrable shade as we glide beneath them: alligators in numbers bask on the banks like stranded logs; bright-plumaged birds glance among the branches, and vie in their plumage with bright-coloured flowers. These were the bayous which the Acadian exiles threaded, and the description of which I recalled with interest as I passed among them.

"They too swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hung on the walls of ancient cathedrals."

This moss is the most striking feature of the forest scenery. It clothes the whole woods in a garment of sober grey, so that at a distance the absence of vivid colouring almost pains the eye, and gives a sombre tone to the scenery. But I found an additional source of interest in following the windings of these waters; for as the Mississippi loses itself at last by means of these almost countless little channels, so it has its origin in a quantity of rivulets, no less numerous, flowing from the host of small lakes with which that part of Minnesota called the Hauteurs des Terres is thickly dotted. Some of

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these same lakes, and tiny feeders of this mighty river, it had been my lot to explore two years previously in a bark canoe, when following, not the wanderings of Evangeline, but the hunting-trips of Hiawatha, I travelled

"On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the big sea water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the pictured rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape."

And then, in the track of his

"Magic mocassins of deerskin,"

saw the head-waters of the Mississippi glancing between fringes of birch and alder, or shooting over rapids beneath dark pine-woods, until at last I came

"To the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."

All these parent streams of the Mississippi, for more than half a year, are bound in fetters of ice; now, after uniting and bearing for upwards of two thousand miles the rich and varied produce of the longest valley in the world, they approach "the region where reigns perpetual summer," and, once more separating, each offshoot follows with sluggish current its tortuous course to the sea, as though loth to terminate an existence which has been so beneficial to humanity.

Occasionally these lanes of water contract into very narrow limits, and look black beneath the dense shade of interweaving boughs, and we seem to be paddling into some region of mystery and perpetual night; but really these gloomy avenues conduct us to a bright land; and the words of the poem might have been literally applied to us, as the Atchafalaya, partaking more of the character of a lake than a bayou, burst upon our gaze.

"Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun; the Lake of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber."

These shores have doubtless lost much of their wild beauty, now that pleasant cottages and plantations dot their margin, and here and there a thriving village, of which one will ere long be reached by a railway; and already between them, and up many of the neighbouring bayous, steamers ply, and form the great means of communication of the sugar planters.

The branch of its waters noted as the most beautiful is the Bayou Têche: as it is thickly bordered with plantations, numerous steamers pass up and down its gentle stream. We embark in one of them, and observe with astonishment a succession of handsome residences situated in the midst of tastefully laid-out grounds, where the extensive collection of negro houses, and the thousands of well-cultivated acres extending far and wide, betoken the opulence of the proprietors. For more than twenty miles we follow the windings of the bayou, and upon either bank, except in the far distance where the forest skirts the horizon, we perceive not a rood of uncultivated ground. It is a scene of comfort and advanced civilisation so unexpected, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves of its reality. We are almost on the borders of Texas, in a region popularly believed to be inhabited by Indians, who ride on mustangs, and are perpetually fighting with surrounding Chicktaws, Chocktaws, Cherokees, or Creeks, but, so far from that being the case, not an Indian is visible; and we perceive evidences of refinement, which, with every revolution of the paddle-wheels, make us more ashamed of our former ignorance, and increase our wonder. Nor is that diminished when, as daylight fades, we reach the private wharf of an opulent planter, to whom we are introduced by our friend, who informs him that he has brought an Englishman to pay him a visit; and without further notice,

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and in the most natural way in the world, we at once become partakers of his hospitality, and capital quarters they prove to be. The family is large, but there is plenty of room for strangers besides. We have a luxurious bedroom, with a pier-glass, an elaborately arranged toilet-table, and a soft bed, with warm curtains and carpets, and a jovial fire crackling, with bubbling kettle near it; for this is the middle of winter, and though the days are warm and genial, fires are pleasant at night: and when we find ourselves shown into this apartment of luxury, a sort of Belgravian negro, well got up in a neat livery, informs us when dinner will be ready, and leaves us to dress for it, we are filled with dismay when we remember that our small black bag contains all that we could have supposed necessary for the wilds of Western Louisiana, and that in the category we never dreamt of including a black coat. However, we have travelled too much to be easily daunted; so we boldly descend, and make our appearance in a handsomely furnished drawing-room, where ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen are assembled, and where we enjoy for the rest of the evening all the amenities of society. It is indeed late before we retire, for we have plunged deep into the Kansas question, and I have enough to do to hold my own, for my opponents are temperate, sensible, and liberal men, and southerners of that kidney are formidable in argument. It is to be regretted, for their own sakes, that the violent language of so many of their number is such as to justify in a great degree the popular opinion entertained of their rabid intolerance, which is not, indeed, greater than that of the North, but which, in the eyes of Englishmen, does not find that excuse which is accorded to the opposite party, from a natural sympathy with the cause which they espouse.

Our kind host, determined to lose no time in doing the honours of the neighbourhood, has already planned an expedition for the morrow, and immediately after breakfast we start in a carriage, with a good pair of horses, to visit some plantations further up the bayou. The road is excellent, enclosed by neat fences, on which huge Turkey buzzards perch themselves; now and then passing through belts of wood and pleasantly shaded, but generally between hedges of Cherokee rose in full bloom, beyond which the extensive plains of turned-up soil are dotted with negroes planting cane. Every mile or so we pass, embowered in orange groves, the house of a planter, whose character I get the negro coachman, a garrulous and willing informer, to furnish, and who is generally favourable, but who now and then inveighs with vehemence against some notorious oppressor, who, he informs you, allows his passion to triumph to such a degree over his pocket that he will give a thousand dollars for you one day and kill you "jes like snake de nex." After we have passed through the neat and pretty little town of Franklyn, the character of the country begins to change: hitherto all the cultivated plains we have crossed were originally forest; now, however, we drive over soft turf, where the flowers form a brightly variegated carpet, or else mingle with the long waving grass.

"Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn,"

for now we have entered the "fair Opelousas;" these are its "*prairies and forests of fruit-trees, and under the feet a garden of flowers.*" Far into Texas, even to the country of the wild Comanches, these prairies extend without a check. But we are near the towns of St Maur and St Martin; we have speedily accomplished thirty-five miles, and man and beast stand in need of refreshment. In a country of such abundance there is no difficulty in finding it, and we drive up to the door of a house, the construction of which evidences comparative antiquity: it belongs to a fine old Frenchman—a noble specimen of the old school of French noblesse—tottering and feeble in years, but every inch a gentleman. He does the honours of his house with a quiet dignity; his bustling wife, many years his junior, bestirs herself to set before us a sumptuous repast, and

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negroes and negresses crowd round in anxious attendance. Meantime the old man, with great gusto, having a stranger for a listener, fights the battle of New Orleans over again, in which he bore a distinguished part against the British. Declining his hospitable invitation to prolong our stay, we are once more *en route*, and, as the sun sets, are ferried across the Têche. The scene was one of inexpressible beauty. "*The sun from the western horizon, like a magician, extended his golden wand o'er the landscape; twinkling vapours arose, and sky and water and forest seemed all on fire at the touch, and mingled and melted together.*"

We found good quarters that night at the house of a prosperous young planter, and went over his sugar-houses. His good fortune had been somewhat greater than that of others in his neighbourhood, and the process of boiling was going on briskly. Generally the season of '56 had been deplorably bad, and some of the plantations, usually largely productive, did not yield a single hogshead of sugar; so that numbers of planters, with hundreds of acres in bearing, which usually yielded a net profit of from 50 to 75 dollars an acre, found themselves not only without an income, but seriously out of pocket. As we passed through sundry plantations on the following day, we stopped to inspect the process of grinding, as well as planting cane; in fact, the mysteries of sugar-manufacturing were fully explained; but I will give my readers credit for a fuller knowledge of the subject than I had at that time, and spare them a repetition of it. Should any one be tempted to investigate for themselves the details of Louisiana sugar-planting, and propose to explore its bayous, by all means let him have time enough at his disposal to be able to accept all the invitations he receives to stay on plantations, as, if he be a sportsman, he will find plenty of amusement. The waters teem with wild-duck, and the marshes with snipe. I only went out once into the woods, for about an hour, and got a shot at a deer, which it was my own fault I did not kill. Unfortunately, my time did not allow of my vindicating my character as a shot, and my experience was just sufficient to cause me to regret not being able to remain longer. Returning then down the waters of the Têche and Atchafalaya, I crossed from the Bayou Bœuf to the old French town of Thibodaux, on the Bayou Fourche, where, disappointed of any immediate means of conveyance, I was compelled to pass a night in a miserable public-house, where I was "roomed," or, in other words, put into the same room with, a rising medical practitioner, who, as his business was limited, was allowed to reside in the (so-called) hotel at a moderate rate, on condition of his receiving into it any stray traveller who might want half his bed when all the others were full. It seemed a hard thing in this free country not to be able to call one's bed one's own, but so it was; and in America it is evidently not the traveller only who becomes acquainted with strange bedfellows. The permanent occupant was out when I was shown into his room, and took possession of *his* arm-chair, lit *his* pipe, and proceeded to read one of *his* books before *his* fire, preparatory to turning into *his* bed, for much roughing has a good deal blunted the sensibility of my early days of travel on these points, when I used to prefer sleeping on the floor. Still, before putting out the light, I was anxious to see my companion for the night, for it must be admitted that being in bed, in the dark, with a man whom you have never beheld, is not an agreeable sensation. At all events, I was determined not to experience it, and so read steadily away at his well-thumbed Byron, where so many passages had been marked as to prove the volume a favourite with the owner, with whose name I became acquainted by a reference to the fly-leaf. I also amused myself by speculating upon the probable appearance of my unknown friend, by the help of sundry indications which his apartment contained: his clothes, which depended negligently from pegs, were decidedly of the shabby-genteel description; remnants of chewing-tobacco and broken pipes showed that he was a consumer of the fragrant weed in more ways than one. A couple of badly-executed daguerreotypes of rather pretty faces proved

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him to be an admirer of the fair sex —a certain lightness in the character of his books did not belie this suspicion; and the absence of any work on his own profession accounted to some extent for the smallness of his practice. The want of water in the jug and basin, and the battered stump of a tooth-brush lying in affectionate proximity to a piece of cracked yellow soap, that seemed to have split from extreme dryness, did not tempt me to depart from my usual rule in such cases, of retaining on my person, when I go to bed, some important articles of dress. At last the door opened, and in bounced my gentleman with a bludgeon in his hand: instead of using it, however, he made me a polite bow, hoped I had made myself at home, of which he had evidently no real doubt, took a chew, sat himself down on the corner of the table—for I occupied his own comfortable arm-chair, which was the only one in the room—and began to expectorate with an abstracted speculative air into the fire. I enveloped myself in clouds of tobacco smoke, and left the silence undisturbed. Not that either of us was in the least degree shy: he was preoccupied, and I was enjoying the situation too much to wish to disturb a quiet appreciation of it for a few moments. My companion was a short, dapper young man, more respectable-looking than I expected, and evidently, like Tittlebat Titmouse, accustomed to get himself up on very small means. At last he thought it worth while to ask how long I intended sharing his apartment, and then followed a host of very home questions indeed, to which I replied by gaining from him a short experience of a number of the former fellow-occupants of his room, and he gave me quite an interesting account of their various habits and characteristics. They were statistics of a most novel description, and I envied him the opportunities of making observations of human nature which his peculiar mode of life afforded him. He became gradually so loquacious and agreeable that I was getting quite reconciled to the idea of having him for a bedfellow, and beginning to enjoy, in anticipation, the sensation of being talked to sleep, when he started up, brandished his bludgeon, which turned out to be a policeman's baton, and informed me that I should have the bed to myself, as it was his night out to patrol the streets. The next morning, a little after daylight, as I walked down to the bayou to embark in a steamer, I met my friend returning to his room, very much as Box meets Cox under somewhat similar circumstances.

Thibodaux contains about two thousand inhabitants, and is interesting as a specimen of one of the early French towns that has scarcely changed for the last century. Along its whole extent the shores of the bayou bear all the evidences of a long-settled, thickly-populated country. There was not the same appearance of wealth as on the Bayou Têche, but a look of great ease and comfort. Creole maidens, with twined arms strolled beneath the orange-trees on the banks; patriarchs in summer-houses, in neat gardens, smoked their pipes and gazed on us as we puffed past. Vehicles of divers sorts passed along the well-kept roads between tidy fences, while, behind all, stretched acres of cane-fields. Every few hundred yards we stopped to take in cargo, principally consisting of molasses, sugar, or Spanish moss, which, packed in bales, is sent to be manufactured into stuffing for mattresses, chairs, &c. It has been found to answer all the purposes of horse-hair, and is becoming quite an important article of commerce.

We proceeded so slowly that the sun was setting over the pretty French town of Napoleon when we reached it, and it was midnight ere we found ourselves hurried along by the broad current of the Mississippi—

> "Where through the golden coast, and groves of orange and citron,
> Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward:
> Shaded by China trees in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
> Stand houses of planters, with negro cabins and dovecots."

Now, however, we find ourselves back once more on beaten ground,

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or rather water, and probably among the many steamers which rush by us are countrymen of our own, gazing at the landscape, and jotting down notes for their future works. In certain respects the experiences of all those who travel by steamers on the southern rivers must be the same; as they are used more for cargo than passengers, the convenience of the latter is made to give way to the former, and constant delays occur in consequence. Sometimes one is reconciled to these by the picturesque scenes which they involve. On the Alabama river especially, I have remained up nearly all night watching the bales of cotton chasing each other down steep slides from the top of a bank two hundred feet high, while uncouth figures, with huge flaring torches, light them on their headlong course; or, springing through the brushwood, wave firebrands aloft, or scream from above to those engaged in seizing the bales with grappling-irons, as they dash impetuously to the bottom, and piling bale above bale till they reach nearly the top of the funnel—a good forty feet above the water. As there is generally an opposition steamer just behind, despatch is the great object, and the workmen toil furiously: for this they are well paid; and I have seen free negroes and whites working together, and receiving wages at the rate of £120 a-year—a clear proof that at present, at all events, a negro who obtains his freedom need not be afraid of starving. This high rate of wage rather caused me to doubt the wisdom of what a negro once told me, who was on a remarkably well-managed plantation—viz. that slaves were fools if they wanted their liberty when they were under a good master. To be sure, he gave me to understand that a slave had in a great degree only himself to blame if he was not well off. "They'm poor ignorant critturs," he said, "don't know when 'em well off. Tink liberty make em happier—no, *sir*. 'Spose massa offer me my liberty to-morrow, I wouldn't take it—no, *sir*. More nor fifty people on our plantation wouldn't take dere liberty, 'spose you was to say to 'em, 'You free man, you go to debil.' Wife and I, we makes fifteen dollars a-month clar, one way and noder. 'Spose I say, 'Massa, I go away for a week,' massa darn't stop me; missis would fly at him—missis would—yes, *sir*. Massa more 'fraid of missis dan I am; dodges and hides from her jis like notting. Missis wery good to me, missis is."

"Well, but," I said, "suppose missis was to die?"

"Lor bress yer, massa wery good to me; on'y a little quick sometimes. Massa couldn't do notting widout me. I helped to raise him. In some tings I know, massa a baby—mus hab me alongside, dat for sartin."

"Ah; but suppose your master was to die too," I said, "and you became the property of a cruel man?"

"I wouldn't stay wid him; no, *sir*, not tree day—no, *sir*. Dere's no law in dis country for sech as me; dat's fac. We must make our own law. No cruel massa eber catch hold ob me and wife"—and he went on shaking his head, and looking so knowing and serious that he reminded me of a venerable raven; and I became curious to find out how he could help himself, so I asked him. "Well, you see," he said, "I saw tree people hung up by de neck once; I mighty riled; I tell ye dere's no law for such as me, dat's fac. De man you saw in de hotel jes now did it—saw him wid dese eyes. Well, 'spose dat man got hold ob me. I go into B——" (mentioning a neighbouring town), "whar I got friends—plenty gentlemen my friends dere; I wery respec'ble nigger. Not one ob dose gentlemen wouldn't gib 1000 dollars for me and wife—for de two of us. Why, fifteen years ago, massa refused 2000 dollars for us. Dat was when we fus married; now we getting old. But, Lor bress ye, eberybody in B—— knows me and wife, and I got two tree friends. Dey allers says to me, 'Tom, if ever you want to change massas, I got first bid.' Bress ye, you can't get a pair of specable niggers like me and wife ebery day."

"Well, but suppose your new master would not sell you?"

He gave a sly chuckle. "I know how to make him sell me;" and, like old Weller, he went off into a series of cachinations and explosions at the idea of his plan; but all my persua-

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sive powers were insufficient to induce him to disclose the deep-laid plot by which he maintained that he could always insure his own sale.

On the whole, however, I am inclined to think that my friend Tom was wrong in laying down as a rule that a negro was better off even with a good master than free, more particularly with the great demand for free labour which now exists in the South; and in this I am rather borne out by the more violent pro-slavery party. A New Orleans paper, for instance, says—"An end should also be put to the foolish, inconsistent, and dangerous practice of emancipation, except upon the condition that the free slave is taken into a free State;"—clearly showing that the free slave, enjoying, as he probably does, large wages, is a cause of envy to his neighbours. Again, "It should be made the interest of our free population in our midst to emigrate." This somewhat contradicts the argument of Southerns, that the slave is happier than the free negro. It is so in numerous instances, as far as a free negro in the North is concerned, and numbers of fugitives, finding it is so, return; but not as regards one in the South. But perhaps it is hardly fair in the moderate party of the South to quote against them the sentiments of those who push their extreme views into the absurdest inconsistencies. For instance, on the ground of want of moral perception, the negro is not allowed to give evidence against a white man; but, says a Southern paper,—

"The existing laws should be so modified as to admit of slave testimony (for what it is worth before a committing magistrate or jury) against white Abolition emissaries who may endeavour to stir them up to revolt; and, in certain emergencies, the mode of trial in such cases would better conserve the public safety by being more summary; there should be no more than a brief prayer and a hurried farewell between the detection of a white insurrectionist and the gallows."

Whatever may be the value of the testimony of the slave, civilised people will generally agree that it would be worth more than the justice of such a law. But the natural way of making that evidence available as against white insurrectionists, or white slave-owners, is to create, by education in the slave, a perception of his moral obligations. If, as is generally alleged, he is so obtuse that this process will never teach him to comprehend them, he must be too obtuse to learn his social rights either, and consequently education will not render him dangerous, while its application would remove one of the strongest arguments of the Abolitionists against slavery. If, on the other hand, he could be made to perceive his moral obligations, it is a sin not to instruct him in them, whatever might be the consequences. The following paragraph, however, contains the views of the paper already quoted on this subject; and we fear the writer is scarcely qualified to instruct the negro, or any one else, on the value of moral obligations:—

"In all cases of incipient or developed instruction, while the negro should be judged with some leniency, because he is ignorant and deluded, and spared, if possible, *because he is property*, his white leader and instigator should have no mercy and a short shrive at the hands of those whose wives and children, whose lives and fortunes, they would have deliberately and fiendishly sacrificed."

If the effect of a well-conducted system of education, carried out by the slave-owners themselves, would result in their own massacre, no stronger condemnation is required of their system. So far from that, however, being the case, I believe that the more the slaves were educated by their masters, the more valuable property (to adopt the high moral ground taken above) would they become.

Such views as these generally meet the eye of the traveller, because they are ebullitions of the more violent party. Those, however, whose voice is really powerful, and whose moral character is respectable, are less fond of ventilating their opinions to the same extent, and therefore it is that the whole of the South is somewhat hardly judged.

Facts are more satisfactory than

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words; and during 1856 ten thousand slaves were manumitted, of which five thousand went to Liberia, and five thousand remained in the States. Since then I have not had an opportunity of watching the statistics in this respect. All the more enlightened slave-owners will readily admit that the existence of slavery is in itself an evil much to be deplored; but they argue with great plausibility, that the evils involved by any remedy which has been proposed, are greater than those which attach to that existence. When, however, you avail yourself of this admission to protest against its extension into new territories such as Kansas, the question of political power is apt to override that of abstract morality, and few are liberal enough to wish to see Kansas a free State, though many know that, in process of time, it must inevitably become one. Indeed, as regards the maintenance of the political equilibrium, the South is in somewhat an unfortunate position. No moderate or far-sighted Southerner desires annexation beyond Texas. A new slave State, containing half a million or so of lawless Mexicans, would be an addition to the citizens of the Southern States not likely to confer any great honour on their population, or become very valuable members of society, either politically or socially: while to the north of Mexico the climate admits of white labour; and where that is the case, slavery in the long-run is out of the question. At the same time—though sooner or later the North must preponderate in political power—no one who knows the spirit of the South, or the magnitude of the interests involved, can suppose that it will ever be coerced into relinquishing its peculiar institution. Some spasmodic effort on the part of the South, such as the Fugitive Slave Law and the Nebraska Bill, to prevent the inevitable extension of Northern influence with Northern territory, will probably precipitate the crisis, unless the North ceases to make use of abolition as a political war-cry. Power in the hands of the South merely affects the patronage of a political party in the North; but power in the hands of the North affects the happiness of almost every individual in the South. The stakes for which the two sections are playing are not equal—the North are playing for the triumph of a party, the South for all they hold dearest to them. If the question of slavery were eliminated from American politics, the stakes would be equal; parties would alternate in power, and the Union might last for ever. It has always appeared to me, however, that the South exaggerates the consequences of Northern predominance, and unduly mistrust it. I doubt very much, if they were to come into power to-morrow, whether they would venture on any anti-slavery legislation; the political necessity for the abolition war-cry would have ceased to exist, and the abstract sentiment alone remain to animate them to prolong a crusade against slavery, and imperil, in doing so, what they deem most important material interests. The South in power, assailed violently by those out of it, may split the Union in frantic endeavours to preserve their entire property; the North in power would scarcely split it for the sake of a principle. At present the popular opinion, founded a good deal on a traditionary sentiment, is, that such a separation would be disastrous to both sections. I think very differently. The interests of Texas and Maine are too far opposed to be confided to the same Federal Government. When this feeling becomes popular, as I think it must, the North will perhaps find that their interest and their principle united may induce them to force upon the South that crisis for which, when in power, the latter alone would not suffice, and both parties having begun to regard with complacency an event which is now only mentioned with regret, if not actual horror, a separation might be amicably effected, and two noble republics might be formed, each better able to develop their varied resources, and, by the increase of their commerce, to exchange more abundantly for the wealth of Europe the teeming produce of the West.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE "FOX" IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

THE gallant officer, Captain F. L. M'Clintock, whose great good fortune it has been to bring to a successful issue the long-prosecuted search for Sir John Franklin and his companions, deserves at our hands a brief notice of his previous career in the Arctic seas, before we pass to the consideration of his simple and sailor-like narration of the remarkable voyage of the yacht "Fox." The modesty and unassuming nature of real worth have seldom been more charmingly exemplified than in the steady, unwavering good service of this explorer; and we feel under much obligation to the Royal Society of Dublin, and especially to the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M.A., Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin, for having early in the day appreciated the merits of Captain, then Lieutenant, M'Clintock; and by kindly support and countenance encouraged the young sailor not only to labour as a collector in specimens of natural history and geology, but to record much interesting information in a series of valuable though unpretending papers read before that learned Society. It is from these and other sources that we are enabled to state that, as early as 1848, Lieutenant M'Clintock entered into the search for Franklin, under the immediate command of that distinguished navigator, Admiral, but then Captain, Sir James Ross, who, with Commander J. Bird, proceeded into the Arctic seas with an expedition consisting of H.M.S. Enterprize and Investigator. It was under that great Arctic navigator that Lieutenant M'Clintock acquired experience which, in after years, he was to turn to such excellent account; and perhaps nothing stamps the reputation of Sir James Ross with higher lustre than the discoveries subsequently made by his follower; for they go to prove that, so far as the judgment of Ross was concerned in the steps he took to rescue Franklin, he foresaw, with intuitive genius, the measures that were exactly necessary; and had Franklin or his officers been more impressed with the importance of placing records in cairns at the spots they visited, and stated the direction they were going, and their intentions as to the future, there can now be but little doubt that Sir James Ross would have arrived in time to have saved, if not life, at any rate all the records of that sad but glorious expedition.* It is but justice to Sir James Ross that this much should be said. The Enterprize and Investigator could only reach Leopold Harbour at the western extreme of Lancaster Sound, owing to the ice-choked condition of Barrow's Straits. There the winter of 1848-49 was passed, and in the spring of 1849 Sir James Ross laid down two important directions whereon to despatch sledge searching-parties. The one was across to Cape Hurd, only a few miles distant from Beechey Island, wherein we now know Franklin had wintered in 1845-46, and the other and largest party Ross conducted down the east shore of Peel Sound towards King William's Land, upon the very route which, we are assured, Franklin took in his last disastrous voyage. It was in the execution, and not in the conception of his plans that Sir James Ross failed, and that too from causes over which he had no control. Arctic sledging was then in its infancy; the equipment was sadly defective, and the officers of the navy very ignorant of its nature or requirements. The party with Sir James Ross, under whom was Lieutenant M'Clintock, consisted of twelve men;

A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain M'CLINTOCK, R.N., LL.D. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

* There is no doubt that this absence of records arose from a firm conviction in their minds that they would make a speedy and safe passage to Behring's Straits; and if any one came to aid them, it would be by meeting them *via* those Straits, and that no one would think of following upon their trail.

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they marched what was in those days considered a great distance—or two hundred and forty miles—on the outward journey, and yet found no trace to show that their services had been in the right direction: they returned to the ships with nearly half the party entirely broken down by disease and excessive labour, after a journey of five hundred miles, a distance which was a great feat at that period. Ill-luck for the first time in Ross's career followed him; the party which had visited the near neighbourhood of Franklin's winter-quarters failed to find any traces; and when, on the opening of the ice in the summer of 1849, Sir James Ross sailed out of Leopold Harbour with the intention of proceeding farther westward, his expedition was caught in the grip of the Polar Pack, and swept by it, *nolens volens*, into the Atlantic Ocean, after a dangerous drift in the ice of nearly twelve hundred miles. This was the first experience our seamen had had of the danger of being beset in those great ice-streams which, by the laws of nature, are ever flowing from the pole to the equator. Lieutenant M'Clintock had not been an unobservant sharer in the labours and dangers of this remarkable voyage; he saw that, to render the search for Franklin effective, great distances must be accomplished on foot, with sledges; and that men and sledges, rather than ships, must be the means to the end. He turned a close and naturally analytical attention to the following points: the reduction of the weights carried on the sledges, an improved and nutritious dietary, calculated to support the seamen under excessive fatigue, in a region incapable of supporting even the hardy Esquimaux; and, lastly, an alteration in the form and fitting of the sledges and tents. At these improvements he steadily and constantly laboured, and freely gave the results of his experiments and experience for the furtherance of the service. The expedition of 1851-52 under Admiral Horatio Austin, as well as all subsequent ones, adopted M'Clintock's views, or improved upon them; and the grand result has been, that our seamen and officers have subsequently accomplished distances which would astonish men in even temperate climes; throughout fearful temperatures, even as low as 75° below the freezing-point of water, sledging was steadily and safely prosecuted; the loss of life was brought down to so low an average that *gobemouches* in England began to declare the labour and climate must be most enviable; and before the sailing of the Fox upon her memorable voyage, M'Clintock assures us that no less than a distance equal to forty thousand miles! had been travelled over by a hundred sledge-parties within the Arctic zone—a very large fraction of that wonderful distance had been the share of the gallant and ingenious officer, who may be said to be the real discoverer of Arctic sledge-travelling. Throughout eleven long years Lieutenant, Commander, and now Captain M'Clintock, persevered in the search for Franklin's Expedition; no failure seems to have daunted him, or made him hopeless of ultimate success. Indeed it appears as if ripened experience of those regions of frost and ice only strengthened his views, that the solution of the mystery which hung over Franklin's fate merely depended upon steady perseverance, a quality in which he seems to have abounded, judging alone by the voyage of the "Fox."

It was in the spring of 1857 that Lady Franklin, rather than leave the fate of her heroic husband in the unsatisfactory condition it then was, determined to equip at her personal expense a small vessel, and send it to endeavour to reach King William's Land, whence, there was no doubt, must have travelled the party of officers and men from the "Erebus" and "Terror," reported by Esquimaux to have died at the mouth of the Great Fish River. The Government and Admiralty could no longer hope to save life by sending out expeditions in search of Franklin, and, with a strange want of generosity, they cared not to save the records of Franklin's voyage, and did not seem to desire to secure to that distinguished navigator the honour, which at their desire he had perished in securing to his country. The wife of Franklin de-

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termined to make one last effort, with all available funds of her own, aided by generous contributions from many kind friends, to place, beyond all doubt the fate of the crews of the Erebus and Terror, as well as to secure to her husband and his comrades the fame of being the first discoverer of the North-West Passage. Her self-sacrifice has been crowned with perfect success, and Lady Franklin has won a niche in English history, to which time will only add fresh lustre. With £7500 of her own, and £2900 from her friends, Lady Franklin was able to equip and pay the crew of the "Fox" during two years and a half. They numbered, including officers, only twenty-five souls, and it is truly wonderful to read how so small a party in a little yacht, only 170 tons burden, could do so much in seas where huge expeditions have often failed. All the officers were volunteers, and perhaps the best test of the enthusiasm which reigned amongst them is to be found in the fact that one of them, Captain Allen Young, of the mercantile marine, not only threw up a lucrative appointment to share in this chivalrous enterprise, but added from his private purse £500 to the general fund. To such men, under the energetic and persevering M'Clintock, all things were possible, and it needed a great deal more, as we see, than one failure to cross the great belt of ice which barred their road in Baffin's Bay, to make them desist from the generous cause which they had so gallantly undertaken. The summer of 1857 was one of those unfortunate "close seasons," as the whalers term them, in which the polar-pack lies pressed together to such an extent, that the navigator may not pass through it to the open water beyond. At such seasons the fishermen do not attempt the hazardous experiment of battling through it; the little "Fox," however, came expressly to Baffin's Bay to dare all things, and by day and by night, for more than a month, was struggling to find a path through or round this pack into the water-space whence it had come. The battle was an unequal one: September came in, followed by an Arctic winter, and on 10th September they became hopelessly beset in Melville Bay, when only *twenty-five miles from open water*—water which M'Clintock's experience told him would at that season extend to Lancaster Sound.

In modest, uncomplaining strain, the gallant Captain describes the disappointment of himself and his companions; yet they seem to think far more of "poor Lady Franklin" than of themselves. In a similarly unpretending style, he tells of that long and dangerous ice-drift throughout the winter of 1857-58, and finds time to narrate many an interesting anecdote of Greenland experiences, told by Carl Petersen, a worthy Dane, whose name we recognise as an old associate of our English sailors in Arctic enterprise.

The tiny "Fox," two huge icebergs, and a continent of broken-up ice, refrozen together, sweep down in company from the upper part of Baffin's Bay into the Atlantic ocean—a ceaseless mysterious march occasioned by current, but accelerated much by the fierce storms which, during the winter season, blow from the night-enveloped pole. In April 1859, after an imprisonment of 242 days, our countrymen experienced a fearful tempest in the pack, which broke it up and liberated them: they found themselves 1194 *geographical, or* 1385 *statute miles, southward* of the spot at which they were first caught in the ice! The description of that ice-storm, and of their providential deliverance, are told in words all the more graphic from their touching simplicity; and the Captain thus modestly describes his feelings after safely conducting his noble little vessel through no ordinary trial of nerve and skill:—

"After yesterday's experience, I can understand how men's hair has turned grey in a few hours. Had self-reliance been my only support and hope, it is not impossible that I might have illustrated the fact. Under the circumstances, I did my best to insure our safety, looked as stoical as possible, and inwardly trusted that God would favour our exertions. What a release ours has been, not only from eight months' imprisonment, but from the perils of that one day! Had our vessel been destroyed after the ice broke up, there remained

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no hope for us. But we have been brought safely through, and are truly grateful, I hope and believe."

All is not gloom and danger, however, in a winter's drift in a polar pack, for we find much to show how these naval worthies found time and opportunity to be merry under the most apparently adverse circumstances: and there is a dry humour in some of the tales, which shows that even wit does not freeze up in an Arctic winter. Let us take, for instance, the diary of November 29, 1857:—

"Keen biting winds from the north-west," says Captain M'Clintock. "No cracks in the ice, therefore no seals. Grey dawn at ten o'clock, and dark at two. The moon is everywhere the sailor's friend—she is a source of comfort to us here. Nothing to excite conversation, except an occasional inroad of the dogs in search of food; this generally occurs at night. Whenever the deck-light which burns under the housing happens to go out, they scale the steep snow banking, and rush round the deck like wolves. 'Why, bless you, sir, the wery moment that there light goes out, and the quartermaster turns his back, they makes a regular sortee, and in they all comes,' 'But *where do* they come in, Harvey?' 'Where, sir? why everywheres; they makes no more to do, but in they comes, clean over all.' Not long ago old Harvey was chief quartermaster in a line-of-battle ship, and a regular magnet to all the younger midshipmen. He would spin them yarns by the hour during the night-watches about the wonders of the sea, and of the Arctic regions in particular—its bears, its icebergs, and still more terrific 'auroras, roaring and flashing about the ship enough to frighten a fellow!'"

We may not, however, delay longer over this portion of the narrative, but proceed to the second summer operations of the "Fox"; for without any flourish of trumpets, but calmly, as if no other measures were possible, her gallant captain and crew turned their steps northward from Davis Straits, whither they had been drifted, and again, like "good men and true," proceeded to do what they had failed to accomplish in that first unlucky season. The year 1858 was as propitious as that of 1857 had been otherwise, and with the exception of one accident of a really alarming nature, when the vessel perched herself upon a rock with a falling tide, and nearly tumbled over, before the returning flood enabled them to extricate her, there was no very serious obstacle to their progress into Lancaster Sound, which highway to the "North-West" they entered by the month of July. We need not stay to point out more than the fact that Captain M'Clintock, in that neighbourhood, perfectly cleared up all the thousand and one stories emanating from whalers and Esquimaux, of some of the "white men" having been seen there, and that he discovered a new fishing-ground for whales up Pond's Inlet, which may hereafter prove of no small importance to our enterprising merchants and whaling seamen of Aberdeen and Hull. On the 15th August 1858, we find the "Fox" at Beechey Island, in that bay where, as we have long known, Franklin passed his winter of 1845-46, and with which the writings of subsequent explorers have made the public tolerably conversant. Here Captain M'Clintock completed his stock of provisions from the immense depôt left at Northumberland House by Belcher and Inglefield, and under its gloomy cliffs he erected a monument with which he had been intrusted; the epitaph by Lady Franklin runs as follows:—"To the memory of Franklin, Crozier, Fitzjames, and all their gallant brother officers and faithful companions who have suffered and perished in the cause of science and the service of their country. The Tablet is erected near the spot where they passed their first Arctic winter, and whence they issued forth to conquer difficulties or to die. It commemorates the grief of their admiring countrymen and friends, and the anguish, subdued by faith, of her who has lost in the leader of the expedition the most devoted and affectionate of husbands." A more fitting record, or more heart-stirring words, could hardly be conceived; and it will touch the best feelings of those seamen who, in future generations, may, in enterprises equally bold, reach this lone spot, now so hallowed in the minds of all who hold our glory dear as the greatest of maritime nations.

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Sailing from Beechey Island, our modern paladins steered away with flowing sheet, and but slightly checked by ice, to Capes Walker and Bunny in the south-west, those gloomy yet picturesque portals to the channel known until now as that of Peel, but fated to bear hereafter the name of Franklin, in commemoration of its having been the path to death and fame of his noble expedition. Down it for twenty-five miles M'Clintock advanced, until ice was seen stretching across from shore to shore. On his left lay those precipices of North Somerset, along which, in 1848, Capt. M'Clintock had travelled with Sir James Ross, as previously recounted; on the other, the equally barren but far more navigable coasts of Prince of Wales' Land. He could not but feel certain that down this strait Franklin had sailed in some more favourable season, or perhaps later in the year; and it was a question which had to be quickly decided, whether he, in the "Fox," should remain where he was, and run the chance of the strait opening in a fortnight; or, instead of doing so, turn back to Regent's Inlet and proceed down to Bellot Strait, where he would be sure of being within easy access of King William's Land for sledges, even should that strait prove likewise to be closed this season. M'Clintock decided at any rate to visit Bellot Strait, even if he afterwards returned to Peel Sound; and in a few hours the "Fox," under sail and steam, was rattling back towards Regent's Inlet. By August 21st she had entered Bellot Strait, and was battling her way to the westward. Three several times did Capt. M'Clintock strive to pass through this remarkable strait into that arctic sea, which washes the shores of North America. We need only give one instance of how he was foiled in his endeavours :—

"To-day an unsparing use of steam and canvass forced the ship eight miles further west: we were then about halfway through Bellot Strait! Its western capes are lofty bluffs, such as may be distinguished fifty miles distant in clear weather: between them there was a clear broad channel, but five or six miles of close heavy pack intervened—the sole obstacle to our progress. Of course this pack will speedily disperse: it is no wonder that we should feel elated at such a glorious prospect, and content to bide our time in the security of Depôt Bay. A feeling of tranquillity, of earnest, hearty satisfaction has come over us. There is no appearance amongst us of anything boastful; we have all experienced too keenly the vicissitudes of Arctic voyaging to admit of such a feeling.

"At the turn of tide we perceived that we were being carried, together with the pack, *back to the eastward*. Every moment our velocity was increased; and presently we were dismayed at seeing grounded ice near us, but were very quickly swept past it, at the rate of nearly six miles an hour, though within two hundred yards of the rocks, and of instant destruction. As soon as we possibly could, we got clear of the packed ice, and left it to be wildly hurled about by various whirlpools and rushes of the tide, until finally carried out into Brentford Bay. The ice-masses were large, and dashed violently against each other, and the rocks lay at some distance off the southern shore. We had a fortunate escape from such dangerous company."

The little "Fox" stood but little chance in a struggle against blocks of ice, each quite as heavy as she was, in a six-knot tide; and when, after a survey of the western ocean from a lofty cape, the leader saw that it was still covered with ice, which would only break up with the early winter gales, he fain sought shelter and winter-quarters in a small bay on the shores of North Somerset, and immediately set to work to place depôts of provisions out upon the routes his sledges would have to travel in the spring of 1859. These autumn sledge-parties were undertakings of no ordinary danger and difficulty; for the violence of the storms, fearful snow-drifts, and unexpected disruption of ice, nigh caused the loss of Lieut. Hobson's party, and entailed much suffering upon all. This arduous duty executed, they prepared to pass another and second winter of darkness and monotony—but not before the sportsman and naturalist had rummaged every valley and sheltered slope, and satisfied themselves that they, at any rate, had not fallen upon one of those pleasant places "abounding in game and salmon," of which they who have never visited those

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lands are prone to write and talk. Failing venison and salmon steaks, they, like wise men, made the best of what Providence sent them, and they were by no means squeamish, provided it was fresh meat. In these gastronomic feats, Petersen's experiences in Greenland stood them in good stead. That worthy Dane seemed to have a keen digestion, and not over-delicate taste. Dog-*mutton*, however, he could not even lure our gallant countrymen to undertake, though they agreed with him that "*old owls and peregrine falcons were the best beef in the country, and the young birds tender and white as chickens!*" and, indeed, on one occasion, the worthy Captain quite warms up in his reminiscences of such luxuries "as thin frozen slices of seal's fat!"

Winter passed as pleasantly as it may in 74° north latitude; the sun returned; there was light without warmth; but with the experience of so many seasons of sledging, and the perfect equipment of his men, Captain M'Clintock at once put forth his parties to carry forward the depôts of provision, and to strive to pick up some clue by which to ascertain whether Franklin's ships had been beset or wrecked north or south of his present position. Captain Allen Young started to the north-west for Prince of Wales' Land; Captain M'Clintock towards the Magnetic Pole.

"For several days this severe weather continued, the mercury of my artificial horizon remaining frozen (its freezing-point is —39°); and our rum, at first thick like treacle, required thawing latterly, when the more fluid and stronger part had been used. We travelled each day until dusk, and then were occupied for a couple of hours in building our snow-hut. The four walls were run up until 5½ feet high, inclining inwards as much as possible; over these our tent was laid to form a roof; we could not afford the time necessary to construct a dome of snow."

One day's routine will suffice to depict what the work and suffering of these early spring journeys must have been :—

"Our equipment consisted of a very small brown-holland tent, macintosh floor-cloth, and felt robes; besides this, each man had a bag of double blanketing, and a pair of fur boots to sleep in. We wore mocassins over the pieces of blanket in which our feet were wrapped up, and, with the exception of a change of this foot-gear, carried no spare clothes. The daily routine was as follows:—I led the way; Petersen and Thompson followed, conducting their sledges; and in this manner we trudged on for eight or ten hours without halting, except when necessary to disentangle the dog-harness. When we halted for the night, Thompson and I usually sawed out the blocks of compact snow and carried them to Petersen, who acted as the master mason in building the snow hut: the hour and a half or two hours usually employed in erecting the edifice was the most disagreeable part of the day's labour, for, in addition to being already well tired and desiring repose, we became thoroughly chilled whilst standing about. When the hut was finished, the dogs were fed, and here the great difficulty was to insure the weaker ones their full share in the scramble for supper; then commenced the operation of unpacking the sledge, and carrying into our hut everything necessary for ourselves, such as provision and sleeping gear, as well as all boots, fur mittens, and even the sledge dog-harness, to prevent the dogs from eating them during our sleeping hours. The door was now blocked up with snow, the cooking-lamp lighted, foot-gear changed, diary written up, watches wound, sleeping bags wriggled into, pipes lighted, and the merits of the various dogs discussed, until supper was ready; the supper swallowed, the upper robe or coverlet was pulled over, and then to sleep.

"Next morning came breakfast, a struggle to get into frozen mocassins, after which the sledges were packed, and another day's march commenced.

"In these little huts we usually slept warm enough, although latterly, when our blankets and clothes became loaded with ice, we felt the cold severely. When our low doorway was carefully blocked up with snow, and the cooking-lamp alight, the temperature quickly rose, so that the walls became glazed, and our bedding thawed; but the cooking over, or the doorway partially opened, it as quickly fell again, so that it was impossible to sleep, or to hold a pannikin of *hot tea* without pulling on our mitts, so intense was the cold."

Thus, with toil and suffering, have all our gallant explorers opened up

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that vast extent of country which lies between Greenland and Behring's Straits, and nothing will convey a better idea of the extraordinary additions which have been made in those regions to our geographical knowledge, than a careful comparison of the two excellent maps which Mr Murray has very wisely given us in this work—namely, the chart of the Arctic regions as they were known to us when Franklin sailed in 1845, and that of the same quarter of the globe in 1859. Our Arctic navigators and explorers need no better monument than this noble result of their exertions.

On March 1, 1859, Capt. M'Clintock met Esquimaux, and from them learnt that one of the ships (the long-sought ships "Erebus" and "Terror," for there could be no others), "had been crushed by the ice out in the sea to the west of King William's Land, but that all the people landed safely." They told, likewise, of white men having died upon an island at the mouth of a river; and with this meagre information M'Clintock was fain to be content; it pointed to King William's Land as the place where *one* of the vessels would be found, and he hastened back to the "Fox" to equip and start his parties for their long summer journeys. The uncertainty as to the *second* ship compelled him to again send Capt. Allen Young to Prince of Wales' Land, in case one of Franklin's ships might have been wrecked there. Subsequent information disproved this supposition, but Allen Young did right good service; he added a great deal of new coast-line to our charts — proved the insularity of Prince of Wales' Land — discovered the M'Clintock channel—corrected Capt. Osborn's position of 1851, and fully confirmed the opinions of that officer, as well as those of Captain Ommaney, as to the impenetrable nature of the ice-stream which encumbers that Strait, and the north-east shores of Victoria and Albert Land. Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson, in the mean time, proceeded towards King William's Land and the Great Fish River. Nothing was found on the western or southern coasts of King William's Land; and the estuary of the Great Fish River as well as Montreal Island were equally bare of traces of the lost expedition. The Esquimaux had swept away all relics of Franklin's people in these quarters, though most of those relics of an imperishable character have been subsequently recovered by Dr Rae in Repulse Bay, and by Capt. M'Clintock. There was, however, a wonderful paucity of natives in all the extent of coast above alluded to; indeed, beyond the Esquimaux at the Magnetic Pole in Boothia, Captain M'Clintock only encountered one more village of ten or twelve snow-huts with inhabitants on King William's Land and near Cape Norton. Some additional information was gleaned from them of a trivial nature; instead of *one* ship, they now spoke of *two*; but described one as having sunk when the ice broke up—the other had evidently been drifted safely into some position which was within their haunts. The party at Cape Norton had visited this wreck, and described their journey to her as occupying five days.

"One day up the inlet, still in sight, and one day overland; this would carry them to the western coast of King William's Land. They added that but little now remained of the wreck which was accessible, their countrymen having carried almost everything away. In answer to an inquiry, they said she was *without masts*. The question gave rise to some laughter amongst them, and they spoke to each other of *fire*, from which Petersen thought they had burnt the masts through close to the deck, in order to get them down. There had been *many books*, they said, but all have long since been destroyed by the weather. The ship was forced on shore in the fall of the year by the ice. She had not been visited during the past winter; and an old woman and a boy were shown to us who were the last to visit the wreck. They said they had been at it during the close of the winter of 1857-58.

"Petersen questioned the woman closely, and she seemed anxious to give all the information in her power. She said many of the white men dropped by the way as they went to the Great River — that some were buried, and some were not. She did not herself witness this, but the Esquimaux discovered their bodies during the winter following."

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The allusion to fire points to the possibility of the second vessel having been intentionally or accidentally burnt by the natives, as an easy and barbarous way of breaking her up for the nails and bolts, or pieces of planking—all so precious to these savages. At any rate, she no longer existed upon the south or western shores of King William's Land; but upon that west coast, between a point ten miles south of Cape Herschel, where the skeleton of a European sailor was discovered, up to Cape Victory, where the tale of Franklin's success and death, together with the subsequent attempt of the crews to reach the Great Fish River, was found, there was needed no Esquimaux to interpret the tale of the melancholy fate of those M'Clintock sought. We will epitomise the information he and Lieutenant Hobson there collected. The "Erebus" and "Terror" wintered at Beechey Island 1845-46, after having in the same season that they sailed from England made a very remarkable voyage up Wellington Channel, and down a new strait (now justly named after the gallant Crozier) between Bathurst and Cornwallis Land. Franklin thus forestalled in that direction all the discoveries of Penny, De Haven, Belcher, and Austin. In 1846 the "Erebus" and "Terror" proceeded towards King William's Land; and although the record does not say by what route, still the concurrent opinion of every officer who has visited the channels which lie on either side of Prince of Wales' Land, gives it in favour of Franklin having taken the route between Capes Walker and Bunny; though, of course, mere theorists, like Captains Snow and Belcher, are at perfect liberty to suppose Franklin reached King William's Land by any route they are pleased to fancy. On the 12th September 1846, the "Erebus" and "Terror" were firmly beset in the ice when only twelve miles distant from the low and dangerous northern extremity of King William's Land, named Cape Felix. They were evidently struggling to get down the west coast to Cape Herschel, and that, in all probability, for two reasons. In the first place, the chart they possessed connected King William's Land with Boothia Felix, and gave no hope of reaching the American continent by steering down to the south-eastward; and, on the other hand, Cape Herschel was only *ninety miles off* to the south-west, and from it they knew there was water communication all the way to Behring's Straits; nay, more, on reaching Cape Herschel, the discovery of the north-west passage to the Indies would be accomplished—the prize they had already risked so much to win.

How natural, then, that they should have determined to fight their way down that shoal and dangerous west-coast of King William's Land.

We next hear of them in May 1847, when Lieutenant Graham Gore and Mr Des Vœux of the "Erebus" land with a party of six men for some purpose, possibly to connect the coast-line between the two known points—Capes Herschel and Victory. They tell us, in a few brief words, that "all was well, and Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition." A twelvemonth passes, and the record is again opened, and in a few words the firm hand of the gallant Captain Fitzjames reveals to us a thrilling tale of sorrow and suffering, heroically, calmly met. Their gallant, loved leader, Franklin, had died on the 11th June 1847. The ships in that summer only drifted, beset in the ice, about fifteen miles. Nine officers and fifteen men had fallen; amongst them Graham Gore, though not until after he had become a commander through the death of Franklin. And lastly, on the 22d April, one hundred and five souls, the survivors of the original expedition, had abandoned the ships under the orders of Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, and were striving to escape death from scurvy and starvation, by retreating to the Hudson Bay Company's territories, up the Great Fish River.

This information was written in a strong hand, which is recognised as that of Fitzjames; and in a corner, under the very infirm-looking signature of Captain Crozier, we find a note in the same writing as the rest of the record, which shows that these poor starving crews commenced their

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march from Cape Victory upon April 26, 1848.

After this no more written information was collected of their proceedings, except the melancholy relics which were strewn along their path, and too painfully tell their own tale. A large boat upon a sledge was found about half-way to Cape Herschel, and Captain M'Clintock thinks she was returning to the ships for provisions. In her there was found two skeletons, and a little tea and chocolate, but no other provision. What became of the large party of men evidently necessary to drag such a boat and sledge, in their then debilitated condition, we shall probably never know; for if they found her too heavy to drag, and tried to march back to the ships, with the intention of staying in them until death released them from their sufferings, it is to be feared the ships were never reached, as the Esquimaux distinctly said that they only found one skeleton in the vessel that fell into their hands. If the poor men fell by the wayside, as seems likely from the unburied skeletons found in the boat, and on the beach near Cape Herschel—the wolf and bear would soon obliterate all traces of their fate; and if they walked and fell upon the smooth ice of the strait, a short distance off shore, the summer thaws would soon allow the bones of the starved seamen to sink through the ice to their long rest in the sea beneath. Had not the relics brought home by Dr Rae in 1854, and Mr Anderson in 1856, assured us of some portion of this retreating party having reached Montreal Island, we should still not have needed proof to show that, at any rate, some of the 105 men had rounded Cape Herschel, for a few miles beyond it Captain M'Clintock found a skeleton on a ridge of gravel. The poor creature had evidently fallen on his face as he was walking towards home, and had only been disturbed subsequently by wild animals, though not to any great extent. He remarks that it was indeed a melancholy truth that the old woman at Cape Norton had spoke, when she said the retreating seamen "fell down, and died as they walked along." By the light of Esquimaux report, we are assured that at anyrate a portion of the crews—a forlorn hope, in short—reached the entrance of the Fish River, and that too with a boat. The description of this party, given from reports collected by Dr Rae in 1854, is confirmed by Captain M'Clintock's information; and the Esquimaux of Repulse Bay, Boothia Felix, and King William's Land, all agree in the account of the eventual death by starvation of every soul in this advanced party. Who they were that thus survived to see that summer of 1848 come in upon them, will perhaps never be known; but the Esquimaux description of the officer or chief who reached Montreal Island agrees with the appearance of Captain Fitzjames, whilst the fact of a piece of wood being found on Montreal Island with the name of Dr Stanley carved upon it, and a fragment of an under-flannel, marked with the initials of Charles Des Vœux, point to two more individuals, whose well-known vigour of constitution renders it probable that they survived many of their more weakly comrades. We need not dwell longer on this painfully touching subject; it would be profanation to attempt to picture the last hour of these gallant martyrs to their country's fame—it only remains for us to thank Providence that, owing to the persevering self-sacrifice of Lady Franklin, and the devotion and zeal of M'Clintock and his worthy comrades, the memory of the Franklin Expedition will ever be associated with their great achievement, the first discovery of the North-West Passage; for on the day that Cape Herschel was reached by Franklin's sledge-parties, and that probably as early as on the occasion of Commander Gore's journey in 1847, the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans were connected; and we have little doubt that Sir John Franklin died knowing that the great work to which he had devoted so many years of his life was accomplished.

With all this information carefully collected, and after having searched in a triple examination every nook and bay of the western coast of King William Land, M'Clintock and his comrade Hobson loaded their sledges with relics of the lost ones, and has-

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tened back to the "Fox," just in time to avoid being cut off by the summer thaws. Success in the search was followed by good fortune in the escape of the "Fox" from Bellot Strait, and subsequent voyage to England, where our stout little band of navigators arrived in September last, to be hailed, as they deserved, with the heartfelt congratulations of all classes of their countrymen — congratulations which have re-echoed from across the Atlantic, where many a warm heart and generous purse have for long years laboured with sympathy and energy in the search for Franklin.

The Sovereign, whose navy Captain M'Clintock adorns, has gracefully added to his laurels, by granting him sea-time for every day he commanded the "Fox," as if it had been one of her own war-ships—an act of grace and courtesy only conceded on rare and extraordinary occasions; and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in the official letter informing the gallant officer of this Royal act of approbation, gracefully add, that it was in "consideration of the important services performed by you, in bringing home the *only authentic intelligence* of the death of Sir John Franklin, and of the fate of the crews of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror'"—an official acknowledgment which we have reason to know gives the captain and officers of the "Fox" a legal claim upon a very handsome parliamentary reward of £10,000.

In taking leave of this pleasing narrative, we must call attention to the valuable paper entitled *Geological Account of the Arctic Archipelago*, by Professor S. Haughton, of Trinity College, Dublin. In it will be found not only a lucid summary of the results of Captain M'Clintock's scientific labours as a geologist, but a geological map, the first that has been drawn, of the Arctic regions, in which we see at a glance the formation of that little-known quarter of the globe, and the relative position of its coal-beds and fossils. The learned Professor has discovered in some fossil fragments brought to England, indubitable proof of the existence of *Ichthyosauri* in the lias of the Parry group; and apart from a very different climatic condition such fossils would indicate, he expresses an opinion, substantiated by many interesting facts, "that these Arctic lands have been submerged, but that this submergence must have been anterior to the period when pine forests clothed the low sandy shores of the slowly-emerging islands, the remains of which forests now occupy a position at least 1000 feet above high water-mark." And we may add, that it has been a long time since a work of travel has appeared in England so lavishly illustrated with beautiful woodcuts; and in this case their truthfulness is vouched for by the talented artist being an officer in the navy—Commander Walter May—who has largely shared in Arctic enterprise, and witnessed scenes very similar to those he has so graphically depicted. As a mere Arctic album, the narrative of the "Fox" will be valuable to those who may not be interested in moving tales of adventure by ship and sledge in the frozen North.

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NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.—EDUCATIONAL PERIOD.

However pleasant it may be in after life—and I admit that it *is* very pleasant—to talk over school-days with a crony who has a vivid recollection of the mutual floggings you received, the scrapes in which you were both involved, and the feuds in which you made common cause, I cannot help thinking that it is somewhat impertinent to the public at large to thrust such narratives upon it. Grant that Thomson was a hero, Simpson a pickle, and Robertson an unmitigated beast—what does the public know or care about Thomson, Simpson, or Robertson? They were simply notorieties—good, bad, or indifferent—of the class to which you belonged; but in the great world that lies beyond both school and university they made no figure, and you know not what has become of them. Surely they are not fitting subjects for biographical reminiscence; and wherefore should you expose the failings of a pedagogue, whose temper you sorely tried; who set you down with considerable show of reason as an impenetrable blockhead; and who, in inflicting chastisement for your dulness, merely followed the recognised and ancient traditions of his tribe? For my part, looking back to my early years, I can discern nothing in my school life worthy of being narrated; nor do my first university experiences suggest any important memorabilia. Like most Scottish students of the time, I acquired a good knowledge of Latin, a smattering of Greek, and a considerable stock of general information, increased by private reading of a desultory kind, which was of far more use to me afterwards than anything I learned in the schools. My uncle's library was but a poor one; but in it I found the plays of Shakespeare, Anderson's edition of the British Poets, the works of the elder novelists, and the histories of Hume and Gibbon. These I perused with absorbing interest, to the neglect, I must confess, of the mathematical and metaphysical treatises which ought to have engrossed my attention; but on that account I cannot truthfully say that I have any tears to shed. I never

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took kindly to mathematics; partly because the practical use of that study was not explained to me, and partly because I could see nothing in it to interest the imagination. Metaphysics I detested. The science appeared to me an elaborate diabolical invention for mystifying what was clear, and confounding what was intelligible; it muddled the intellect, without refining the understanding; and the peculiar jargon in which it was couched seemed to me destructive of the purity of the English language. I do not say that such is my opinion now, but I feel no shame in avowing my earlier impressions; and, judging from certain metaphysical discourses which I have heard delivered from the pulpit by gentlemen fresh from college, I have serious doubts as to the fitness of the style for edification and improvement. In chemistry I made some progress, and would have made more, but for the occurrence of an accident which fairly cured me of the passion for experiment. It so happened that at college I had an especial chum, Willie Menelaws, with whom I was inseparably leagued. Whether in mischief or in study, we went together; and bore each other's burdens, though these were not very heavy, with a fidelity that might have done honour to Damon and Pythias. Willie never hesitated to accept responsibility for my literary squibs, which sometimes excited the wrath of the students against whom they were directed; and I, in return, stood between him and the parental anger in the matter of certain abstracted bell-pulls which had given rise to a serious outcry. We both commenced the study of chemistry with great zeal, and went through the preliminary stages of fabricating coal-gas in tobacco-pipes; destroying silver spoons by rubbing them with mercury, which metal we obtained by smashing an ancient barometer; and smearing the walls with [illegible] an operation which very nearly injured the unfortunate Peggy [illegible] of her wits. Then, in the course of [illegible] the lightning from the clouds, we constructed a [illegible] in the string, after the manner of Franklin, but some-how it would not fly; and we tried to make caustic, by steeping a shilling in nitric acid, the result of which was, that our fingers became as black as the claws of an ourang-outang. It was God's mercy that we did not get the length of fulminating powder, else assuredly we should have been blown to smithereens. That consummation, however, we were very near attaining otherwise, and it took place after this fashion.

I had discovered in an attic some old-fashioned apparatus which my uncle had laid aside—troughs, jars, syphons, and suchlike, which I regarded as an inestimable treasure; and these were forthwith removed to a room on the ground-floor which I occupied as a kind of study. We had previously tried our hands at making oxygen gas, but had failed for lack of implements. We now determined to essay the production of hydrogen, and having procured the necessary materials, we arranged our whole stock of glass, so that the gas from the retort might, after passing through various receptacles, be at last lodged in a huge bell-shaped jar, surmounted by a brass stop-cock, which was the pride of our collection. Nothing could have succeeded better. The gas was generated, bubbled up through the water, and very soon reached the jar, as we soon discovered by the nauseous odour of its escape.

"Now then, Willie," said I, "suppose we apply a light, and see how it burns."

We did so; and a pale-blue jet whizzed up, upon which we gazed with the delight of a couple of Ghebers; but our adoration was uncommonly brief, for a minute could hardly have elapsed before the flame waxed dim, buzzed like an infuriated wasp, descended into the jar, and a tremendous explosion followed, which dashed both of us to the ground.

"Willie, man!" said I, recovering myself so far as to sit upon my rump, and extracting a piece of glass from my cheek, which bled profusely—"Willie, man! are ye killed?"

"No, I don't think I am," said Willie, scrambling to his feet; "but Lord's-sake, Norman, bear a hand with the water-jug! Fling it over me

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—fling it over my legs; for the acid has burned through my breeches, and I feel it biting in my flesh!"

"O Willie, what am I to do? The jug's empty!"

"Take me out to the pump! take me out to the pump!" roared Willie, "or I'll be as raw as a skinned rabbit!"

"His presence be wi' us! What's this o't, lads?" cried Nurse Osett, rushing into the room, greatly alarmed, as she might well be, for the explosion was violent enough to shatter several of the window-panes; "surely ye've no been trying to raise the deevil?"

"The pump! the pump!" screamed Willie, and accordingly we conveyed him thither, where copious libations diluted the acid, and saved my friend from serious consequences, though it was a month and more before he could walk to lecture, without betraying, by an absurd waddle, the temporary loss of his cuticle. On investigating the apartment, we found that we had great reason to be thankful for our escape with so little damage. The brass stop-cock had been driven an inch and a half into the plaster of the wall, in a direction which showed that it must have passed close by the head of my companion; the carpet, fortunately not a new one, was utterly destroyed; and an old hat that hung upon a peg was cut through by splinters of the apparatus, as clean as could have been effected by the bursting of a hand-grenade.

I confess that this catastrophe quite damped my ardour in the pursuit of chemical science. I had no intention of adopting the medical profession, and therefore did not judge it necessary to expend my limited pocket-money or endanger my life in making further investigations as to the qualities of explosive gas; and perhaps it was fortunate that I did so, for, in little more than a year afterwards, my beloved Willie suffered a far more serious loss than that of his epidermis, a finger and a thumb having been blown away by the explosion of an infernal machine, called, I think, a "Papin's Digester."

But I must not linger over these educationary reminiscences. Fortune, which had not smiled on me at my birth, gave me a partial respite throughout the years which are really the most valuable; because the career of every man depends upon the impressions he receives, and the aspirations he forms, during the period of his pupilarity. But it was so ordained that I was again to be thrown upon my own resources, at an age when individual exertion must necessarily be of slight appreciable value.

From the sketch I have already given of my uncle's character and habits, it will readily be understood that he was anything but a prosperous man. That he did not pass from this world to the next, leaving a large amount of debt behind him, was, I verily believe, owing to the circumstance that nobody would give him credit—a position which, by the way, I cannot regard as wholly unfortunate, insomuch as, on the one hand, it checks extravagance; whereas, on the other, it saves the shareholders of the banks, who of late years have been severely smitten by the romantic passion of their managers for extending the circulation of their notes. I do not mean to imply that my uncle was extravagant; on the contrary, his wants were few and his tastes simple; but he was one of those easy-minded people, who are marked out by nature as the ready victims of imposture. His ear and purse were equally open to every tale of distress, however suspicious it might be; and as from indolence, which was his besetting sin, he never instituted any inquiry into the character of the persons whom he relieved, he was systematically swindled by a gang of miscreants who lived in comparative luxury upon the abuse of charity.

I remember one notable instance of imposture, the mention of which may be useful to those tender-hearted persons who, like Dr Buchanan, are addicted to indiscriminate alms-giving. A tall, forbidding female, attired in rusty black, was in the habit of way-laying my uncle. She represented herself as the daughter of an old missionary belonging to the Independent Church, who, worn out with years and hard labour, could no longer earn a livelihood, and for whom no provision had been made. This

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woman told her story with a kind of rude eloquence that was almost touching, and so enlisted the sympathies of the Doctor that he gave her a weekly subsidy. On one occasion I happened to be in the room when the offspring of the minister appeared, and it struck me that she brought with her a peculiarly strong odour as if of alcohol. Her step, too, was rather unsteady, and her language incoherent; and though she contrived to mumble out several texts of Scripture without verbal error, their application was by no means evident. In short, the woman was intoxicated. I contrived to make my uncle see this; and for once he got into a regular passion and put her to the door. About three weeks elapsed before she reappeared; but one evening, when we were sitting at tea, the bell was rung violently, there was a scuffle in the passage, and in rushed the woman, sobbing hysterically, and waving a dirty white handkerchief. Down she flounced on her knees before my uncle.

"He's gasping! he's gasping! Gi'e, me money, gi'e me money—he's gasping!"

"Gasping! who's gasping?" said the Doctor, completely taken aback. "Get up, woman!"

"No till ye gi'e me money! he's gasping!" roared the woman; "O sir, its my feyther, my puir feyther! The auld man's in the dead-thraw, and I haena aught to gi'e him! O, for God's sake, sir, hae mercy on me! Is he to gang oot o' the world less cared for than a cat, and him a minister of the Gospel?"

"Bless me! that's very distressing," said my uncle; "wait, my good woman, till I get my hat, and I'll go with you and see him."

"Dinna fash yoursel'—O dinna fash yoursel' to do that!" cried the woman; "there's twa doctors wi' him already. But as ye wad win a blessing frae the Lord, gie me something to buy him a cordial and a blanket. It's a sair thing to see a preacher o' the Word lying on the bare buirds in this cauld weather, and no a spunk o' fire to warm his deein' taes!"

"Poor woman!" said the compassionate Doctor; "I am really very sorry for you. A sad, sad case! Here—take this pound-note, and get him what the doctors order."

"The blessing o' the puir be upon ye! may ye see His face in Jerusalem!" shrieked the woman, clutching the note, and rushing distractedly to the door.

"Poverty and riches," said my uncle, musingly, as he put in his cup for a second supply of tea—"Poverty and riches undoubtedly are only relative terms, and have no clear significance except by way of comparison. I am not rich certainly; but how can I call myself poor, when I know that I have a comfortable house to dwell in, with food and clothing, whilst this old man, who has led the life of an evangelist, is passing away in cold, wretchedness, and neglect? Ah, Norman, my boy, it is well for us to know and feel that there is no true happiness here!"

"Have you ever seen the old man, sir?" said I.

"Never. But from his daughter's account he must be an excellent creature,—a worthy old soul. It is an infamous shame and scandal that these Independents, as they call themselves, should abandon their preachers when they are no longer fit for the pulpit! I would not speak to a man who used his worn-out horse so cruelly."

"But are you quite sure, sir, that the woman's story is a true one? You remember how drunk she was when she came here last."

"Bless me! so she was," said the Doctor; "you're quite right, Norman; I recollect it perfectly now—she was very drunk indeed! Ah, it's a sad thing, that drink! But it's the way with most of them."

"Surely not with ministers' daughters, sir?"

"Why, no—that *does* make a difference, to be sure."

"And to speak plainly, sir; I am not certain that the woman was altogether sober just now."

"Fie, Norman! that's not right. I don't like to see a young man so suspicious. It would be a monstrous thing if she were wasting money on drink when her father is dying of want!"

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"But we don't know that he is dying, sir; nay, we don't know if there is any father in the case," said I; "I verily believe that the woman is a regular cheat and vagabond; and were I you, sir, I would give her nothing more without making proper inquiry."

My uncle scratched his ear, as was his habit when perplexed.

"I wish you had not put this into my head, Norman! It makes me very uneasy. I don't like to think ill of human nature, but I don't like to be cheated either; and pound-notes are not so plenty with me that I can afford to throw them away. Give me some more tea. Hang the woman! If it be as you think, she ought to be whipped at a cart's tail."

He was not left long in doubt; for next day, back came the woman, and, as usual, dropped upon her knees.

"He's deid! he's deid! my feyther's deid and gane!" she cried. "He swarfed awa' at three o'clock in the mornin', and his last word was a blessin' for you. And now I maun get him kisted and laid in the grave, and hoo am I to do that when I haena a bawbee to mysel'?"

"Had you not better apply to the parish," said my uncle.

"The parish!' cried she, with a howl of indignation — "the parish, did ye say? A bonny thing it wad be if a minister o' the Gospel, belonging to the Independent perswasion, was to be pit into the grund by the parish like a common gangrel! Na, na! nane o' yer parishes for me! I wad wark my fingers aff, but I wad hae him buried decently, only I hae nae time."

"Really, I don't see what else you can do," said my uncle. "You don't expect me to bury him, surely?"

"Lord kens what I expect; for I'm a puir distracted woman—a weak orphan without a freend in the warld but yersel', and a kind freend ye've been to me and to him that's awa'. 'Jess,' said he to me, no ten minutes afore he was removed,—'Jess, my bonny bairn, dinna greet for me. I hae naething to leave ye, but Doctor Buwhannan will no let ye starve: ye'll tell him that the auld man left him his blessing, and that I wad like to be laid in the Greyfriars, and that he is no to put oot muckle siller——'"

"Woman!" cried my uncle, "this is perfectly intolerable! There's half-a-crown for you,—go about your business, and never let me see your face again!"

"Half-a-croun!" screamed Miss Jess, at the top of her voice. "What am I to do wi' half-a-croun? As gude offer me a penny! Half-a-croun will no bury my feyther."

"Bury him or not, 'tis all you get from me, so go about your business."

"Eh, man, but ye hae a hard heart!" said Jess. "It's easy to be seen that ye're nane o' the Lord's lenders. But I'se awa' hame; and maybe ye'll no sleep the sounder this nicht for having turned yer back on the orphan!"

Determined to unravel the mystery, I followed Miss Jess. She ascended the Canongate with rapid strides until she reached the shop of a well-known spirit-dealer, which she entered; and after a brief space, emerged with a bottle in her hand. A little further up she turned into a close, and ascended a stair, unconscious that I was at her heels. After several spiral windings, she entered an apartment, the door of which was open, so that I could see the company. Sitting at the table with a pewter measure before him, was an old grey-haired man, whom I conjectured to be the defunct Independent minister, smoking a pipe. By him was seated a dirty shabby-genteel vagabond, evidently of the Jewish race, supported by a brace of unmistakable High Street harlots. To this worshipful company entered Miss Jess. I could not hear the commencement of her explanation, but the conclusion was perfectly satisfactory,—"I couldna get mair out o' the auld fule than half-a-crown. I tried it hard on him, but he's getting camsteary. Ony hoo, we've whisky eneuch for ae nicht; and noo, feyther, we'll drink your dirgie!"

That is but one instance out of many in which my uncle was made the victim of low imposture; but I fear he suffered more severely from swindlers of another sort. Few men attain middle age without being waited on by former class-fellows—men whom they have known in their

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youth; who, by their own showing, have been ruined by the villany of designing scoundrels. Sometimes the applicant wishes to have the loan of a hundred pounds or so, in order to repurchase, for the benefit of his children, some property which he had been compelled to part with ridiculously under its value. Sometimes he merely desires the advance of a small sum for an exigency in business,—for he is always engaged in some kind of business,—and this he will repay, with thanks, in less than a couple of months. My poor uncle was, I must needs say, unfortunate in his class-fellows; for I know not how many of them availed themselves of his purse, but I know very well that no man ever paid him back. But the worst leech of all was a plausible oily rogue, whom I instinctively hated from the first moment I saw him—a smiling, obsequious rascal, who had always some scheme on hand, by which a man might, through moderate investment, secure an ample fortune. At one time it was a deserted and waterlogged coal-mine, with most wonderful seams, which only required to be pumped out in order to make a Crœsus of the enterprising pumper. At another time it was a new invention to supersede gas, which would cost comparatively nothing, but the monopoly of which might be secured by taking out a patent. My uncle listened, and, as a matter of course, was taken in. I ought to speak of him reverently and tenderly, for it is my firm conviction that he cared little about money for his own sake, and only wished to have it in order that he might make a comfortable provision for myself. It is sad to think that the best, the kindest, and the most single-hearted of men should be destined, from these high and noble qualities, to be made the prey of the meanest and most despicable of creation.

Dr Buchanan partook in some degree of that delicacy of constitution which brought my poor mother to an early grave. He had indeed outlived the age when consumptive symptoms are usually manifested; but in many respects his mode of life was not conducive to longevity. He took but little exercise, and was too abstemious for a man of his spare habit of body. Total abstinence is an excellent thing for your plethoric, pot-bellied fellows, who have a tendency of blood to the head; but it does not suit the lean and meagre, who absolutely require a stimulant to promote circulation and assist the digestive organs. I remember perfectly the circumstances to which I must attribute my uncle's death. It was a November night. The weather had been remarkably changeable, varying from frost to fog, and from fog to heavy rain; and as we sat together in the little drawing-room, the sound upon the cupola announced a perfect deluge. In the midst of this, and while we were congratulating ourselves upon being warmly and safely housed, a knock was heard at the door, and a message was brought in, to the effect that a poor woman in the Pleasance, an old servant of the Doctor, was in the pangs of labour, and that she entreated his assistance. Albeit not in the obstetric line, my uncle, who, I verily believe, would, if desired, have gone any distance to relieve the sufferings of a fellow-creature, put on his great-coat, and, resisting all entreaties that he would tarry for a hackney-coach, which could not then have been procured without a great loss of time, sallied out in one of the worst nights which Edinburgh, infamous for such exhibitions, could display. I believe that he was thoroughly soaked before he reached the Pleasance; and, the case being a critical one, he did not return home until an early hour next morning. The result was a severe cold and cough, in spite of which he continued to lecture for several days, until the effort became too great for him, and then he took to his bed, murmuring at the misfortune which prevented him from discharging his duty to his class. As his lectures were for the most part written, and as his assistant was able—which I certainly was not—to exhibit the experimental part, I offered to officiate in his stead; but he rejected the proposition with something like testiness, declaring that, while he was alive, no man should read his lectures. Of course there was nothing more to be

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said. Possessed by a sore malady, he lay and fretted himself, and instead of becoming better, he became daily and visibly worse.

Miserable I would have been (notwithstanding the care of Nurse Osett, who tended the sick man, night and day, with a pure affectionate feeling) if no one else had shown an interest in my dying uncle. But he had one friend whom he dearly loved, and who repaid that love by an attachment bordering on devotion. Edward, or Ned Mather, as he was more familiarly called, had inherited a small landed property somewhere in the north, and, I believe, had at one time studied for the bar: but his nature recoiled from the drudgery of a profession, for which, he said—I doubt not truly—that he had neither capacity nor inclination. He was a good, kind, simple-hearted soul, totally devoid of ambition, quite satisfied with an income which was just sufficient to enable him to live in comfort as a bachelor, and to indulge, at the right season of the year, in the sport of angling, the only pursuit for which he manifested any strong propensity. As for settling in life, by which phrase I mean contracting matrimony, that was a notion that never entered into his head. He did not affect the society of ladies, never went to evening parties, and rarely dined out except on the invitation of bachelors like himself. Characters like Ned Mather are by no means uncommon; but, as they make no manner of show, the world overlooks them altogether.

He was a gaunt, grey, elderly man, with an ungainly exterior, but with a heart as tender as that of a woman. He had been at the same school as Dr Buchanan, whom he regarded as an absolute prodigy of learning; and the intimacy so early formed had continued through life unbroken. No sooner did he learn that my uncle was seriously ill than he repaired to his bedside, and watched over him night and day with more than the solicitude of a brother. Honest Ned was a man of few words, and therefore never in the way. He would sit for hours beside his friend as he tossed on the fevered couch, the tears at times forcing their way down his cheeks, for he was quite sensible of the imminence of the danger, which, indeed, the able physician, who attended my uncle, did not attempt to conceal.

At last the crisis came.

"Ned," said my uncle, feebly, "give me your hand—"

Ned stooped down and kissed his forehead.

"You've been a dear friend to me, Ned—God bless you for it. I know I am dying. I have been a great sinner, but I trust in the mercy of God through the atonement of our blessed Redeemer. I may have thought too much about the world, and been impatient under my burden, but I never have forgotten Him, and that makes me easier now."

Poor Ned tried to say something, but the words stuck in his throat. He was sobbing like a child.

"Norman, my boy, come round here; my eyes are failing. Be a good lad, Norman; be upright, honourable, and true. Keep a clear conscience, and then, though the world should fail you, there's One above that will not. Ned, my old friend—my heart is sore about this laddie. I've made my will—you'll find it in my desk, Ned—but it's little I have to leave. Look after him, Ned, and see him put in the way of earning his bread. Now, God bless you both for ever and ever! Turn my face to the wall, Ned, and draw the curtain—so—"

Deeply did I mourn for my uncle. Throughout the years I dwelt beneath his roof, he had treated me with the utmost indulgence and affection, counselling rather than reproving me for any of my juvenile outbreaks, and amply supplying the loss of a father whom I never knew. Wiser men and more prudent there may have been than Dr Buchanan, but I have met with none kindlier of heart or more purely honourable than he was.

When the funeral was over, Mr Mather entered upon the discharge of his duties as executor, but the task was a very simple one. The house in St John Street and the furniture were left to me, but beyond that there was nothing. A policy of insurance indeed there was, effected some years back with the Vulture

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office; but unfortunately the last premium, which fell due about the time my uncle was taken ill, had not been paid, so that the benefit of the insurance was forfeited. After some deliberation it was determined that the house should be sold, and that I and Nurse Osett should go into furnished lodgings, the rent of which, and the estimated expenses of living, my limited means were just sufficient to defray. As to my ulterior destiny, that remained to be settled afterwards; but in the mean time it was thought expedient that I should go into an office, so that I might attain some knowledge of practical business, and moreover commence the necessary obligation of earning, through industry, something for my own support. That is a lesson which cannot be learned too early; and I have often thought that many young men, with good prospects before them, might be saved from premature extravagance and ruin if they were betimes compelled to weigh the difficulty of gaining a shilling against the comparative ease of spending one. Before long an opportunity was afforded; for Mr Shearaway, Writer to the Signet, an old acquaintance of my uncle, hearing of my unfriended position, readily and kindly offered to take me into his establishment. And thus I became a limb of the law, in the subordinate capacity of a clerk.

CHAPTER V.—SCOTTISH POLITICS AS THEY WERE.

I have no hesitation in avowing myself to be a Tory, in the most extended sense of the term. I never liked the name Conservative, which I take to have been invented for the purpose of justifying those deviations from principle which modern statesmen are so prone to commit in the race for political power. Principle is at all times, according to my view, a sacred thing. Expediency, which the Whigs and Peelites have tried hard to elevate to the rank of a morality, is at best but a pretext for abandoning the clear line of duty. It may be very expedient to pick another man's pocket, to shirk payment of a just and lawful debt, or to utter a flagrant falsehood. Sophistry may palliate such matters, or even strive to extenuate them on the ground that they were necessary transactions; but not the less on that account do they stand in direct opposition to the laws of honesty and truth.

Why should I be ashamed of calling myself a Tory, whereas many of the best and wisest men of the last and preceding generations were proud of the party title? I do not see that it implies the maintenance of any one opinion which a gentleman and man of honour need scruple to avow. As a Tory, I consider myself pledged to the support of the British constitution as by law defined. I stand for hereditary monarchy, a hereditary Chamber of Peers, and a free House of Commons, holding that no better political arrangement could be invented for securing true liberty and wise government to the nation at large. I am for maintaining the established churches intact, with all their guaranteed rights, privileges, and possessions, believing that Church and State form but one edifice, and must stand or fall together. I look with detestation and abhorrence upon any attempt to alter or innovate these, which I hold to be the fundamental principles of the constitution; and I give my hearty malison to each and all of that malignant gang of democrats and dissenters, either in or out of Parliament, who affect to regard the Sovereign of these realms merely as the chief magistrate, who rail at the House of Lords as an antiquated nuisance, and who denounce the established Churches as remnants of medieval superstition, or as bloated corporations whose revenues ought to be confiscated, and applied to educational or other secular purposes. I say that I give to these men my hearty malison and exceeding cordial execration. They shall not eat of my bread nor drink of my cup, nor shall I be partaker of theirs. There is a limit to all things, even to forbearance; and toleration, though

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it will bear stretching, and is sufficiently elastic, must at a certain point give way.

But while I make this profession of political faith, from which I swerve not, but believe as sincerely as the devout Christian does the articles of the creed delivered by the Apostles, I wish to guard myself against being considered either as an advocate of abuses, or an inveterate enemy to reforms. Common sense teaches us that all earthly things are liable to decay. The best-built house will, after a certain time, require repairs, in order that its stability may be assured; and in like manner, all institutions of man's device must at certain seasons be revised with a view to preserve their efficiency. Nay, I shall go further than this, and admit that very often not only repairs, but substantial improvements, may be made with great advantage and convenience. It is no principle of Toryism to oppose improvement, though it has suited the purposes of the democrats to insist that such is its aim and object. Blind adherence to party traditions is truly rather a Whig than a Tory attribute; and I deny that reverence for the past must necessarily engender a spirit of hostility to modern invention, or resistance to schemes for the benefit or amelioration of the people.

It was, I think, old Talleyrand who used to maintain that, in politics, a blunder was less excusable than a crime; and that saying of the heathen of the episcopate, who had sworn more oaths to successive governments of France, regal, republican, consular, and imperial, than he could reckon upon his fingers and his toes, has been applied, not unjustly, to the conduct of the old Tory party in Britain, who, some thirty years ago, were imprudent enough to declare themselves opposed to all reform of the House of Commons. I can perfectly well understand their opposition to the measure which was brought in, and finally carried after a struggle of unexampled acrimony and excitement, because the change thereby made was more sweeping than the circumstances required; and, inasmuch as it effected a wholesale and immediate transference of political power from the hands of one class of the community to those of another, partook certainly more of the nature of a revolution than of a reform. But how any reflecting man could conscientiously maintain that no change in the system of the representation of the people was required, utterly baffles my comprehension. I know very well that one generation sees such matters by a very different light from that which was vouchsafed to their predecessors. All new political devices are alarming. We know what is, but we do not know what may be; and therefore we accept the more cautious alternative, and, as Shakespeare says, are content,

> "Rather to bear the ills we have,
> Than rush to others that we know not of."

Still, making every allowance for alarmist tendencies on the part of men who had marked the rise and spread of Radical and even Republican doctrines, I cannot fathom the reasons through which they arrived at the conviction, that the people, even in a limited and contracted sense of the term, were adequately or justly represented in the old House of Commons. I do not pretend to know much about the representative system of England, and therefore shall say nothing regarding it, beyond the observation that the maintenance of mere pocket boroughs, such as Gatton and Old Sarum, wherein there was positively no kind of electoral body, was directly opposed to the constitutional and ancient principle, which is, that all members of the House of Commons must be representatives of certain classes and sections of the people, to the exclusion of peers of the realm; and also that the exclusion from representation of large and thriving towns, which had done so much to promote and extend the manufacturing and commercial resources of the country, was both indefensible and impolitic. But I cannot imagine anything worse than the old representative system of Scotland, which was really rotten to the core. Under it the possessor of landed property, no matter what its extent might be, was not qualified to vote in respect thereof, unless he held

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his lands directly by charter from the Crown. If he held of a subject superior, he had no vote, but the holder of that superiority voted in his stead; so that, in reality, parchment, not land, carried the franchise: and as for the tenantry, they had no more to say in elections than the dumb beasts that fattened on their farms. The burgh electoral system was quite as bad. The corporations were of the closest kind, and were beyond the control of the vast majority of the householders rated within the boundary. It was worth while being a member of a town-council in those days, for as all the burghs, with the exception of Edinburgh, were grouped to return delegates, who elected the member for Parliament, there was, in the case of any contest, first, a keen canvass of the councillors of each burgh for the election of a particular delegate, in the course of which canvass not only promises, but substantial considerations, were required as legitimate perquisites of power; and, secondly, there was the weightier matter of persuading the delegates when chosen—in other words, of buying up a bailie or deacon, the price of whom, it is said, was often greater than that of the most beautiful Circassian ever exposed for sale in the slave-markets of Cairo or Constantinople. Yet that was the system which the old Tories thought proper to defend; and for defending which they have brought obloquy on their party name, and made it obnoxious throughout Scotland for well-nigh thirty years. No people have longer memories than the Scots. They were ever ready to revenge the offences of the fathers upon the children even to the third and fourth generation; and you cannot to this day persuade them that the young man who was peacefully sucking his coral in the cradle when the reform processions, with bands and banners, were parading the streets of Edinburgh, was not even then a dark and deliberate conspirator against the true liberties of the people.

I certainly was no infant in those days; but I was not very much of a politician, though I could not help feeling the influences of the general excitement. The respectable legal practitioners into whose office I was admitted, had charge of the political management, on the Whig side, of a large and important county; and therefore I was early initiated into the mysteries of splitting superiorities, drawing charters, preparing infeftments, and all the rest of the costly machinery by means of which some dozens of needy dependants were elevated to the rank of freeholders, and invested with the privilege of voting in lieu of the proprietors of the land. For although votes—that is, superiority qualifications—generally bore a high price in the market, as giving the holders thereof a claim for ministerial patronage and favour, it not unfrequently happened that the number of sellers was greater than that of the buyers, in which case, in order to keep up the preponderancy on the roll, new votes had to be created by the splitting of existing superiorities, and these were given as a kind of bonus for past services to inferior agents, satellites, and understrappers; due precaution being always taken that, in the event of a closely contested election, they should not be induced to hop over to the opposite party. Such things, however, in spite of all precaution, did occasionally occur; and therefore it was a great object to select such persons only as could be thoroughly depended on—in other words, men who knew they would be ruined, soul and body, if, on account of any conceivable bribe, they dared to perpetrate a treason.

Such was the political state of Scotland previous to the passing of the Reform Act; and the more closely it is examined, the more wonderful it will appear that such an anomalous and absurd system should have been tolerated so long. One might suppose that the independent landowners would have been the first to insist upon the recognition of the rights of real property, and to protest against being thus ruthlessly bound by the fetters of despotic parchment. But no. They were used to the system, and they liked it, partly for this reason, that it really cost them nothing. Gentlemen were not then called upon to make a common purse to defray county election expenses. The whole costs were de-

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frayed by the great territorial magnates, who were the direct vassals of the Crown, and who were but too glad in this way to strengthen their family influence. In some counties where the parchment power of some one chief was clearly predominant, there never was an attempt at a contest; but the culminating Duke, Marquis, or Earl, Whig or Tory as the case might be, put forward his nominee without any kind of obstruction. In others, however, the two interests were so nearly balanced, that it was absolutely impossible to predict which party should win the day at an approaching election. Legal ingenuity was constantly on the watch to detect flaws in the titles of antagonists, and not less active in creating new votes by stretching parchment to the uttermost. Liferenters in embarrassed circumstances were persecuted by every form of legal torture which the law of Scotland could supply, in order to make them renounce, or at all events flee to a far country, from which they durst not return, even at an election summons. Vacillating old gentlemen, with small means and large families, often found themselves able to procure, at a slight sacrifice of political principle, commissions and cadetships for their sons. In short, every art was used to make proselytes or to rear mushrooms; and in some instances, if common report might be credited, even the sanctity of the law had been violated by audacious and unscrupulous partisans.

The county to which I refer was one of the latter description. In it two great rival houses contended for the rule; and the contest was one of such ancient standing as to have become almost matter of history. In the old times, while Scotland was still an independent kingdom, the house of Carrabas had ever ranged itself in war and council against the house of Grimalkin. This was the more extraordinary, because neither of the families was remarkable for adherence to any one particular side. In fact, it would appear that the sons were for the most part disposed to differ from their fathers; so that a Cavalier was almost certain to beget a Covenanter, or *vice versâ*. But the most singular thing was that, notwithstanding this internal vacillation, never by any accident were a Carrabas and a Grimalkin arrayed under the same banner. Dwelling in the same district, they were perpetually at feud, and made a point of ravaging each other's lands whenever they could find an opportunity. Was a Carrabas in favour at court, he instantly accused the Lord of Grimalkin of being privy to some monstrous and unnatural rebellion against his liege sovereign, and solicited letters of fire and sword, so that he might legally raise his vassals, and give the castle of the traitor to the flames. When the wheel of fortune again revolved, and the ruling Grimalkin turned up trumps, he never failed, as in duty bound, to furnish proofs of the disloyalty of Carrabas, and to hint that, if confiscation should follow, various estates belonging to the latter might conveniently be added to the hereditary domains of the trustiest servant of the Crown. Notwithstanding these raids and confiscations, which on the average were pretty equally distributed, both houses prospered; and when the Union took place, the Marquis of Carrabas and the Earl of Grimalkin were accounted amongst the most influential members of the Scottish Peerage. During the reign of George the First, an attempt was made by some officious friends to put an end to this ill-omened rivalry, which it was thought might, in the event of a Jacobite enterprise, lead to disastrous consequences, by a matrimonial alliance. There was then a young Marquis of Carrabas, somewhat gay, thoughtless, and extravagant, no doubt, but by no means a bad sort of fellow if he could be kept from wine, women, and dice, for all which three allurements he had a decided predilection; and there was also a young Countess of Grimalkin in her own right, slightly deformed, but very strong minded, who adhered to the most rigid tenets of Presbytery, her father, the late Earl, having been an extreme Episcopalian. I am not aware if, in those days, the science of chemistry was so far advanced that the neutralising influence of acids and alkalies had been ascertained; but human sagacity often anticipates

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sciences; and it seems clear that in this instance the promoters of the union were impressed with the notion that by combining two obnoxious positives, it was possible to obtain one agreeable negative result. These negotiations were so far successful that the marriage took place; but alas! they had forgotten to take into account the force of hereditary antipathy. "Put the blood of Grimalkin and Carrabas into one bowl," said a stout old adherent of Queen Mary, when lying wounded on the field of Langside beside the body of his antagonist, whom he had satisfactorily perforated with his Toledo, "and they will mingle together nae whit better than wine does with lappered milk!" The words of the grim old Baron were prophetic and true. The blood would not mingle, neither would the tempers coalesce. It is said that the young Marquis was less in fault than the Puritan lady, inasmuch as he gave some symptoms of reformation, and tried at least to make himself agreeable; but the bride relaxed nothing of her austerity; became more sour and solemn than before; entertained, by way of chaplains, two low-bred Geneva probationers in her household; and set her face so decidedly against all social intercourse which befitted her rank and station, that she drove the boy Marquis, who, under better management, might have become a good husband and respectable man, into all sorts of dissipation, which brought him to an early grave. He died childless, and his next brother succeeded to the titles and estate. The sour lady was not more prolific. To the intense disgust of her kindred, she married one of the aforesaid probationers, but died shortly afterwards in abortive childbed, leaving her succession open to a cousin, who had declined so low that, when he received tidings of his good fortune, he was actually a non-commissioned officer in the Line!

After this unavailing attempt at amalgamation, the families quietly relapsed into their old habits of hostility, tempered, of course, by the altered circumstances of the time. They could no longer, it is true, arm their vassals with sword and spear; but they armed them with superiorities, and, instead of fighting in the open field, they did battle in the freeholders' court. The eminent legal firm in whose office I was placed —Messrs Meiklecry, Littlewoo, and Shearaway, W.S.—were the family and political agents of the Most Noble Augustus John, Marquis of Carrabas, who, being one of those superb aristocrats who conceive the vulgar earth honoured by the pressure of their soles, belonged to the Whig alliance. The interests of the Right Honourable Adolphus Duncan, Earl of Grimalkin, were placed under the charge of the equally eminent firm of Butt and Benn, W.S., who had the reputation of being the sharpest conveyancers in the profession, and, of course, were Tories to the backbone. Glorious days were those for the Edinburgh agents—days which, alas! will never return again; and even now, the mere mention of them brings tears into the eyes of many a veteran practitioner. For they had then the practical command and management of a great portion of the landed property of Scotland, the lairds having utterly outrun the constable, and being largely indebted to their *doers* for pecuniary advances, which the latter borrowed from the banks. It was then considered an utter impossibility that a gentleman should be able to manage his own affairs, to collect his rents, or to write the simplest business letter, without the advice or intervention of an agent. Accordingly, what between factor-fees, commission, and business accounts, an enormous per-centage of the rent-roll of Scotland found its way into the pockets of the lawyers; and as they were also in high political trust, it is no wonder that the profession should have been regarded as one of the very best to which an anxious father could devote the energies of his son. I am now speaking of days that have gone by, for since then a vast alteration has taken place. Thrift and economy are now much more practised than heretofore. Men are no longer prone, from mere extravagance and show, to rush headlong into ruin. Country gentlemen of limited means have become aware, that of all luxuries that of maintain-

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ing an agent is the most expensive and the least satisfactory; and they now either manage their own affairs, or procure, at a moderate rate, the assistance of country practitioners,—a most respectable class, which of late years has risen deservedly in the public estimation. I must needs say that, having witnessed this change of custom and manners, I regard it with unmingled satisfaction. It has saved an honourable profession from being utterly overstocked—a danger which once was imminent; and it has restored to their proper place of efficiency and independence the landed gentry, who at one time seemed destined, by their own folly and imprudence, to lapse into settled decay.

Messrs Meiklecry, Littlewoo, and Shearaway transacted a very large and profitable business. Of the senior partner, Mr Meiklecry, we lads in the office saw little or nothing; for, being a man in advanced years, he took but very small interest in the ordinary routine, contenting himself with keeping up a sort of honorary and ceremonious correspondence with his principal clients. He belonged to the antiquated class of lawyers which is now entirely extinct, was extremely courteous in his demeanour, used hair-powder, and was, I believe, the last man who walked the streets of Edinburgh in a snuff-coloured coat, knee-breeches, and silk stockings, and who wore buckles in his shoes. He was a bachelor, very rich, rather penurious, and was chargeable with no frailty beyond an addiction to tawny port. Mr Littlewoo, the second partner, was, in his own opinion, a heaven-born lawyer—an undoubted legitimate child of the forensic Themis. His genius was too high to condescend to the drudgery of conveyancing, but he rioted in processes, and was ingenious beyond belief in the discovery of dilatory or peremptory pleas. His memorials for counsel were, in fact, pleadings ready drawn, on which account he was very popular with members of the bar, inasmuch as he saved them a vast amount both of time and trouble. One crook there was indeed in his lot; and that was the bitter reflection, which he ever and anon avowed, that he had sacrificed himself by entering the less conspicuous branch of the legal profession, instead of assuming the barrister's wig and gown. It was, he used to say, a most grievous and aggravating thing that he, to whom no practising advocate in the Parliament House was fit to hold the candle for knowledge of precedents, intimacy with the forms of process, and familiarity with the Acts of Sederunt, should, on account of his father's obstinacy in breeding him a Writer to the Signet, be compelled to place that candle under a bushel. Let him but have the opportunity, and he would very soon convince the world and the bench, that Jamieson, and Jeffrey, and Moncreiff, and the rest of them, about whom folks made such a song, were little better than mere bairns as regarded a thorough knowledge of the practiques. It is proper, however, to observe that the friends of Mr Littlewoo were privately of opinion, that an inveterate stutter with which he was afflicted must have proved a formidable obstacle in the way of his forensic success—an opinion which was not shaken by the result of divers oratorical efforts made by Mr Littlewoo at the Whig gatherings and banquets, which in those days were rather frequent. Littlewoo was too important a man, and too liberal a dispenser of fees, to be gagged on such occasions; so, by way of compromise, he was permitted, usually at a late hour of the evening, to propose a favourite toast, which he enunciated in the following manner,—"The fif-fif-freedom of the pe-pe-press, if we ha-have it not, we de-die;" and as the whole of his harangue was hawked forth in the same manner, accompanied with grotesque facial contortions and pugilistic gesture, it is not surprising that his speeches should be waited for with intense curiosity, and responded to with rapturous plaudits. For the rest, he was a man who stood well in society, and kept a most hospitable board, round which it was the pride of his heart to see gathered the rising members of the Whig bar; albeit none of them could muster up courage to propose to either of the three Misses Littlewoo, full-blown votaries of the waltz, who were perverse

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enough to prefer the conversation of the officers from Piershill and the Castle to that of stupid young gentlemen in black, whose talk was of nothing but processes.

The conveyancing department of our office was under the charge of an ancient clerk, who, for a salary of £250, performed more profitable work than any other member of the establishment. Poor old Samuel Grey! I remember him well, and so, I daresay, do many more, who must often have encountered that venerable figure, plodding, as he daily did, round the Calton Hill, after business hours, for the short walk which formed his only exercise. Grey he was by name, and grey by nature. His complexion was grey, his hair was grey, and his clothes were of that mixture which was then denominated pepper-and-salt. His constant companion was an old grey terrier—a creature which he loved better than anything else upon earth, and which was said originally to have won his affections by the heroic exploit of worrying a large rat, which had found its way into a charter-chest, and, for lack of more succulent food, was devouring an Instrument of Sasine. I see him still as he used to sit in his dingy back-room, the threadbare carpet of which had long lost all trace of its original pattern, at the table lined with cloth once red, but now saturated with dust, and slashed with cuts of the penknife, inflicted by meditative apprentices in the hours of dreary solitude. There sate old Samuel Grey, amidst a parallelogram of japanned and green boxes, with a whole stack of parchments before him, engaged from early morn till dewy eve in noting, pencil-marking, scrolling, and collating, with a diligence that never relaxed, and a patience that never tired; whilst under the table, on the remnant of an ancient rug, lay the grey terrier, with its nose between its forepaws, looking as sagacious as if it too had some kind of knowledge of the mysteries of charters, and only lifting its head with a growl of warning for its master, when some one of us clerks presumed to enter that sanctuary of sheepskin. Poor old Samuel Grey! He was found one day dead at his desk, stooping over a charter, which rattled as they took it from his grasp like the last breath of an expiring man.

Mr Shearaway, the junior partner, was my especial patron, and of him I shall only say that, though somewhat quick of temper, he was as thoroughly good-hearted a fellow as ever signed letters of horning. He had charge of the general correspondence and political department, and was considered very nearly, if not altogether, a match for Mr Butt, the noted Tory agent, of whose diplomatic ability and skill in manœuvring the Whigs stood in abject terror. As I had always applied myself with due diligence to whatever work was assigned to me, invented no pretexts for being absent during regular office-hours, and was willing to sit late at times when there was an extra pressure of business as occurred invariably when an election was impending, I became a sort of favourite with Mr Shearaway, who was pleased to confide to old Samuel Grey that he considered me worth any two of the articled apprentices. "It's my opinion, Mr Grey, that our office is going to the devil—regularly, sir, to the devil; and I don't know how to stop it. There are those apprentices; four of them, sir, no less. I can't lay salt upon their tails after nine o'clock at night, though there should be as much work to do as would keep the whole of us till two in the morning. One young gentleman, forsooth, slips away to the theatre, where I doubt he is in no good company. Another has to attend a meeting of the Speculative or Juridical Society, where he and the like of him talk infernal nonsense, and think they are qualifying themselves for speakers. Speakers, quotha! The less a writer has to do with speaking the better. Young Toddison makes his escape, it's my settled belief, to some tavern or other; for the creature drinks like a trout—I'm sure of that, since I caught him sending out on the sly for soda-water in the forenoon. And as for that whelp, Jamie Littlewoo, who spends half his earnings on lemon-coloured gloves, he absolutely had the audacity, sir, to tell me the other night that he could not stop to

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copy a paper, because he was engaged to go with his sisters to a ball!"

"If I was you, Mr Shearaway," replied the old clerk, "I wad issue a precept, sir, of the strictest kind, and tak' instruments in the hands of the lads——"

"Pooh! you might as well try to put eels into a quart bottle. They think themselves gentlemen, forsooth, and won't stoop to what they call drudgery. They give sixpences to porters for carrying processes to the Register House instead of tucking them under their arms, strap and all, as I have done a thousand times, and thought myself none the worse for it. I'll tell you what, Mr Grey, that laddie Norman Sinclair is worth the whole kit of them. He does what he is bid, writes a good hand, and never makes a sour face when he is asked to sit up till midnight."

"'Deed, Mr Shearaway," said Samuel, whose good graces I had won, partly through attention to business, and partly by being kind to his dog, "I agree wi' you that he is a vera fine lad. I would trust him ony day without warrandice expressed or implied; for ye see, sir, he has a natural sense of the reddendo which is due to his superiors, and when that is the case ye may dispense wi' ony further confirmation. As for the other bairns, sir, they are young and wilful, but they'll nae doubt mend in time, and deserve a favourable novodamus. In the meanwhile ye must just jowk and let the jaw gae by, or, to speak mair preceesely, proceed by method of resignation."

"Well, well, Mr Grey," said his superior, "the upshot of the matter is that I shall take young Sinclair with me to Slockendrouth as an assistant. I do not think I could rely on any other of the lads at a time when so much drink is going; and it may perhaps do him good hereafter, for I hear the laddie is but unfriended."

This conversation was detailed to me, on the day after it took place, by the old clerk, under the seal of strict secresy, and many were the warnings and admonitions which he gave me as to my behaviour on the trying occasion.

"It's an awful thing to think o', Maister Norman, and a shamefu' thing to see in a Christian country, no to speak of ane which professes to be under kirk discipline; but the fact is, sir, that well-water never ran sae fast out of a pump, as foreign wine does ower the craigs o' the freeholders at an election. I am nae abstainer mysel', for I can tak' my toddy—and whatfor no?—wi' a friend on Saturday at e'en, and never tell him that the kettle has gane dry; but I just perfectly abominate that gusting and guzzling and gulping o' French drink—Lord safe us, it costs a guinea the bottle, whereas a tumbler should just be fourpence! But ye'll see a' that, and a hantle mair. Ye'll see auld men, with white pows, as drunk as Davy's sow, and young men roaring mad, for they're no used to the fizzing stuff that sets the brain a-low without warming the cockles of the heart, like the kindly barley-bree. Ye'll see a' that—and my advice to ye is to refrain frae the wine-cup a' thegither; or if ye canna clean win aff, fill up your glass twa-thirds wi' clear water, and your head will be clear and your stamach strang in the morning, when the lave o' them will be sick and disjaskit."

I assured my venerable Mentor that I should take his advice to heart, and be as abstemious as the circumstances would admit; and thus premonished, I was not surprised to receive, a few days afterwards, an intimation from Mr Shearaway that my services were required at the approaching election which was to take place at the head burgh of Slockendrouth.

CHAPTER VI.—THE GATHERING OF THE FREEHOLDERS.

We set out from Edinburgh, as I remember, in a barouche and pair, carrying with us a couple of voters—shy cocks, as Mr Shearaway called them—who, by some means or other, had been inveigled over from the Continent, which they honoured with their residence, never deigning to

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tread upon British ground, save on occasions like the present, when all their expenses were paid, in the most handsome manner, by the philanthropic Marquis of Carrabas. We took with us a basket of provisions, specially intended for the refection of these gentlemen, lest they should grow faint by the way; the roadside inns of Scotland not being, in those days, remarkable for the quality of their provant, which was usually limited, unless previous orders were issued, to oatcakes, stubborn cheese, whisky, and strong ale—articles of diet rather repugnant to men who had been accustomed to the French *cuisine*. I cannot conscientiously say that the conversation of our companions was either edifying or agreeable. They were, as I had been given to understand, men of family, who had either missed the world, as the phrase is, or outraged it, so as to throw them beyond the circle of their immediate connections; but for all that they had not abated a jot in their pretensions, but talked big as if they were grandees of the first water, interchanged smutty anecdotes, and addressed Mr Shearaway, who was quite their equal by birth, and twenty times their superior in education and intelligence, with a supercilious impertinence which undoubtedly would have ruffled the temper of any one but an electioneering agent. But Mr Shearaway, being thoroughly up to his business, and having no regard to anything but the success of his actual employer, took no notice whatever of their innuendoes; indeed I verily believe that, if necessary, he would have driven the Author of all Evil to the poll with the utmost *sang froid*, and without concerning himself the least with the character or conversation of his companion.

We proceeded quietly and leisurely enough until we reached the limits of the contested county, where, at the [illegible] four horses, with postil[illegible] got out with blue and yellow [illegible] were in waiting. Thereafter [illegible] a regular tear over moorland [illegible] through villages, the brilliant [illegible] of the equipage calling [illegible] shuttle-shirted handloom weav[illegible] and other *elite* of [illegible]; along with the children, whose political education, it appeared, had been well attended to, whatever pains might have been bestowed upon more rudimental subjects. It is curious to remark the instinct of viviparous creatures. The captured shark, hauled upon deck, is cut up, and the young ones which issue from its womb give their first token of existence by snapping at the fingers of the sailors. Slay a she-adder, and the fangless worms she contains make an impotent attempt to bite. In the year 1810, it is recorded that a vast majority of the children begotten within the liberties of Westminster bore a striking resemblance to the late Sir Francis Burdett; and if John Bright has not so stamped his image in Birmingham, we must conclude that his attractions are inferior to those of the fine old English Baronet. As we happened to be on the popular side, we received, with no small pride, the plaudits of those juvenile politicians. So we whirled on, stage after stage, till we entered Slockendrouth, an unfortunate royal burgh, which the Reform Act has since almost demolished, but then quite a proud place, as head burgh and something more; as radical as the bitterest enemy of the constitution could desire, and enjoying the worst reputation of any burgh in Scotland.

Our smoking steeds, which had been urged to their utmost so that our entry might be of the most imposing kind, were pulled up with a violence that threw them on their haunches at the door of the Carrabas Arms, above which swung an immense board displaying a shield brilliant as the field of a kaleidoscope, with all manner of heraldic quarterings and emblazonment, which shield was valorously supported by the effigies of what appeared to be two enormous red tom-cats, with the terrible motto beneath, "CAVE CARRABAS." Our arrival was greeted by the cheers of some hundred marvellously ill-favoured fellows in fustian and otherwise, all practical opponents of the soap-duty, who, having nothing else to do, had stationed themselves round the door of the hostelry, bawling vociferously as each fresh carriage containing voters drove

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up, and deriving refreshment from occasional drams from the Carrabas alcoholic fountain, and a succession of spirited patriotic harangues delivered from an upper window by the editor of a radical newspaper, who was an independent freeholder, and had a turn for mob oratory.

Within the house all was bustle and confusion; indeed it was marvellous to me how so many people could be packed within so limited a space. The largest room was laid out for dinner, the hour for which was now approaching, and therefore was kept tolerably clear; but from every other apartment you heard the popping of corks, the purling of liquor, and the hilarious laughter of the company—sure signs that the saturnalia commenced in the forenoon was likely to be carried on at least to "the wee hour ayont the twal."

The entrance of Mr Shearaway, whose talents as a political Mephistopheles were well known and appreciated, was hailed with a burst of delight.

"Devilish glad to see you at last, Shearaway! Everything sure to go right now," said the Honourable Sholto Linklater, a thick-set young gentleman with bushy whiskers, who was the selected Whig candidate. I should explain that none of the younger scions of the house of Carrabas, all of them being in their minority, could be put forward; so that, after some dubiety and hesitation, for two or three gentlemen were ambitious of the honour, it was determined that the family interest should be exerted in favour of the Honourable Sholto, whose father, an impoverished Baron, was distantly related to the Marquis.

"I am constrained to acknowledge," said a very pompous old red-faced individual, Sir Gilbert Mounthooly of that Ilk, who, on the strength of having been in his youth an unpaid *attaché* to some third-rate embassy, always affected to speak the language of diplomacy, or rather of circumlocution—"I am constrained to acknowledge that the arrival of so able a negotiator as Mr Shearaway at this critical juncture of affairs appears to me to justify the anticipations which even the least sanguine of this honourable company have been led, with sufficient reason, I cannot doubt, to entertain; and that by his experienced assistance, the ship"—here the Baronet ceremoniously bowed to the Honourable Sholto—who, by the way, bore very little resemblance to anything connected with a ship, except the figure-head of the Jolly Bacchus—"may be wafted by the breeze of popular opinion into the haven of deserved success."

"Shearaway, man, how's a' wi' you?" said a rough-and-ready laird from an outlying district of the county, almost dislocating, in the warmth of his greeting, the joints of my excellent superior; "O, but I'm blythe to see you! Winna we gie thae Tory chields their kail through the reek to-morrow?"

"Mr Shearaway, will you take anything to drink?" was the more practical suggestion of divers friendly freeholders. But the wise negotiator, blandly declining the proffered courtesy, made his way as rapidly as he could to an upper chamber, where the local agents, who had hitherto been kept (with extreme difficulty) on a limited allowance of potables, were assembled, waiting for his advent, and, as previously instructed, ready to tender their reports. For myself, as it was the first time that I ever had been thrown into such a Babel, and as I then had a kind of superstitious awe for Honourables and Baronets, which, I need hardly say, has long since departed from me, I felt very nervous, and followed my employer close, as a timid setter cleaves to the heels of the sportsman when passing through a herd of cattle. But I was not yet to be admitted to the sanctum. Mr Shearaway, who really was a considerate and thoroughly good-natured man, saw my perplexity, and was kind enough to relieve it. He paused for a moment, and casting his eye round the throng, beckoned to an obese and somewhat plethoric individual, whom he hailed by the name of Bailie M'Chappie, and who was evidently none of the grandees.

"Bailie," said he, "I need not tell you—for you're used to this kind of work—that every man must make

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himself useful at election time. Now here's a young gentleman, Mr Sinclair, my confidential clerk, whom I cannot take with me, for reasons ye may well divine. Young folks must bide a wee before they are let far ben, as nobody kens better than yoursel', Bailie."

Here the civic dignitary intimated his acquiescence in the sentiment by laying a finger to his rubicund nose.

"Well, then, you'll oblige me, and lay the party under great obligation, if you'll take charge of him for to-night, for I've more on my hands than I can well go through with. Mind ye, he will be wanted to-morrow, so I depend upon you to see that he does not exceed—to do the callant justice, he's very steady. I would be loth to interfere with you, but this is a particular case, and I ken it is very long before you are brought to see double. Just look after the lad."

"Say nae mair—say nae mair, Mr Shearaway," replied Mr M'Chappie, "I'se put it on my conscience that he gets nae harm to-night, and is as fresh the morn as a daisy. I winna just promise that I'll gae to bed mysel' before the party breaks up, for somebody maun be there to keep order; but this ye may rely on, that I'll see the laddie atween the sheets, as douce and sober as a lamb, afore the auld Laird o' Stoupiewa's offers a sang, and that, as I ken weel, will be when the kirk clock o' Slockendrouth chaps eleven. Stoupiewa's aye keeps time. Dinna be afear'd about the laddie—ye may trust to me to look after him."

"My man," said the Bailie, after a pause, during which he honoured me with a stolid survey, and fed his nose with a copious pinch of black rappee, "ye hae heard what Mr Shearaway said; and as I have in some measure the guidance of you, I'm thinking it will be best for you and me to take a bit walk till dinner be ready. There's mair temptation in this house than is gude for a young lad like you, and were I to leave you by your lane, some of thae deil's buckies wad be leading you astray. Sae," continued he, striding to the sideboard, and helping himself to a glass of liquor which looked suspiciously like brandy, "here is your vera good health, and now we may as weel be stepping."

I had no objection to offer to this proposition; indeed, I was heartily glad to escape from the din and somewhat stifling atmosphere of the inn, and was, moreover, desirous to see a little of the popular stir which always prevails on the eve of an election. It was quite evident, as we proceeded, that all ordinary business was at a stand-still. The whole population, in a state of excitement, was wandering about the streets; and in front of the Masonic Hotel, where the Tories had established their headquarters, a vast crowd was collected, yelling with hideous dissonance at each new arrival that augmented the ranks of the obnoxious party. No actual violence, however, was attempted, nor were any missiles thrown; an abstinence which, I afterwards learned, was mainly attributable to the precautions taken by the sheriff of the county, who, in anticipation of an outbreak, had asked for the assistance of a military force; and it was quite well known throughout Slockendrouth that a party of dragoons was quartered in a neighbouring village. I could not help remarking that Mr M'Chappie, so far from being gratified by the sounds of disapprobation which were cast at his political opponents, appeared to be vexed and ruffled; for in reply to some remark of mine touching the evident sympathies of the populace, he said dryly,

"Ay, ay—it's a' vera weel. Nae doubt it's better to hae sic-like folk cheering you, than to be pelted by them wi' stanes; but for a' that they are no to be lippened to. It's true enough that they are for us the day, for we are against the Tories, and the Tories rade in the rigging; and they expeck that we shall gie them Reform and the big loaf, and double wages, and may be something mair. Nae doubt they will get Reform of Parliament, for that's a settled thing; but the taxes will be just as heavy after that as they are now; or if they are made lighter, there will still be as muckle grumbling as ever; and if ever the Whigs get the upper hand, as doubtless they will before lang,

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you'll see the mob as bitter at them as they are this day at the Tories. They speak about the people governing themsells. Lord help them! If by the people they mean the weavers o' Slockendrouth and sic-like, a bonny government it wad be! I'm an auld man now, and I hae seen something o' the world, and my belief is that the Tories are no sae bad as they are called, and the Whigs no sae good as they aye pretend to be. There are some o' the best gentlemen in the country, and the kindest to their tenantry, down yonder at the Mason's Arms; and it's no a right thing that they should be hooted at by a parcel o' blackguards, ilk ane o' whom, if he had his deserts, wad get aff cheap wi' a month on the treadmill."

I was hardly prepared for this outburst of sentiment on the part of the Bailie, and, I suppose, betrayed some surprise in my countenance, for he continued:—

"Maybe, Maister Sinclair, ye wonder to hear an auld Reformer speaking that way; for an auld Reformer I am, and will be to the end o' the chapter. The Tories are no wise in their ain generation, for they hae ridden the country wi' ower tight a curb, and they dinna see that a new order o' things has risen up amongst us. It's trade, sir—trade and commerce that has made this country what it is, and will make it greater yet; and it's no to be supposed that the men who make the country's wealth will submit to be keepit out o' the country's government. The lairds hae held their heads ower high, pretending to look down upon us citizens, because we dinna blaw about a pedigree, which is dead men's names; or as if the possession of a wheen ill-wrought acres, that brings up mair dockens than wheat, was better than bank shares, money in the Funds, or may be heritable securities. I dinna pretend to greatness, but there is ane of our lairds who wadna thole to be seen walking wi' the like o' me on the planestanes, that I could roup out o' house and hame, if it were my pleasure to gie the word. It's no the land that will rule the roast nowadays, nor the lawyers either; and that will be seen afore lang. But for a' that we canna want the land, and we canna want the law; and a' that I seek—and it wad be better for them if they did it o' their ain free-will—is that the gentry would tak' down their pride a peg or twa, and consort wi' us townsfolk, and that we should be a' ae man's bairns. But it will never do to let the scum get to the top o' the kettle. Na, na! I'm for nane o' your mob-rule, or Radical ascendancy. I hae seen enough o' that already to serve me for the rest o' my born days."

I expressed my curiosity to know what the experiences were which had made so marked an impression on the respectable Mr M'Chappie; and he, no doubt pleased at having an auditor entirely to himself, gave vent to the following narrative.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BAILIE'S VISIT TO PARIS.

"Ye maun understand, my lad, that it was no much farther back than a year ago, about the middle o' the summer, when it was minted that there was to be an election in the county; sae there was the usual stramash and hurry, folks riding and running, agents working day and night, and promises fleein' about amang the voters as fast as doos in a field o' pease. Nae doubt our friend Mr Shearaway was in the very thick of it; for he's a lang-headed chield, and a canny, and that empty bladder, the Marquis, wad be sair put to it without him. Weel, sir, ae night as I was sitting down quietly to my supper—for I aye like to hae something tasty, such as a Welsh rabbit or a Finnan haddock, before I mix my tumbler—up rattles a post-chaise to my door, bang goes the knocker, and in comes the lass wi' a letter from Mr Shearaway, telling me that I was wanted instantly in Edinburgh on important business, and that I wasna to lose an hour in coming. I was unco laith to move, for it's enough to try the patience of a saint to be disturbed at supper-time; but needs must when the deil drives, and the deil is aye great at elections; sae

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I telled them to put up a change o' things in a sma' pockmanty—for I had a kind o' a misgiving that I mightna get hame sae soon as I could wish—took a hasty mouthfu' and a dram, and stepped into the post-chaise.

"Awa' I whisks to Edinburgh, sleeping as I best could the hale road, never stopping but for ten minutes at Whitburn, where the whisky was awfu' bad, the fire out, and nae loaf-sugar in the house. It was early day when I got to Edinburgh; but early as it was, there I fand Mr Shearaway up and busy as a bee. My certie! he's no the man to let grass grow at his heels.

"'Come awa', Bailie,' says he, 'I hae a bit job for you ayont the ordinar. It's a kittle cast, but you're the man to do it.'

"'It will be something about the election, nae doubt?' says I.

"'Ye needna be a warlock to guess that,' quoth he, 'but ye have a warlock's errand before ye; for, man, ye maun cross the sea.'

"'Where to?' says I—'to Fife?'

"'Fife!' says he, 'd'ye think I am sending ye to Cupar? Na, Bailie; ye maun first to London, and then to Paris.'

"'Paris!' says I; 'losh keep us, that's in foreign parts, and in a Papish country! What would the like o' me do in Paris?'

"'That's just what I am going to tell you about,' says he. 'Auld Dubity of Switherhaugh, who has voted twice on the Grimalkin side, lives in Paris; and there's something that I ken o', and that he kens weel, that would render it vera inconvenient for him to show himself in Scotland at this time. I may just hint to ye that it's a Justiciary matter. Now, we want a discreet man to go over and persuade him that he had better, for his ain sake, bide where he is; and that if he does that, and makes nae words about it, we'll see whether we canna get a commission for his third son to India. I doubt not that a wink will be as good as a nod to him, for the Switherhaughs were aye a slippery set, but it wadna do to break it to him by a letter. It's a delicate kind of business, so we have pitched on you as the fittest man to carry it through. The election this time will be a neck-and-neck affair; and, according to my calculation, if we can keep Dubity out of the way, we are sure to win.'

"'But, dear me, Mr Shearaway,' says I, 'how am I to win my way to Paris? I canna speak a word o' French.'

"'Nonsense!' says he; 'everybody on the road speaks English; ye wad be far worse off in Aberdeen. Here are the letters for ye, with a note of directions, and there's a cheque on the Bank of Scotland for your expenses. Ye may spend it all if ye like, for no reckoning will be asked; and if auld Dubity does not appear at the election, there will be a handsome fee forthcoming for your trouble.'

"I took the cheque. It was for a bonny sum—three figures, I can tell you; and what mortal man could resist that? I was to get a trip to foreign parts for naething, with the pleasant prospect of a handsome handsel to boot.

"'I'll do your bidding, Mr Shearaway,' says I, 'and when am I to start?'

"'For London, by this afternoon's steamer,' says he; 'and from that to Paris as hard as ye can drive. So good-luck attend ye.'

"'Weel,' thought I as I gaed up the Mound to the bank to get the cheque cashed, 'siller maun be unco plenty amang the Carrabases to gar them spend it in sic gates; but that's no business o' mine.'

"In a word, I got the cash and was aff to London that afternoon. Sair sick I was, to be sure; for the wind was in the eastward, and when we got to a place that they ca'ed Flamborough, I thought that my haill inside wad hae gane into the ocean. But what wi' nips o' brandy, and ae thing and anither, I got ower the warst of it, arrived in London, and in twa days after that I had landed in France. Here I soon found that Mr Shearaway was clean wrang about the accomplishments of the foreigners. At the very first house I came to, I says to the waiter after dinner—and it was the first word I had spoken, for I just took whatever meat they put down, keeping aye a

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jealous look that it wasna frogs or sic-like abomination.

"'Lad,' says I, 'bring me a tumbler o' toddy and a ladle.'

"I wish ye had seen the creature's face. He was mair like a puzzled cockatoo than a 'sponsible Christian.

"'Sare,' says he, 'I spike Inglis.'

"'Spike the deevil,' says I, 'but bring me my toddy!'

"Ye will hardly believe it, but there were twa Englishers there at the *table d'hôte*, as they ca' it, who didna seem to understand me any better than the Frenchman, but I made the best fend of it I could with cauld brandy-and-water, and set aff in the diligence, which is the French name for the stage-coach, to Paris. I dinna mind much about the road, except that the wine was sour, and the vivers rather queer; but I was wakened out of a sound nap by the bawling of a chield they ca'ed the conductor, on the top of the diligence, by which I understood that we were coming near to the great city of Paris. Now, as I had been informed that we would be stopped at the gates for examination of the luggage and sic-like, the French folk being sic inveterate smugglers and rogues that a son would cheat his ain father, I thought it right to gather myself up; 'for,' thinks I, 'as linen is scarce in these parts, wha kens but they may take a fancy to my shirts?' But when we came to the ports, no a soul was there, not even a policeman. They were standing wide open, the guard-house was clean deserted; and for aught I could see, the great city of Paris might have been as empty as Edinburgh in the hinder end of August, when the grass grows thick in the squares, and the only living things ye encounter are a wean niffering a bawbee for grosarts wi' an auld woman at a stall. But for a' that, it was evident that something by ordinar was ga'en on inside; for cannon began to bang, no as our folk fire, regular and precisely, on the King's birth-day, but clap after clap, as if the guns had been double-barrelled, and whiles I thought I could hear a kind of roar, maist terrible and gruesome, like the back-draught of a mighty sea. The French folk that were wi' me in the diligence began to cock their lugs, and to look queer; and I heard them jabbering to ane anither in a quick, raised, jerky kind o' way: but what it was they said I couldna understand, for I hae nae knowledge o' their purley voos. Weel—on gaed the coach, the sound o' the cannon aye growing louder and louder, and very soon it was mingled with a brattling that I kent to be the discharge of musketry; and I said to mysel', though I canna assert that I was altogether without misgivings, 'Nae doubt it will be a military review; and the folk that should hae lookit after the gate will hae gane in to see the ploy!' But, my certie! it wasna lang afore I fand out my error; for nae sooner did we turn a corner than the diligence was beset by twa or three hundred black-a-vised scoundrels, maist o' them in blue shirts aboon their other claes; and in a jiffy they had cut the traces, ta'en away the horses, and signed to us passengers to come out. The Frenchmen that were inside spanged like puddocks out of a pail o' het water, but deil a bit would I budge without my pockmanty. Then they tried to pu' me out, neck and heels, but I made fecht wi' my umbrella, and gaed a chield a paik below the ribs that doubled him up like a carpenter's rule. Sae they just let me sit where I was, drawing the diligence broadside to the street; and in twa minutes' time they had jammed it in wi' carts, auld barrels filled wi' paving-stanes, and mony other kinds o' lumber, sae that a cat could hardly hae cruppen out; and an unco terror came over me, for I thought they were going to bury me alive. But that was a vain imagination; for presently I hears a loud skelloch among the blackguards that were scrambling on the top, and down they slid like spiders; and then I saw, what in the perturbation of my mind I hadna observed at first, that ilka ane o' them had a gun, and a gay wheen o' them baygonets stuck into the muzzle. Now, if there is ae thing I detest mair than anither, it is the sight of a gun, for I have been a peaceful man a' my days, and never handled powther since I was a laddie at school, and burnt my fingers with a pluff; sae ye may weel imagine

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what was my state o' mind when the vagabonds began to take aim as it were through the windows o' the diligence, and me sitting inside! I looked up the street to see if there was ony chance of escape in that direction, for I felt as if I could have fled for refuge to the uttermost parts of the earth; but what think ye I saw there? Naething less than a hail regiment o' soldiers charging down upon me! I had just time to clap down on the floor, and was beginning to say a bit o' a prayer, when pash gaed ae bullet clean through the wood-work, and then a perfect volley; and I fand that I was in the very centre of what they call a barricade, that the soldiers and the mob were fighting, and that I lay between their shots. How lang that lasted I canna say, for I clean lost my judgment and my senses. I hae a kind o' indistinct recollection that I howled like a pointer dog tied up in a strange stable, and tried to cover myself up wi' the straw that was lying in the bottom o' the coach, but I ken naething mair; and when I came to mysel' the firing was done, and maist feck o' the mob had disappeared. They telt me afterwards that the soldiers had been defeated at that barricade, and sure enough there were a hantle o' them, puir chields! lying dead and bloody in the streets; but I caredna which had the better, sae that I could make my escape out of that accursed coach. Sae, finding that the firing was over, I lifted up my head, and gave a halloo that might be heard the hail length of the Trongate of Glasgow. Presently it was answered; and after muckle wark, twa ill-looking rogues, wi' knives in their belts, whom I jaloused to be butchers, got the door open, and harled me out. Thankful I was to heaven for that blessed deliverance; and no a little glad, moreover, to find my pockmanty, though there were nae less than three holes in it. I may tell ye that, afterwards, when I came hame, I found a bullet sticking in ane o' my folded shirts, just at the place where my breast would have been if I had it on, which I could not regard as other than a special providence. But what was I to do next? I could have found my way as readily through the great city of Nineveh as through Paris. I couldna speak a word o' French, nor could I make any Frenchman understand me—a' the doors were steeked, and the very window-shutters closed; and nae wonder, for when bullets are fleeing about, the best place for a sensible man is the cellar. Sae I bethought me that I wad apply to the twa men that had helped me out o' the coach; for though my tongue was in a manner useless, and indeed clove to the roof of my mouth, I kent that there was a language common to all mankind, and that is the clink o' siller. Sae, in my haste, I put my hand into my pouch, and pulled out a wheen franc pieces, that are just like our ain shillings, without observing that there were twa or three coins o' solid gowd amang them; and these I offered to the Frenchmen, signifying at the same time, by thrawing my face and pointing wi' my thumb, that I would be glad to be lodged, wi' my pockmanty, in a place where I might be safe, and also get something to drink, for I was amaist choked wi' an awful thirst. Nae sooner did they see the siller than they leugh like mad. 'Ahi!' quo' ane o' them; and he whips up my pockmanty; and the other chield—he was a desperate-looking ruffian that!—takes haud o' me by the arm; and awa' we set, up ae street, and down anither, till we cam' to the maist blackguard bit in a town that I ever saw in my born days. Lord kens, some of the closes in Edinburgh are bad enough, and there are wynds in Glasgow whereof the stench would scunner a sow, but nane o' these were sae fearsome as that back-court in Paris, the very walls of which seemed to reek with the filthiness of abomination. When I saw it, I felt as if I could have parted wi' my pockmanty to be back again in the broad street where the diligence was; for though bullets are bad, butchers' knives are muckle waur. The ane may not happen to hit, as I kenned by recent experience; but the ither, when applied to a man's thrapple, will go through it as readily as through cheese. In a word, I began to see that I had louped out of the frying-pan into the fire; but I was

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fairly in the grip of the Philistines, and had nae help for it but to go on.

"They took me into a side-entry, and then half led, half drove me down a stair into a laigh room, wherein there was nae furnishings but three auld chairs and a broken table. A fearfu' den it was, wi' stains on the wa's that might hae been blude, only it was impossible to see clearly, for the only light came through a single pane up near the ceiling, that was as thick incrusted wi' dirt as though it had been smeared wi' treacle. The sight of it made me grue, and I felt as if cauld water had been poured down my back, and a red-hot wire rammed up my spine; for I couldna help thinking of the murder-hole of Burke and Hare. Weel, ane o' the men—he was the lad that carried my pockmanty, and though far frae bonny, wasna just sae ill-looking as his neighbour—signs to me to sit down, which I did; and then he cries out 'Jean!' I was hopeful when I heard that, for the warst limmer amang the lasses has aye some kind o' human feeling—that is, when a man is concerned, for they'll no stick at pyking out the e'en of their ain sex—but instead of a lass, in comes an awesome carle wi' red hair and a hunchback, and teeth like the tusks o' a boar. 'It's a' ower wi' me now!' thinks I; 'Lord forgie me my sins, and Mr Shearaway for sending me on sic a fule's errand! I might have got some mercy from the other twa, for after they had stripped me to the sark, maybe they wad hae let me gang; but if ever man was a murderer, it's that red-headed limb o' Satan!'

"But they didna just proceed to extremities; for after a deal of jabbering, the man they called Jean gaed out at a back-door, and presently came ben, bearing with him a bottle and twa mugs, at the sight whereof I was somewhat comforted, for it was on my mind that he had gone to look for a hatchet, or some such implement of destruction. Still I did not consider that as equivalent to an assurance of safety to life, but only as a kind o' short reprieve. 'For,' thinks I, 'maist probably they intend to do the job cannily, and without a kick-up; sae they'll hocus the drink, tie me up in a sack, and when its dark fling me into the river.' However, to do the loons justice, they didna try to make me drink onything but what they took themsells; for ane o' them filled the mugs out o' the bottle, and took a good swig of it before I tasted mine. It was a white kind o' wine, unco wersh and fushionless, but no a' thegither unpalatable to a man wha was perishing wi' thirst. Then the man Jean made a sign that I couldna interpret otherwise than as a demand for payment; whereupon, thinking it best, under sic circumstances, to be liberal, I tendered him a five-franc piece, but he shook his head, and frowned, as much as to say that it wasna enough, sae I had to gie him another crown, which was an awful price surely for a bottle o' drink no muckle stronger than sma' beer. Wi' that he seemed contented; sae I, thinking they might maybe let me out now that they had gotten something, raise up, and was about to lift my pockmanty, when ane o' the chields takes me by the twa shouthers, and makes me sit down, pointing to the bottle, which was now empty, as much as to say—'Deil a bit o' you stirs frae this house till we hae anither chopin.' What could I do? They had me fairly at their will, sae I even made a virtue o' necessity, and signed to Jean for a second bottle, which he made nae difficulty about bringing, for it's my notion he had seldom sic a customer, and I had to gie him ither ten francs, which he pouched wi' a kind o' keckle.

"Weel—that bottle lasted nae time, and I thought they wad be ettling for a third; but it seems that they had made up their minds to clean me out in another way; for ane o' them pulls out a pack o' playing-cards—sair dirty they were too—and says something to me about a Jew.

"'Jew?' says I; 'Na, friend, ye are clean mistaken in that! I am nae Jew, but a decent Christian frae Slockendrouth, that ye may hae heard tell o'; and if ye will bring me to ony respectable inn or lodging-house—for I wad be laith if Mr Jean was to have ony mair trouble on my account—I'll gie you and that other

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gentleman as muckle wine as ye can drink, or brandy if ye like it better.'

"But I might as weel have read the Proverbs of Solomon to a collie-dog. 'Jewy,' says he; and wi' that he dealt out the cards, and in a manner forced me to tak' up a hand. Then he put down a gold piece on the table—it was ane o' the unlucky coins I had given him amang the siller—and signs to me to do the like. I did sae, for by this time I was growing bauld, and I thought that maybe I might win; and sae I might, had the game been birkie, or catch-the-ten, or ony other I understood; but I kent na what I was about, and just put down the cards ony way, till the chield sings out 'Ahi!' flings down twa honours, and up wi' my Napoleon, as I hae seen a gled whip awa' a robin-redbreast. Neist time he put down twa; and then the conviction cam' on me that I was to be rooked by the blackguards out o' a' my siller. 'Better that,' thinks I, 'than hae my weazand cut across;' and I played on wi' a kind of air of indifference, as if I didna greatly mind whether I lost or wan, which was the mair easy, because I saw very weel that they wad never stop till a' the money in my pouch, being somewhat aboon ten pound sterling, had gane in the way of ransom. Mair gowd I had, nae doubt, but it was sewed into a belt round my waist, and I was determined that the blackguards shouldna get that till I was brought to the last extremity. They werena long in rooking me—ten minutes sufficed for that—and then I turned my pouches inside out, in token that I had nae money left. Then they pointed to my pockmanty, as muckle as to say that they had nae objection to play for onything that was in it; but I let on as if I didna understand them; and just then there came a sound as if of a rush of people into the court above, and a sort of gathering cry, just like what the Hielandmen used lang syne. The twa chields they started up, and saying something in a hurry to the ill-faured, red-headed tyke, Jean, banged up the stair; and Jean was about to steek the door, but, my faith, I prevented him! I'm no a strong man, Maister Sinclair, nor did I ever begin a tulzie; but I hae a stout Scots heart o' my ain, and I can gar my hand keep my head, if need be, as weel as mony folk that make mair brag about their courage. Besides, I was just desperate-like at the thought of being left in that den of iniquity wi' a manifest murderer; sae I caught up ane o' the chairs, and as Jean was thrawing the key, I took him sic a clour on the pow, that down he fell sprawling like an ox on the floor. I needna tell you that I whippit up my pockmanty, and ran for dear life, kenning naething and caring little where I went to, so that I got clear o' that villanous neighbourhood. Whiles I hard the huzzas o' the mob, and whiles the rattling o' the guns—I heeded naething, but ran clean on, like a roebuck on the braes of Benlomond, till I came to an open street, and nae sooner was I there than I heard the trampling o' horses, and down came a charge of cavalry, full gallop, their sabres glittering in the sun. Ae minute mair, and Mrs M'Chappie would hae been a widow! But by great good-luck I spied an open entry, and in I rushed, and up a stair, as fast as Tam o' Shanter wi' a' the witches ahint him. There was an auld man in a livery-coat keeking out of a door, but him I sent spinning like a peerie, dashed into a room, where there were three ladies and a gentleman, and flinging my pockmanty on the floor, fell on my knees, and returned thanks to Heaven, wi' a grateful heart, for having saved me from sic terrible dangers. Ye may believe that the ladies got a gliff by my sudden apparition, and the auld man didna look overly pleased; but when I told them wha I was, and what I had come through, they gave me a hearty welcome; and nae wonder, for they were a kindly Scots family frae the Stewartry o' Kirkcudbright; and in foreign lands the Scots aye help ane anither, whereas the Englishers, being a dour and suspicious race, stand aloof from men that speak their ain mither tongue, unless they ken something special about them. Sae I even bided under the same roof with my country-folk till something like order was restored, and a man might venture into the streets

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without the risk of being shot like a muircock; but O it was an awesome sight to see that great city in the hands of the mob, lawful authority such as that which is exercised by Provosts and Bailies being overthrown, and the very scum of the population marching about wi' red caps, and trees of liberty, and siclike radical gear, in open defiance o' law, and roaring like the bulls o' Bashan! They have put away their auld king—that's him that's in Holyrood now, and they hae gotten a new one, that's him they ca' Louis Philippe; but ye'll no persuade me that he'll keep the crown on his head to the end of his natural days. Na, na! Ance show the cat the road to the kirn, and you may whistle for the cream. Ance gie the mob the upper hand, and they'll never bide quiet. I ken weel that there are grievances in this country of ours, and no light ones either, but the Lord forbid that I should ever see them redressed by the short cut of a revolution. I whiles think it was a great mercy for Scotland that the Covenanters were keeped under till King William (that's the Dutchman, ye ken) came over frae Holland; for if the Westland folk had got the better at Bothwell Brig, it wad just have been rank massacre and confiscation, and the country wouldna' now have been what it is, rising every year in rank among the nations. The Tories are clean wrang in refusing reform, but the Whigs will do waur if they let the mob get the uppermost; and I canna see that there is ony sense in drinking sic toasts as 'The people, the source of all legitimate power,' which seems to me a kind of hint that the easiest way of altering the law is by knocking it on the head—no unlike the method I resorted to in the case of my friend Maister Jean, the fracture o' wha's skull, if it was fractured, lies at this day vera light upon my conscience. But it's time we were ganging back to the Carrabas Arms, for it's close upon the hour of dinner."

THE DIFFUSION OF TASTE AMONG ALL CLASSES A NATIONAL NECESSITY.

It has often happened that what was once only a luxury has become a necessity. And thus it is that Taste, both in its subtle enjoyment and its more substantive application, once the heritage of the few, has now at length grown into a national want demanded for the many. It is now felt to be necessary in the education of all classes, not only that the intellect be instructed and the conscience guided, but that the æsthetic faculty—the sense of the beautiful in man—should be incited to the enjoyment of nature, to the creation of art, and to the adornment of daily life. It has been found, moreover, not sufficient that the people of this country should manufacture with a strong hand; it is now felt, as not less needful, that creative design should be informed with the beauty of line, and sensitive in all the delicacy of colour. Thus has it been for Sir Gardner Wilkinson an easy task to show that "the diffusion of taste among all classes," both high and low, wealthy and poor, has now become a national necessity. It is necessary that the rich and the noble patron should possess knowledge to guide and elevate his choice. It is not less needful that the manufacturer should be informed in the laws of beauty and the principles of design, in order that his products may command the market of the world. Neither is it of minor importance that the artisan should possess somewhat of the cunning skill of the educated artist, that so his work may be less of blind mechanism, and more of enlightening mind. We accordingly propose to show in the present paper, how far, and in what directions, the arts and the manufactures of this country

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On Colour, and on the Necessity for a General Diffusion of Taste among all Classes. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson.—London, J. Murray. 1858.

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have erred from correct standards, what measures have now been taken by the Government to remove our national defects, and how far the remedies applied may insure that diffusion of taste and of beauty which has become essential to both our commerce and civilisation.

England in the arts has been less favoured and fortunate than Greece, Italy, and other countries. The climate of the South is festive, joyous, and we may say passionate. The Muses and the Graces, not housed or thickly draped from cold inclemencies, dance in the glow of open sunshine, or sing in the sheltered shade of the listening groves. Nature is herself art, and even, as it were, religion. The fountains and the woods, the sun in his strength, and the moon in her fairer beauty, seem still in these poetic lands, the emblems of deities, as when the ancient Greek built a temple or kindled an altar. And man, taking on the aspect and spirit of the scene in which he dwells, is brilliant in imagination, and glowing in emotion, neglecting, it may be, the sterner duties of life, while he feasts in the festivity of nature, or fashions in the arts a new world still more ideal. We repeat that England has been less favoured and fortunate than some other lands. Nature, in our own country, toils for man's necessities; she is utilitarian; puts on the rough everyday dress of drudgery; and while in the south she paints pictures, here she frugally weaves comforts. Man plods to his daily toil, not under the Italian blue of sky, or in the glow of sunshine painting the landscape in golden colour, but in the grey shadow of thick clouds, or in the still denser smoke of manufacturing cities. The special wealth of England, moreover, is not so much in fertile fields as in the richness of her mines and minerals. Multitudes of men wholly leave the light of day, descend deep shafts in dirty buckets, and, with a candle in the cap, grope their way, as blind to the beauty of nature as a mole burrowing in the dark. Others, as in Staffordshire and South Wales, awaiting the mineral spoil upon the surface, construct and tend the belching blast-furnace, throw over wide lands the sterile dross, overturn the face of nature as by rending earthquake, lay waste fields as if stricken by fire and pestilence; and thus nature, once clothed in beauty and verdure, a landscape dear to art, and dedicated to homely swains, is made wild, sterile, and fiendish, shrieking with unearthly cries, blackened as by avenging fires. These are the districts which pay taxes, which coin wealth, beget the democratic unwashed mob, crying for John Bright and revolutionary reform. No wonder that the arts, cradled in Greece, and nurtured in Italy, steal frightened away. No wonder that, loving tranquillity, and dwelling in serene heights, they, like the birds of song, fly away and seek a distant home for rest. Thus the genius of England and of Englishmen, it must be confessed, is not eminently artistic. An Englishman is solid in the deep foundations of truth, rather than sensitive to the airy decorations of beauty. He is a man of plodding industry, sound reason, and common sense; gets about him his comforts, then his luxuries, but can wholly dispense with imagination, and is more likely to talk politics than read poetry. Thus English life, industry, and manners, as contrasted with those of other nations, have been wanting in the beauty and decoration of art; and hence the more manifest necessity that some direct effort should now be made, whereby correct taste may be diffused among all classes of the community.

It must be admitted, however, that this subordination of the Arts is the result of national habits, rather than of mental inaptitude. The English school of painting, as exhibited in Paris, and again in Manchester, at once took the position to which England, as one of the great powers of Europe, is entitled. In the competition for the Wellington Monument, open to all the world, no foreign artist came to snatch the foremost prize from the British competitors. In Rome, our countryman, Gibson, rivals the Greeks in purity and beauty. Even in architecture, both at Lille and Hamburg, the designs of English architects have been selected for their outrivalling merit.

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And lastly, the recently exhibited drawings for public offices sufficiently show that this country possesses the talent and the knowledge fitted for the noblest works. If England, then, in the arts, have been less favoured and fortunate than some other lands, the causes of past deficiencies, we shall hereafter see, are not without remedy or beyond removal.

It has often been objected that for pre-eminence in the arts the English are too utilitarian. Now, in the undoubted art-revival in this country, nothing can be more hopeful and healthy than the close alliance which has been established between utility and beauty, construction and decoration. The best art which the world has yet known has been but the highest development and perfection of things useful and necessary. The Greek temple and the Greek statue were but the best adaptation of means to an end, of materials to the required result, so that the temple might be made the most fitting house both for thronging people and presiding deity. Descending to things of lower import, an Etruscan or Greek vase, lamp or candelabrum, was but the development of utility into beauty; lines of grace evolved out of forms of necessity; the decorative foliage growing out of the supporting stem; the flower budding in ideal beauty, only when the root had taken firm hold upon the actual. Thus did art grow out of and into the daily life. It was not a luxury, to be seldom tasted—an exotic brought from afar, to be seldom seen; but there it grew and blossomed, and bore fruit in the native soil, which daily labour tilled, so that the field which yielded the corn for food, grew the acanthus for the Corinthian capital.

We say there can be nothing more hopeful and healthful than the alliance between the useful and the ornamental, which has characterised the recent art-revival in this country. The very term "arts and manufactures" implies the interweaving of fabric with fancy. The fabric must be strong, suited to its proposed purpose; and the fancy which in decorative play adorns its surface, must not less be consonant with utilitarian uses: so that no carpet shall disdain the tread of feet, and no object in a well-appointed house proudly refuse to do its prescribed offices. This, indeed, is but the application to the arts of the oft-repeated injunction not to overstep the modesty of nature. Simplicity and truth must indeed be the first canons of art, as in man they are the guiding principles to well-ordered life. Thus, we again repeat, the alliance of art with the constructional in form, and the useful in application, is, we think, salutary and hopeful. It precludes the intrusion of fantastic extravagance; it prescribes the observance of seemly moderation; it reconciles beauty to the necessities and actualities of life, and thus makes art the fitting companion of the man whose business is in the world.

The neglect or violation of these natural and simple truths has been the cause of many of the blunders hitherto committed. Thus, Sir Gardner Wilkinson adduces a multitude of instances, in which our architectural and ornamental designs violate the dictates of reason and common sense, no less than the laws of correct taste. A glass, for example, imitating in its form and carving a pine-apple, borrows the foot of a tumbler to adapt it for use.

"Still more objectionable," says Sir Gardner, "are the combinations of two incompatible natures to form a design; and the union 'of the ugly fish with the beautiful woman,' the 'dolphin in the wood and the boar in the sea,' denounced by Horace, are not more inconsistent than many of the anomalies produced daily by our constructors of designs. In one, a man sits on a truncated column, with the branches of a candlestick growing luxuriantly from his head, while he plays a lyre in the character of Orpheus. In another, a stork performs the unbirdly office of holding a light or a cornucopia in his beak for the same purpose, as if to add another inconsistency, and to show how little one part has any connection with the rest. The faults are frequently made worse by the same use of two different substances, and the impression is given that the whole has been made up of the remnants of several different kinds of objects, fastened together without any claim to companionship."—P. 223.

It has long been the bane of Art

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that she has been made too artificial. The artist has been so oppressed by technicalities, so perplexed by confused precedents, that, in becoming an artist, he would seem to have forgotten that he was still a man; and hence, in espousing art, often he is divorced from nature. But the audience to which he appeals is happily still informed by observation, and guided by common-sense. Hence, fortunately, extravagance has ever found its limits. Hence art, after a wild, wilful fling of caprice, ever returns once more to the simplicity of truth and the sobriety of reason. But although this healthful reaction may have now fairly commenced, we have hitherto, it must be admitted, widely wandered from the true path. Thus many of our great public monuments offend against taste in great measure, because, as we have said, they outrage reason. As an example, it is sufficient to quote that climax of absurdity, the Wellington equestrian statue mounted on the arch of Hyde Park Corner, deservedly the ridicule of Europe. A Roman triumphal arch, in which size is essential to grandeur, is dwarfed into a subordinate pedestal. A colossal enormity crushes the victim basement, and seems at the same time to cast into one common ridicule all neighbouring objects. The cocked hat of the rider, the gaunt figure of the steed, hoisted into high air in a position so uncomfortable and ungainly, appear all designedly arranged as a grotesque burlesque. Again, to place a hero on the summit of a column is scarcely less absurd. To detach a pillar from its architectural combination, and to make it stand in isolation without the support of associated columns, decapitated, moreover, of the entablature which it should in turn uphold, is of itself a sufficient confusion of intention and uses. But to place upon this architectural anomaly the statue of a hero, condemned to stand on a dizzy pinnacle for the curious gaze of the lower multitude, and yet beyond their view, is to add to the injury inflicted upon art an insult to the man. Yet thus does Nelson—as if condemned to the mast-head—adorn "the finest position in Europe;" and thus the neighbouring Duke of York equally outrages taste and propriety—is equally reckless of his neck and reputation, determined, at all events, in these supreme heights, to fly his creditors and defy his critics. Such examples as these undoubtedly show the necessity for the diffusion of taste. They not the less, however, prove, as we have said, the need of a sound reason. A work of art demands the exercise, or at least the approval, of all the faculties in man. No one power can be violated without inflicting upon the work executed a corresponding injury. Hence does the history of art abundantly show that what is false in reason is bad in taste. The decorative, we again repeat, must grow out from the useful, the ornamental in architecture must be built upon the sure basis of construction; and thus do the arts, fashioned from the fabric of nature and the fancy of man, preserve the actuality of our daily life, yet soar to the ideality of our poetic conceptions.

Such egregious examples as we have just mentioned would seem to indicate, that the artists who design our public monuments possess less judgment than the public who presume to condemn. Instances, however, of another description, will prove, that patron purchasers and public committees more especially constitute the class to whom the diffusion of correct taste has become a national necessity. Is it not notorious that committees of taste for the selection of architectural designs are guided by no sufficient knowledge? Is it not admitted that pretty drawings, with pleasing colour and alluring sunlight, will carry the judgment captive; and thus the plan which is most showy and pretentious, and therefore probably the most corrupt, is finally adopted? We believe that, for the correction of this evil—the ruin of countless buildings throughout the country—the diffusion of elementary and easily-acquired knowledge, would be sufficient remedy. An acquaintance with the leading styles of architecture—with their fundamental principles and ideas—might readily be attained within the compass of a few days or weeks. For

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practical business-men, who do not pretend to much book-learning, with whom the decision of these questions generally rests, there might easily be laid down a few sufficiently intelligible rules, which would preclude the commission of any grosser errors. Certainly the laws of "construction" would be generally obvious to men engaged in the business of life. Let any man of sound common-sense, finding himself on a building committee, take in his hand one of the most showy and winning among the designs submitted for approval. Let him ask a few plain questions, and we will engage that he shall escape the committal of the errors which have usually ensnared such judicial tribunals. Let him ask, in the first place, of what constructional service are those showy columns in the façade, which do so little work and yet cost so much money? Then those heavy key-stones—so heavy that they would seem to crush the arch beneath, carved too, it may be, with grotesque heads—let him ask what they mean? what service they perform? The adjoining figures too, thrust into the spandrils of the arch, emblems of the virtues, of trade, commerce, or industry, reclining in tortured attitudes, where no man nor woman, actual or mythological, could endure to rest even for an instant: let the practical common-sense committee-man ask whether such decorations are appropriate or reasonable. Thus, without any profound knowledge, or any cultured susceptibility of taste, will the intelligent citizen reject as false the designs which are alluring because meretricious, and select the simple and chaste construction, which honestly and truthfully accomplishes its ends in quiet and unobtrusive taste.

Thus the reader may well understand that Sir Gardner Wilkinson finds no difficulty in showing that the patrons of art are in need of a more enlightened knowledge. Doubtless the taste of this section of the community, which necessarily in great measure regulates and forms the judgment of all other classes, has of late years become somewhat more elevated. The Dutch Masters, who in days past formed the staple of our private collections, have in some measure given way to the Italian. And even among the Italian painters, the Eclectic School, learned in all the tricks of composition, and declamatory in startling effect, has in great measure given place to those earlier works, where thought and deep emotion are content to be simple and truthful. Still this more advanced taste marks rather the cultured connoisseur than those wealthy manufacturers who enter modern exhibitions as the purchasers of showy pictures, to hang on the walls of their dining or drawing rooms. Such patrons, with whom the purchasing power in this country greatly resides, still continue to regard a picture as an article of house furniture. It must be cheerful and pleasing in subject and treatment, and in colour the nearer it conforms with carpet and curtains the better. Its thoughts likewise will do well to range with the literal and naturalistic rather than with the ideal. It must treat of some popular or even hackneyed subject, requiring no study for its comprehension. It must, in short, pretend to no elevation incompatible with easy companionship round the tea-table, or unsuited to that trifling evening tattle, in which the arts now admitted to the rank of "modern accomplishments" are expected to take an agreeable and important department. Hence can we easily understand why our exhibitions are crowded with pleasing commonplace. Hence is it that a child crying over his broken drum, or the trick of a veiled statue, or even grotesque animals dressed as men, have always won crowded admiration. Hence is it that our painters paint "pot-boilers"—simply because they sell, simply because the patrons of art in this country have not yet acquired that taste and knowledge needful for the appreciation of noblest works.

In our national manufactures the same want of elevated public taste continues to preclude the adoption of the best designs. It is, we believe generally admitted that of late years considerable improvement has marked our English manufactures, yet the acknowledged want of public appreciation for the best "patterns" still

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renders the production of the worst a commercial necessity. Sir Gardner Wilkinson sums up the existing evils as follows:—

"I have stated that the chief impediments to the general progress and extension of taste are more attributable to the purchaser than to the makers of ornamental works; and this opinion, on further inquiry, I find to be confirmed. It is the universal remark that those things which are bad in style find a more ready sale than the good, and that not from the price being lower, but solely from the choice of the public. If the bad happens to be *attractive*, it meets with admirers; and high finish, minuteness of detail, and whimsical shape, are greater recommendations than good form and purity of design."—P. 359.

The public taste, whatever advances may have been made, still tends, we fear, somewhat to the materialistic and meretricious. In the furnishing of a house, people are more intent upon the display of wealth than anxious to evince refinement. Whatever is loaded with gold is naturally deemed rich and handsome; whatever has cost countless labour necessarily excites wonder, and even admiration. A complication of infinite ornament thrown together in lavish profusion cannot but suit the requirement of a purchaser whose only qualification is the money in his pocket. Thus simple unpretending merit is here, as on other occasions, passed heedlessly by. The graces of form, the subtle beauties of curving lines, the harmonies of a composition toned down to one prevailing expression, are of course overpowered by the noisy crash and uproar of an art-chorus, where each voice is heard only for its loudness, and each instrument seeks attention by ostentatious flourish. The style of Louis Quartorze, the rococo ornament of a past century, with all the inventive ingenuity of subsequent and present times, silence the still voice of sober taste, and override the dictates of pure reason. For ourselves, however, we believe that, notwithstanding these grievous errors, there is yet sufficient refinement and sound knowledge in the country to reclaim the arts from their threatened degradation.

It were, indeed, ingratitude towards the successive Governments of this country, did we not recognise the efforts which have of late years been made in the cause of a national art-education. The session of Parliament for the year 1853 was opened by a Royal Speech, in which her Majesty made the following announcement:—"The advancement of the fine arts and of practical science will be readily recognised by you as worthy the attention of a great and enlightened nation. I have directed that a comprehensive scheme shall be laid before you, having in view the promotion of these objects, towards which I invite your aid and co-operation." Accordingly, the "Department of Science and Art" was then created. A systematic plan was organised; Directors, Secretaries, Inspectors appointed; an Exhibitional Museum set on foot, schools opened, lectures organised, public grants made to local and district art-academies. It was rightly felt by the Government of the day that instruction of the industrial classes in the principles and practice of art could no longer be postponed. Education in drawing, a power to portray simple natural objects, were recognised as important to all handicrafts. Accurate observation, the habit of seeing correctly, the means of explaining and illustrating by the hand all matters which are objects of vision, were justly deemed a valuable and intrinsic portion of general and popular education. It was thus intended that the boy taught reading and writing should at the same time receive some elementary instruction in drawing. His hand would acquire firmness while it boldly traced the long straight line; his eye attain accuracy in the subtle nicety of the sweeping curve; his intellect be taught construction in the geometric composition of more complex objects, and even his taste might receive some culture from the forms of classic decoration, or in the flowers culled from the fields of nature. An hour, or even two or three hours, a-week will not, it is true, teach him much, and yet he cannot fail to learn something worth his knowing. He may not become the skilled artist, but he may be made the more humanised mechanic. The hard labour of future years may become

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something more than the expenditure of brute force. Intelligence and taste will guide his hand, his daily toil become to him a daily culture, when he looks upon nature as the manifestation of beauty, and upon every labour of man in its completeness as a work of art. Thus has it been hoped that the time will yet come when art shall be made a portion of national education; when not only in every town, but in every parish throughout the country, teachers shall be qualified to instruct, and Government Inspectors be required to examine, the pupils of the schools, at least in the elementary principles and practice of the arts.

In the mean time, much remains to be accomplished, though much has already been attained. In a national organisation so extended, a central authority to govern and direct, a training-school for the education of masters and pupil-teachers, a central museum of decorative art to supply good materials for instruction and imitation, were indispensably requisite. Hence were established the museum and schools at Marlborough House, and subsequently the existing and extended exhibitions and classes at South Kensington. Here the organised "Department of Science and Art" concentrates its strength. From this central authority and national institution radiate the local schools throughout the country. From the last report of the Art Department of the Council of Education, it appears that in the year 1859 two thousand students were in training, as future masters and teachers; that seventy-eight provincial schools had been established throughout the country; that in these schools upwards of fourteen thousand pupils were receiving an art education; that in affiliated parish and public schools upwards of forty-nine thousand children of the labouring and poorer classes were instructed in elementary drawing; and, lastly, that no less than £12,700 had been paid by the various students in return for these advantages. For the accomplishment of this great work of national education, "the Department of Science and Art" has organised and brought into efficient action measures well fitted to secure the success which has been thus attained. The training-school of South Kensington seeks "to prepare, train, and certify masters as duly qualified to give instruction in elementary, free-hand, and geometric drawing, perspective, colour, and other branches of art;" still further, it guarantees to these masters "certain incomes for a limited time," "varying according to their requirements." The Department, again, in order to supply an acknowledged deficiency of works and illustrations suitable for education, has published, through the medium of the usual trade-houses, well selected and duly authorised "drawing copies, books, models, casts, and other apparatus." In like manner it has furnished "samples of drawing materials, such as drawing-boards, paper, slates, chalk, pencils, &c." Thus it enables the managers of local schools to procure such articles, books, and apparatus at the lowest price, and yet of the best description. Furthermore, in order to encourage skilful and deserving students, it has awarded to the pupils of metropolitan and district schools both prizes and scholarships. The scholarships are worth from £20 to £30 a-year, and from the latest report it appears that the number of prizes distributed during the preceding twelve months exceeded six thousand. Lastly, an efficient system of inspection and examination has been instituted, "in order to see that the instruction given in the various classes corresponds with the course sanctioned by the Department, and that the whole management of the school is satisfactory." In conclusion to the above statement, we quote the following passage from a recent parliamentary report:—

"During the past year, the improved system of inspection and examination of the students' works has been in full operation. The Inspectors visit each school of art once in the year, when all the works of the students are exhibited and examined. To the most meritorious of them the Inspector is empowered to award local medals to the extent of thirty to each school, but the average number taken at each school is only eight. These prize works from all the local schools are

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then sent to the central school in the metropolis, and are placed in competition with one another. A further examination is then made by the Inspector-General of Art, Mr Redgrave, R.A., in concert with Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A., and Mr Maclise, R.A., when a hundred national medallions may be awarded by them. The national medallion is presented to the student, and the local school of art where the student has been instructed receives for each medallion, works of art of the value of £10 up to a maximum of £50. The national medallion has been designed by M. Vechte, who is admitted to be the greatest European artist for working in metal. The works of art distributed to the schools during the past year [1857] have been as follows: For the first prize to each school, a copy of Owen Jones's *Grammar of Ornament;* for the second prize, photographs of objects in the Louvre; for the third, electrotype copies of objects in the museums at Paris or London; for the fourth and fifth, a further selection of photographs, electrotypes, or casts of objects in the museums of the department."

Thus will it now be seen how efficient and extended are the means which the Government has taken to diffuse that good taste which has been long felt as a national necessity. Some years may yet elapse before the instruction thus granted can so permeate the various classes of society as to work a change in the habits, and give an elevation to the tastes of the nation at large; yet the change must come, and the elevation is now certainly secured, and thus we may hope to see swept away the opprobrium long cast upon the English character, the injury long inflicted upon British manufactures.

It is evident that this organised department of art, armed by the Government with authority, and endowed with the means of making limited grants to the local schools throughout the country, holds in great degree the power of moulding to its own ideas the decorative art of the English nation. It is therefore with much satisfaction that we can declare, after reading the published documents of the Department, and examining the drawings supplied to the schools as copies, that the principles adopted and inculcated are catholic and sound. It is an error shared by many, and of which Sir Gardner Wilkinson is not free, that the fine arts are in their origin and character so capricious and lawless, that they cannot be subjected to any ascertained rules either in their first creation or for their final criticism. By Sir Gardner Wilkinson it is again and again reiterated that the scientific laws for harmonious colouring are practically of little value; that the designer must be governed by his eye, and that intuition and genius being in the arts the only guides, prescribed rules will both fetter and mislead. Yet in opposition we need scarcely say that Chevreul and others have established on scientific and certain bases, not only the relation of the colours in the spectrum, but the laws by which all harmonious colouring, whether in nature or in art, must be distributed and balanced. And it is these laws which, systematically taught and applied in the schools and manufactures of France, have given to the silk fabrics of Lyons and to other national products their world-wide renown for harmony and beauty. That there are in like manner laws governing the symmetry of line and the harmony of proportion, no man will deny who has carefully studied elemental beauty in nature, or the adaptation of that beauty as manifested through the master works of arts. We are therefore glad to know that the Government authorities enthroned at South Kensington have not shrunk from the responsibility and duty of declaring with clearness and decision the principles which shall be taught by their certified masters, and the works which shall be taken by the pupils as models of excellence. Accordingly, we find that the master is instructed to explain to his assembled class the structural lines and laws which govern ornamental design; to show how curves must flow, the one into the other, without break or interruption; to interpret and analyse the characteristic ideas of various styles, whether Classic, Gothic, or Renaissance, and thus, as we have said, to redeem the arts of design from uncertainty and caprice, by reducing them to vital and essential principles.

Neither has the association of

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science with art been unattended with advantage. Science, which educes from nature her governing laws, may fitly communicate to her less austere sister Art somewhat of that system and certainty which have been the purpose and result of all modern investigations. Science and art, each looks alike to nature, though from different points of view. Science seeks to discover laws; art strives to apply them. Phenomena and laws are alike the material and foundation of both. The starting-point is the same; and though art, when she takes to imagination, diverges from science, which keeps firm hold on reason, they often meet again in the final result, as when the artist is called to decorate, by the play of his fancy, the work which the engineer or the builder has erected by the skill of his intellect. Thus the hostility which has often been assumed as subsisting between science and art is among the errors which now happily belong only to the prejudices of the past. If art shall ever take her place in the ranks of progressive knowledge—if she may be saved from empiricism, and made the legitimate and defined object of education, to be handed down as a substantive possession from master to pupil—she must more and more be brought under the system of law, more closely become identified both in method of inquiry and practice with those sciences which have progressed, while the arts themselves have suffered a decline. It is, therefore, that we the more rejoice that the man of science has been called in to the aid of the professor of art. We are glad to see that while Mr Redgrave the Academician lectures upon the principles of design, Dr Lindley and the late Professor Edward Forbes have shown how those principles are involved in the symmetry of the vegetable kingdom, and in the types and harmonies of animal forms. "If the nature of vegetation," says Dr Lindley, "is rightly considered, a symmetrical arrangement is almost inevitable. Symmetry in plants arises out of their peculiar nature; it is dependent upon a highly complicated internal structure, which is in itself essentially symmetrical. The basis from which organs proceed being symmetrical, it seems an evident inference that the organs themselves should be symmetrical also." Professor Forbes, likewise, in his Lecture on Animal Forms, speaks as follows: "What, after all, are the harmonies and consistent laws and admirable types that are the chief aim of the naturalist to discover, but the laws of art that are in nature? The laws of beauty that can be elicited from the study of the Creator's works must ever constitute the legitimate code for the artist. Thus it is that science becomes the handmaid, even as she is the sister, of art."

Hence, under the guidance of science and sound reason, it is not surprising that the style of decoration inaugurated by the Department of Art tends to the reasonable and the natural. The fantastic, the extravagant, and the monstrous may now be said to have had its day. Thus, as we have already shown, it is now taught as the fundamental principle of all art-manufacture, that the ornamental must grow out from the useful, that decoration must accord with construction, that the workmanship must be suited to the material—that, in short, all the means employed must subserve the ends and the uses for which the fabric or the structure is designed. Already we can trace the salutary influence of these doctrines and teachings upon the manufactures of the country. Already carpets loaded with mountains of fruit and of flowers are out of fashion. Huge bouquets and garlands, hung upon curtains or muslin dresses, with endless labyrinth of leaves and entwined branches, are now considered bad in taste. Carpets, we are told, should serve as a "ground," to relieve and support all objects of furniture; should be quiet in design and negative in colour, the decorative form evenly distributed, and lying flat upon the surface of the floor, without violent projections from shadow or relief. Paperhangings, it is said, must be treated as a background, to display the furniture and other objects in the room; the decoration must be subdued and unobtrusive, not inviting special attention by strongly pronounced con-

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trasts either of form or colour. In like manner, in the design and manufacture of pottery, metal work, or jewellery, we are told that the general form must be first carefully determined, and the structure, capacity, and strength thoroughly adapted to the use. These more essential points secured, the added decoration must be kept subservient to the construction; the underlying form preserved beneath the ornament; the lines of decoration enhancing the symmetry of the original design, and assisting the constructive strength. In arts, moreover, which are applied to manufactures, it is obviously essential that the exigencies of the design shall not overtax the capacity of the material, or that the demands of the artist shall not surpass the powers of the mechanism to carry into execution. Hence the schools of art located at the seats of our national manufactures are directed to place themselves in intimate relation with practical managers and workmen, that so the pupils in the schools, on the completion of their instruction, may aid the manufacturers of the district in the production of works not only attractive from their beauty, but practical in their actual utility. Such, indeed, are the works which will take high rank in industrial exhibitions, and command by their merit, both in design and execution, the market of the world. Thus do we find the diffusion of correct taste at once administering to the refined pleasure of the people, and to the monied profit of the trading manufacturer.

The system of instruction adopted, and the canons of art established by the Government Department, while sufficiently definite, are, we are glad to say, not dogmatic. Every style of art is taken just for what it is worth. An example, if good of its kind, is at once admitted into the course of instruction, and adopted as a precedent for imitation. In some distant country, in some special epoch and phase of civilisation, it may have formed a portion of a world-renowned structure, and if rightly understood in its beauty and utility, if the principles out of which it has grown be analysed, and received as the germs of a vital and further development, it may well serve, under fitting adaptation, to adorn and enrich the art-products of our own age and country. In art, we are sorry to say, as in politics and theology, there are found hostile parties, each backed by its chosen bigots. Some are strictly classic. The Greeks, they say, having handed down to us the purest and the highest examples known in the world's history, have established for all time that style of art most worthy of adoption. These men would dress the English senator in Roman toga, his neck and breast open and bare, his legs shivering in the cold, his feet shod in sandals. If they build an exchange for British commerce, a grand portico with Corinthian columns and classic pediment must be reared, that so, unsheltered from the cold wind and the driving sleet, the British merchant may at least bitterly realise that the London climate has little of the warmth and the brilliancy of sunny Athens. Others there are to whom the Classic is but another name for the Pagan, who tell us in reverent accents that the Gothic is the only style consistent for a Christian people; and so, on the principle that religion, and especially medieval symbolism, should permeate all the relations of life, they house the British Legislature in a Gothic palace, and desire to imprison our English diplomacy in new foreign offices under the secret shade and among the involved passages of a middle-age interior. And, lastly, there are men of Renaissance sympathies, who, feeling the inconvenience of a strictly classic style of all portico and no windows, thinking, too, that at least for domestic purposes the Gothic is too much of high roof, eccentric gable, and pointed arch, propose to take the stately Italian palaces of Florence, Vicenza, and Venice as the most noble and convenient types for secular edifices. For ourselves we believe that each of these parties is in a great measure right, and perhaps in an equal degree wrong. Each is right in insisting on the special beauties and excellences of his chosen style, wrong when he refuses to admit proportionate advantages in the opposing systems.

Now we think it is manifest that for a Government department taking

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upon itself the education of the people, the only proper course is to give a fair and open field to each of these contending schools. Each style is already in possession of corresponding sections of the public taste, each is essential to the art-products and manufactures of this country, and therefore it is wise and even needful that all alike should have fair and full play, only with this proviso, that the bad and the corrupt of its kind be absolutely excluded. Let the spirit, purpose, and intention of every style be clearly understood; let it be known what effect and art-expression it sought to attain; what were the conditions of climate, commerce, and civilisation under which it arose; by what successive steps it was developed to maturity; by what stages it fell into decline,—then will full justice be done to its merits, and it will be saved from the injury of being wrested to a purpose for which it was neither fitted nor intended. Each school, thus understood in its essential principles, will accordingly become the best critic upon itself, because at once the severest, the fairest, and the most discriminating of judges. Its corruptions will be corrected and condemned by its beauties. Thus it well becomes the authorised art-instruction of this country to show itself tolerant of all parties, and sensitive to all phases of the beautiful; intolerant only of the false and the corrupt. Thus, even though there should be little promise of originality in invention, at least we may hope that the growing art of this country will be marked by correctness and purity, free from the hybrid progeny of those illicit alliances between antagonistic schools and principles which have given birth to the startling monstrosities of other times and distant countries.

We have shown how great is the need for the diffusion of correct principles of taste, and we have seen how correspondingly great are the efforts now made to meet this national want. Already the happy results of these endeavours are found in the manufactures of the country, and ere long, we believe, all classes will share in the pleasure and advantage which high culture can afford. The mechanic taught in the evening school, the lady instructed during the day, will severally diffuse a knowledge and a love of art, the one in the midst of the manufacturing orders, the other among the patrons of wealth and high position. We now see the time approaching when art shall penetrate into all the relations of life; when not only the luxuries for the rich, but the simple necessities for the poor, shall adorn alike the palace and the cottage with that beauty which is a "joy for ever." The time, we say, is nigh, when man shall strive in all his works to approach that completeness and fitness which mark the more perfect ways of creation, making our industry, our manufactures, the clothes for our bodies, the furniture for our houses, part of that larger economy in which uses are mingled with beauties, thus constituting art a second and a reflected nature.

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ST STEPHEN'S.

PART SECOND.

ERE France the last dread century closed in blood,
Gay were the portents that foretold the flood;
Light storm-birds gladden'd in the fatal breeze,
And sportive meteors toy'd with deathful seas.
As each new surge o'er some old landmark broke,
Wit smil'd, and took the deluge as a joke.*
Vices were virtues from restraint releast,
Proofs of the man's redemption from the priest;
Schools and saloons arranged one charming creed,
For ethics, *Faublas*, and for faith, *Candide*.
As servants who patrician place resign,
If his mean lordship miss a score of wine,
Or if my lady blame the zeal that fills
With joints unstinted gaps in weekly bills,
To serve some rake who scorns to overlook
A scullion's morals or a steward's book;
So men, restrain'd the Christian code within
From the fair perquisites of pleasant sin,
Look'd for a master much too grand for all
Such paltry spyings in the servants' hall,—

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* It is not here intended to describe the impression made upon profound thinkers, or upon pure and earnest philanthropists, by the warning signs that preceded the great French Revolution; the lines in the text refer to the joyous levity with which those on the surface of society regarded the prognostics of the coming earthquake. The gay temper in which airy wits and young nobles introduced the grim spirit of the age as a pleasant fashion of the drawing-room, is well hit off by Count de Ségur in his *Memoires ou Souvenirs*:—

"Pour nous, jeune noblesse Française, sans regret pour le passé, sans inquiétude pour l'avenir, nous marchions gaiement sur un tapis de fleurs qui nous cachait un abîme. Rians frondeurs des modes anciennes, de l'orgueil féodal de nos pères, et de leurs graves etiquettes, tout ce qui était antique nous paraissait gênant et ridicule. La gravité des anciennes doctrines nous pesait, le philosophie riânte de Voltaire nous entrainait en nous amusant. . . . . La liberté, quelque fût son langage, nous plaisait par son courage; l'égalité par sa commodité! On trouve du plaisir à descendre tant qu'on croit pouvoir remonter dès qu'on le veut: et sans prévoyance nous gôutions tout à la fois les avantages du patriciat, et les douceurs d'une philosophie plebéienne. . . . . On applaudissait à la cour les maximes républicaines de Brutus; enfin on parlait d'independence dans les camps, de democratie chez les nobles, de philosophie dans les bals, de morale dans les boudoirs."—*Memoires ou Souvenirs de* M. LE COMTE DE SÉGUR, *de l'Academie Française, pair de France*, vol. i. pp. 26, 42, 152.

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Found out a thorough gentleman of Rome,
And felt with BRUTUS perfectly at home.
Slight work, though noisy, to parade him out,
Crowd at his heels, and cheer him with a shout;
"Freedom and Brutus—Freedom for your lives!"—
That done, they took their supper and your wives!

France sets the fashion to all States polite;
England grew frisky in her own despite;
Hampdens and Lovelaces got drunk together,
And the red cap display'd the Prince's feather.
Gay time and strange, when George the Fourth was young,
By Gilray painted, and by Hanbury sung;
When peers, six-bottled, talked as Marat wrote,
And Devon's kiss seduced a blacksmith's vote,—
Paine and Petronius equally in vogue,
Don Juan in the *rôle* of demagogue.
At home thus reared, in foreign parts improved,
A strong young genius gambled, drank, and loved;
From each rank marsh increased its native glow,
Till Fox blazed forth as England's Mirabeau.
Concede the likeness, qualified, 'tis true,
As differing climes diversify the hue;
Each had these merits,—massive breadth of sense,
The popular might of headlong vehemence;
The brawn and muscle both of frame and mind,
Which shoulder down the mob of humankind:
More had the Frank to dazzle and amaze,
More grand the image, more superb the phrase;
Thoughts more condensed in diction so complete,
They pass as proverbs nations still repeat.
Read what remains of Fox,—where find through all
One perfect sentence after-times recall?
Tush!—weigh no sentence! what pervades the *whole*?
Circumfluent radiance from one central soul.
Light in the Frank each prismal tint defines,
Against the cloud the gorgeous rainbow shines;
Light in the Englishman like sunshine flows,
Nor limns to sight the hues it still bestows.
Grant that mere intellect enthrals you more
In the vast Frank; we grant it, and abhor.
Body and soul alike what stains pollute!
In brain, the god—in what remains, the brute.
The Titan type of all that curst his time,
The French Enceladon of force and crime;

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But in the Briton, if large faults you scan,
Larger than all the glorious heart of man.
His that warm genius which preserves the child—
No vizar'd falsehood in his friendship smiled—
No malice darkened in his candid frown—
His worst offences those of half the town;
While his free virtues are so genial made,
That love, not envy, follows as their shade;
Softens each merit to familiar view,
"And like the shadow proves the substance true."

Men live who tell us what no books can teach,
How spoke the speaker—what his style of speech.
Our Fox's voice roll'd no melodious stream—
It rose in splutter, and went off in scream.
Yet could it vary, in appropriate place,
From the sharp alto to the rumbling bass.
Such sudden changes when you'd least expect,
Secured to dissonance a stage effect,
Striking you most when into talk-like ease
Slid the wild gamut down the cracking keys.
The action? what Quintilian would have shock'd;
The huge fist thundered, and the huge frame rock'd,
As clattering down, *immensu ore*, went
Splinters and crags of crashing argument.
Not for neat reasonings, subtle and refined,
Paused the strong logic of that rushing mind;
It tore from out the popular side of Truth
Fragments the larger because left uncouth—
Hands, if less strong, more patient than his own,
Perfect the statue, his heaved forth the stone,
And in the rock, his daring chisel broke,
Hewed the bold outlines with a hasty stroke.
But on this force, with its disdain of rule,
No safe good sense would like to found a school;
And (drop the image) he who leads mankind,
Must seek to soothe and not to shock the mind.
The chief whose anger all the angry cheer,
Thins his own ranks—the temperate disappear;
They shake their heads, and in a sober fright
Groan, "What a passion he was in to-night!
Men in a passion must be in the wrong;
And, heavens! how dangerous when they're made so strong!"
Thus is it strange, with all his genius, zeal,
Such head to argue, and such heart to feel,

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That the great Whig, amidst immense applause,
Scared off his clients, and bawl'd down his cause,—
Undid Reform by lauding revolution,
Till cobblers cried, "God save the Constitution!"
Met by deserters in his own approaches
He fled; his followers fill'd three hackney-coaches!

Leave we the orator, but track the Man.
May clothes with blooms the orchard at St Anne;
Under the blossoms, stirr'd by the meek wind,
See that large form so quietly reclined;
Those black brows bent o'er Learning's calmest tome,
That smile whose peace floods, as with sunlight, home!
There see him taste, far from life's reek and din,
Toil without strife, and pleasure without sin;
Glow o'er some golden song, or pause perplext
By some dry scholiast or some doubtful text;
Charm kindred ears with Attic lore and wit,
And rapt to Pindus, leave mankind to Pitt.

Beautiful picture, sweet with moral truth,
Thus how in age does genius win back youth!
To boyhood's happy tasks revert its eyes,
And con the book that made its earliest prize;
While, howsoe'er august its fame achieved,
That charms us least which most itself deceived;
The fiery contests, the triumphant goals,
The unfamiliar tests of troubled souls.
What charms us most in great men is to see
Their greatness doff'd, the men as we may be—
Fox in the Senate—toil beyond our scope!
Fox at St Anne's—such leisure all may hope!
From desk, from till, the week-day wear of mind,
Each may relax his weary limbs, reclined
Wherever blooms the bough or plays the wind,
Blest as the great reprieved from public gaze,
In grassy nooks remote, on Sabbath-days.*

All that contrasted, foil'd, and undermined
His rival chief, the younger PITT combined.
Proud self-esteem, decorous and austere,
Strict self-control, not Zeno's more severe;

* ——— "In remoto gramine per dies
Festos ——" HORAT., lib. ii. od. 111.

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Like some old Chaldee, from his Pharos high,
O'er human errors scarcely stooped his eye;
Still on that eye shone unobserved no star,
And still that Pharos guided fleets afar.
From earliest youth, as one ordained to lead
The solemn priesthood of an elder creed,
Instructed duly, kept from all apart,
No schoolboy glee relaxed his lonely heart;
No ribald playground mock'd his serious air;
Could limbs so sacred learn to "hunt the hare?"
Could hands reserved to minister the law,
Speed the light ball, or knuckle down to taw?
From birth to death, through pomp, ambition, strife,
Serenely strenuous pass'd that stately life.
Why marvel that the beardless hierarch sprung
At once to power?—the hierarch ne'er was young,
And ne'er was old, but, dying in his prime,
Stands forth completed while vouchsafed to time.
With those he led Pitt is not to be classed;
His was no blind subservience to the Past.
Not Fox himself loved English freedom more;
True to her hearth, if careful of her door.
Who at the *rouge-et-noir* of Clootz and Paine
Would risk the loss, or much desire the gain?
Freedom, that sovereign capital of Man,
In thrifty savings with our sires began;
When times are clear and credit safe, look out,
Seek sound investments; for increase?—no doubt.
But dread the man, his own last farthing spent,
Who cries, "Lend all; I promise cent per cent."

Unto the Ruler, as to Jove of old,
Necessity is *Time;* his hands may hold
The thunder or the balance, still the power
That masters ev'n the Immortal is the Hour.
Men praise or blame in Pitt the iron will.
Well, steel, though supple, is of iron still.
Thus will in Pitt could bend to ward the stroke;
It was by bending that it never broke.
The time explains each dazzling contradiction;
His wish reform, his policy restriction;
His game for Peace so wary to the last;
His warlike vigour when the die was cast.
As veers the wind, so shifts the pilot's art;
Who saves the ship, may well — — the chart.

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The lone proud man! for him no Graces smiled,
No love the pause from jaded toil beguiled;
No twilight tryst exchanged the youthful vow;
No tender lip kiss'd trouble from that brow!
His sole Egeria (O supreme caprice!)
A crack'd, uncanny, warwitch of a Niece,
Who, at his death, found Syrian sands alone
Replace the lost grand desert she had known.
For rule in wastes by previous empire fit,
Had she not ruled a lonelier world in Pitt?
Yet all strong natures have affections strong,
Barr'd the free vents which to man's life belong;
Still springs well up, concentre sudden force,
And glad the waves of which they swell the course.
These are the minds that serve some abstract creed—
The Church, Ignatius; Fame, the Royal Swede;
More hot the ideal, human love unknown,
As chaste Pygmalion hugg'd to life a stone.
Pitt's human passion, his ideal dream,
His soul's twin Arcady and Academe,
Was England!—Not more rooted to the deep
The stubborn isle round which the tempests sweep
Than he to England; call him, if you will,
Too fond of power—'twas power for England still.
Through *this* he ruled; he spoke, and *this* was shown;
The Laws, the Land, the Altar, and the Throne,
Mere words with others, were to him the all
Left Man to prize and strive for since the Fall.

If read the orations, and forgot the age,
Words that breathed fire are ashes on the page.
Oh to have heard them in the breathless hall,
When Europe paled before the maddening Gaul;
When marts resounded with the trumpet's blare,
Fleets on the deep and banners in the air;
What time the dire Religion, stripp'd of God,
Shook tower and temple to the dust she trod,
And left the ruins dark beneath the frown
Of HIM whose bolt she mimick'd and drew down!
Then did the purpose (lost in calmer days)
Inspire with patriot life the purple phrase,
And under that stiff toga of the dead
Was heard the ringing of the Roman tread.

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The very faults that later critics find
Were merits then—the unhesitating mind,
The self-reliance, lofty and severe,
That grand monotony—a soul sincere,
That scorn of fancy, that firm grasp of fact,
That dread to theorise in the hour to act,
Seem'd formed to brave the elemental shock,
And type to England her own Ocean-rock.

The form, the voice, the bearing of the man
Became the Bayard, firm against the van
Of lances, standing on the perilous arch,
And singly staying armies in their march.
We see him still, the front with labour paled;
The eyes that rarely glowed, but never quailed,
Within disease, without the host of foes;
What grand contempt sustains that calm repose!
Gives the dread sneer that withered Erskine down,
And leaves the brow scarce ruffled by its frown.
We hear the elaborate swell of that full strain
Linking long periods in completest chain;
Staying the sense, from sentence sentence grows,
Till the last word comes clinching up the close.

To that Virgilian epic all unfit
Pindaric rage or Archilochian wit;
Nor needs it either! ne'er that style can pall,
Strength and majestic grace suffice for all.
Full, through the banks to weeds as flowers unknown,
That stately sameness lapses largely on.

Poor in whate'er thy Cleons, France, possest,
The powers they failed in were with him the best.
Heaven unto each the opposing mission gave—
They to destroy were mighty, he to save.
If Freedom now her gradual reign extends,
And bounds to bloodless gains her loftiest ends—
If peerless, yet, our Commonwealth sublime
Sees its calm image in the glass of Time,
On which the angry States that grasp'd at more,
Dawn, and then, breath-like, vanish as before;
Honour to him, as to the saving star!
He was, and therefore we are what we are.

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Mark next the man whom genius form'd to share
Pitt's lofty toils, and to his reign be heir:
With will as resolute, with heart as brave,
Temper more bland, and tongue more gently grave,
Tuned to a music as divinely sweet
As is the voice of Mercy: thus complete
In all the gifts that charm, instruct, and guide,
Apart from place lived WILBERFORCE, and died.
Wherefore? He served a cause for which the hour
Was yet unripe. *Fore*-knowledge is *not* power.
Rare are such souls; least rare in England. They
Form the vast viaducts of Truth; their way
Sweeps high o'er trodden thoroughfares; they knit
Hill-top with hill-top; Hopes delay'd commit
To them the conduct of each patient cause
By which advance the races. Them, applause
Spurs not, nor scorn deters; their faith concedes
No pliant compromise with courtlier creeds;
They cannot sit in councils that ignore
Or palter with their mission; all their lore
Illumes one end for which strives all their will;
Before their age they march invincible.
Oft in their lives by prosperous worldlings styl'd
Enthusiasts witless, or fanatics wild,
Each hour they live, their sober, serious strength
Works through Opinion its slow change; at length
Yesterday's vain dream is to-day's clear fact;
Fed from unnumbered rills, the cataract
Splits the obstructive rock, and bursts to day,
And rainbows form their colours from its spray.

Ask you a contrast?—see it in DUNDAS,
Timing the hour as truly as its glass.
Office was made for him, and he for it;
He felt that truth, and glued his soul to Pitt.
No shrewder minister e'er served a throne,
Or joined his country's interests with his own.

With more superb a dignity of mien,
More patriot show, and much more private spleen,
More stately care for what the world may say,
But just as keen for titles, place, and pay,
In arm'd neutrality the GRENVILLES stand,
And name the terms on which they'll save the land.

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All men are brethren, bound to help each other—
Gods ! how each Grenville help'd his Grenville brother.

Who comes as one who through the starlit vine
Follow'd young Liber up the heights divine,
Inebriate not as earth's inglorious clay,
But drunk with wine as sun-flowers with the day ;
Imbibing light till light itself imbues
The golden leaves which glitter through the dews ?
Room, room ! high place, O SHERIDAN, for thee !
Though yet below the thrones of the great Three ;
On the same dais, and crown'd with richer gems
Than sunbeams kiss on their proud diadems.

If eloquence can find its surest test
In the degree to which it thrill the breast,
And not the enduring thought, which after-calm
Retains, then thine the sceptre and the palm :
For never Fancy shot more gorgeous ray,
Nor left air duller when it died away.

He did not rule opinion, shape a creed,
Control a council, or a nation lead ;
These make the power that sage and statesman claim,
But to the orator applause is fame.
Viewed at his best, while yet the nerves were strung,
While silvery yet the clear keen accents rung ;
While yet erect and lithe the sprightly form,
And the eye lightened o'er the words of storm,
What time, before Humanity arraigned,
(Guilty of empires, though to England gained),
Stood the grand Verres of the East ;—not then
Had Tully's self more fired the souls of men.
Before that lengthen'd train and rapid flight
Of splendour dwindled Fox's disc of light,
And Burke's was paled ; as when the irregular
Comet shoots flaming over the fixed star.

Seen then, heard then, what could Ambition hope
Or States bestow, that seem'd beyond his scope ?
He whose wild youth had courted Scandal's frown,
Deserved her anger, and then laugh'd it down ;
He whose gay forces seemed, if not too light,
Too laxly disciplined for serious fight ;

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He who had known the failure, felt the sneer,
Smit burning brows in muttering, "It is here;"—
He now one hour the acknowledged lord of all,
Hears Pitt adjourn the agitated hall,
That brain may cool, and heart forget to swell,
And dawn relax the enchanter's midnight spell.
Out upon Time! the years roll on, and lo?
The broken wand, the fallen Prospero!
O shreds and rays of that once gorgeous soul!
O priceless pearl, dissolv'd amidst the bowl!
Hide—hide the vision; let our awe forbear
To note the trembling limbs, the glassy stare,—
To count the sparks which through the gathering shade
Start from charr'd embers, gleam on wrecks, and fade,—
To hear of bailiffs wrangling round the bed;—
Hush, and uncover!—Homage to the dead!

Turn, where below the gangway (as between
Tory and Whig) was NORFOLK'S athlete seen.
In him the ideal of a class we scan,
Fair England's lettered hardy gentleman.
Easy, yet earnest; high-bred, yet sincere;
To mob and monarch friendly, without fear;
Teres, rotundus—whether we admire,
The fine Greek scholar, the frank English squire;
Now capping verse with Johnson in Bolt Court,
Now lauding bull-baits as a British sport.
Still pleasing both the rugged and refin'd,
The first by manhood, and the last by mind,
Such WINDHAM was;—and where his merits halt,
Manhood or mind seems gainer by the fault.
Does some rude prejudice the smile provoke?
How the gnarl'd fibres grace the sturdy oak!
Or is the reasoning over-subtly wrought?
How the fine sword-play tests the sinewy thought!

Ev'n his high tones, a chord too sharp and keen,
Became the gesture quick and resolute mien,
As if in earnest to outclear their way,
And force on foes what truth had right to say.
Had be been born a soldier, he had fill'd
A mighty part—no strategist more skill'd,
No warier reason, and no bolder breast;
Add knighthood's stainless honour to the rest.

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Ev'n in his death as manly as in life,
He fix'd the moment for the surgeon's knife;
Each wheel of State in cautious order set,
Lest clerks might miss what nations would regret;
Wrote to his friends with bold accustom'd hand,
Arguing the problems that perplex'd the land;
Struck the account that earth to heaven should bear
His last soft thought—the heart he loved to spare;
And, to life's partner life's dread risk unknown,
He clos'd the door from which there came no groan.
So, like a warrior full of hardy life,
Smit by the bolt as victory ends the strife,
Each task completed, and each duty done,
He pass'd, in all his vigour, from the sun.

Pause for awhile, and let the House adjourn—
Breathe calmer air;—But whither shall we turn?
To club or tavern as the whim prevails—
Nay, see Sir Joshua; come with him to Thrale's.
There, mark yon man, large-brow'd with thoughtful frown,
Arguing with Johnson;—Well, sir, argued down?—
No, Boswell's glorious savage butted full,
Yet our vast boa foils his mighty bull;
Now glides away in glittering volumes roll'd,
Now coils around in unrelenting fold.
Which shall prevail?—the boldest wight would fear
Now to adjudge—as then to interfere.
'Twixt Burke and Johnson Jove himself is mute,
Lest earth should rise to share in the dispute.
May we untrembling in the Elysian shore,
Hear them yet arguing better than before;
And as they glide down some ambrosial walk,
May blabbing phantoms Boswellise their talk!

Welcome associate forms where'er we turn,
Fill, Streatham's Hebé, the Johnsonian urn!
Mercurial Garrick, hover to and fro,
Wing'd with light wit, and ever on tiptoe;
Laid now aside the rod which souls obey,
When to the shadow-world it frees the way;
Yet ev'n with mortals mindful of thine art,
Light'st thou on earth, it is in Sosia's part.

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Apollo once, the deeds of Jove to tell,
Crack'd a dull tortoise, and then string'd its shell:
So vibrate, Boswell, with divine *afflatus*,
"*In Jovis dapibus testudo gratus;*"
Vow'd to Bolt Court, thine hollows feel its god,
Echo each thunder, shake with every nod.

What gaudy clown invites, yet shrinks from note,
Like Marlow blushing in Sir Fopling's coat?
Boswell stalks by him with contemptuous strut,
Garrick smiles joyful to behold a butt;
Reynolds, half doubtful if worth while to hear,
Fidgets his trumpet as he bends his ear;
But freed from Burke, and willing to unbend,
There rolls great Johnson, and salutes a friend,
From teasing wit, and (worse) the blockhead's jest,
Shields the shy victim with his burly breast.
So huge Alcides, on his club reclin'd,
And tired of fighting monsters for mankind,
Smooths awful brows, from solemn toil beguil'd,
And rocks in fostering arms a dreaming child.—
Child, *thou*, sweet bard of Auburn!—Child! what then?
A child inspired, and worth a world of men.
Scorn, if ye will, that wish the eye to gain;
Childhood, too loving, ever yet was vain.
Disdain that gall-less, yet resentful sigh,
When the world pass'd its gentlest minstrel by.
If *that* was envy, envy ne'er before
So much the look of wrong'd affection wore;
And ne'er did bee such golden honey bring
To ruder hands—yet, writhing, leave no sting.

Immortal conclave, Learning, Genius, Wit,
And all by stars that moved in concord lit—
Who could believe ye lived, and wrote, and thought
For that same age the schools of Diderot taught?
That Gospel truths spoke loud from Johnson's chair,
While the world's altars reel'd beneath Voltaire?
That Rousseau polish'd for the maids of Gaul
The virtuous page design'd to vitiate all,
While GOLDSMITH'S Vicar tells his harmless tale,
Smiles at the hearthstone, and converts the jail.

From that pure fount in England's Academe,
By fane and forum in expanding stream,

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Went BURKE's elaborate genius, strong and free,
As are all rivers that enlarge the sea,
But swerving slant with light-retaining waves,
Where rills rush on, and dribble into caves.
From first (judg'd right) consistent to the close,
Could Johnson's friend abet the Saviour's foes?—
Could Thought's high priest the Halle's wild rabble cheer,
Or speed the cause that spawn'd a Robespierre?

No, true to Freedom when usurpers came
To blind her eyes, and govern in her name,
He wrote this truth, a guide to every time—
"They sentence freedom who unfetter crime."
I grant that Burke not always rightly viewed
The earthquake heave of that wrong multitude;—
Too much amidst the present ills to see
Causes long laid—results ordained to be;
But poets colour all that they regard,
And among statesmen Burke stands forth the bard;
By his own genius both obscured and fired,
At times inebriate, and at times inspired;
Has Truth ten sides, he must invent the eleventh,
And quit the earth to gain a heaven—the seventh!

"Is it for that—(no speeches read so well)—
"That when Burke spoke he was the dinner-bell?"
Friend, if some actor murder Hamlet's part,
No line supplies the histrio's want of art—
Nay, the more beauty in the words prevail,
The more it chafes you if the utterance fail.
Shakespeare, ill acted, do you run to hear?
And Burke, ill-spoken, would you stay to cheer?

"But what the faults that could admirers chill,
And thin the benches plain Dundas could fill?"—
Partly in matter—too intent to teach—
Too filed as essay, not to flag as speech;
Too slight a fellowship with those around,
Words too ornate, and reasonings too profound;—
All this a Chatham might have brought in vogue!
Yes—but then Chatham did not speak in brogue!
A voice that made the brogue yet more displease,
A loud monotony of tuneless keys;
A form, if strong, to well-bred gazers coarse,
And that fatiguing fervour—waste of force;

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Join these in Burke, and add his wisdom lack'd
What most St Stephen's needs and values—tact.
Still when some cause with earth's large interests fraught,
Needed fit champion, grace gave way to thought—
Cumbrous in tilts where carpet-knights succeed,
By well-poised lance and deftly-tutor'd steed;
Meet but for conflict in some amplest field,
That sweep of falchion, and that breadth of shield.
Thus, spite of faults his audience least excused,
Unmoved by praise, yet writhing when abused,
Tho' stern, yet sensitive; tho' haughty, kind;
Proof to all storm, yet feeling every wind,
Onward he pass'd, till at the farthest goal,
Freed, as from matter, conquering stood the soul.
And oh! what sap must thro' that genius run—
What hold on earth, what yearning towards the sun,
Which, met by granite, upward cleaves its way,
And high o'er forests bathes its crest in day!

Loud as a scandal on the ears of town,
And just as brief, the orator's renown!
Year after year debaters blaze and fade—
Scarce mark'd the dial ere departs the shade;
Words die so soon when fit but to be said,
Words only live when worthy to be read.

Already Fox is silent to our age,
Burke quits the rostrum to illume the page.
He did not waste his treasure as he went,
But hoarded wealth to pile his monument.
Now voice and manner can offend no more,
And pure from dross shines out the golden ore—
Down to oblivion sinks each rude defect,
And soars, anneal'd, the eternal intellect.

Thus is a torrent, if we stand too near,
Rough to the sight, and jarring to the ear;
But heard afar, when dubious of the way,
In paths perplex'd where forests dim the day,
Mellow'd from every discord, o'er the ground,
As from an unseen spirit, comes the sound—
That sound the step unconsciously obeys,
And, lured to light by music, threads the maze.

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LORD DUNDONALD'S MEMOIRS.

THE work now under our notice, although as yet fragmentary and incomplete, cannot be regarded otherwise than as a most valuable contribution to the historical literature of Britain. The noble author, now in his eighty-fifth year, yet still retaining, as is evident from the style of this volume, much of that activity, enthusiasm, and indomitable spirit which marked the earlier part of his career, won for himself, about the commencement of this century, in the naval service of his country, so high a name, that subsequent historians have not hesitated to class Lord Cochrane in the same rank as Nelson and Collingwood. Viewed from one point, we must necessarily admit that such an estimate savours of exaggeration; because, in military and naval warfare, success must always be held as the grand test of merit. A great and decisive victory, and, still more, a succession of decisive victories, will elevate the man who has achieved them to a higher place of estimation, and secure for him a more enduring fame, than can be accorded to the warrior whose reputation has been founded on a series of brilliant exploits undertaken on a smaller scale. But if we set aside the important element of opportunity, and restrict ourselves to an examination of the conduct and ability which have been displayed in the lesser as well as the greater instances—if we are content to hold that the merit of a deed depends not so much upon its magnitude as upon the perfectness of its execution—we cannot venture to detract from the high meed of praise which eminent professional men have agreed to accord to Cochrane. As a captain, and in command only of a frigate (the far-famed Impérieuse), he distinguished himself beyond any other seaman of his time; but he never had command of a squadron in the British service, and his active career as an officer of our navy may be said to have terminated with the brilliant exploit in the Basque Roads, in April 1809, to the whole credit of which he is entitled. *Why* it so terminated, we shall presently see: in the mean time let us attend to the personal history before us.

Lord Dundonald, like a true Scot, devotes an introductory chapter to an account of his pedigree, which we certainly should have passed over without notice—pedigrees being of little interest to any save those immediately connected—but for a most extraordinary blunder on the part of his Lordship. It may appear somewhat impertinent to take exception to any man's statement as to his ancestry; but in this case Lord Dundonald ought to thank us for freeing him from the discredit of being descended from one of the veriest knaves mentioned in Scottish history — to wit, Robert Cochrane, called The Mason, favourite of James III., who was hanged over the bridge at Lauder. We by no means intend to aver that the mere fact of having been hanged should operate against the memory of an ancestor; for in the old days such a catastrophe was anything but uncommon, and inferred no positive disgrace. But this Robert Cochrane was essentially a bad fellow, an insolent upstart, and a wicked counsellor of his king. The following is his character, as drawn by old Lindsay of Pitscottie, the very best historian of that period: "Whatever was done in court or council with the king, nothing was done or concluded but by him; nor no man durst say that his proceedings were wicked or evil, or unprofitable for the commonweal, but he would have his indignation, and cause punish him for the same. He had such credence of the king, that he gave him leave to strike money of his own, as if he had been a prince. And when the people would have

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The Autobiography of a Seaman. By THOMAS, TENTH EARL OF DUNDONALD, G.C.B., Admiral of the Red, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, &c. &c. Volume First. Bentley: London.

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refused the said money, which was called a *Cochran-plack*, and said to him that it would be cried down, he answered and said, *That day he would be hanged that they were cried down.* Which shortly thereafter fell out as he prophesied, as ye shall hear. For this Cochran had such authority in court, and credence of the king, that no man got credence or audience of the king but by his moyen. So all that would esteem him, or flatter him, or give him gear, their matters were dressed according to their own pleasure, whether it were just or unjust, or against the commonweal; all was alike unto him. For he cared not for the welfare of the realm, or the honour, so that he might have his own singular profit and estimation in court."

Lord Dundonald tries to make out that this Cochrane, whom he calls his ancestor, was not only a man of good family, but a magnificent architect and a wise statesman, being, says he, "to James something like what Wolsey subsequently was to Henry VIII." That is a mere delusion. Cochrane began life in a very humble way indeed, and no historian has said otherwise. Pitscottie is minute as to this point: "He might be example to all simple mean persons not to climb so high, and intend great things in court as he did. For, at his beginning, he was but prentice to a mason; and, within few years, he became very ingynous in that craft, and bigged many stone houses *with his hands* in the realm of Scotland. And because he was cunning in craft, not long after, the king made him master-mason, and, after this, Cochran clamb so high, higher and higher, till he came to this fine, as is rehearsed."

The way in which this Cochrane is brought into the Dundonald pedigree is very amusing, and may be a lesson to future Oldbucks. We may premise that the Cochranes of that Ilk, whom Lord Dundonald represents through a female, were an ancient baronial family in the shire of Renfrew, and held considerable possessions there, long before they were ennobled by Charles II. In giving their descent, Crawfurd, our most accurate peerage writer, makes mention of a certain William de Cochrane of that Ilk, who obtained a charter from Robert II., dated 1389. "He was succeeded," says Crawfurd, "by Robert his son, who resigned his estates in favour of Allan his son, *anno* 1456." Then he speaks of a deed dated four years previously, in which this Allan appears as a witness, "in which deed he is designed Allanus Cochran Armiger, his father being then alive, and to whom he succeeded *before the* 1480." Upon this hint—for there is not another scrap of evidence to fortify his position—Lord Dundonald identifies Robert, the son of William de Cochrane, and father of Allan Cochrane of that Ilk, with the mason Cochrane, who was hanged at the bridge of Lauder!

Now, it is nowhere alleged that Cochrane the mason was either married, or left issue, or had a patrimonial estate; but Lord Dundonald, eccentrically, and as it appears to us unaccountably desirous to have this man as an ancestor, has constructed a little romance, wishing us to believe that Robert Cochrane of that Ilk resigned his estates in 1456 to his son, "for no other purpose than to devote himself to the study and practice of architecture, in which, as an art, Scotland was, at that time, behind other nations!" We have both heard of and known instances of Scottish lairds who, in consequence of a disastrous taste for architecture, did ultimately divest themselves of their acres, the stone having, according to the common phrase, fairly eaten up the earth; but it is a new thing to us to be told of a gentleman resigning his land, in order that he might labour at a quarry! Even Cincinnatus, though he preferred the plough to the dictatorship, stuck valorously to his hereditary acre. Besides this, it never seems to have occurred to Lord Dundonald to inquire how it happened that if Cochrane, who, as he asserts, had been created Earl of Mar, had left a son called Allan, that son did not succeed to the dignity. But it is of no use insisting further upon a mere heraldic delusion, which is quite apparent from the fact that, by Lord Dundonald's own admission, on the authority of Crawfurd, Allan suc-

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ceeded Robert *before* 1480, whereas Cochrane the mason was not hanged until the month of July 1482. We submit that Lord Dundonald should feel deeply indebted to us for having delivered him from such a progenitor.

We might, if so minded, be a little critical upon his construction of the deeds of later Cochranes, who did not, as a sept, exhibit any remarkable adherence to hereditary principle, but changed sides as circumstances suggested, quite as freely as many other members of the Scottish aristocracy. We need not, however, go into such matters. Suffice it to say that the Cochranes were losers in the political game in which they had embarked rather largely, and that the father of the present Earl found himself in the disagreeable position of the holder of an ancient title, without the adequate means of supporting it. In that aspect he was not singular. Poor Lord Balmerino declared in the Tower that he had been driven into the Rebellion of 1745 from absolute lack of the means of subsistence; and we have heard old people say that they remembered a Lord Kirkcudbright, who, keeping a glover's shop in Edinburgh, voted regularly, without protest, at the elections of the Peers in Holyrood, and supplied each of his brother nobles in the way of trade, before the opening of the solemn ceremony.

"Of our once extensive ancestral domains," says Lord Dundonald, "I never inherited a foot. In the course of a century, and before the title descended to our branch, nearly the whole of the family estates had been alienated by losses incurred in support of one generation of the Stuarts, rebellion against another, and mortgages, or other equally destructive process—the consequence of both. A remnant may latterly have fallen into other hands from my father's negligence in not looking after it; and his unentailed estates were absorbed by extensive scientific pursuits, afterwards to be noticed; so that my outset in life was that of heir to a peerage, without other expectations than those arising from my own exertions.

"My father's day was that of Cavendish, Black, Priestley, Watt, and others, now become historical as the forerunners of modern practical science. Imbued with like spirit, and in intimate communication with these distinguished men, he emulated their example with no mean success, as the philosophical records of that period testify. But whilst they prudently confined their attention to their laboratories, my father's sanguine expectations of retrieving the family estates by his discoveries led him to embark in a multitude of manufacturing projects. The motive was excellent; but his pecuniary means being incommensurate with the magnitude of his transactions, its object was frustrated, and our remaining patrimony melted like the flux in his crucibles; his scientific knowledge, as often happens, being unaccompanied by the self-knowledge which would have taught him that he was not, either by habit or inclination, 'a man of business.' Many who were so knew how to profit by his inventions without the trouble of discovery, whilst their originator was occupied in developing new practical facts to be turned to their advantage, and his consequent loss."

The truth is, that old Lord Dundonald was a man of much ingenuity, but of little practical sense. No man was more quick at descrying where an improvement could be made, but he was never able to turn his discoveries to profitable account. He had, to use a common but exceedingly expressive phrase, too many irons in the fire. At one and the same time, he was occupied with no fewer than six schemes of chemical manufacture, any one of which might have proved successful had he abandoned the others, but an ultra-sanguine temperament incited him to push them on simultaneously, an undertaking utterly beyond the reach of his capital or credit. Also, though his inventive powers were of the highest order, he does not appear to have possessed that faculty of calm ratiocination which, from an accidental phenomenon, can extricate a great principle, and proceed onwards to its application. Of this the following is a remarkable instance:—

"One of my father's scientific achievements must not be passed over. Cavendish had some time previously ascertained the existence of hydrogen. Priestley had become acquainted with its inflammable character; but the Earl of Dundonald may fairly lay claim to the practical ap-

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plication of its illuminating power in a carburetted form.

"In prosecution of his coal-tar patent, my father went to reside at the family estate of Culross Abbey, the better to superintend the works on his own collieries, as well as others on the adjoining estates of Valleyfield and Kincardine. In addition to these works, an experimental tar-kiln was erected near the Abbey, and here the coal-gas became accidentally employed in illumination. Having noticed the inflammable nature of a vapour arising during the distillation of tar, the Earl, by way of experiment, fitted a gun-barrel to the eduction-pipe leading from the condenser. On applying fire to the muzzle, a vivid light blazed forth across the waters of the Firth, becoming, as was afterwards ascertained, distinctly visible on the opposite shore.

"Strangely enough, though quick in appreciating a new fact, Lord Dundonald lightly passed over the only practical product which might have realised his expectations of retrieving the dilapidated fortunes of our house; considering tar and coke to constitute the legitimate objects of his experiments, and regarding the illuminating property of gas merely as a curious natural phenomenon. Like Columbus, he had the egg before him, but, unlike Columbus, he did not hit upon the right method of setting it on end."

There is some humour in another anecdote of old Lord Dundonald, which we find in this portion of the work. His Lordship's experiments in the manufacture of coal-tar were made principally with the view of having that substance applied to the outward coating of ships, as a preventive of the ravages of the worm; copper-sheathing not having been then invented, but the clumsy expedient adopted of driving in large-headed iron nails, which made a ship's bottom appear like a gigantic hob-nailed shoe. He applied to the Admiralty of the period to have his process properly tested, and, if found efficient, adopted, but without effect; for then, as now, the peculiar constitution of that Board, which the country has thought fit to sanction and maintain, notwithstanding the thousand proofs of its incompetency, was against innovation — a term which, we are sorry to think, has been held to include many wholesome improvements as well as empirical devices — and the scheme was doubtless remitted to the judgment of the masters of the dockyards, whose interest, in the days when jobbery was undoubtedly triumphant, did not lie in the way of preservation of the floating material. Finding that the Admiralty would do nothing for him, old Lord Dundonald went down to Limehouse, and tried to induce a large private shipbuilder to use his composition, warranting it as effectual against the worm. He might as well have entreated a tailor to vend a new species of garment calculated to last for a lifetime. "My Lord," said the man of planks, "we live by repairing ships as well as by building them, and the worm is our best friend. Rather than use your preparation, I would cover ships' bottoms with honey to attract worms!"

His Lordship belonged to the despotic section of fathers, who consider themselves entitled to exercise absolute dominion over their sons, and not only to regulate their education, but to fix their future calling. Even now we not unfrequently meet with instances of such ill-advised and calamitous dictation, but during last century the doctrine of *patria potestas* was almost universally received and practically applied. The principle of tyranny being admitted, the exercise of it became almost intolerable. No prepossessions, tendencies, or natural inclinations were to be regarded: the destiny of the son lay in the power of the father. The lad who sighed for a pair of colours was condemned to study for the law. The studious youth who wished to cultivate the muse, was clapped into uniform and despatched to a foreign battle-field. Remonstrance was disregarded, and disobedience branded as a crime to be visited by severance from family ties in this world, and certain perdition in the next. Young Cochrane was a heaven-born sailor. He rioted in the breezes of the ocean as the war-horse scents the battle. His favourite heroes were Drake, and Blake, and grand old Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, the unconquered Admiral of Scotland, who maintained so gloriously and well the supremacy of the northern seas. His dreams were of the quarterdeck and the

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piping of the boatswain's whistle. But old Norval had chalked out a different career for his first-born. He did not, it is true, desire to keep him at home, but he intended that he should "follow to the field some warlike lord"—in other words, that he should become a soldier; and with that view a military commission was actually obtained, through the interest of a relative, for the unhappy boy, who was driven very nearly frantic. The following account of his early trials strikes us as extremely droll, and exhibits great literary ability :—

"By way of initiation into the mysteries of the military profession, I was placed under the tuition of an old sergeant, whose first lessons well accorded with his instructions not to pay attention to my foibles. My hair, cherished with boyish pride, was formally cut, and plastered back with a vile composition of candle-grease and flour, to which was added the torture incident to the cultivation of an incipient *queue*. My neck, from childhood open to the lowland breeze, was encased in an inflexible leathern collar or stock, selected according to my preceptor's notions of military propriety; these almost verging on strangulation. A blue semi-military tunic, with red collar and cuffs, in imitation of the Windsor uniform, was provided; and to complete the *tout ensemble*, my father, who was a determined Whig partisan, insisted on my wearing yellow waistcoat and breeches; yellow being the Whig colour, of which I was admonished never to be ashamed. A more certain mode of calling into action the dormant obstinacy of a sensitive, high-spirited lad could not have been devised than that of converting him into a caricature, hateful to himself, and ridiculous to others.

"As may be imagined, my costume was calculated to attract attention, the more so from being accompanied by a stature beyond my years. Passing one day near the Duke of Northumberland's palace at Charing Cross, I was beset by a troop of ragged boys, evidently bent on amusing themselves at the expense of my personal appearance, and in their peculiar slang indulging in comments thereon far more critical than complimentary.

"Stung to the quick, I made my escape from them, and, rushing home, begged my father to let me go to sea with my uncle, in order to save me from the degradation of floured head, pig-tail, and yellow breeches. This burst of despair aroused the indignation of the parent and the Whig, and the reply was a sound cuffing. Remonstrance was useless: but my dislike to everything military became confirmed; and the events of that day certainly cost his majesty's 104th Regiment an officer, notwithstanding that my military training proceeded with redoubled severity."

The words in the foregoing extract, "go to sea with my uncle," must be thus explained. An uncle of Lord Cochrane — the Hon. Captain, and afterwards Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane — had noted the singular *penchant* of the boy for the sea; and, unknown to Lord Dundonald, had placed his name on the books of various vessels under his command —a practice not uncommon in those days, for the purpose of giving a few years' standing in the service. Young Cochrane, then, at an early age, was actually rated both as a soldier and a sailor. We cannot say that we regret the discontinuance of such a system, which forcibly reminds us of the well-known answer of a servant in a Scottish family which enjoyed an unusual share of patronage, who, being questioned as to the cause of a piercing yell that proceeded from the schoolroom, replied—"Hoots, mem! it's naething but the Major greeting for his parritch."

Old Dundonald, being a Whig, doubtless esteemed himself a Brutus; for the elder Brutus is the real Whig type—very cold, very unamiable, very arbitrary, and exceedingly fond of power and perquisite; but he had to deal with a son far more indomitable than the poor Roman lad, whom the paternal brute consigned to death for his adherence to the cause of legitimacy. The sapling was tougher than the oak; so at last Brutus gave in; and young Lord Cochrane, with no prospects of fortune save what he might win by his bold heart and stalwart arm, joined the Hind frigate as a midshipman, at the age of seventeen years and a half.

He was, we apprehend, most lucky in falling in at once with a tar of the genuine old British breed; and though the quotation may be something long, it is nevertheless so good of its kind, reminding us very forcibly

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of Smollett's delineations of seamen in *Roderick Random*, that we cannot persuade ourselves to make it shorter.

"My kind uncle, the Hon. John Cochrane, accompanied me on board the Hind for the purpose of introducing me to my future superior officer, Lieutenant Larmour, or, as he was more familiarly known in the service, Jack Larmour—a specimen of the old British seaman, little calculated to inspire exalted ideas of the gentility of the naval profession, though presenting at a glance a personification of its efficiency. Jack was, in fact, one of a not very numerous class, whom, from their superior seamanship, the Admiralty was glad to promote from the forecastle to the quarterdeck, in order that they might mould into ship-shape the questionable materials supplied by parliamentary influence—even then paramount in the navy to a degree which might otherwise have led to disaster. Lucky was the commander who could secure such an officer for his quarterdeck.

"On my introduction, Jack was dressed in the garb of a seaman, with marling-spike slung round his neck and a lump of grease in his hand, and was busily employed in setting up the rigging. His reception of me was anything but gracious. Indeed a tall fellow, over six feet high, the nephew of his captain, and a lord to boot, were not very promising recommendations for a midshipman. It is not impossible that he might have learned from my uncle something about a military commission of several years' standing; and this, coupled with my age and stature, might easily have impressed him with the idea that he had caught a scapegrace with whom the family did not know what to do, and that he was hence to be saddled with a 'hard bargain.'

"After a little constrained civility on the part of the first-lieutenant, who was evidently not very well pleased with the interruption to his avocation, he ordered me to 'get my traps below.' Scarcely was the order complied with, and myself introduced to the midshipman's berth, than I overheard Jack grumbling at the magnitude of my equipments. 'This Lord Cochrane's chest? Does Lord Cochrane think he is going to bring a cabin aboard? The service is going to the devil! Get it up on the maindeck.'

"The order being promptly obeyed, amidst a running fire of similar objurgations, the key of the chest was sent for, and shortly afterwards the sound of sawing became audible. It was now high time to follow my property, which, to my astonishment, had been turned out on the deck—Jack superintending the process of sawing off one end of the chest just beyond the keyhole, and accompanying the operation by sundry uncomplimentary observations on midshipmen in general, and on myself in particular.

"The metamorphosis being completed to the lieutenant's satisfaction, though not at all to mine—for my neat chest had become an unshapely piece of lumber—he pointed out the 'lubberliness of shore-going people in not making keyholes where they could be most easily got at,' viz., at the end of a chest instead of the middle! The observation was perhaps made to test my temper, but if so, it failed in its object. I thanked him for his kindness in imparting so useful a lesson, and left him evidently puzzled as to whether I was a cool hand or a simple one.

"Poor Jack! his limited acquaintance with the world—which, in his estimation, was bounded by the taffrail and the bowsprit—rendered him an indifferent judge of character, or he might have seen in me nothing but an ardent desire diligently to apply myself to my chosen profession—with no more pride in my heart than money in my pocket. A short time, however, developed this. Finding me anxious to learn my duty, Jack warmly took me by the hand, and as his only ideas of relaxation were to throw off the lieutenant and resume the functions of the able seaman, 'my improvement speedily rewarded my kind though rough teacher, by converting into a useful adjunct one whom he had, perhaps not unjustifiably, regarded as a nuisance. We soon became fast friends, and throughout life few more kindly recollections are impressed on my memory than those of my first naval instructor, honest Jack Larmour."

We shall pass over without special comment the record of the first few years' service of Lord Cochrane in the navy; not because the narrative is deficient in interest—on the contrary, it abounds with characteristic anecdotes and sketches—but because his genius found no opportunity for display until he attained a separate command. Meantime he had become a thorough and practical seaman, able to turn his hand to anything, quick, resolute, and full of invention—a quality which he seems to have inherited from his father, but with a better capacity for its practical and

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useful application. The father could only plan—the son could both devise and execute.

In 1798, Lord Keith, being appointed to relieve Lord St Vincent in the command of the Mediterranean fleet, took Cochrane with him as a supernumerary. He was, however, soon appointed to a ship, being still a lieutenant, and saw much service in that stirring and eventful year. His recollections and impressions of Nelson are interesting.

"From Gibraltar we proceeded to Sicily, where we found Lord Nelson surrounded by the *élite* of Neapolitan society, amongst whom he was justly regarded as a deliverer. It was never my good fortune to serve under his lordship, either at that or any subsequent period. During our stay at Palermo I had, however, opportunities of personal conversation with him; and from one of his frequent injunctions, 'Never mind manœuvres—always go at them,' I subsequently had reason to consider myself indebted for successful attacks under apparently difficult circumstances.

"The impression left on my mind during these opportunities of association with Nelson, was that of his being an embodiment of dashing courage, which would not take much trouble to circumvent an enemy, but, being confronted with one, would regard victory so much a matter of course as hardly to deem the chance of defeat worth consideration.

"This was, in fact, the case; for though the enemy's ships were for the most part superior to ours in build, the discipline and seamanship of their crews was in that day so inferior as to leave little room for doubt of victory on our part. . . .

"Trafalgar itself is an illustration of Nelson's peculiar dash. It has been remarked that Trafalgar was a rash action, and that had Nelson lost it, and lived, he would have been brought to a court-martial for the way in which that action was conducted. But such cavillers forget that, from previous experience, he had calculated both the nature and amount of resistance to be expected; such calculation forming as essential a part of his plan of attack as even his own means for making it. The result justified his expectations of victory, which were not only well founded, but certain.

"The fact is, that many commanders in those days committed the error of overrating the French navy, just as, in the present day, we are nationally falling into the still more dangerous extreme of underrating it. Steam has, indeed, gone far towards equalising seamanship; and the strenuous exertions of the French department of Marine have perhaps rendered discipline in their navy as good as in ours. *They, moreover, keep their trained men; whilst we thoughtlessly turn ours adrift whenever ships are paid off—to be replaced by raw hands in case of emergency!*"

The first vessel of which Lord Cochrane had the command was the Speedy, which he describes as having been little more than a burlesque on a vessel of war. "She was about the size of an average coasting brig, her burden being 158 tons. She was crowded rather than manned with a crew of eighty-four men and six officers, myself included. Her armament consisted of fourteen *four-pounders!*—a species of gun little larger than a blunderbuss." Still it was something to have a vessel, and still more to be allowed independent action, which Lord Keith, who seems even then to have thoroughly appreciated the daring character of his *protégé*, spontaneously granted. The Speedy did not sail with the squadron, but went out as a cruiser, Britain being then at war both with France and Spain; and in a very short time it became noised all along the Spanish coast that a new Paul Jones had arisen. The Speedy, as managed by Lord Cochrane, contrived, notwithstanding the contemptible nature of her armament, to convulse the merchantmen with terror. She was here to-day, and there to-morrow—sometimes disguised with paint, sometimes altered in her rig, picking up prizes, cutting out ships that lay under the protection of forts, giving battle to gunboats, and playing the mischief with the French privateers. In short, she became a recognised nuisance, and special orders were issued by the Spanish naval authorities that she should be traced, trapped, and captured. But it was not by any means an easy matter to catch Lord Cochrane. His plan of operations was to keep well out of sight during the day, giving the enemy a clear offing, and to run in before dawn on the next morning. On one occasion, however, he made a most

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narrow escape, not so much through good fortune, as by the exercise of that rapid inventive genius which, as we have already remarked, he possessed in an extraordinary measure. Don Whiskerandos, though not largely gifted with that faculty which our Transatlantic brethren denominate "'cuteness," had for once condescended to a "dodge;" and one morning, when off Plane Island, Lord Cochrane was gratified with the sight of a large ship inshore, which presented the appearance of a well-laden merchantman. It was a honey-pot for the hornet—an utterly irresistible temptation. We say that on the authority of Lord Cochrane (or rather Lord Dundonald) himself, because he has the courage to avow, though he avows it too broadly and too often, that, in time of naval warfare, the hope of prize-money is a grand incentive to the sailor. The men who talk about the inviolability of private property of non-belligerents are simply idiots. We know perfectly well what are the sinews of war; and war is so terrible a curse that, when once declared, every means should be used to cut the sinews of the antagonist, else the curse would be unnecessarily, and in some cases indefinitely, prolonged. There is but one sound rule in naval warfare; and that is, to do as much mischief as you can: and though at first sight it may be considered satanic, we are satisfied that, in the long run, it will be found to be eminently Christian. Better clear off scores at once, than prolong a professional warfare. We do not hesitate to express our opinion that a very strong case may be made out even in favour of privateering; and in the event of a general war, we are satisfied that no congress resolutions would be adhered to for a single month. There must be a *clausum*, as well as an *apertum mare;* and in the first case, when it is of the utmost importance to cripple the trade of an enemy, privateers are quite as likely to be useful as regular vessels of war. But to return to our narrative: Lord Cochrane, seeing this argosy apparently well laden, bore down upon her; but, on nearing, the ports were raised, and discovered the heavy armament of a formidable Spanish frigate.

A difficult situation that! The Speedy could not get away, for the Spaniard would have outsailed her, and run her down by mere weight. To fight was a desperate alternative, which Lord Cochrane, considering his inferiority in armament, thought it exceedingly imprudent to adopt, unless absolutely compelled to do so. He therefore met craft with craft, having been already prepared for such an emergency. It had become known to him, while at Port Mahon, that the Spaniards were determined, if possible, to put him down, so, says he, "I had the Speedy painted in imitation of the Danish brig Clomer, the appearance of this vessel being well known on the Spanish coast. We also shipped a Danish quartermaster, taking the further precaution of providing him with the uniform of an officer of that nation. On discovering the real character of our neighbour, the Speedy hoisted Danish colours, and spoke her. At first this failed to satisfy the Spaniard, who sent a boat to board us. It was now time to bring the Danish quartermaster into play in his officer's uniform; and to add force to his explanations, we ran the quarantine flag up to the fore, calculating on the Spanish horror of the plague, then prevalent along the Barbary coast. On the boat coming within hail,—for the yellow flag effectually repressed the enemy's desire to board us,—our mock officer informed the Spaniards that we were two days from Algiers, where at the time the plague was violently raging. This was enough. The boat returned to the frigate, which, wishing us a good voyage, filled and made sail, whilst we did the same."

The veteran hints that he was blamed, by some of his officers, for not having poured in such a broadside as the Speedy could deliver, after the Spaniards, deceived by the hoisting of false colours, were thrown off their guard. No vindication is necessary. The *ruse* itself was perfectly justifiable and extremely clever; but, once attempted, he was bound to carry it out: and an attack, under such circumstances, would have been a blot on his ancestral shield. That his forbearance did not arise from want of pluck (the

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last possible imputation that could be laid to his charge), became very apparent five months afterwards. Being off Barcelona on the 6th of May 1802, after a smart engagement with some gunboats, which Lord Cochrane suspected to be a decoy, the nature of the trap was manifested by the appearance of a large ship running under the land. On hauling towards her, she altered her course in chase of the Speedy, and was presently made out to be a Spanish xebec frigate. We must again have recourse to the words of Lord Dundonald, for we cannot venture to alter, even in language, the record of this extraordinary engagement.

"As some of my officers had expressed dissatisfaction at not having been permitted to attack the frigate fallen in with on the 21st of December, after her suspicions had been lulled by our device of hoisting Danish colours, &c., I told them they should now have a fair fight, notwithstanding that, by manning the two prizes sent to Mahon, our numbers had been reduced to fifty-four, officers and boys included. Orders were then given to pipe all hands, and prepare for action.

"Accordingly we made towards the frigate, which was now coming down under steering-sails. At 9.30 A.M. she fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours, which the Speedy acknowledged by hoisting American colours, our object being, as we were now exposed to her full broadside, to puzzle her, till we got on the other tack, when we ran up the English ensign, and immediately afterwards encountered her broadside without damage.

"Shortly afterwards she gave us another broadside, also without effect. My orders were not to fire a gun till we were close to her; when, running under her lee, we locked our yards amongst her rigging, and in this position returned our broadside, such as it was.

"To have fired our popgun four-pounders at a distance would have been to throw away the ammunition; but the guns being doubly, and, as I afterwards learned, trebly shotted, and being elevated, they told admirably upon her maindeck; the first discharge, as was subsequently ascertained, killing the Spanish captain and the boatswain.

"My reason for locking our small craft in the enemy's rigging was the one upon which I mainly relied for victory, viz. that from the height of the frigate out of the water, the whole of her shot must necessarily go over our heads, whilst our guns, being elevated, would blow up her maindeck.

"The Spaniards speedily found out the disadvantage under which they were fighting, and gave the order to board the Speedy; but as this order was as distinctly heard by us as by them, we avoided it at the moment of execution by sheering off sufficiently to prevent the movement, giving them a volley of musketry and a broadside before they could recover themselves.

"Twice was this manœuvre repeated, and twice thus averted. The Spaniards, finding that they were only punishing themselves, gave up further attempts to board, and stood to their guns, which were cutting up our rigging from stem to stern, but doing little farther damage; for after the lapse of an hour the loss to the Speedy was only two men killed and four wounded.

"This kind of combat, however, could not last. Our rigging being cut up, and the Speedy's sails riddled with shot, I told the men that they must either take the frigate or be themselves taken, in which case the Spaniards would give no quarter—whilst a few minutes energetically employed on their part would decide the matter in their own favour.

"The doctor, Mr Guthrie, who, I am happy to say, is still living to peruse this record of his gallantry, volunteered to take the helm: leaving him therefore for the time both commander and crew of the Speedy, the order was given to board, and in a few seconds every man was on the enemy's deck—a feat rendered the more easy as the doctor placed the Speedy close alongside with admirable skill.

"For a moment the Spaniards seemed taken by surprise, as though unwilling to believe that so small a crew would have the audacity to board them; but soon recovering themselves, they made a rush to the waist of the frigate, where the fight was for some minutes gallantly carried on. Observing the enemy's colours still flying, I directed one of our men immediately to haul them down, when the Spanish crew, without pausing to consider by whose orders the colours had been struck, and naturally believing it the act of their own officers, gave in, and we were in possession of the Gamo frigate of thirty-two heavy guns and 319 men, who an hour and a half before had looked upon us as a certain if not an easy prey."

This was a feat probably unex-

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ampled in naval warfare, the number of men killed and wounded on board of the Gamo being more than the whole complement of the Speedy, including officers and crew. It is curious to mark the disproportion of the conquered and the conquering vessels. The tonnage of the Gamo was upwards of 600—that of the Speedy 158. The Gamo had on the maindeck 22 long 12-pounders, and on the quarterdeck, 8 long 8-pounders and 2 24-pounder carronades; whereas the Speedy had only 14 maindeck 4-pounders. The crew of the Gamo was 319—that of the Speedy 54. The broadside weight of the Gamo was 190 lb.—that of the Speedy 28. A more extraordinary victory never was gained, because the Spaniards were by no means contemptible antagonists. There is an element of greatness in Spain, which, however obscured by bad government, will, we are satisfied, one day make itself apparent; and we cannot deny to the Spanish race the possession of much of that chivalrous daring—founded, it may be, on national conceit—which made them in former times an important European power. But it would seem as if the acknowledged superiority of the British in maritime warfare then acted as a spell, paralysing the energies of their antagonists, and smiting them with fear in almost every instance of attack. Strange to say, this enterprise, which ought to have secured Lord Cochrane immediate promotion, was not rewarded as it should have been by Lord St Vincent, then at the head of the Admiralty. He was no doubt made post-captain; but that rank was given tardily and with a bad grace, and the noble author complains that the details of the action were not permitted to appear in the *Gazette*. Further, an application for the promotion of his first-lieutenant, Parker, who had been severely wounded in boarding the Gamo, was refused on this preposterous ground, among others, that "the small number of men killed on board the Speedy did not warrant the application." This led to a rejoinder from Lord Cochrane—who always seems to have regarded the claims of his subordinate officers as matters personal to himself—much more smart and stinging than could have been agreeable to official dignity; and accordingly, from that day he maintains that he was permanently placed on the black books of the Admiralty. Our conclusion, on a careful perusal of this part of the volume, is that the offence was given earlier. His lordship admits that he had not always been discreet or circumspect in his conversation regarding the conduct of naval affairs in the Mediterranean; and his friends at home seem to have insisted on his claims to promotion with a pertinacity which almost bordered upon dictation. Now, it is well known that men in high office, not being exempt from the common weaknesses of our race, are peculiarly sensitive when claims for promotion or recompense are urged upon them almost in a defiant tone. Having certain powers, and in some cases very large powers, they wish it to be thought that they are beyond the influence of mere solicitation; and if, unfortunately, it should so happen that they have imbibed even the slightest prejudice against an individual so recommended, they are almost certain to devise, if they cannot find, just reasons for refusing the demand. We are of opinion that Lord St Vincent must have been greatly nettled by some reported observations of Lord Cochrane which reached his ears—observations, which, considering their disparity in years and experience, must naturally have appeared to him as impertinent; that the urgent solicitation of friends, pushed perhaps beyond the boundary of prudence, made him obstinate, and even unjust, as to Lord Cochrane's own promotion; and that the spirited rejoinder of the latter in behalf of his gallant lieutenant was construed, and not without some show of reason, into an act of insubordination. It *is* a difficult thing to adjudicate in such matters. We have now the details of the deed before us, as they were then reported to the Admiralty, and unquestionably nothing more gallant could be conceived, or is anywhere recorded. Still we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the services, however great, were too clamorously

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insisted on, and that a latitude of expression was used which could hardly fail in defeating its immediate object. There is an old Scottish motto, "Bide the time," which it would have been well if Lord Cochrane had adopted; for merit such as his, combined with enterprise and unrivalled ingenuity, could not have been hid long under any kind of bushel; and, without exciting jealousy or making enemies in high places, he would soon have attained such a position that his reforming views with regard to the navy must have been listened to with extreme respect. But at the time of his rupture with the Admiralty he was only twenty-five years of age. We do not, whatever may be their exploits, accept men of twenty-five as competent censors. They cannot be accepted as such; for the real hearty and genuine man of twenty-five talks an infinite deal of nonsense. He may have sagacity, but he wants experience; and if, as was the case with Lord Cochrane, he has imbibed strong political opinions, he almost invariably commences a furious and sometimes indiscriminate attack upon the powers that be, and the system which he finds established. This naturally incenses the chiefs of departments, who, though they may not be despotically inclined, are very apt to become despotic in consequence of much badgering and provocation. They are peculiarly jealous of their authority, and prone to resent any interference with the exercise of their patronage. They wince under criticism even of the public press; but they regard the strictures of a junior officer as so many symptoms of rebellion. We therefore are not surprised to learn that Lord Cochrane's professional advancement was slower than his great merit deserved, and that he was regarded at the Admiralty with anything but a favourable eye.

That Lord Cochrane was in some sense a martyr we readily allow; but it appears to us that he took unnecessary pains to court martyrdom. He is, however, quite as satisfied now as he was then of the correctness of the course which he pursued, and he vindicates it as follows:—

"To those who may think my conduct towards the First Lord and the Board disrespectful, I can only say, that were my life to begin anew, with my present experience of consequences, I would again pursue the same course. I cannot imagine anything more detrimental to the interests of the navy and the nation than political favouritism on the part of the Admiralty—of itself sufficient to damp that ardour which should form one of the first requisites for future command. I would rather say to the young officer, 'If you have, in the exercise of your profession, acquired a right which is wrongfully withheld—demand it, stick to it with unshaken pertinacity: none but a corrupt body can possibly think the worse of you for it: even though you may be treated like myself, you are doing your country good service by exposing favouritism, which is only another term for corruption.'"

Now, whilst we agree with Lord Dundonald that favouritism in the service is a crying evil, as the practice of successive Whig administrations has amply demonstrated, we demur to the soundness of the advice which he proffers to the junior members of his profession. Heaven knows we are all of us too apt to consider ourselves slighted, underrated, and ill-used. There is a large fund of vanity in every bosom; and you will hardly find a man in any branch of the public service, naval, military, or civil, who considers that he has been rewarded strictly according to his deserts. Some go the length of asserting that their friends have been uniformly treated with neglect and injustice. More than one ludicrous instance of this will be found in the late Lord Cockburn's *Memorials*, in which, speaking of divers of his contemporaries who for the greater portion of their lives had been fed, not on the bread and water, but on the beef and claret of patronage, he proclaims them to have been scandalously "ill-used." The truth is, we cannot be judges of our own merits. We hardly ever knew the man who, on taking an inventory of his possessions, lands, books, plate, pictures, or anything else beyond hard cash, as to which there can be no manner of mistake, did not err grossly in valuing them beyond their worth in

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the market. In estimating his own personal claims he is even more liable to error, for there is nothing which a man esteems more highly than himself. We cannot think it would be advantageous for the public service, but very much the reverse, if every officer who considers himself as slighted, or whose promotion has not been so rapid as he expected, should take Lord Dundonald's advice, and make the air vocal with his complaints. The wiser, and, we shall add, the more dignified course, is to abstain from clamour, diligently and cheerfully to perform the allotted duty, and to trust to Time, the grand remedier, that sooner or later assigns to every man his just position and reward. Lord Cochrane, however, held the opposite view, and involved himself in a feud with the Admiralty.

His application for a ship having been refused, Lord Cochrane determined to apply himself closely to an investigation of abuses in the navy, with the view of exposing these as soon as he could obtain a seat in Parliament, which now suggested itself to him as an object of ambition. Already he had personal experience of the system in the matter of prize-money.

"One of the most crying evils of our then naval administration had fallen heavily upon me, though so young in command—viz., the Admiralty Courts; but for the peculations consequent on which, the cruise of the Speedy ought to have sent home myself, officers, and crew, with competence. As it was, we got all the fighting, whilst the Admiralty Court and its hungry parasites monopolised the greater portion of our hard-won prize-money. In many cases they took the whole! and in one case brought me in debt, though the prize was worth several thousand pounds.

"Hitherto no naval officer had ventured to expose, in Parliament or out of it, this, or indeed any other gross abuse of the naval service; and having nothing better to do, want of employment appeared to offer a fitting opportunity for constituting myself the Quixote of the profession."

Lord Cochrane, however, did not entirely devote himself to the task of hunting up abuses. He did a much wiser thing; for being aware that his early education had been defective, he repaired to Edinburgh, and attended classes at the University there, studying, as he tells us, very hard, in the year 1802, when Lord Palmerston was also a student residing under the roof of Dugald Stewart.

Next year war was renewed with France, and Lord Cochrane again applied for a ship. Lord St Vincent, whom he evidently regards as his evil genius, informed him that none was available. Lord Cochrane, however, had previously ascertained what ships were fitting for sea, and enumerated several. These, the First Lord said, were already promised. Next he mentioned others in a less forward state—they were too large. Out came a fresh list, but these were not in progress.

"In short, it became clear that the British navy contained no ship of war for me. I frankly told his Lordship as much, remarking that as 'the Board were evidently of opinion that my services were not required, it would be better for me to go back to the College of Edinburgh and pursue my studies, with a view of occupying myself in some other employment.' His Lordship eyed me keenly, to see whether I really meant what I said, and observing no signs of flinching—for, beyond doubt, my countenance showed signs of disgust at such unmerited treatment—he said, 'Well, you shall have a ship. Go down to Plymouth, and there await the orders of the Admiralty!"

Down accordingly to Plymouth went Lord Cochrane; but instead of a ship, he found that he had been appointed to the command of a tub. The Arab, he tells us, was an old collier that could not work to windward. She was intended to be employed in watching the enemy in Boulogne; but Lord Cochrane very soon discovered that she was useless for such a service; and the Admiralty accordingly directed him to cruise in the North Sea for the protection of the fisheries. This he stigmatises as a cruel order devised by official malevolence. With deference, we think his Lordship is hardly justified in making so serious a charge. By his own showing, the Arab was unfit for service on the French coast, but it by

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no means follows that she was unfit for cruising in the North Seas; and it would be totally contrary to all rule, and subversive of authority, if every captain were to be allowed to select his own destination. At length, however, he was more fortunate; Lord St Vincent had retired from the Admiralty, where he was succeeded by Lord Melville, who appointed him to the command of the Pallas, a new fir-built frigate of thirty-two guns.

Lord Melville did more, for he gave him permission to cruise off the Azores for a month under Admiralty orders. This was a great boon, for he was thus made independent of superior command; and there was good hope of picking up some valuable prizes—a sport into which his Lordship always entered with peculiar zest—in the shape of vessels which might be bound from the Spanish West Indies to Cadiz. Nor was he disappointed; for he managed to capture and send home three large ships with valuable cargoes, not only of produce, but of jewels, ingots, dollars, and plate; and finally the Pallas returned to Plymouth, "with three large golden candlesticks, each about five feet high, placed upon the mast-heads."

His Lordship does not tell us what was the amount of his share; but it must have been something very handsome indeed, for on the strength of it he proceeded to contest the borough of Honiton, with the view of taking his seat in Parliament as an extreme Reformer.

He had much better have stuck to his profession. He was defeated on the first attempt, but was successful in the second, though he does not seem to have entered the House of Commons until 1807, when, at a general election, he was returned for Westminster along with Sir Francis Burdett. Before his return by the electors of Honiton, he had performed a most brilliant exploit off Isle d'Aix, which we regret we cannot advert to more fully. Conceiving that his first-lieutenant Haswell was entitled to promotion, which the authorities were not ready to grant, Lord Cochrane, so soon as he became M.P., intimated that it would be his duty to bring this case, and another in which he was equally interested, before the House of Commons, in order to expose "a partiality so detrimental to the interests of the navy." This had the desired effect. Both the lieutenants were promoted; and Lord Cochrane was appointed to the Impérieuse frigate, evidently, he thinks, to keep him out of the way. After his return for Westminster he did speak; but evidently without producing any effect, for the motion which he made on the subject of naval abuses was negatived without a division. Immediately afterwards he was ordered to join Lord Collingwood's fleet in the Mediterranean.

There follows what we consider the most interesting part of the volume, the record of the cruise of the Impérieuse, which occupies four chapters. The reader can hardly have failed to observe, both from our quotations and commentary, that we feel a little vexed by the interminable allusions made to prize-money, and the injustice which Lord Cochrane sustained at the hands of the Admiralty Courts. We regret, for his Lordship's sake, that he has indulged in so much querulous lamentation, and has owned to such an exorbitant appetite for this species of plunder. We wish to regard him as a naval hero, which he truly was, but he constantly obtrudes upon us sentiments which savour somewhat of the buccaneer. We can easily believe that no sailor is indifferent to the charms of prize-money. Such captures must be very enticing; and we can understand the raptures of Jack Bunce, who, poor fellow, sailed under no legalised flag, when commenting on an encounter in the open sea: "Give me such a chase as we might see from the mast-head off the island of Trinidado! Your Don, rolling as deep in the water as a grampus, deep loaden with rum, sugar, and bales of tobacco, and all the rest ingots, moidores, and gold dust; then set all sail, clear the deck, stand to quarters, up with the Jolly Roger—we near her—we make her out to be well manned and armed—the Don blazes away—never mind yet, my brave lads—run her alongside, and on board with you—to work with your

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grenadoes, your cutlasses, pole-axes, and pistols. The Don cries *Misericordia*, and we share the cargo without *co licentio Seignior*." But, somehow or other, we do not like to hear any such unctuous gloatings from a British admiral; and we would much rather that some of the passages to which we refer had been cancelled. The perpetual obtrusion of pecuniary interest interferes with our estimate of the heroic qualities of the man; for, in a British officer, we expect that zeal for the public service shall be the grand motive power, and that the desire for private emolument shall always be considered as subsidiary. We by no means intend to convey the impression that Lord Dundonald was ever wanting in zeal, or that, even in the minutest instance, he would have allowed personal considerations to interfere with the discharge of his duty. We honour and venerate the man; and our complaint simply is, that in this respect he has wronged himself. Had Nelson written his own memoirs, and talked so about prize-money, we doubt whether his fame would have been so colossal as we now behold it.

We get rid of much of this objectionable feature in the narrative of the cruise of the Impérieuse. Like Keith, Lord Collingwood seems to have understood and thoroughly appreciated the great talent and almost unlimited resources of Lord Cochrane; for instead of keeping him attached to the fleet, he gave him instructions to harass the French and Spanish coast as opportunity served. To explain adequately the masterly, audacious, and skilful way in which this duty was performed, would almost require a transcript of many pages. The destruction of semaphores, the land operations, the cutting-up of sea-coast roads, and the cutting-out of hostile vessels, crowd upon us, so that we can only give the summary contained in the summary of brave Lord Collingwood, a hero into whose noble soul no thought of jealousy ever entered.

"I enclose a letter which I have just received from the Right Hon. Lord Cochrane, captain of the Impérieuse, stating the services on which he had been employed on the coast of Languedoc. Nothing can exceed the zeal and activity with which his Lordship pursues the enemy. The success which attends his enterprises clearly indicates with what skill and ability they are conducted, besides keeping the coast in constant alarm, causing a general suspension of the trade, and harassing a body of troops employed in opposing him. He has probably prevented those troops which were intended for Figueras from advancing into Spain, by giving them employment in the defence of their own coasts."

This is high testimony, but not, as we are thoroughly assured, one atom beyond the truth.

The defence of the castle of Trinidad at Rosas was another splendid instance of the heroism, daring, and apparently inexhaustible resources of Lord Cochrane. If not crowned with entire success—for his Lordship was finally compelled to abandon the place—it paralysed the movements of the French army in Catalonia, showing what might have been done if even a small British squadron had been sent to the west coast of France, in the way of preventing, by finding occupation for them at home, the despatch of more troops to Spain.

"My object then was," says Lord Dundonald—"as from long and unceasing experience I considered myself entitled to the command of more than one ship—to propose to the Government to take possession of the French islands in the Bay of Biscay, and to let me with a small squadron operate against the enemy's seaboard there, as I had previously done with the Speedy and Impérieuse, from Montpellier to Barcelona. Had this permission been granted, I do not hesitate to stake my professional reputation that *neither the Peninsular war, nor its enormous cost to the nation, from* 1809 *onwards, would ever have been heard of.* It would have been easy—*as it will always be easy in case of future wars*—that is, provided those who have the direction of national affairs have the sagacity to foresee disaster, and, *foreseeing it, to take the initiative*—so to harass the French coast as to find full employment for their troops at home, and thus to render any operations in western Spain, or even in foreign countries, next to impossible."

The italics in the foregoing passage are Lord Dundonald's, and are doubtless intended to draw special attention to his opinion. Certainly it is

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well worth consideration; for it is not merely speculative, but is based upon practical experience, as exhibited throughout this interesting volume. It may be that the present Emperor of the French, whose sagacity none can question, attaches quite as much importance to this point as does Lord Dundonald; and that the great increase of the French navy, which has caused such a sensation in this country, may have been made quite as much for defensive as for aggressive purposes. It is evident that, in the event of a general European war, in which Britain and France should be ranged on opposite sides, such a scheme of operation as Lord Dundonald proposes would be most effective as a diversion and impediment to military occupation of foreign countries, and could only be resisted by a large naval force, especially of gunboats, to guard and defend the shores.

We now arrive at the history of the attack upon the French fleet in Basque Roads, of which Lord Dundonald gives a very different version from any which has yet appeared. His narrative is so circumstantial and so fortified by proof, that we cannot doubt its accuracy in every particular; but it is not an agreeable chapter in our naval annals, inasmuch as it imputes to Admiral Lord Gambier not only imbecility in action, but meanness towards Lord Cochrane, who was the true hero of that fight. It is now, we believe, generally admitted that on that occasion the indecision of Lord Gambier alone prevented the total destruction of the French fleet; and it was but natural for him to palliate this by any kind of specious argument; but the attempt to defraud Cochrane of his just meed of credit for his almost unparalleled exertions was so base, that but for the evidence afforded by a comparison of the several despatches, we should hardly have credited the charge.

In order to make the story comprehensible to the reader, we must premise that early in the year 1809, a French fleet under Admiral Villaumez was blockaded in the inner roads of the Isle d'Aix, by an almost equal British force under Lord Gambier, which anchored in the Basque Roads directly opposite to the enemy. Sir Archibald Alison thus describes the French position: "The French fleet was now anchored in a very strong position. On one side they were covered by the Isle d'Aix, garrisoned by two thousand men, and batteries mounting thirty long thirty-six pounders and several mortars; while on the other, the Isle of Oleron, at the distance of three miles and a half, was fortified by several works, the guns of which nearly reached the range of those of the citadel of Aix. Shoals also abounded in all directions; and the French fleet was drawn up in two close lines, between the protecting forts near the shore." As a further defence, a strong boom had been constructed, forming two sides of a triangle, with its apex towards the British fleet, the distance between the extremities of the base being nearly a mile. "This formidable obstacle," says Lord Dundonald, "was composed of large spars, bound by chains, and moored along its whole double line with heavy anchors at appropriate intervals, forming the most stupendous structure of the kind on record." The French also had this advantage, that in case of need they could slip cable and run up the river Charente.

It was of very great importance that this fleet should be destroyed, because, if it managed to slip out and get off to the West Indies, as was known to have been its original destination, vast injury might be done to British commerce. The Board of Admiralty seem to have held this view strongly, and they seem also to have been aware that Lord Gambier was not suited for such a service. No sooner, therefore, had Lord Cochrane arrived in England (a bare fortnight after Lord Gambier had anchored in Basque Roads), than he was sent for to the Admiralty, and consulted by the First Lord (Mulgrave) as to the practicability of destroying or disabling the French squadron. Lord Mulgrave further stated that the opinion of various naval officers as to the practicability of accomplishing that object by means of fireships had been taken, but that it was discouraging. He also produced a letter

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from Lord Gambier plainly indicating reluctance to attempt bombarding the enemy's fleet, and stating that the operation of fireships "*is a horrible mode of warfare, and the attempt hazardous, if not desperate.*"

"'You see,' said Lord Mulgrave, 'that Lord Gambier will not take upon himself the responsibility of attack, and the Admiralty is not disposed to bear the *onus* of failure by means of an attack by fireships, however desirous they may be that such an attack should be made.'

"It was now clear to me why I had been sent for to the Admiralty, where not a word of approbation of my previous services was uttered. The Channel fleet had been doing worse than nothing. The nation was dissatisfied, and even the existence of the Ministry was at stake. They wanted a victory, and the admiral commanding plainly told them he would not risk a defeat. Other naval officers had been consulted, who had disapproved of the use of fireships, and, as a last resource, I had been sent for, in the hope that I would undertake the enterprise. If this were successful, the fleet would get the credit which would thus be reflected on the Ministry; and if it failed, the consequence would be the loss of my individual reputation, as both Ministry and Commander-in-Chief would lay the blame on me."

This, we are assured by Lord Dundonald, was his instantaneous reflection on receiving the above communication. As, however, he was familiar with the locality and anchorage, and had actually devised a plan of attack, he did not consider himself justified in withholding it. The plan was a combination of explosion-vessels of the nature of floating mines, with fireships, such as actually was carried into effect. But he determined to have nothing to do with its execution, and stated that repeatedly, both verbally and in writing, to Lord Mulgrave, on the ground that, being a junior officer, his appearing in the matter would excite against him a great degree of jealousy, and that Lord Gambier might consider it presumptuous in a mere captain to undertake what he had not hesitated to describe as hazardous, if not desperate. The Board, however, would not listen to his objections; Lord Mulgrave promised to make everything smooth with the admiral; and Lord Cochrane sailed in the Impérieuse for Basque Roads.

We have entered rather fully into this matter, because we observe that the generally received version of Lord Cochrane's appointment to this service is very different from the above. In the *Annual Register* for 1809 we find the following:—

"While Lord Gambier, in conformity to the instructions which he had received, was considering in what manner the attack might best be made as soon as the fireships should reach him, Lord Cochrane returned to England from the coast of Catalonia, where, in that heroic spirit of enterprise by which he is so eminently distinguished, he had rendered signal services to the Spaniards. In his interview with the Board of Admiralty the expedition which was then fitting out was spoken of, and he was told it was for the purpose of destroying the French fleet in the roads of the Isle of Aix. He replied, that it was a service very easy to be accomplished. Upon this the question was asked him if he would undertake it, *and he, of course, instantly answered yes.* Lord Cochrane, therefore, in the Impérieuse, joined Lord Gambier."

Such was the current report of the time; and it goes a long way to explain not only the singular apathy exhibited by Lord Gambier during the action, but the evident jealousy of some of the captains senior to Lord Cochrane, who were examined by the court-martial afterwards held upon the admiral. It could hardly be otherwise. Lord Gambier from the first had expressed himself against an attack, either by way of bombardment or by sending in fireships, so that he was little likely to be gratified by the successful result of a plan devised and carried into effect by a junior officer. The senior captains also regarded the appointment of Lord Cochrane as an insult to the fleet.

"Every captain was my senior, and the moment my plans were made known, all regarded me as an interloper, sent to take the credit from those to whom it was now considered legitimately to belong. 'Why, could we not have done this as well as Lord Cochrane?' was the general cry of the fleet, and the question was reasonable; for the means once devised, there could be no difficulty in carrying them out. Others asked,

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'Why did not Lord Gambier permit us to do this before?' the second query taking much of the sting from the first, as regarded myself, by laying the blame on the Commander-in-Chief."

The fact is, that the Channel fleet was then in a state of almost entire disorganisation, Lord Gambier being considered by many as utterly incompetent for command; and so little was his authority respected, that, says Lord Dundonald, "the ill-humour of the fleet found an exponent in the person of Admiral Harvey, a brave Trafalgar officer, whose abuse of Lord Gambier to his face was such as I had never before witnessed from a subordinate. Lord Cochrane truly found himself in the position of the appointed leader of a desperately forlorn hope. To add to these embarrassments, he discovered that, during all the time the fleet had lain in Basque Roads, no soundings had been made, so as to ascertain the depth of the channels or the exact position of the shoals!

Nevertheless he set himself to work with an energy which nothing could daunt. He collected his fireships, constructed his explosion-vessels; and, if allowed to proceed in his own way, and select his own opportunity, might have burned the whole French fleet without giving Lord Gambier the slightest trouble. But Lord Gambier chose to interfere, just when he ought not to have done so. He would not sanction the attack on the night proposed by Lord Cochrane; so that the French admiral, alarmed by the arrival of the fireships, had time to turn the delay to account by altering the position of his fleet, so as to expose it to the smallest possible amount of danger. The French depended very much upon the boom, which they thought would be a sufficient protection against fireships; but they had not calculated upon the employment of explosion-vessels, which, indeed, they could hardly do, seeing that these were the invention of Lord Cochrane.

On the night of the 11th of April, the wind blowing hard, and the sea being high, Lord Cochrane was at last permitted to make the attack. The service being a desperate one, as the manning and conduct of fireships ever must be, it was left to volunteers; but a sufficiency of officers and men came forward for the purpose. The Impérieuse stood in to the edge of a shoal, where she anchored, with one of the two explosion-vessels prepared by Lord Cochrane, made fast to her stern; it being his intention, after having fired the first, to return for the other, to be used as circumstances might suggest. Three frigates were anchored at a short distance from the Impérieuse, to receive the crews of the fireships on their return. Lord Cochrane had also contemplated that their position there would enable them to support the boats of the fleet, which should have been ready to assist the fireships. "But," says he, with significant brevity, "the boats of the fleet were not, for some reason or other, made use of at all."

The idea of a naval conflict is always, we think, more appalling than that of a landward battle. The concentration of the artillery—the narrow space—the shattering of splinters—and the consciousness that the deep sea yawns below, must try the nerves more severely, though they may excite the brain more strongly than a contest upon mother earth. But when we add to that the horrors of a midnight attack, made in vessels charged with every kind of combustible and explosive material, passing through a storm of shot and shell from a hostile battery, the imagination can picture nothing more terrible.

Accompanied by one lieutenant (Bissel) and four seamen, Lord Cochrane went on board the largest of the explosion-vessels, containing fifteen hundred barrels of powder, several hundred shells, and nearly three thousand hand-grenades. The fireships were to follow. Drifting through the darkness, the gallant six soon neared the estimated position of the French ships, and Lord Cochrane having kindled with his own hand the port fires, they hurried into the boat, and pulled away for their lives, with a strong wind and sea against them, which materially retarded their progress.

"To our consternation, the fuses, which had been constructed to burn

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fifteen minutes, lasted little more than half that time, when the vessel blew up, filling the air with shells, grenades, and rockets; whilst the downward and lateral force of the explosion raised a solitary mountain of water, from the breaking of which in all directions our little boat narrowly escaped being swamped. In one respect it was, perhaps, fortunate for us that the fuses did not burn the time calculated, as, from the little way we had made against the strong wind and tide, the rockets and shells from the exploded vessel went over us. Had we been in the line of their descent at the moment of explosion, our destruction from the shower of shells and other missiles would have been inevitable.

"The explosion-vessel did her work well, the effect constituting one of the grandest artificial spectacles imaginable. For a moment the sky was red with the lurid glare arising from the simultaneous ignition of fifteen hundred barrels of powder. On this gigantic flash subsiding, the air seemed alive with shells, grenades, rockets, and masses of timber, the wreck of the shattered vessel; whilst the water was strewn with spars shaken out of the enormous boom, on which, according to the subsequent testimony of Captain Proteau, whose frigate lay just within the boom, the vessel had brought up before she exploded. The sea was convulsed as by an earthquake, rising, as has been said, in a huge wave, on whose crest our boat was lifted like a cork, and as suddenly dropped into a vast trough, out of which, as it closed upon us with the rush of a whirlpool, none expected to emerge. The skill of the boat's crew, however, overcame the threatened danger, which passed away as suddenly as it had arisen, and in a few minutes nothing but a heavy rolling sea had to be encountered, all having again become silence and darkness."

The explosion of the monster bomb was effectual in shattering the boom, and opening a clear way for the passage of the fireships; but unfortunately these were not conducted by such steady hands as guided the other. Out of twenty fireships, five only reached the enemy's position, and these did no damage. The fuses were kindled far too soon, and some were brought to on a wrong tack, and passed to windward of the French fleet. One actually bore down upon the Impérieuse, very nearly setting fire to her, and, to the infinite mortification of Lord Cochrane, compelling the abandonment of the other explosion-vessel, which, had a single spark lighted on it, would have blown the frigate into atoms. But the appearance alone of the fireships struck terror and confusion into the enemy. They cut their cables and drifted ashore.

"At daylight on the morning of the 12th, not a spar of the boom was anywhere visible, and with the exception of the Foudroyant and Cassard, the whole of the enemy's vessels were helplessly aground. The former of these ships lying out of the sweep of the tide, and being therefore out of danger from the fireships, appeared not to have cut her cable; and the Cassard, which had at first done so, again brought up about two cables' length from the Foudroyant.

"With these exceptions every vessel of the enemy's fleet was ashore. The flag-ship of Admiral Allemand, L'Océan, three-decker, drawing the most water, lay outermost on the north-west edge of the Palles shoal, nearest the deep water, where she was most exposed to attack; whilst all, by the fall of the tide, were lying on their bilge, with their bottoms completely exposed to shot, and therefore beyond the possibility of resistance."

Then was the time for Lord Gambier to have stood in. The destruction of the French fleet in that position was certain, provided the attack was immediately made, but the return of the flood-tide would liberate the stranded ships. Lord Gambier, however, was fourteen miles away, and made no symptom of stirring! In vain did the maddened Cochrane make successive signals—"All the enemy's ships, except two, are on shore"—"The enemy's ships can be destroyed"—"Half the fleet can destroy the enemy"—"The frigates alone can destroy the enemy"—"The enemy is preparing to heave off." No reply was vouchsafed, save the acknowledgment that the signals had been observed!

Five hours of most precious time were thus lost, but at 11 A.M. the British fleet did weigh, and stood in for Aix Roads. By this time the tide was flowing, and the French ships making every exertion to heave off; still the bulk of them was aground; but to the amazement and despair of Cochrane, the British fleet, after ap-

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proaching within seven or eight miles of the grounded ships, again came to anchor!

Stung almost to frenzy by the thought that the enemy would escape, and resolute to do *his* duty to his country, whatever might be the conduct of others, Cochrane ordered the anchor of the Impérieuse to be hove, and drifted stern-foremost towards the enemy. Running the gauntlet of the batteries without sustaining any damage, and making sail after the nearest of the enemy's escaping vessels, he signalled, "Enemy superior to chasing ship, but inferior to the fleet," and, "In want of assistance," hoping by the last signal to shame Gambier into activity. And sure enough assistance was required; for the Calcutta, a French ship still aground, having fired at the Impérieuse, Cochrane shortened sail, returned the fire, dropped anchor, and engaged at once three vessels, the Calcutta, the Aquilon, and the Ville de Varsovie. After this Lord Gambier could not remain passive, so several ships were sent in to Cochrane's assistance. On seeing this the crew of the Calcutta abandoned her, and she became prize to the Impérieuse. The aiding ships turned their fire upon the other two vessels, the Impérieuse desisting, as by this time the crew were thoroughly exhausted by fatigue. They struck in less than a couple of hours. Shortly afterwards the Calcutta was set on fire, and the crew of the Tonnerre, a French ship which was not attacked, set fire to her, and escaped in their boats. Both these vessels blew up.

So closed the night. Before daybreak a light was shown from the squadron to recall the ships that had been sent in. They obeyed, having first set fire to the French line-of-battle ships Aquilon and Ville de Varsovie; an act, says Lord Dundonald, for which there was not the slightest necessity, as they could easily have been got off. But there were still two ships aground, the Foudroyant and the Cassard, both which could be taken, or at all events destroyed; and these Cochrane determined to attack. Hailing the Indefatigable, he asked her captain if he would aid in the attempt, but he, obedient to the signal of recall, refused. Of different stuff was the captain of the Pallas, the present Admiral Sir George F. Seymour, who, without waiting to be asked, hailed the Impérieuse, and offered to abide by Cochrane. The Pallas anchored, and four brigs followed the example.

The fire of the Calcutta had materially damaged the Impérieuse, which required, before recommencing action, to have the shot-holes stopped and a portion of the rigging repaired. While this was going on, Lord Cochrane ordered the only bomb-vessel with him to fire on the French ships, which, having thrown everything overboard, were now pressing sail to get up the Charente; but at the first shot a signal of recall was hoisted. To this Cochrane replied, "The enemy can be destroyed;" but no notice was taken of that. Shortly afterwards a boat was sent with a letter of recall from Lord Gambier, commencing thus, "You have done your part so admirably that I will not suffer you to tarnish it by attempting impossibilities, which I think, as well as those captains who have come from you, any further effort to destroy those ships would be. You must therefore join as soon as you can with the bombs," &c. Had the letter ended here, there could have been no dubiety as to its meaning, but, as if to justify the current report that he was little better than an old woman, Lord Gambier added this postscript — "I have ordered three brigs and two rocket-vessels to join you, with which, and the bomb, you may make an attack on the ship that is aground on the Palles, or towards Ile Madame, but I do not think you will succeed; and I am anxious that you should come to me, as I wish to send you to England as soon as possible. You must, therefore, come as soon as the tide turns." Thus discouraged and perplexed by contradictory and irreconcilable instructions, Lord Cochrane simply returned for answer that the ships on shore *could* be destroyed; but he did nothing more that day, and next morning he was peremptorily recalled.

We need not pursue the story

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further, for enough has been said to show that the whole merit of what was done was due to Lord Cochrane. He was the deviser of the explosion-vessel, by means of which the boom was shivered to pieces, and the fire-ships allowed to pass in, which was the real cause of the grounding of the enemy's ships. He fired that explosion-vessel with his own hand —a frightful risk, almost without a parallel, if we except the similar achievement of Constantine Kanaris in the Greek war of independence. Alone, and unsupported, he stood into Aix Roads, exposed to the fire of the batteries, and engaged three ships at once before a single British vessel came to his assistance. One of these he took unaided. He remained behind after the supporting vessels had been recalled; and who can doubt that, but for the perversity of Lord Gambier, he would have inflicted far greater damage? As it was, the French fleet was partly destroyed and altogether crippled; for the vessels which went ashore and escaped conflagration were so injured as to require a thorough repair before they could be sent to sea; and of two more, the Tourville, 74, was wrecked up the river, and the L'Indienne frigate was burned at its mouth by the crew, lest it should fall into the hands of the British.

Compare that with the dastardly conduct of Lord Gambier—for really it would be an abuse of words to term it otherwise — and then who can attach blame to Lord Cochrane for intimating to the Admiralty his intention of opposing a vote of thanks to that most ancient and fishlike of admirals? For what was he to receive thanks? He had set his face against the employment of fireships — the idea of explosion-vessels was far beyond his capacity and understanding —he refused Lord Cochrane leave to make his attempt when wind and weather suited, and before the enemy had taken the alarm—after the way was opened and the French vessels grounded, he delayed standing in until the best opportunity had gone by; and when he *did* stand in, it was to anchor uselessly out of gun-shot. He did certainly, at the last, send some assistance to Cochrane, when engaged in unequal combat; but that hardly can be called a virtue, for he had the example and fate of Byng before him; and had Cochrane perished that day, and the Impérieuse been taken without an attempt at rescue, it would be a bold thing to aver that the year 1809 might not have exhibited a parallel spectacle to that of 1757. And, finally, he lost not a moment in recalling the attacking ships of the squadron, leaving the victory incomplete.

We need not enter into further details. The review of this volume has been to us a labour of love; for although we do not always coincide in opinion with the noble author, and have not hesitated to say so, we hold him most reverently, and fervently do we trust that his honoured age may be prolonged. Age, indeed, has descended on him as silkily and softly as the first slight sprinkling of snow that gives indication of the coming of the winter. Scarcely, in the more detailed narrative, do we perceive its presence; and when he warms with warlike recollections, it disappears as on the cone of Vesuvius. Very few men there are, or ever were, who at his years would have attempted such a task—not one, so far as we know or remember, who could have performed it with such accuracy and spirit. Literature and history alike will sustain a great loss if this autobiography is not completed; and we trust that Lord Dundonald may be spared to give us another, if not a third volume, and that we (*id est*, the writer of this article, whose naval rank is nearer that of his Lordship than he may be aware), may survive to review the same, and give it as hearty commendation as we bestow on the fragmentary portion which has appeared.

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ROBERT BURNS.

ALL hearts are his—with high and low,
THE DOON in fancy seems to flow
To music all its own:
The village maiden to his lays
Her simple, artless homage pays—
The Queen upon the throne!

All that the cottage-hearth endears—
All that can move to mirth or tears,
In his sweet song combine:
And pictured there with simplest grace,
Old times and manners we may trace
In ev'ry living line.

And need we say that, in his page
Are strains that must, from age to age,
When clouds are in her sky,
Speak to his country's glowing heart,
And bid her ever act her part,
As in the days gone by!

Nor upon earth alone he reigns,
Nor heaven alone on his domains
Shines with wide-spreading ray;
But things unearthly and of night,
And lighted by no *heav'nly* light,
His mighty spell obey!

And never can it be forgot,
That hard as was our poet's lot,
Left in cold want to pine,
No poor and servile arts he knew,
But ever to himself was true,
And to his art divine.

No fear that Time with men like him,
The radiance of Fame should dim—
And for this simple cause—
That Time has, happily, no force
To change the onward, even course
Of Nature and her laws.

"The daisy," therefore, still must grow—
The hills where LUGAR loves to flow,
Still meet "the winter sun"—
And Nature's poet still must hold,
Amidst her streams and "mountains old,"
The place that he has won!

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THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.—PART XII.

CHAPTER XXXV.—GIULIO.

If there had been any doubt remaining in the minds of Foliot and the Abbot as to Prior Hugh's complicity in the attempted abduction of the Lady Gladice, it was speedily set at rest as soon as they were enabled to hear her own story. Nothing would have induced her, she assured the superior, to have quitted the protection of the abbey walls for a moment, but the personal assurance of the prior that Longchamp himself had sent an escort for her, in order that she might join him at Huntingdon—an assertion which had been backed by a pretended letter which he had shown her as from the abbot himself. Of the other agents in the attempt she declared herself wholly ignorant; so far as her alarm had permitted her to take any notice of the men who had sprung upon the boat after it crossed the stream, she had no previous recollection of their persons, though one voice among them seemed familiar to her. She was unwilling, indeed, to speak at all upon this part of the affair, and coloured and trembled so painfully at the abbot's questioning, kind and considerate as it was, that he soon forbore to press it. Her own suspicions pointed, no doubt, to the same quarter as before. It scarcely needed the additional fact of Waryn's having followed the party of horsemen from Huntingdon, to indicate Sir Nicholas le Hardi as the principal in this second outrage, whether he were actually present or not.

The suspicion was reduced to a certainty before nightfall. The poor tirewoman, as to whose fate Gladice had been in such painful anxiety, reached the abbey, half-dead with terror and fatigue, a few hours after the abbot's arrival. It would have been long before the terrified Bertha could have made her story sufficiently intelligible, had not her listeners been prepared to supply its defects, and interpret its confusion, from their own knowledge of the events of the past night. The two Benedictines, who had been Gladice's companions in the boat, had pushed off up the stream at the first alarm from Foliot's party, carrying the girl with them. Her mouth had been tightly muffled from the first to prevent her shrieks from attracting notice, and in this state they had conveyed her some distance up the river. They had themselves landed on the side next the abbey (where Waryn had found the boat), after leaving the girl on the other bank, bidding her take her way back to Willan's Hope, and threatening her with vengeance if she again made her appearance at the monastery. To Willan's Hope, accordingly, as her nearest safe refuge, poor Bertha had striven to find her way, but, frightened and bewildered as she was, had lost herself in the flooded meadows, and been found at daylight lying utterly chilled and exhausted, and carried into a swineherd's hut. From thence, as soon as her strength was partially recovered, she had made her way back to Rivelsby, thinking that there alone she could hear tidings of her young mistress, and not having the courage, indeed, to return to Dame Elfhild with such a miserable story. She had distinguished Foliot's voice as one of those who had come to the rescue; and though her captors had hurried her from the spot before she could tell what the issue had been, this recollection had given her some hope of her lady's safety. Another voice, too, she had recognised very distinctly amongst their assailants; it was that of Sir Nicholas' foreign esquire, whom she had seen more than once at Willan's Hope. It was a reminiscence, it appeared, in which poor Bertha was not likely to be mistaken; for Dubois, whose conversational talents almost equalled his master's, had ingratiated himself considerably with the maiden during his visit there; partly, no doubt, under the natural attraction of a dimpled cheek and blue eyes; but mainly, it must be conceded to the Gascon's practical and business-like habits, in the hope

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to extract from her, in their confidential moments, some account of the stranger lady who he had heard was lying sick there — whom he thought it possible (after Sir Nicholas' story of the vision in Cuthwin's hut) to identify with Isola—but of whom Bertha had very little to tell, and, remembering her lady's injunctions, was prudent enough not to communicate even the little she knew. Late in the afternoon, when it suited his own leisure and convenience, the swineherd who had given her shelter had carried some distorted version of the girl's tale to the old tower; and within an hour or two of Bertha's reappearance at the abbey, Gladice was not a little cheered and comforted by the arrival of her aunt under the trusty guard of old Warenger. Dame Elfhild, whose affection for her niece was strong and genuine, had lost no time in setting out in person for Rivelsby, in order to ascertain at once the truth or falsehood of the alarming intelligence which had reached her. If it should prove (as she could not help suspecting) that Le Hardi had been the originator of this unscrupulous attempt, she had resolved herself to seek the Bishop of Ely and demand redress; for though she had favoured the knight's suit so long as it was carried on according to the laws of knighthood and courtesy, and might even have looked with indulgence upon some act of lover-like boldness which might serve to overcome scruples which she thought unreasonable, her love for Gladice was too real not to recoil with abhorrence from any actual outrage upon her feelings; and the forcing a maiden from the protection of the church was a deed which bore a very different aspect in her eyes, from winning the same fair prize in any lawful combat. It only needed to have seen the tears of joy with which they embraced each other, when she found her still unharmed within the friendly walls of Rivelsby, to be assured that, however the elder and the younger might differ in some of their views of love and marriage, there was a hearty sympathy between the two. It was not difficult to prevail upon Dame Elfhild to remain for the present as the abbot's guest: if peril was at hand, she was quite content to share it with her niece; and though the old seneschal insisted on returning to his vacant charge at Willan's Hope—his fear of incurring Sir Godfrey's displeasure coinciding, in this case, with his sense of strict military duty—yet he consented to leave behind him at the abbey, as a personal guard for his mistress, half-a-dozen stout retainers, who formed a very welcome reinforcement to the little garrison.

The abbot had already visited the infirmary in company with Foliot, in the hope of obtaining some further information from the wounded prisoners whom the charity of the Benedictines had carried into the monastery. They found that one of them was already dead. The other still lay speechless; an arrow had pierced through both cheeks, wounding the tongue in its passage. It had been found also, upon examination, that he had been badly wounded in the side. As he lay upon his pallet, his head and face carefully bandaged by the good brethren's hands, Waryn fancied that he recognised the pale and swollen features, but could not call to mind where or when he had seen them. The wounded man's eyes were closed, and he appeared to be sleeping; and as they found he had not spoken, save in rare monosyllables, and that with apparent difficulty, since he had been carried in, the abbot and his companion withdrew without subjecting their prisoner to any attempt at examination.

Rivelsby had other additions to its guests that evening. Father Giacomo had arrived there safely towards nightfall with his young charge, who was welcomed back amongst the brotherhood with hearty delight. Giulio's reappearance, in the present troubled state of their affairs, was a visible and wholesome relief both to the monks and their superior. Abbot Martin had bidden most of the officers of the house to his private table at supper hour, in celebration of his safe return to them, and with the desire to efface as far as possible the painful feelings which might have been caused by the prior's treachery and disgrace. If others of the fraternity had been privy to his designs

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—and the abbot could not conceal from himself that it must have been so, at least to some extent—he trusted that the disaffection was confined to a few, and having secured the chief criminal, was willing to spare himself the pain of detecting and punishing the accomplices. But the meal would have been a very restrained and cheerless one, but for Giulio's presence. Happily unconscious of the mutual embarrassment and distrust which kept many of his elders silent—some from self-accusation, others from the fear of being wrongfully suspected—the boy conversed freely with all, and often served as a valuable medium for the flagging conversation. Even Andrew the sacrist was grave beyond his wont, or found the atmosphere too uncongenial to venture upon the mildest of his usual jests, though he sate next sub-prior Simon, who supplied unfailing capital as a subject, the more valuable because he was himself unconscious of the application, and though the abbot was not wont to check such sallies unless they threatened to pass the bounds of good-humour. Waryn Foliot was plainly infected with the prevailing restraint, and was as silent as any of the party: either his thoughts were occupied by the cares of his new position (for the abbot had claimed his services as aide-de-camp in the somewhat delicate office of managing Danneguin and his troop), or he missed the eloquent eyes which had that morning thanked him for his good service of the night past. Dame Elfhild, indeed, whose spirits rose with emergencies, would fain have had her niece grace the superior's table with her presence, which she represented as an act of gratitude and duty; but Gladice might well be excused if she felt unequal to a public appearance, and the elder lady was reluctantly compelled to sup in private also. It might, indeed, have been the fluent converse of the latter which Foliot missed, for she had been most liberal in her professions of gratitude on her niece's behalf, whereas Gladice herself had scarce bestowed five words on him. But Giulio talked to all who were within reach to listen. The sad and anxious face which the abbot himself wore at intervals, in spite of his efforts to set the others at their ease, brightened into a smile as often as he addressed the little guest who sat on his left hand, or replied to his frequent remarks and inquiries. Favourite as he had been with them all during his brief sojourn amongst them, the brethren of Rivelsby had never yet had such occasion to bless the innocent eyes and fearless smile which had lighted the gloom of the cloister, as on that evening of a day of trouble, when the boy's bright looks and bold words at once relieved and rebuked the suspicions and jealousies of manhood.

The superior was not sorry to bring to an early close a banquet so unlike his usual genial though temperate hospitalities. Giacomo followed him to his apartment with the boy, for whom Wolfert was to give up again his little chamber in the wall. The Italian had consented to this arrangement at the abbot's special request.

"Bear with me in this," he said, as he kissed the boy's fair curls before parting with him for the night; "he is a comfort to me in this trouble; and, unreasonable as it seems, I think I could not rest to-night unless I had personal assurance of his safety."

"Be it so, my lord abbot, be it so," replied the other, with a sad smile. "I have learnt to acknowledge that you have a better claim to his love than I. He should rest well here, living or dead," he continued in a low tone, "for they of his blood sleep passing sound at Rivelsby."

"What say you?" exclaimed the abbot, starting as he closed the door of the boy's resting-place; "who is the child, then? speak—I have had patience long."

"You have—yet I did but withhold the knowledge while I thought it would harm you. He is the lord of Ladysmede, by King Richard's grace."

"How?" said the churchman; "whose son is he?"

"He is the child of Miles de Burgh."

"Say you so indeed?" said the

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abbot; "the son of noble Sir Miles, mine own friend and comrade?—alas! in days that were. We rode together as esquires to King Henry. I buckled on his spurs the day he was made knight," continued the churchman, warming with the reminiscences of his youth; "I was as proud as if the honour had been mine own! But doth Sir Godfrey know of this?"

"He does."

"And would withhold from him his lawful rights?"

"It seems so. Listen," continued the Italian, fixing his dark eyes upon the abbot, and speaking in his most earnest tone; "I would do Sir Godfrey no wrong. I will be just to him, and to others, if I can. Let him be what he may, he is not more guilty than the man who stands before you. For years he knew not of this child's existence. When Sir Miles died"—the Italian's clear voice trembled—"King Richard was absent, and Prince John received his cousin Sir Godfrey's homage, and seized him of the lands of Ladysmede. It was hard when, long time afterwards, he learned that King Richard had promised investiture to this boy. I say it was excusable in a stout knight to hold to so fair an inheritance, if he might; he would scarce be over-hasty in giving credit to a tale brought him by—such as I."

"You?" said the abbot; "how came you to be the child's protector?"

"That, too, you shall hear. My protection, if so you call it, seemed powerless enough. I had little proof, save my own word and knowledge, of the boy's parentage. Sir Miles had left him in the wardship of King Richard: the knight was in much favour with his majesty, as you doubtless know."

"I know," said the abbot. "He turned a Cypriot blade when the crosses stormed Limisso, which else had left England kingless. It well-nigh cost him his own life."

"The king was not ungrateful," said the Italian: "when the knight lay on his deathbed in Palestine, he left this boy—his only child—as a dying pledge to his sovereign."

"He sank under the pestilence, did he not? It was a sorry death for such a man as Miles de Burgh. Would God he had fallen in fair field, as a good knight should!"

"Would God he had!" echoed Giacomo, earnestly. He paused a moment, and there seemed a choking in his throat. "Listen again; when Giulia Cameldoni fled from her novitiate with Miles de Burgh—you had left Genoa, as I remember—none knew whither they were gone. On the same day my unhappy sister was missed from her convent; it was believed that they had fled together. Soon a whisper rose that both had been betrayed and dishonoured by a false marriage. Sir Nicholas le Hardi"—his voice lost its tremor, and became hoarse with passion—"for I learnt afterwards whence the slander grew—had been heard to boast that the priest who joined their hands—they were wedded on the same day—had been no priest, but a creature of his own. It was false—false as he who said it,"—he continued, as the abbot seemed about to interrupt him; "but there was too much reason then to believe it. It was no good report that Le Hardi had borne; the marvel was, that he and Miles de Burgh should have been such close companions. The slander spread; bitter as you know Giulia's kinsmen were against the English, they believed it. But they were jealous of the honour of their house; she returned and died in childbirth, and the Cameldoni buried their wrongs in silence; for the English knights had sailed, it was said, for Normandy. Not so with me. Stricken as I had been with this double blow,—the woman I had silently but madly loved, the sister who was my sole tie to life, both lost to me for ever—and so lost!—Will you wonder, abbot, if I were mad?—if I forswore my vows—if I went forth no longer a believer in the justice of heaven, or the honour of woman, or the truth of man—if I plunged into reckless vice, and became—what I am now?"

He stopped, and the abbot murmured an interjection of compassion.

"But I nursed one hope still—it was revenge. I followed on their track to Normandy; I lost them there. Year after year, in England, in France, in Italy,—I had acquired

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a wondrous gift of tongues,—I sought those who had wronged me. Then it was that I became the friend and associate, as I was well fit to be, of Godfrey de Burgh; from him I learnt that Sir Miles was in the Holy Land. I followed, and at length I heard of him—dying, it was said, in the lazar-house at Acre. I sought him out there. I went as a Christian priest—I!—in pretext, to shrive the dying—for the heathen were merciful, and I had learnt their language, and I bribed them to let me pass. I found him recovering; my skill of medicine sufficed to tell me that; and I stabbed him where he lay."

The abbot had listened to this point, breathless, with parted lips and a face of horror. He tried to interrupt the speaker, but the words died away in the Italian's rapid and impassioned torrent of confession.

"Saints in heaven!" he cried at last, as he stepped a pace backward —"is it Miles de Burgh of whom you speak still—foully murdered—and by your hand?"

"Curse me if you will, my lord abbot. *He* forgave me, for I wist not what I did."

"Seek Heaven's forgiveness," said the abbot, hiding his face and turning from him—"you have sore need."

Giacomo was calmer than his companion now.

"Your cloister talk," said he, "is of penance, and vow, and expiation. What think you of the penance of life, with such a burden as mine? What is existence itself but a hell, with such remembrances?"

Abbot Martin had sat down, and covered his eyes with his hand. It seemed as if he could not look upon the face of his gallant comrade's murderer.

"I have more to tell, before I can deliver you from my presence. Too late, I learnt the truth; for I was not satisfied until I had told him, as he lay bleeding before me, who it was that had struck the blow, and why. I meant it should add bitterness to death—my vengeance had been tasteless otherwise. Yes, father,"—for he saw the abbot's shudder—"there are foul depths in some hearts that appal a nature such as yours. But mark, how wondrously—is it not so written?—the one great Alchemist transmutes evil into good. It was so that from his own lips I learnt that Giulia had lived and died a pure wedded wife, and that I had struck as true and gentle a heart as ever brought honour upon knighthood! It was later that I heard who had forged the slander for his own base purposes. For one thing yet I would bless heaven, if I dared, that she for whom I struck that felon blow, was not living still to curse me."

"It was well," said Abbot Martin, breathing hard, without looking at him—"it was well."

"One care he had before he died—it was for his orphan child, whom he had never seen, for the Cameldoni had kept him from his father. Humbled, on my knees, I swore to do his last bidding, before I fled the place. He gave me, traced with his dying hand, a token for King Richard; and when Sir Marmaduke Foliot, to whom I bore it, put it into his hand, the King swore, as I have heard before them all, by the Holy City, that he would surely set the boy in his father's place at Ladysmede."

"And why then," said the abbot, "did you not seek King Richard himself, when you had found the boy?"

"It was long before I could obtain possession of him—it were idle to tell you now, what watching and pains it cost me. But who would have admitted a wandering monk like me into the royal presence? and what proof had I to give then of the child's lawful parentage? the word of an apostate Benedictine? and the witness of a noble knight against me—for Sir Nicholas was there, and high in the royal favour. It were even safer to trust to Sir Godfrey to do the boy justice at the last. But I will not burden you with my presence longer," said Giacomo, almost humbly, after a pause. "I have told you, for you had won the right to my confession. But you can understand now why I have been so long loth to tell that for which you, too, would come at last to abhor me. I leave the boy with you—he must learn, if he lives, to look upon my face but seldom. I think I will not see

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him again till I can win him justice either from the legate or King Richard. Only one thing I will ask, which you will grant for his sake—and for *hers*—let him never know how often he has slept in the arms of his father's murderer."

Giacomo was leaving the apartment slowly, when the abbot rose and made a motion to stay him. A shadow was on his face, but his voice had in some degree regained its calmness. The Italian stopped, and waited for him to speak, looking at him with fixed and sorrowful eyes.

"Tell me one thing more, unhappy man," said the superior: "with the father's blood upon your head, you have dared to win the love and confidence of this innocent child—nay, and your own love for him has been deep and real, for I have seen it. In such a case, I should have surely thought his every look and touch had been horror!"

"It was so once; it is so now, at times," said Giacomo. "But I had made a promise, which I have striven to keep. I said that he forgave me before he died. Wretch that I was, I was the only Christian even in name to whom he could speak in his last hours. And I swore to him whom I had murdered, that if I lived, I would live only to save Giulia's child from wrong. I took the vow as a self-punishment—but if there is anything yet left in me which good men would not hate, it is what that vow has made me. The child became to me as my own."

"But why," said the abbot, "have you kept this secret so long, and suffered the boy to be in Sir Godfrey's hands at Ladysmede, unacknowledged, and—as you have told us—even in danger of his life?"

"Sir Godfrey, I have said, had long been my only friend. Do not ask what our ties were—it was the fellowship of the wicked, you may be sure. It chanced that he owed his life to me—perhaps for that reason I had a strange kindness for him. I had no proofs that I could have laid before King Richard that Giulio was Sir Miles's lawful son. Isola only knew certainly of the marriage, and she would not speak—she was ever hoping to obtain the acknowledgment of her own. Sir Godfrey was childless; he had promised me that, when King Richard should return, this boy should abide the royal judgment, even if it went to give him back his father's manors. I was forced to be content. Then came this Sir Nicholas to Ladysmede, and so wrought upon de Burgh's worst nature, that he had even sworn in his cups that the brat were easily disposed of. This much I heard; of their other counsels, my lord abbot, you may have guessed as much as I.—There is no more to tell. I would rid your house of my presence, but that even sin may claim a sanctuary here."

"It may claim more from me," said Abbot Martin. "If Miles de Burgh forgave you, I may surely say, Go in peace! Heaven is not less merciful than man!"

The Italian bent his head upon his hands, and left the chamber.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE MUSTER AT LADYSMEDE.

"Every man to harness!" shouted Sir Godfrey de Burgh, as he dashed across the drawbridge into his own courtyard at Ladysmede. Hasty as the summons was, it had not been unexpected. For two days past, all in the immediate neighbourhood of the manor who owed him suit and service had held themselves in readiness, having received warning that in all likelihood their aid would be soon required; and his own personal following had either accompanied him in his late journey to Huntingdon, or had remained under arms within the manor itself. Though not held worthy to share their lord's councils so far as to be in the secret of the conspiracy against Longchamp, many of them had gleaned intelligence enough to be aware that there was some daring enterprise on foot. So that it offered reasonable prospect of fighting and plundering, few of them were inclined to be over-curious as to its object or its merits.

Yet it was with very mixed feel-

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ings that the riders of Ladysmede, when mustered under the banner of their chief, heard the word passed for Rivelsby. Amongst them were those who, ignorant as they might be themselves of religious truths, had a feeling as near akin to reverence as their rude nature would admit, not unmixed with something like regard, for the sacred brotherhood whom they looked upon as mediators between themselves and Heaven. Though upon their own lips an oath was the favourite form of prayer, they liked well that others should be engaged in a service for which they had themselves neither taste nor leisure; and when the chime of the abbey bells came to them over the river-flats, whether it were morning or evening, midnight or cock-crowing, they had a comfortable feeling that something was going on which was intended for their benefit, little as they understood how. Many, again, amongst Sir Godfrey's followers, either in their own persons or in their families, had received aid or kindness from the ready charity of their Benedictine neighbours, and were sufficiently conscious of their obligations to feel a troublesome qualm of conscience at the thought of discharging them in such fashion. But there were others to whom the prospect of a raid upon the monks was acceptable enough. Rivelsby had stood unharmed since the Danes had left it. The Conqueror's protection had been cheaply purchased by a timely offering of silver, with which the abbot of that day, wise in his generation, had accompanied his submission. Even King Stephen's hand—thanks to the powerful protection of Ladysmede, as has been said—had been laid on them but lightly. The brotherhood of St Mary had ever been rich and prosperous; and any rumours of the difficulties of late years which had found their way abroad were but little credited. If the abbey tenants complained of exactions, so did tenants usually, then and always; and if their clerkly landlords justified their demands on the plea of their own urgent necessities, that also was a plea which had been heard before, and was interpreted in a very conventional sense. Certain it was that both in the gorgeous appointments of their church and its many altars, as well as in their munificent hospitalities, Rivelsby gave all the tokens of a wealthy house. These things, said popular rumour, were but the outside husk of untold treasures within, hidden as much as possible from profane eyes and imaginations. No wonder if some who rode with Sir Godfrey de Burgh longed to be initiated into such mysteries.

The knight himself, as he reappeared at his own door after hasty refreshment—for rest he cared little—looked in one of his darkest moods. News had reached him, whilst awaiting, in Lord de Lacy's castle near Huntingdon, the result of their combinations for the surprise and capture of Longchamp, that the legate had suddenly relinquished his intention of visiting Michamstede and Rivelsby, and was already on his route back to Ely. There could be little doubt but that he had received, from some quarter, a warning of the designs against him. He himself, indeed, had shown his wonted contempt of his enemies even while he had been at so much pains to foil their plans; for he had taken care to drop certain words at Huntingdon which, carried as they were sure to be to De Lacy and his friends, proved him to have been pretty accurately informed of all their projected movements. In a camp of conspirators, under such circumstances, no man feels sure that his most trusted friend may not be the traitor; and Sir Godfrey's suspicions, at first, pointed to his late guest, the Crusader; more especially since he had not accompanied him to de Lacy's, but had remained behind, under some pretext, at Huntingdon. He had too good reason to believe that Le Hardi would not hesitate to sacrifice his associates, if it were necessary, to advance his own interests or secure his safety. It chanced, however, that one of De Lacy's men had seen Foliot in conversation with the chaplain of Ladysmede, in his yeoman's habit, in the streets of Huntingdon. He had not known at the time who the stranger was, but with Foliot's person he was well acquainted, and knew him to be one of those who had come into

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the town in the train of William of Ely. The man was riding in his master's company on the morning when Sir Godfrey had been accosted on his road by Giacomo, and then recognised in the Italian the same yeoman whom he had seen Waryn follow from the court and engage in conversation. He had attached no kind of importance to this circumstance at the time; but when it became evident that the counsels of the conspirators had by some means been betrayed to the legate, and when Lord de Lacy and others, no longer careful as before to conceal their plans from their followers, began to talk openly of treachery amongst themselves, the man was struck with the apparent fact of the yeoman's confidential relations with both parties, and communicated what he had seen to his master. A quarrel had well-nigh followed between De Lacy and his hot-tempered ally. Sir Godfrey, however, succeeded in persuading his friend that he at least was no traitor; but when he recalled his chaplain's unusual demeanour and language at that last interview upon the road, his presence in disguise at the trial at Huntingdon, and his reported communications with Longchamp, he felt no doubt but that he had by some means become possessed of the secret of their intrigues, and had given the prelate such information as had enabled him, for the present, to baffle them so successfully. Of the Italian's wonderful capacity for obtaining possession of other men's secrets, he had formed that exaggerated notion which a rude and ignorant mind always entertains of subtler intellects. The bitter outburst of wrath which he now vented against him in De Lacy's presence, as soon as this suspicion crossed his mind, was too plainly genuine to be assumed; and when on the day following Sir Nicholas made his appearance, with a cloud upon his brow, and in a temper even worse than his companions', and told Sir Godfrey so much as he saw fit of the tidings he had received from Rivelsby (where he had his informants still) of the prior's disgrace, of the steps taken by the abbot for the defence of his house, and of the certainty of the boy having been again carried thither by Giacomo—of the Lady Gladice he said no word—it was with a burst of triumphant malice that the Knight of Ladysmede, as he rose to take sudden leave of his host, swore that the Benedictines should rue the hour in which they had made an enemy of him.

"Will you be with me in this quarrel, my lord of Lacy?" said the knight; "these churchmen have store of wealth, for all that Sir Nicholas hath pinched them somewhat hard of late—for his sacred majesty's service. They are given to store it away in holes, like pyets, having no reasonable use for it—it were charity to help them to spend it bravely. Your fair dame Alice is much given to pious courses, as I hear, and would fain be twice a saint because her lord is something of a sinner. They have painted copies of the Gospels at Rivelsby that are set in jewels, men say, that a queen might envy—one of such godly gifts were a very fitting love-token for her?—or, if she condescends to vanities of apparel, which come amiss to few of her sex, saints or sinners—why, I have seen rich stuffs on those lazy drones' backs at vespers that would shame an empress—they go as fine, on holydays, as cloth-of-gold can make them. Come, do something for love, as I will for vengeance—'twill keep our fellows' hands in, too, to cut the throats of these Brabanters."

"I will meet you at Rivelsby, Sir Godfrey," replied De Lacy, "for it would be a shame to leave Prior Hugh to this bold churchman's mercies—they are as tender to one another, in such cases, as wolves; I only fear lest we may arrive only in time to recover the carcass. I have heard of their building up a dear brother in a stone wall, with a pound loaf of bread to last his life, for a less matter. But I will have none of the church's plunder for me or mine. There hath never been an heir to Briansbury since Earl Walter drove the cowls forth of St Cuthbert's."

De Lacy did not care to hear even the name of his new-made bride from the free lips of the Knight of Ladysmede.

Sir Nicholas le Hardi had returned with his friend to the manor, and now rode by his side, silent and re-

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served, as the party moved down the slope towards Rivelsby. Impatient as Sir Godfrey was, he had to wait some time before even his own personal followers from Ladysmede could arm and get to horse. It seemed to him an age before they were fairly in motion. The friends and vassals upon whose aid he reckoned, and who were near enough to answer to such a hasty call, had been ordered to join him at Swinford Mill; and there the knights and their followers halted for a while to collect their strength before pushing on for the monastery. Every moment of inactivity was a penance to Sir Godfrey in his present temper; seizing a field-trumpet from one of his men, he sounded from his deep chest a rapid succession of calls, so strong and clear in tone, and so perfectly modulated, that they moved even from the Crusader a half-sarcastic admiration. It was the one solitary accomplishment, not exclusively of a warlike character, on which De Burgh prided himself; it was held to be a gift hereditary to those of his blood.

Slowly, by twos and threes, riders came trooping up; and it was not long before their numbers presented an array which, though of somewhat miscellaneous composition, seemed more than sufficient to strike terror into the defenders of Rivelsby. This force would probably increase threefold before the day closed; for De Burgh's power and influence, as holding the shrievalty of his county, was very considerable, to say nothing of the temptation of monastic plunder.

Picot had been lounging in the courtyard as was his wont, though during Sir Godfrey's absence his leisure time had been much divided between the manor and the abbey. He had listened to the knight's hurried order as one little concerned in aggressive measures against any enemies but those recognised in venery. He might have been included, no doubt, if he had wished, in the motley crowd of half-armed footmen that followed at the horsemen's heels; but the hunter did not care to draw a bow except in the lawful exercise of his craft, and had a very determined objection against becoming himself a mark for any warlike sportsman. Probably for this reason, as soon as he understood his lord's present purpose, he whistled carelessly to his hounds, and as soon as the knight's back was turned, walked quietly under the wall into the meadow.

He sauntered at an easy pace so long as he supposed himself to be within view of the manor; but no sooner had he reached the cover of the wood that lay between him and the river, than he dashed off at a run towards Swinford Mill. He reached it long before Sir Godfrey and his party had started; but he stopped when he came out upon the beaten road, and walked into the miller's barton with as easy a gait as though he came upon no particular business.

His friend the stout miller, however, saw something in his friend's face that made him take him aside at once out of the hearing of any but themselves. It was not the first time that there had been secrets between them; and some suspicious-looking joints that hung drying in the smoke of the open chimney near which they stood — which, if they were mutton-hams, as the miller would have called them, were mutton of a very peculiar breed—might, if examined, have thrown some light upon their former transactions.

"'Tis an age since thou wast here last," said the miller, as he led him in—"but welcome still, for all that. And what news, now?"

"I cannot a-while to drink, Rob," said the hunter, staying his friend's arm, who was feeling in a well-known corner with hospitable intent. "The Abbot of Rivelsby hath sore need of thy service, and that straight; go thou up with thy men, and take good weapons—ay, and clap two sacks of meal on the mare's back—if ye would not see Rivelsby burnt and plundered."

"How!" said the miller, nearly dropping the stone bottle, which he had laid hold of, in his consternation.

"There is that wild Dermod of the Heath, and Boteler of Bury, and the Ganger of Long-hope, and I know not who besides—set on, they say, by the Lord de Lacy — who have sworn to hang the abbot in his own

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hall. They are marching thither now. He hath sent for aid to the Bishop of Ely, but he will need help to hold his own till my lord send or come."

Picot said nothing of Sir Godfrey; for he knew that the miller would be sorely divided between his fealty to the abbot and his dread of his more powerful neighbour, if he should learn that the Knight of Ladysmede was engaged in the quarrel. Rob, however, had a far more cunning head than his friend; and he soon extracted from Picot's hurry and incaution quite sufficient to inform him how matters really stood. The result was, that after a careful weighing of the claims of duty and interest, which drove Picot nearly wild with impatience, and a brief consultation with a sharp little woman who exercised a disproportionate influence over her burly husband, the miller came to the conclusion that it would be safer to neglect his feudal superior's summons than to make an enemy of De Burgh. The abbot might deprive him of his holding, but with Sir Godfrey his life would not be safe.

"Tell the lord abbot," said he, "I am a man of peace. I will send Gib and Simkin, and as much good meal as the mare and two mules can carry —and if his reverence choose to keep the men there, he can do as seems him good. But I am nought myself, Picot, as thou very well knowest, when it comes to bills and bows. And why shouldst thou meddle thus on the monks' behalf, if they have angered thy master? Hast lost the little wit was in thee?"

"I had need have more wit than most men, for those I have had to deal with of late," replied the hunter in a tone of vexation. "Thou wilt not answer the good abbot at his need, then?"

"What shall come of the grist, if I be mewed up in the cloister for a month's leaguer?"

"Wilt see the church where good Sir Ivo and Dame Margaret lie buried, trodden under foot of these evil men?"

"I will see nought of it that I can help," said the miller, "but it should hardly wake them."

"Was ever such a beast!" said the hunter, in despair; "a word in thine ear, Rob."

He whispered something to him, which the dame did not catch, carefully as she listened.

"My bonnet and buff jerkin, wench!" exclaimed the miller, starting back, as it seemed, a new man, from Picot's last communication. "Dost hear?—bid the men follow me as fast as they may—on with thee first, Picot, for I am not quick of foot as thou art; but where I be once set, tell those at Rivelsby, they shall find me while the fight lasts dead or living."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE ALARM.

Three days had passed since the abbot's return, and still there came no tidings, anxiously as they were looked for, from William of Ely. Whether he had succeeded in finally crushing the machinations of his enemies, Prince John and his fellow-conspirators, or whether the danger which he had escaped at Huntingdon had met him in another form in another place, was still uncertain. There was little communication now between the monastery and the outer world; peril and suspicion were all around them, and Ladysmede was now looked upon as a more dangerous neighbour than ever. All was quiet, but there was too much reason to fear that the storm was only brooding in the atmosphere. The abbot employed the time in making such preparations as might be necessary in the event of the worst. Large requisitions of provisions of all kinds were made to the abbey tenants, and the sacrist and other officers of the house had been very energetic in supporting their demands in person; but in many cases the yearly rental in kind had been even anticipated, owing to the embarrassments of the abbey finances; and where money was scarce, it was not found that either threats or promises were very

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effectual. The supplies scarcely increased in proportion to the additional numbers for whom they were required. If fighting followed on good feeding, the Brabanters might be confidently depended upon to do good service if required, for they played their part at the board like old campaigners. They had been as orderly hitherto as could reasonably be expected from men of their habits; the abbot had taken care to fix their quarters, in the ample precincts of the abbey, where they should intrude as little as possible upon the sight or hearing of the religious fraternity; still from time to time sounds would find their way to the ears of the latter which caused a shudder amongst the more rigid disciplinarians; and even the gait and bearing of these new inmates, contrasting as it did so strongly with the sober walk and downcast look enjoined by their rule upon the Benedictines, was an offence in some of their eyes. The professional grumblers of the community, who had been wonderfully silent since Prior Hugh had lain in the abbey prison, were beginning to take heart again, and found in the Brabanters a very legitimate subject for their strictures.

"There go the firkins of good ale for our abbot's friends again," said the sub-prior to one of the monks who was more than suspected of being in Prior Hugh's confidence, as they stood watching together the conveyance of sundry casks towards the foreigners' quarters.

"Ay," replied the other, "there is no stint there, brother Simon, whatever may run short in the refectory. We are to have our poor corrodies of wine 'minished by one half, as I hear, because we are victualling in case of siege, forsooth, and must husband somewhat—yon looks like it, doth it not?"

"And they were as drunk as Brabant swine last night, if howling and roaring be any token." Brother Simon was always sleepy and silent himself under the influence of good liquor. "What thinkest thou of our lord abbot's new body-guard?" he asked of Gervase, the kitchener, who came by at the moment.

Gervase's prudent soul had groaned in secret ever since he had been called upon to minister to the wants of his increased family, the new members of which seemed to have a more than monastic capacity both for solids and fluids.

"The lord abbot should know best," replied the kitchener; "but they seem to me a very costly security. I doubt if he might not have made terms with Sir Godfrey cheaper."

"A crying scandal to the house, I call it," said the prior's friend. "Such help as this is but a casting out of Satan by Satan. As well be plundered by him of Ladysmede as devoured by such a brood of locusts as these are."

"Dost think Sir Godfrey hath any such intent, in good earnest?" asked the sub-prior. He was indolently disinclined to give credit to any intelligence which threatened to interfere with his comforts.

"Well," said the other monk, looking carefully round him before he spoke—"so our abbot saith. That is, if certain chattels of his, that you wot of, be not given up to him."

"Ay," said brother Simon, with a sigh expressing as much thought as he was capable of. He had no mind to counsel his superior to betray either the poor child or the dark-eyed beauty, but he foresaw very uncomfortable consequences from retaining them under the abbey protection.

"Picot the hunter was here again yesterday," said Gervase, "and he said that he had heard that the knight had sworn vengeance against our abbot and all his house. We are fallen upon troublous times."

"We are, indeed," said the sub-prior. "But what doth Picot here so often now?"

"He comes to see old Peter; and he hath a mighty fancy for the black vizard yonder, ever since he fished him out of the mill-tail."

"Ay, there it is again," said brother Simon's companion. "Fish or fowl, every waif and stray finds free quarters at Rivelsby. Our house is become a very cave of Adullam; every one that is in distress or discontented gathers here; and as for debt, we have a fair share of that

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ourselves already, I take it. This pilgrim, as he calls himself, he hath a liking for our company too, it seems; he is in no hurry to complete his vow of travel."

"Nay, nay," said the sub-prior, to whom locomotion was a penance in itself,—"he hath had but a four days' rest as yet; and he is a quieter guest than the Brabanters."

They were interrupted in their conversation by the appearance of the sacrist, who approached them with a hasty step, attended by Picot of Ladysmede, with whom he seemed to be holding earnest conference as they walked. There was a cloud upon brother Andrew's brow, and he had neither jest or sarcasm, nor even word of ordinary greeting for them as he came up.

"Where can I find the lord abbot?" was the brief question which he scarcely stopped to ask.

"He was sunning himself on the terrace-walk a short while since," said the prior's friend, sulkily. The brotherly love between him and the sacrist was of the most conventional quality.

On towards the terrace-walk the sacrist and his companion were hurrying, when the sub-prior, his curiosity getting the better of his laziness, shuffled up behind them at a pace which he seldom attempted.

"What is it, brother?—any news stirring at Ladysmede?" he puffed out, as soon as he got near enough to be heard.

Andrew looked back at him for a moment without stopping. "The armourer is welding two breast-pieces into one, to make a harness that may suit thy girth," said he; "there will be work anon for every man that hath a vocation for arms at Rivelsby."

It was pitiful that such a peaceful scene as the river-terrace showed at that hour should have been interrupted by the tidings which the hunter brought. The morning was one of those sunny deceits of early winter, which cheat us into bold forgetfulness of the cold season which is sure to come. Wrapped in warm furs, which were rather a luxury than a necessity, so mild was the air, and sheltered by the high walls behind them, the ladies of Willan's Hope sate looking over the battlements on the river that glistened in the sunshine below. Giulio, never slow in making friends, had already found in Gladice a companion and a playfellow. Happily, a child sees always beauty in a kind face; yet the boy would gaze from time to time into those lustrous eyes, and watch the rich hues of her cheek with an almost unconscious homage of admiration, until Gladice would laugh and turn away with an amused confusion. There were other eyes, too, which found the same attraction, though their gaze was less bold and more conscious than Giulio's, and was withdrawn if the stray glance from Gladice met their own. Giulio played fearlessly with the long chestnut curls, which caught the southern breeze from the river, and daringly made captive of the hand which was raised to punish him for his presumption; but Waryn leant on the wall at some little distance, and only watched the play with a half smile. Gladice had felt very sad in spirit when the abbot had tempted her forth to enjoy the rare beauty of the morning; but the fresh breeze soon cheered the youthful blood, and the boy's free but gentle courtship soon won her back to something like her natural gaiety. She was as honest-hearted, too, and free from all petty coquetries, as maiden could be; but beauty is seldom quite unconscious of its charms, and she knew that other eyes were watching her. Many a light word spoken to the boy was weighed more carefully because it would fall on Waryn Foliot's ear. Between themselves but few words passed. The inquiries about the bandaged shoulder (for the wound received in the night-attack had been a painful one) were of Dame Elfhild's making, though the maiden also watched for the reply with a decorous interest. It was the elder dame's fingers, more gentle and skilful in such kind ministry than even the good brothers' of the infirmary, which rearranged the bandages so as to give more ease. Gladice did but look on; yet Foliot might have been tempted to show less indifference to the pain, if he could have been sure

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that the expression on that beautiful face betokened the least degree of personal interest in the patient, and was not merely the ordinary token of woman's universal sympathies.

The abbot was pacing up and down the broad terrace with his seneschal, pausing occasionally in his walk to address a cheerful remark to his fair guests, or to ask a question of Foliot, when the sacrist appeared in view, hurrying forward to accost him. The hunter from Ladysmede waited respectfully a few steps in the rear.

"*Benedicite*, brother," said the abbot, giving the word for his subordinate to speak his errand—for he saw that there was something of importance in his face.

"There is word of Sir Godfrey's movements, my lord abbot," said the sacrist; "he took horse for Rivelsby, with all his following, not an hour since, and hath halted—waiting for some one, as it would seem—within a mile of Swinford Bridge. He is in great wrath, and means evil against us."

"Who brings these tidings?" inquired the abbot, looking towards Picot, whose person was unknown to him.

"One from Ladysmede," said the monk, bringing Picot forward, who was rather abashed at the company in which he found himself; for the ladies of Willan's Hope had heard the sacrist's announcement, and had moved nearer to the party, listening with eager looks.

"Who is with Sir Godfrey?" asked the superior—"hath he any force with him besides his own?"

Picot stammered out some answer that was not very intelligible, though he had been fluent enough with his information to the sacrist a few minutes back.

"There ride with him men enow, of his own mould," said the sacrist, hastily—"Nick Boteler of Bury, and Long Lawford, and a cursed fellowship of the country-side—Irish Dermod, too, I hear, is among them—there is no lack of good-will," he added, bitterly, "on such a service. But time is precious, under your pardon, my gracious lord—will it please you to give order in this matter?—By St Mary, see yonder are lances on Swinford Bridge! the heathen are upon us!"

It was so. Glancing in the sunlight, they were plain enough, even to the abbot's failing eyes. Waryn stepped upon the battlement, and saw the road covered with moving figures.

"It is true enough," he said, quietly, to the abbot. "With your leave, I will look to the muster."

"Bid Gaston come to me," said Abbot Martin to the sacrist, "and warn the captain of the Brabanters. Is the drawbridge up?"

"I took it on myself to look to both before I came; wherein I erred in my obedience, father, and ask pardon," said brother Andrew, bending his knee.

"You have it," said Abbot Martin, smiling for an instant. "Sweet Lady Gladice," he continued, as he caught her troubled look fixed on him, "have no fear. Rivelsby is poor; but our walls are strong, and our cause good. If yonder company set the battle in array, we will hold, with Heaven's help, what Heaven has given us. William of Ely will not fail to succour us ere long. Dame Elfhild, let me lead you to your chambers—it may be that this cloud will pass."

"Have no care for me, my good lord," said the dame, her keen eyes flashing as she spoke. "I cannot yet think so ill of my kinsman Sir Godfrey, as to believe that he can intend violence either against those of his own blood or against Holy Church. I trust it may rather be that he comes to offer his protection to my niece, his ward, as becomes a true knight of the de Burgh's name and kin."

"His protection!" said Gladice, turning suddenly pale. "Oh! my good lord, you will not give me up to him! You will not believe him, let him protest what he will! I am vowed to the cloister, remember—it were no less than sacrilege to carry me elsewhere—you will promise, good Abbot Martin—you will promise!"

Her utterance was so rapid and so earnest that the churchman's words of reassurance were scarcely heard or heeded as she clung to his robe, and looked beseechingly into the kind face that bent down to her. The abbot's own voice was broken with

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emotion as he laid his hand upon her head.

"Daughter," said he, "I am a servant of the altar, and may not gird on sword again save in dire extremity; but—before finger shall be laid upon you here, at Rivelsby, against your will, I will try whether good steel will bite yet, or whether the hand that was Guy Fitz-Waryn's has lost its cunning!"

"Thanks, thanks, noble lord abbot," said Gladice, still bending her head as she clasped his hand—"yet oh! why was I born, thus to bring harm and peril upon the few who love me!"

Waryn Foliot had lingered on the battlements as though he would satisfy himself, by a last look, of the character of the advancing foe, before he betook himself to the duties of the defence. His eyes were on the road that led from Swinford Bridge, but not a sound of the last speaker's voice escaped him. He had completed his reconnoissance, and as he passed close by Gladice, towards the terrace-steps, he laid his hand gently upon her arm. The touch was so light, it might have been only an involuntary emphasis to his words.

"Lady," he almost whispered, "that was not wisely said. The prayer in the cloister, the toil of the student, are well; but do not grudge us what is better still—the sacrifice for others, which is the true discipline of men."

He neither looked at her as he spoke, nor waited for reply. With a quick light step he hurried down into the quadrangle below, where Dannequin the Brabanter, joyful with the news of expected battle, was showering encouraging epithets on his men, as they ran together from their quarters, with little reverence for the grave monks within hearing, who stood listening with a scandalised amusement. The abbot meanwhile accompanied his fair guests to their apartment in the garden tower—a quarter of the abbey which, protected as it was by a lofty range of buildings, consisting of the stabling and other conventual offices, lying between it and the outer wall of defence, gave the best promise of security against attack from without, and for that reason had always been assigned to the use of women and children who, in former troublous times, had sought shelter at Rivelsby.

The threatened attack had not taken the abbot by surprise. Those few feudal retainers whose services he could still command had either been already quartered within the walls of St Mary's, or in the two home granges which stood in the adjacent meadows. Gaston the Angevin, to whom the superior intrusted his most private orders, had already, at the first alarm, sent to call in these latter; and although some took care not to obey the summons until it was too late to hope to escape the hostile riders who soon swept the abbey round, they were precisely those whose unwilling service could best be spared. Foliot, too, had despatched a trusty messenger to raise the tenants of the Leys; but the most of them had followed their lord and his elder son to join King Richard's banner, and the broad lands could furnish now but a sorry contingent of such as were either too young or too old for hard service: and the present resources of Rivelsby could not afford, in case of a continued investment, to maintain more idle mouths than legitimately belonged there. Only a very few, therefore, of the Foliot retainers, but those picked men and true, had come in to reinforce the little garrison. But amongst the Benedictines themselves there were many who, like Gaston, had been stout soldiers in their youth; and though the abbot would have required from none of them a service which was against the letter of their vows, he had only smiled quietly when he looked in at the armourer's forge, and saw two or three of the quiet brotherhood trying on the quaint old armour which had lain there since the fighting times of King Stephen. There were others, too, who, though they might have conscientious scruples against donning the outward trappings of a soldier, were prepared to serve on the walls, and aid in working such scant artillery of arbalists and mangonels as the stores of Rivelsby could furnish; and who would not be found perhaps to do worse service because they looked for a higher defence than steel cap or cuirass.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE LEAGUER.

It would have been doubtful whether Sir Godfrey, in his present mood, and followed as he was by many whose main object was plunder, would have thought it needful to use towards his present enemies even the common courtesies of war. It was Le Hardi whose calmer persuasion prevailed on him at least to send to the abbot a formal summons to surrender. He had even urged him, but in vain, to wait the arrival of de Lacy's force in case of refusal, before having recourse to extremities, in the hope that, in the face of such an overwhelming array, the defenders of the monastery would see the hopelessness of any resistance.

Abbot Martin received Sir Godfrey's emissary in his chapter-house, in the presence of his chief officers. The terms of the message were brief and peremptory.

"I am charged, my lord abbot," said Gundred, who wasted but scant courtesy at any time, least of all to those of the abbot's calling—"to bid you deliver up the persons of a chaplain priest by name Giacomo, and a boy called Giulio, whom you hold in despite of the Knight of Ladysmede; also of the Lady Gladice of Willan's Hope, his ward; and this within an hour's space."

"Not in an hour, nor in a lifetime, be it long or short," replied the abbot, flushing slightly at the man's insolent bearing—"you have my answer."

"Softly, lord abbot," said Gundred, in a sneering tone; "I have done but half my errand. Also, the Knight of Ladysmede and the Lord de Lacy demand you to set free your prior, Hugh, whom you have unjustly placed in durance; and that you deliver up the custody of this abbey to the said Hugh, appointed by Prince John as the king's procurator here, until his majesty's good pleasure may be taken as to your own misused authority."

"Have you said all?" asked the superior, quietly.

"No," replied the messenger, growing yet bolder as he caught an approving glance from a monk behind the superior's chair, whose secret sympathies were known to be with the prior—"no, abbot; the best is to come; the noble Lord de Lacy and Sir Godfrey will hang thee over thy great gates, if thou keep them shut against their powers but an hour longer."

"Did the Lord de Lacy say this?" asked the abbot, in the same calm voice.

"Yea, and more," said Gundred. Possibly the quiver of Abbot Martin's lip deceived him.

"I have heard that Ralph de Lacy, misled by evil men, hath taken arms against the king; but I *know* he said no such word of the kinsman of the Lady Alice. You have lied, sir, in your office—lied, where truth and honour were your only warrant of protection. Get you gone! the Lord de Lacy uses no such tools as thee!"

"Liar in thy teeth!" shouted Gundred, whose hardihood had faced Sir Godfrey himself when the knight had chafed him. "But I came here on a fool's errand, to bandy words with shavelings!"

The abbot started from his seat, but, quick as the words were spoken, the sacrist's brawny arm had been raised, and had struck the ribald to the ground.

"Lie still, dog!" he said, as he planted his foot upon his chest, and menaced him with the formidable knuckles. "I will drive the foul tongue into thy throat till thou shalt never find it more, if I catch but a mutter!"

The sacrist might have actually fulfilled his threat, for Gundred was beginning to find voice, and would have resisted had there been a hundred upon him instead of one, when the superior sternly interposed.

"Brother Andrew," he said, "you are over-hasty. We, of all men, should not be the first to smite. You know the holy text,—'*Qui capit gladium*'—"

Either the abbot was at fault in his quotation, or it struck him that it was not so entirely applicable to

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poor Andrew's natural weapons; but the latter drew back discomfited in his turn by his superior's rebuke, and allowed his antagonist to rise.

Muttering and blaspheming, though not yet recovered from the blow, it was with some difficulty that two stout serving-men forced him from the abbot's presence, and passing him across the drawbridge, where a groom waited with his horse, raised it again behind him, and cut off Rivelsby from all further parley with its enemies.

The disgraced messenger scarcely cared to carry back to his master the whole truth as to his reception. He told enough, however, to increase Sir Godfrey's rage, if that were possible. Archers and crossbow-men were at once thrown forward, and for some two hours a brisk attack was kept up against the walls of the monastery. But, unprovided with any of the larger engines for a siege, it soon became evident that the Crusader had given the more prudent counsel, and that little impression would be made upon those strong defences until the force of de Lacy joined them. As the evening fell, all active hostilities were suspended, and, drawing their forces all round, the confederates waited for the morning to bring them such aid as should secure their prey.

Heavily the shadows fell on Rivelsby, and, flashing up through the increasing darkness, the watchfires of their besiegers showed how close and complete was the leaguer. The shouts and challenges of their enemies, almost their very words, could be heard through the still air by the monks, who were listening on the ramparts. Nothing was spoken of that evening, after the vesper service, but the peril of their situation, and their chances of relief; for the maintaining themselves against a besieging force for any length of time was simply impossible with their present resources. As the old monks sat by their fire in the infirmary, they too discussed, with all the garrulity of their years, this new and terrible emergency. In a smaller chamber close adjoining lay the wounded man, who had been carried into the monastery on the night of Foliot's arrival. He could hear much of the conversation in the outer room, and the lay brothers who ministered to his wants carried backward and forward to each other the last scraps of information. The patient's eyes were closed, as they had been usually when any of the monks were present; he had plainly suffered considerably from the pain of his wounds, though nothing more than a subdued groan had escaped him, and his replies to the brethren's attentions had been principally by signs. But that evening he raised himself on his pallet, and, beckoning one of the monks towards him, inquired in an indistinct voice for the abbot. There was some hesitation at first, knowing as all did the pressing calls upon the superior's attention, in complying with the sufferer's request for an interview. So urgent, however, did the man seem, eking out his few words with impatient signs, that out of pure compassion it was determined at least to inform the superior of his wishes. The same motive would alone have sufficed to have brought Abbot Martin to his bedside; but he did not comply less readily when he remembered that it was possible that his communication might have some reference to their enemies without. Carrying Foliot with him, the churchman repaired once more to the chamber where the wounded prisoner lay.

The bandages had been partly removed from the wounded jaws, and the instant that the abbot saw the hollow eyes that were anxiously turned upon him at his entrance, he recognised their expression. There was no doubt that he saw lying before him the Gascon esquire who had carried to Longchamp the information of the conspirators' intended movements. Dubois saw that the abbot knew him, and breaking the silence that he had hitherto maintained, as much from sullenness as from difficulty of speech,—though every word still cost him evident pain and effort,—he addressed him at once abruptly.

"Where is the Lady Gladice?" he asked.

It was Waryn answered him, with

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something of haughtiness in his tone. Certainly they had hardly visited him in order to give him this information. "She is safe," he replied.

Dubois took no notice, but looked from him to the abbot.

"Tell me," he said—"you will speak truly."

"She is here, and in safety—but you have scarce the right to ask."

"It is well," said the Gascon.

"How?" exclaimed the abbot—"it repents you, then, of your evil deed—you rejoice that it failed?"

The Gascon gave no intelligible sign or answer.

"Confess, wretched man," said Abbot Martin,—"it was Sir Nicholas le Hardi set you on this accursed errand?"

Dubois nodded an assent.

"You would have carried her to him at Huntingdon?"

"No!" said the wounded man, raising himself on his elbow, and speaking more distinctly than before—"Never!"

"Why, how then?" asked the abbot in some surprise.

"Do you hold me for nothing but the slave of other men's passions—have I neither will nor object of my own?"

"What!" exclaimed Waryn, "you have not dared——"

"I have dared much, young sir," said the Gascon, contemptuously. "The lady had been far on the way to France, and mine, by this time—had all gone well. By hell, but she were worth the chance!"

"You dared to plan this bold game, then, for yourself," said the abbot, looking at him possibly with less disgust than before.

"Ay," replied Dubois—"why not? I have gold—honestly mine own. She might well have been worse mated, too; but it is over now—I have a hurt here I may scarce recover from." A half groan escaped him as he spoke, not so much from pain, it seemed, as from some other emotion. "I have had more kindness in your house, lord abbot, than I have known in life; I am glad that the lady is safe—and I have somewhat on my mind to say—if this be my last confession, as I guess.—But—I can speak no longer now."

The wounds in his face had burst out afresh with the exertion, and his mouth was full of blood. The abbot turned from him with a face of charitable pity, and calling one of the brothers of the infirmary to attend him, returned thoughtfully to the yet more painful duties that awaited him.

It was near midnight when he stood again alone by the Gascon's pallet. Slowly, with painful efforts which drained his life at every word, Dubois poured into the abbot's patient ear the confession by which he sought thus late to make his peace with Heaven. If Giacomo's tale needed confirmation, Abbot Martin found it there.

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ODE FOR THE FIRST WEEK OF JANUARY TO MESSRS GALEN AND GLAUBER.*

SAPPHIC *and* ADONIAN.

GALEN and GLAUBER! men of pill and potion,
Pestle at present pitilessly plying,
Say, which of all our friends of MERRY CHRISTMAS
Chiefly befriends you?

Is it THE GOOSE,† the wonder of beholders,
Boundless of breast, and fathomless of "apron"‡—
Apron contriv'd expressly for containing
Savoury stuffing?

Or THE PLUM-PUDDING, that great globe of gladness,
Mild in his mirth, yet making longest faces
Round as his own, with inward satisfaction,
On his appearance?

Or THE MINCE-PIE, his not unworthy kinsman,
Wreath'd in a flame that brightens all around him,
Making each plate a mimic MONGIBELLO,
Sometimes call'd ETNA?

Or THE SCOTCH BUN, high-flavour'd with GLENLIVET,
Hard in his hide, and harder in his inwards,
Yet the belov'd of ev'ry youth and maiden
North of the Border?

Or THE SHORTBREAD, with richest pearls encrusted—
Not to be drunk like that of CLEOPATRA,
But to be met by simple mastication—
Tooth-trying process!

GALEN and GLAUBER! potent are these allies—
Faithful they are, and zealous in your service—
Bringing each year a still-increasing harvest
Into your garner.

Pleasant to all is dear old FATHER CHRISTMAS—
Pleasant his feasts and all his kind vagaries—
Pleasant to YOU are also his successors—
SADNESS and SENNA!

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* Well-known as eminent druggists—gentlemen of much talent and humour, who will no doubt heartily enjoy our "Sapphics and Adonians."

† Some of our English friends may perhaps not be aware that in Scotland a goose is an essential part of a Christmas dinner. A lady of our acquaintance went to order her goose for this last Christmas at a poulterer's shop in Edinburgh. "You sell," she said, "a good many geese just now, Mr Muirhead?" "A good many, ma'am," was the answer. "One gentleman has just ordered *a hundred and sixty-three of them.*" We have great pleasure in adding the explanation of this remarkable fact—a gentleman (the manager of a manufactory of articles in *gutta-percha*) had ordered a Christmas goose for each of the workmen.

‡ No true Scotchman need be told that "the goose's apron" is the part which contains the stuffing. It is melancholy to think that in "The Christmas Carol" (the best, perhaps, of all his inimitable works) Mr DICKENS should have put the stuffing in the *breast* of the goose.

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A VISIT TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER, AND A CRUISE ROUND VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

BEING A FEW LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK.

THE fort from which my trip up the Columbia may be said to commence is called Vancouver's Fort, and is situated about ninety miles up the river, which is, even at that distance from the Mouth, a mile and a half wide, and skirted by large plains, with high mountains bounding the horizon, presenting a scene of grandeur seldom met with except in the New World. This settlement was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company, and placed under the charge of an agent, who, at the period of my visit, was one of those primitive sort of men who only exist beyond the influence of the so-called world. To him I am indebted for much disinterested kindness, as, upon telling him of the shortness of my leave of absence, he not only entered warmly into my arrangements, but lent me his own boat and crew, personally superintending the whole proceeding, saving me, by his good-nature, both time and expense for the boatmen, who are a race of half-castes called by the name of Crees, make the most exorbitant charges, so that two or three days are usually occupied in bargaining, and at least one more in fitting out the boat. Thanks to the Governor, all the arrangements were got through so expeditiously that we were able to start upon the very afternoon of the day from which the leave was dated.

Our party, with the addition of three Cree boatmen, numbered six; and taking turns at the oars, we had the satisfaction of getting about ten miles up the river before we were compelled to anchor for the night. It so happened that this resting-place was near an Indian village, and the long hours of the night were rendered sleepless by a succession of the most unearthly yells and shouts. In vain I covered my ears, determined to shut out those terrible sounds; frightful dreams floated before my disordered vision, horrible nightmares tormented my brain, till at last, nearly frantic, I started to my feet, and, determined to see what could be the cause of so much noise, stole off in the direction of the village. Rising a little hill, I came upon it quite suddenly; it lay in the valley beyond, and was distinctly marked by innumerable bright lights. Evidently some great festival was going on. In one place, that from which the shouts proceeded, a large fire burned, and towards this I approached, using the utmost caution, as discovery might have been fatal. Presently I found myself within sight of one of the strangest and wildest scenes I had ever witnessed. Upon one side of the fire sat, in formal rows, about a hundred Indians, plumed and painted in their gayest dress. At the other side twelve more were performing a wonderful dance, which, I afterwards found, is called the *Pipe Dance*. They wore head-dresses of gay feathers, while floating round them, and waving to and fro or folded as the dance required, were large blankets, ornamented with strange figures, from the varied feathers of the brightest plumaged birds. Each held a long pipe, the bowl fantastically carved, and the stalk decorated with flowers, beads, and feathers: these they flourished about, addressing them in a long monotonous chant, which at particular parts seemed to demand the chorus of yells whose discordant harshness had disturbed my rest. After looking on for a short time, the danger of my position began to present itself to my mind. So, not choosing to risk my life as payment for curiosity, I retired as quietly as I had approached, and reached the boat in safety, where, finding the Crees awake, I set about learning something of our wild neighbours.

It appeared they were a tribe of Flatheads, and part of the large division called Chinooks who inhabit the shores of the Columbia and Vancouver's Island. Deriving as

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they do the greatest portion of their subsistence from the sale of furs to the traders, they profess great friendship for white men, and can generally converse in a sort of broken English—I am ashamed to say, plentifully embellished with oaths. They are of an avaricious disposition; and finding that travellers generally pay well for any information they obtain, are particularly anxious to show their national sports, vying with each other in their endeavours to be selected as cicerone.

They derive the distinctive title of Flathead from the strange manner in which they compress the head. The operation commences at the birth of a child, which is laid on a flat board, the back of its head resting upon a small pad; another is placed on the forehead, and this latter is then firmly strapped down by broad leather bands which are knotted at the back of the frame. This pressure is continued for eighteen or twenty months, when the skull is so formed that the desired shape is attained, the deformity increasing long after the bands are removed.

For some time I was under the delusion that such an unnatural formation must affect the brain itself, and weaken both health and intellect; but I was forced to own, upon subsequent inquiry and observation, that they are not only a remarkably shrewd race, but subject to fewer diseases than any other tribe of the Chinooks. Perhaps an equally curious fact is, that during this apparently painful process the infant evinces no symptom of suffering, except only when the bandage is removed for any purpose, when the poor little thing seems to awake from a torpor, and screams frightfully.

The Flatheads look with great contempt upon all other tribes, considering a round head as the distinctive mark of slavery, their slaves (of whom they possess a great number, and treat very cruelly) being all taken from round-headed tribes. My adventure of the preceding evening awakened a strong desire to see more of these people, and after much persuasion I prevailed upon my companions to stay one day, and visit the village, a description of which will answer for almost all the Chinook habitations. Each house stands alone, and is built of wood sufficiently strong to last several years: they are in a square form, with roofs almost touching the ground, an inconvenience obviated by the ground in the interior being hollowed out to the depth of four or even more feet. One house is frequently large enough to contain several families, and although, at the time I saw them, they were tolerably clean, I could perfectly understand the miserable state they would be in during winter, when forty human beings, of perhaps the very dirtiest race in the world, are stowed away together with dried or drying fish, cama roots, pigs, and dogs: moreover, they have such an intense aversion to cold that they will never move out unless compelled by absolute starvation. When I saw how they existed, I did not feel astonished at the prevalence of consumption, which carries them off in great numbers in the early spring, as the close noisome air that fills the dens in which they live in an almost dormant state, must render them doubly susceptible to cold.

We were received by the chief with great kindness, who, having first welcomed us in his usual attire, disappeared. Presently we were conducted to his house, and found him seated in great state, dressed in a bright-flowered cotton dressing-gown, the gift of some French trader: this he folded round his naked limbs with much affectation, proud of the distinction he thus possessed over his countrymen, who indulge in a simple and economical toilet, consisting usually of a band round the waist, to which a bark tail is attached, the latter reminding one strongly of the insignia of a village school—the dreaded taws. This appendage, if I may so call it, is regulated according to the wearer's position in the Flathead society, attaining in the case of a chief a greater length than that which adorns the person of a slave. They decorate their heads with plumes of feathers, or rows of fishes' teeth arranged upon a bark band, and wear necklaces of the same, sometimes carving every tooth in a curiously ingenious way.

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The women are clothed in short petticoats of bark strings woven by themselves into a stuff resembling cocoa-nut matting. These are dyed a bright red and blue, from colours they extract from the earth and a blue flower called Wappatoa. The wives of the chief are distinguished by the addition of gay aprons, upon which the figures of birds and beasts are marked out by different coloured feathers. I saw one I admired more than all the rest; it was made of goose skin, which, being cut into long strings while warm, is allowed to dry in the sun with the feathers still on. The heat contracting the skin forms it into feathery ropes, which, when woven together, have a singularly light and pretty appearance.

We had not been long in the presence of royalty when we were asked if we should like to see any sports; and upon stating such to be our desire, the king made a long speech, which ended in his appointing a race-meeting, and adding that the Englishmen would give the prizes. This we were scarcely prepared to do, but upon consultation managed the matter satisfactorily, each contributing what he could—one a neck-tie, another a knife, I myself being requested by the king to give a very brilliantly coloured silk purse he had caught sight of in my hand. In an hour from the time when the order for the race was given, we were conducted to the plain without the village, where at least fifty horses were already waiting. They are small wicked-looking animals, and were indulging in wonderful plunging and kicking, making sudden charges, as if they would tear each other to pieces; yet although ridden without a saddle, and having only a sort of halter as a bridle, I did not see one of the jockeys fall, or notice anything like confusion.

Our appearance was the signal for a start, twenty of them rushing off, shouting to their horses all the time in a frantic way. The excitement was soon tremendous; the betting was as keen as on any English course, and seems to be their favourite amusement, being carried to great excess on all occasions. In fact, they will stake everything they have, even to their wives, and, when completely beggared, they think nothing of hanging themselves, suicide being looked upon as a happy resource in all cases of difficulty, and a certain entrance into the good life.

When the races were over, the chief selected a party to show us calf-hunting, and there being no time to spend in going in search of wild ones, he ordered a number of tame animals to be turned out; these were hunted by dogs, until, driven mad by fear, they dashed across the plain. At the same time the mounted hunters galloped after them, and, each selecting a calf, kept alongside, waiting until a favourable opportunity occurred, when, seizing the tail in his left hand, with a vigorous twist he turned the unlucky animal heels-over-head. The fall usually breaks its back; but if not, it is so effectually stunned that the hunter leaves it to be despatched by the rest of the party who follow on foot. At the season the wild calves separate from their mothers this sport is much followed, and forms the whole occupation of the natives.

Finding he had not time to show us anything further, the chief volunteered a description of the inauguration of their "medicine," or doctor and priest. It appears they look upon the ceremony as a national festival. It is announced many weeks before the day fixed, and great preparations are made to hold it with due honour. Upon the proper day, the people assemble from all parts, each division of the tribe bringing with them their medicine-men. When the candidate appears, he makes presents to these his future brethren, regulating their value according to the age of the recipient. After this, he is conducted to an empty lodge, in which he is left, without food or light, for three days; this is to enable him to dream, dreams being held in great reputation by these people.

The idea of the wretched man being able to sleep is rendered perfectly preposterous by the whole tribe taking it in turn to dance round the lodge, yelling in a fearful way. When he is taken out upon the evening of the third day, he pretends to be in a state of insensibility, from which he will not awake until, after being

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plunged in cold water, he is being violently rubbed all over: then he suddenly starts up, breaks from the attendants, and conceals himself in the nearest thicket. In this he remains some hours, during which seclusion a friend, concealed for the purpose, rubs him with grease, sprinkling over this handfuls of goose-down, which, adhering to the coating plentifully besmeared over him, forms a peculiar garment, held sacred as the emblem of the good spirit. Thus dressed, he returns, and is met by the whole assembly, when, after being presented with a cedar-bark blanket and a rattle made of fish-skin, he brings forth everything he has, and divides his property among his kinsmen, trusting henceforth to the charity of the tribe for support.

We left the village early next morning and proceeded up the river, which every moment became more beautiful; for, while decreasing in width, it increased in force and depth, the banks rising in rocky walls on either side sometimes to the height of two or three hundred feet; and as the dark water rushed through these passes, I could not help wishing I was a painter, to carry away some lasting memorial of the scene.

It was with great difficulty we got up the currents we now frequently met, and several times I thought we must certainly upset, or land and carry the boat past the rapid—an expedient often resorted to by the hunters higher up the river, who sometimes carry their boats across a mountain to avoid the rapids. When the banks were low enough to afford us a prospect of the country, we were charmed by the picturesque appearance of the plains, which at this season are covered with the Wappatoa flowers. The undulations gave a light and shade to this beautiful carpet, which stretched mile after mile until met by purple mountains, upon the same gigantic scale as everything else in this country, towering one above the other, until lost in the heavens, the eye becoming perplexed in its endeavour to distinguish land from cloud.

As evening came on, a grey veil gathered over the sky, and a shrill blast straight from the plains of everlasting snow whistled down the river, so effectually chilling us that we were glad to take refuge under the lee of a rock; and after mooring the boat, we lighted a fire to warm our shivering limbs.

We passed a wretched night, hailing the sunrise with great satisfaction; and truly a more beautiful one could not have been. The entire horizon was a mass of gold, across which floated little crimson and violet-tinted clouds; while directly above our heads, and as yet beyond the influence of the sun, the sky retained the cold unfathomable blue of night, or at least twilight, through which a few solitary stars still glimmered. The very river borrowed a rosy hue, reflecting the warmth of the horizon, and cheering our hearts with the prospect of a fine day.

As we rowed up, the Crees occasionally landed for the purpose of examining the ground in search of the footmarks of buffaloes, they being confident of meeting a herd near this place. At last, on reaching a wider part of the river, the Crees asserted they were sure to find them; and no sooner had they landed than their shouts testified to their success. The ground was covered with footprints, still wet and soft, from the animals having forded the river at this point, and that so recently that we might expect to meet them any moment.

I cannot describe our excitement, or the alacrity with which we obeyed the directions of our guides to make as much haste as possible, as, if the animals were moving to a new pasturage, they go with such speed that they might still escape. Rifle in hand, we set off over the beautifully undulating plain, its features gradually changing as we approached the mountain-range, gentle rising-grounds becoming little hills, valleys changing into ravines. On and on we toiled, keeping along the broad trail, which each moment appeared fresher. To our dismay, it suddenly vanished; we looked in consternation at the guides, who explained that the disappearance of the track was caused by the herd scattering to feed, adding that most probably they were within a few

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hundred yards, concealed by the inequalities of the ground. Pointing to a hill just in front, the Crees beckoned us to follow, at the same time throwing themselves upon their stomachs, and crawling up with a serpent-like quietness: we of course imitating their example, though, owing to the stiff nature of the grass, it was by no means an easy operation. We toiled on, thinking only of the anticipated sight—an anticipation realised far beyond our wildest dreams; for on peeping over the crest of the hill, we had the herd full in view: even the Crees were startled by their numbers; and as for me, it was with great difficulty I could persuade myself that it was not some delusion in my sight. The wide valley was absolutely darkened with them, and so close were we, that for nearly five minutes nothing was heard but the short cropping of the grass by their teeth. Unluckily we were to windward, and a gentle breeze now passing over us must have carried the scent to the animals, as one of the sentinel bulls nearest us instantly rose, and, facing round, threw up his head as if to catch the wind again; then uttering an angry moan, he looked keenly at us; so close was he that I could see the twinkle of his little bloodshot eyes. It was rather an uncomfortable moment, as he seemed very much inclined to make a closer inspection—a conclusion to our excursion I by no means bargained for; and I was not sorry when he wheeled round and joined the rest, roaring in an angry growling sort of way, which was plainly a signal of danger, as the sleeping animals rose hastily, and taking up the note, the plain soon resounded with their voices. We had no time to lose. Each chose the bull he pleased, and simultaneously our rifles rang out; a deafening rush followed, and when the smoke cleared away from our eyes, the herd were in a dense mass, heaving to and fro like some storm-tossed lake. Our danger was imminent: if the terrified animals turned their course in the direction of the ford, we were lost, as they must have gone over us; fortunately, they bent towards the hills, and streamed away, crushing upon each other so closely that I fancied I saw one or two lifted off their legs. Once their course was determined, our danger was over, and, springing up, we followed on, leaving the bull I had wounded making vain efforts to overtake the rest. From their immense numbers, their progress was naturally much retarded, so we easily kept within range, firing as frequently as we could, though to all appearance doing no harm. At last the dust and heat compelled us to stop, and as the guides assured us some of the animals we had hit would be sure to fall, and thus be found next day, we consented to give up our first buffalo-hunt, and return to the bull we had left. As I expected, we found him dead, and had the satisfaction of seeing some steaks placed upon a couple of heated stones; but hungry as we were, we could not persuade our English teeth to masticate the leathery substance disappearing down the Crees' throats, who did not apparently deem it necessary to waste their energy in chewing their food. I watched them with envious feelings, but at last, fatigue overcoming hunger, I lay down to sleep. If there had been hardship in sleeping in the open air the previous night, the most fastidious could not have complained of the present, with the blue starlit sky as canopy, and lulled as we were by the sad but indescribably sweet music that vibrates over the prairie; that same soft voice which has breathed to me upon the heathy mountains of dear old Scotland, and sung its own familiar song upon the burning deserts of Africa, the waving forests of America, and in fainter accents whispered over the moonlit sea, cheering the night-watch with dear memories of the past.

We followed up the track of the herd next day, and found the Crees had judged correctly, three buffaloes having fallen; but such is the instinct of these animals, that we found merely a mass of blood and sand, the dying beasts having been gored to death. Upon my expressing surprise that they should observe this ceremony in the midst of their flight, the guides assured me that they would turn, when in the greatest fear, and face any danger in their attempts to accomplish this object. In the pre-

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seat instance the work of immolation was done so effectually that we only rescued the horns, one pair of which, being of an enormous size, we carried with us as a trophy.

On reaching the river we saw no trace of our boat, so, hungry and tired, we were forced to lie down under a rock and wait, while two of the guides went off in search of her. They did not return until midnight, when we attacked the provisions, having been in a state bordering on starvation for the last twelve hours. Our further progress became each mile more difficult: the river, as I said before, had completely altered, changing into a comparatively narrow impetuous stream, which in some parts came down with such force that oars were of no use, obliging us to land, and by the greatest exertion tow our boat past the rapid, an occupation rendered doubly irksome by a scorching sun pouring down upon our devoted heads from a lurid sky. Opaque white clouds, tinged round the edges with a brickdust violet hue, floated along the horizon; the plain was almost hidden by a haze, throbbing like the waves of the sea; while a monotonous roll, resembling distant guns, filled the air. Everything betokened a storm, and our utmost exertions were required to reach some sort of shelter before nightfall. This we had scarcely succeeded in doing when the storm burst; peal followed peal, each crash thrown back from the rocks over our heads, while the distant rolling we had heard before grew much louder, and still more like the reports of large guns. Loud as the thunder was, the lightning was even more startling, a dozen flashes breaking from the sky at the same time, taking every colour of the rainbow; at one moment the rocks would be bathed in a bright red tint, the next look perfectly blue, bursting out upon us from the intense blackness following each flash with a truly spectral awfulness.

The storm had been raging among the hills long before it reached us, as the river was already rising and covered with foam; twice ere morning we were obliged to pull the boat higher up to prevent its being carried away. I shall never forget the appearance of the river as daylight broke: we had taken refuge upon the ledge of a precipice, about ten yards above the water; behind us rose an immense rock, before us the fierce waters rushing madly past, chafing against the rocky sides, which must, even in ordinary circumstances, have rendered this point a dangerous passage; now the torrent, pent in by the rocks, poured on in one resistless stream, taking with it gigantic trees, fragments of rocks, &c., now beating them angrily against the shore, now carrying them triumphantly over some weaker barricade.

As we stood gazing, and too much impressed to utter our thoughts in words, a buffalo was borne down by the stream. He was still alive, and struggling against the current. Just after he had passed us, his course was for a minute arrested by a mass of trees and grass. An eddy was close at hand. The poor animal made a wild effort and reached it, but only to prolong his agony; for, although touching the shore, the rocks were perpendicular for some feet above his head. Poor thing! his struggles to gain a footing were incredible; but at last his strength was gone, and he sank exhausted.

This little incident, sad as it was in itself, cheered us by the certainty that buffaloes must be in the vicinity, and most probably waiting for the abatement of the flood to ford the river. This reconciled us to the irksomeness of the delay we anticipated we must endure before we could venture down stream. Rowing further up being quite out of the question, and determined to lose no time, we seized the first favourable moment, and set off walking up the river, keeping as near the banks as we could. Here a new difficulty presented itself, and finally forced us to return.

The long coarse grass, which bears a stronger resemblance to reeds than to the elastic verdure of Great Britain, had been so beaten down by the torrents of rain, that it formed an uneven and dangerous covering over the entire ground, throwing a deceptive carpet over deep holes filled with water, into some of which we fell headforemost, and really found great

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trouble in extricating ourselves. Expecting every step to gain better footing, we toiled on, until the heat of the sun, and a heavy malaria that rolled in thick clouds over the swampy plain, warned us of the danger we were in from fever; so we turned back to our former retreat, where the current and constant breeze down the river kept the air clearer.

To our amazement, the Crees immediately began preparations to descend. In vain did we remonstrate—our voices were drowned in the roar of the water; the more we spoke, the greater their excitement became; and at last I began to think the Columbia boatmen must be subject to periodical attacks of insanity.

Everything was at last ready, and, pointing to a little bay where the water was comparatively calm, they seized the boat, and rushed down howling to us to follow, and I have no doubt calling us all sorts of bad names in their own horrible language.

We were in an uncomfortable position, being fully a hundred miles above the Fort. Surrounded by an unknown swamp, without ammunition save what was in the boat, to stay was out of the question, and to go seemed utter madness. We looked at each other in dismay, and I was on the point of trying a last expostulation when I was lifted up by one of the Crees, and carried, kicking and shouting, into the boat, my companions sharing a similar degradation. No sooner were we seated than we were shot off into the boiling stream, the Crees yelling in a truly demoniacal manner, pointing from our faces to the dark water. Away we went, the little cockleshell boat darting like an arrow, now down a current at railway speed, now caught in the vortex of an eddy, and whirled round until I grew giddy, and closed my eyes, expecting to open them in the water. Our escapes were marvellous, the Crees all the while conducting themselves like madmen, apparently utterly regardless of danger.

As we gained the wider part of the river, our danger decreased; and it was with intense relief I at last felt *terra firma* beneath me, and shared in the congratulations of my companions on our safety.

The Governor laughed heartily at our description of what we had felt, assuring us that the hunters constantly take advantage of the season when rains are most frequent to ascend the river, trusting to save themselves the trouble of rowing down by catching the flood. We spent a couple of days with the Governor, and then embarked on board the little steamer which plies with the mails between Fort Vancouver and Victoria, on Vancouver's Island.

A fortnight after my trip up the Columbia River, I made one of a party intending to cruise round the island of Vancouver. We numbered four—the chaplain, two midshipmen, and myself: to these were added three Indians as crew. The boat we borrowed from a good-natured settler, who at first intended to accompany us himself, but was unfortunately prevented by illness. Of the chaplain we did not see much, having agreed to take him to visit a relation who had settled on San Juan Island, little thinking that he had made up his mind to remain there until we should call for him on our way back. Such, however, was the case; so, leaving him, we proceeded on our way. The shores of Vancouver's Island present a constantly varied aspect, a new landscape opening out every mile you go, one differing in beauty from another only by some chance grouping of the trees or the appearance of some brook, either flowing between the pendant branches of the ferns, or falling in a shower of spray over some precipice. Flowers and shrubs enamel the bright green grass, forming a pretty contrast to the pure white sand which covers the beach. This sand is formed by minute particles of white coral, and when seen at the foot of the black rocks studded here and there along the coast, looks almost as white as snow. Like almost all the islands in the Pacific, Vancouver's retains striking evidences of its volcanic origin: the peculiar shape of the mountains, lifting their graceful cone-like heads one above another—their sides

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veined by deep rents, and the red soil formed by decomposed lava;—these and many other features soon become familiar proofs of their fiery birth.

I had heard and read a great deal of the beauty of the island, but reality exceeded all. It struck me more than once that the scenery in some measure resembled the Pyrenees, excepting, of course, the ocean. The mountains strongly reminded me of some of those round Cauterets, and I could almost imagine the little Indian village I saw peeping through the trees was that quaint old town itself.

Having only six days' leave from our duty, we declined every temptation to land, determined to proceed as far as we could before nightfall. Fortunately, just as darkness came on, we arrived at the mouth of a stream, and seeing it was deep enough to float us, we paddled up; and reaching the basin at the foot of a pretty fall, we fastened the boat, and bivouacked for the night, intending to explore the neighbouring mountain in the morning.

In order to see as much as possible, when we started next day, it was decided to divide, each taking a separate route—all agreeing to meet at the top of the mountain. My way lay for a short distance over tolerably clear ground, richly carpeted with a very beautiful kind of moss. As I drew nearer the mountain, the path became more difficult, and at last was really formidable, often rendering it well-nigh impossible to proceed, deep fissures, hidden by brushwood, crossing the way in every direction, and keeping me continually exercising the maxim of "Look before you leap,"—a caution not to be neglected when one rash step would plunge the unwary into an abyss hundreds of feet in depth, the very darkness of which made one shudder to gaze into.

The mountain itself was clothed by a dense forest of pines, whose immense trunks often rose to the height of fifty feet without a branch breaking their smooth surface, looking like a spectral army in the sombre twilight caused by the impervious roof of interlaced branches, through which a ray of sunshine would penetrate here and there like a star—now glancing upon the dark-red trunks, now darting along like some spirit of the forest. In places where the branches grew lower, innumerable creepers had entwined themselves, and hung in gorgeous festoons, forming an impediment through which I had frequently to cut my way, shaking down whole showers of petals, and disturbing flocks of birds, which flew screaming off, but soon returned to flutter over my head, too innocent to fear man.

In open parts of the forest, the tree-fern lifted its feathery head, contrasting its light-green airy foliage with the dark hue of the pines. The common English fern is the miniature plant of that which, in the Pacific, attains the dignity of a forest tree; it grows in the same barren spots, springing out of the very face of some bare rock, over which its graceful arms droop, as if it wished to shield its home. From between the branches, and just at the point where they unite with the trunk, the Indians gather a soft silky down, which makes a delightful stuffing for a bed or pillow.

As I threaded my way up the mountain, I had almost forgotten the purpose for which I had ostensibly undertaken the journey. Not a trace of a deer met me, and at length I began to doubt their existence. I had reached within a short distance of the top, when a soft open glade tempted me to lie down.

The view down the mountain was exquisite: first, the dark-green carpet of pines, broken here and there by purple or grey rocks, fringed with their constant ornament, the fern; below, the pale-green plain was studded with single trees; and this again met by the snowy beach, along which the deep-blue ocean throbbed in everlasting pulsations.

Perfectly entranced, and deaf to all around, I was roused from my dream by the approach of the very animals I had despaired of meeting. A sharp rustling had awakened me, and turning, I saw a pair of dark-brown eyes, crowned by splendid antlers, peeping through the bushes. My rifle sprang instinctively to my shoulder; frightened by the movement, the stag

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bounded past, almost over me, followed closely by two hinds. The report of my rifle rang through the forest, and the stag fell, shot through the neck.

To my surprise, both hinds stopped short, and after looking round and smelling the air impregnated with gunpowder, presently they walked up to the body of their lord and master, again stopping to glance round before they began to lick his wound, uttering as they did so a low, plaintive moan. My rifle remained silent; I had not the heart to fire and disturb the sorrow of the poor affectionate creatures. The picture was too pretty to interrupt, and I was attempting to lay my rifle down without the movement attracting their attention, when they threw up their heads and sprang away. Somehow the spell was broken, and, forgetting my resolution as to not firing, I seized the rifle. Alas! I only wounded the last one, and long before I could reload, they were gone.

Bitterly regretting I had fired at all, I started off in the hope of being able to overtake them and put the poor thing out of pain. In this I was disappointed, and forced to give up the pursuit, lest I should not be able to find the spot where the dead stag lay.

Whilst I was anxiously debating with myself the possibility of getting the body down to the boat, one of my friends, having heard the report of the rifle, joined me, and with his help I constructed a sort of sledge, upon which we laid the stag, and after a great deal of hard work and difficulty, succeeded in getting him safely down, when he proved to be the only one shot, neither of my companions having met any.

We stayed one more day in the same place to try the other side of the mountain, but had very bad sport, only seeing two or three deer during the whole time: so voting the hunting in Vancouver's a great swindle, we paddled down the little stream, and, hoisting our sail, proceeded on our cruise, intending to land at an Indian village a few miles further round, and, if possible, find out the best hunting-ground.

The bay upon which this village was built was perfectly land-locked; a narrow strip of water, about twenty yards wide, ushering us into a salt-water lake, imbedded in flowers and sunshine: a lovely valley ran up among the green hills on our left, and in this lay the Indian village, their picturesque rustic huts peeping out from the rich foliage. At first not a human being was visible; but long ere we reached the shore, they were crowding down to meet us, some even swimming off to welcome us to their village, bringing us invitations from the king, who was, they said, waiting to receive us.

On landing, we were agreeably surprised by being greeted in good English by a French settler, who, having lived with these people for five years, had gained great influence over them, and at once offered to introduce us to the king, and help our views in any way he could.

Accordingly we followed to the royal residence, in which we found his majesty seated in great state: his palace corresponding exactly in its native features with those we had seen on the Columbia; but in the present case, in consequence of the intercourse enjoyed by this tribe with European vessels watering off their territory, the reception-room was hung with curious relics, which, consisting principally of old wearing-apparel, gave it a strong resemblance to an old Jew-shop—a delusion by no means decreased by the dress of the king himself, who, upon hearing of our approach, had hastily donned his regal robes, consisting of a very old-fashioned blue swallow-tailed and brass-buttoned coat, a pair of old white ducks, which had, to all appearance, once ornamented the legs of a very small midshipman, and must have rendered the Turkish posture of his royal highness by no means a comfortable attitude. Upon his head, and merely resting upon his stiff bushy hair, was a hat, or rather two hats—the larger being crushed halfway down the smaller one. It was with great difficulty we preserved a proper degree of gravity to enable us to pay deference to this extraordinary figure; our occasional irrepressible laughter, however, amused the

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people, who seemed of a jolly, light-hearted disposition, and joined us heartily, our dress possibly amusing them as much as their king's did us.

Having eaten some roasted pork, and pretended to drink the horrible compound they call *ava* (a mixture peculiar to almost all the Indians I ever met with), we began to smoke and talk. The king was a shrewd, intelligent fellow, and seemed delighted to tell us all about his people: most of their customs were identical with those of the Columbia River Indians, of whom the Vancouver Flatheads form a branch. One of their greatest delicacies is blubber, which they obtain in the following ingenious manner.

During the severe storms that occasionally visit their coast from the north, it frequently happens that whales are driven so far out of their latitude that the receding tide leaves them unable to regain the deep water. When the natives discover a fish in this unhappy predicament, they assemble in great numbers, each family furnishing a canoe; their weapon is a barbed spear-head of hard wood, fastened so loosely into the handle, that when the head is fixed into anything, the former can be withdrawn, leaving the latter in the wound. To the head itself are attached, first, a long rope of sea-weed—next, a bladder of sealskin. Armed with this, the boats approach the monster, and, getting as near as they can, throw the spear: the heads imbed themselves in his skin, and when the handle is drawn out, remain acting as an anchor to the bladder and rope. The whale soon presents an extraordinary appearance, being entirely covered with bladders; these, as the tide rises, prevent him sinking deep enough to regain the ocean, or make very much resistance. Thus buoyed up, he is pulled over the bar into the harbour by the united efforts of the thousand ropes so firmly attached to him. Once in the bay, he is safe, and is easily despatched.

After spending several hours with the king, and getting all the information he could give us as to the best shooting-ground, we continued our route, intending to sleep at the point from which we were to start in pursuit of deer. Our intentions were, however, doomed to be thwarted: a messenger from San Juan overtook us, bringing a note from the chaplain, in which, after telling us of an outbreak upon the other side of the island, he represented the danger of our prosecuting our journey so strongly, that we decided upon giving it up, all the more readily in consequence of the disappointments we had already met with in the scarcity of game. We found the little settlement at San Juan in a perfect ferment of excitement, every one listening with horror to the recital of former atrocities committed by the Indians, and now remembered and retold with many additions. Every one spoke confidently of a general outbreak, and assured us the men-of-war would be required.

Two days only now remained of our leave; these we spent at the island, endeavouring to instil some confidence into the people, but, I fear, with very little success; and they evidently watched our departure with feelings of dread, imagining the Indians would take advantage of it to attack them. Upon our arrival at Victoria we had the satisfaction of seeing the ship getting quietly towed out of harbour, and found the captain had taken round the Governor to the scene of rebellion, leaving orders for us to follow as quickly as we could. This was only to be done by hiring a boat, which we did, together with a man and his wife to row us; but the current proved so strong that, in spite of a couple of long paddles and a sail filled by a regular breeze, we were nearly six hours in going three miles, during which tedious progress we were continually fired on by the natives. Fortunately they imagine the destructive powers of a gun consist in the noise it makes.

The cause of the outbreak will be best explained by relating one of the native customs—that of demanding life for life; it being an ancient belief that a chief, or the son of a chief, cannot die unless through the malignant influence of some one who has intercourse with

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the evil spirit, and that it is the duty of the nearest relative to avenge the death, by taking the life of the person they consider as the cause. Thus, as Englishmen are considered to have supernatural qualities, and the power of controlling the evil spirits, it frequently happens that a settler is fixed upon as the cause of the death, and deliberately murdered. At the time I now speak of, the unfortunate victim was a farmer, who, besides leaving a wife and family, had so large a connection upon the island that the Governor was obliged to interfere, and sent, demanding that the murderer should be given up. This, as may be supposed, was refused, and threats being made use of, the whole tribe flew to arms, and things began to wear a disagreeable aspect. The place where we joined our ship was the nearest anchorage to the village of the hostile party, where we heard they were assembling in great numbers. We waited a day in the expectation that they might seek an interview; but none of them appearing, the Governor at last started with an escort of the ship's company and marines. The village lay about five miles inland, a walk by no means agreeable when, independent of the almost impassable nature of the road, going as it did straight on over or through any natural difficulty, we had the pleasant anticipation of being fired at with poisoned arrows from the thick brushwood which surrounded us. Nothing of the kind took place: we reached the village in safety, and were conducted to a large house, where we found the king and his braves assembled, having evidently been informed of our approach. They were all painted and feathered in the most warlike manner, and received us with great dignity. When we were seated in a semicircle before the chief, refreshments were offered, but declined, the Governor telling them we would not eat unless they showed themselves friendly.

At this they whispered together, looking much pleased, and saying it was "good." After thus preparing them, the Governor made a speech, pointing out the wickedness of killing a man who had done them no harm, and attempting to prove that it was quite right to punish the person who had been the murderer. They all paid great attention, but did not seem to have the slightset idea of the sense of the argument; and when simply required to give the man up, looked intensely surprised, some even laughing aloud, the chief himself saying we might catch him if we could, but that he would not give him up.

This was not satisfactory, so the Governor made a second speech, offering great treasures in acknowledgment of their loyalty, provided they did as he required. At this their eyes brightened, and they announced that they would *trade* or barter for him. So the bargain was made, and next morning fixed as the time when the poor wretch was to be given up by his treacherous friends.

True to their promise, they brought him down, having deceived him into the idea that they were going to fight us. When he found the true object of their journey, I could not help admiring the cool way in which he accepted his fate, merely saying it was "good" when the Governor sentenced him to be hung forthwith.

The tribe showed more astonishment than he did, and for some minutes the agitation was so great that we were apprehensive of an attack. Upon the judicious display of sundry blankets, &c. &c., the excitement subsided; and after covering the man with grease and goose-down, they howled over him until his sentence was executed, when they marched off with their payment, evincing great satisfaction at the liberality of the Governor.

We stayed two days at anchor off the gap, in case of anything transpiring; but all remaining quiet, we at last weighed anchor and ran down to Victoria again, where we found the flag-ship had arrived during our absence.

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FLEETS AND NAVIES—ENGLAND.

PART IV.

A STANDING navy—a force which shall give the nation the power of at once meeting the first onset of a war, of preparing against surprise, of resisting, repelling, or anticipating a sudden attack — such must be the navy of England. This is no theory, no mere idea—it is a fact which the circumstances of our times, the circumstances of our position, present as a stern reality, an unavoidable necessity.

The only danger England could fear would be immediate. The defence should be immediate also; the present system provides no such defence. The intent of reserves is to draw forth the resources of a country, as the reinforcements of a war, or the bases of a protracted struggle. A navy which must be a defence, and would be a power, must command present means to combat present danger. An army may suffer a first, a second defeat, and yet recover itself: one blow may be the destruction of a navy. The destruction, or even the defeat of its navy, to a nation which based its position on maritime strength, would be political annihilation. It is, therefore, a principle of life to a maritime power to assure itself immunity from such a blow. Have we such immunity? and, not having it, are we safe?

It is not necessary to prove that such a blow is threatened, that it is imminent or even probable, according to the existing political status; it is enough for us to know that it is possible. Our defence must provide for what can be, not what may be.

Is the danger of such a blow possible? That is our question. Our great maritime rival lies within a hundred miles of our shores. She is nearly equal to us in ships—more than equal, when the necessary distribution of our own fleet is considered — more than equal in the means of preparation. We mean not to challenge her intent, we would merely indicate her power of hostility. France may not be hostile, yet we know that there lies deep in her bosom, deep in the hearts of her people as well as in the designs of her rulers and councillors, a desire to combat our maritime supremacy. We know that this desire has manifested itself in an extraordinary growth of naval strength. We know that, were such a desire to develop into intent, or be drawn into action by the force of events, she possesses a power of manning and equipping her fleets on the instant. We know from the experience of last year that she has a faculty of secret preparation, and could concentrate her ships and her resources on the shores of the Channel as secretly as she placed her armies *en route* for the Alps and Genoa, and *still not be arming*. We know that the menace of war must come from her, and that it would not come until she was prepared. We know, also, that any such interim betwixt menace and war would be spent by us in vain suggestions and delusions of peace; that we should expend all our energies in diplomatic notes, parliamentary debates, newspaper leaders, and a general fussiness. We know, also, from our political position, that our forces must be divided—that we must always have in the Mediterranean, for the protection of our colonies, of our Indian route, and our general policy and commerce, a fleet which would give us the command of that sea, and which could not quit that station whilst any French ships remained. We know also that our rivals would be bound by no such obligation; that, with such an object in view, they would leave Algeria and Toulon to take care of themselves; and we should awake some morning to find ourselves before empty ports, with the conviction that the ships we sought were probably near our own shores, and that we must follow. A stern chase is ever a long one, and our fleet might arrive to share and not avert disaster.

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With this knowledge, it were mere delusion to say or think that the danger of such a blow is not possible. Independent of all political considerations, all diplomatic relations, all national feelings which may exist at present, it is a possibility. There is the power, whenever the will may arise, to propel it.

What are the means to ward the blow?—the present means? We have more ships—have we the same power of manning or concentrating them?

The Austrians, on Christmas-day 1858, thought themselves at peace with the nations of Europe. On the New-Year's day they found themselves involved in the preliminaries of war. The same thing might occur to us. Where is our preparation for it? We might assemble a Channel fleet of ten sail of the line. With such force we could not go forth to meet or anticipate attack. The standing reserves, we are informed, could in three days be assembled to man another ten sail. This might be. But certainly it would require a longer time—a week, a fortnight—ere these reserves could be organised as ships' companies, and the ships equipped for service. Might we hope for such a breathing-time after a declaration of war? We think not. The present policy of France and her ruler warrants no such conclusion. When the blow is threatened, the army will be ready to strike. Were such delay granted, would a force constituted with the present elements be such as should be sent forth to uphold the honour of England's flag and the glory of England's might?

We may be accused of repetition, of verbiage, in thus recurring so often to the one subject. But this danger is the text of our defence. It must be the preface to any proposition regarding it.

This defence, we believe, cannot be perfect, cannot be sufficient, cannot be national, unless it include a naval force permanent and ready, equal to cope with any danger which can threaten it, and which shall have inherent in itself a principle of preparation instant and immediate as the danger. This can only be effected by the existence in the State of a standing navy, which shall number seamen enough in the ports of England to furnish a fleet of twenty sail (inclusive of Channel squadron), and a proportionate number of frigates, afford the seamen crew of the gunboats, and still leave a nucleus for the organisation of the two reserves. This would require at least ten thousand seamen, besides boys and marines—the force decided on by the first Commission; and this, according to the doctrines of peace agitators and political economists, would be a standing war establishment.

Yet how are we to define a war or peace establishment? It can only be done by defining the national need and requirement. If what be generally called a peace establishment is only equal to furnishing our stations, and would leave the country defenceless, or only half defended, at the opening of a war, of what use is the navy to the country as a defence? of what import as an assertion of the maritime supremacy which gives it a standing as a great power? The only rational establishment is that which, whilst it serves the purposes of peace, is equal also to the requirements of war. None other can assure the safety or the greatness of the empire.

Were the danger we should meet more remote or less ready; did its thunderbolts require longer time in forging, or take longer space in hurling, we might fairly rest on our strength and our resources. As it is, we must stand in our strength, or risk surprise in our weakness. It is not a question of mere expenditure; it is a question of safety. We debate, we squabble, we calculate nicely over measures of defence, and yet yearly vote willingly, and without question, thousands on some vain scheme, some illusory plan, which in a short time goes out like an exhausted wick. Thus are we now bestowing our thoughts and energies on the supply of our last and most uncertain resources, whilst we overlook the need of a present defence. We cast our bread on the waters, in the hope that after many days it may return again unto us, and we leave our dough at home unkneaded. The thought of the thousands and millions which have been expended in experiments, in reductions, in aid of politi-

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cal manœuvres, would make a patriot of the old time weep; it will cause even one of the present day, cold and heartless as we are, to mourn in spirit at the sacrifice of patriotism to party, of the national weal to parliamentary majorities. In these days it is hard to fix a crime on public perpetrators; but we know that somewhere, on Governments or governors, there lies the deep and heavy sin of having allowed the physical and moral supremacy of England's navy to decline to a doubt, and be overshadowed by the cloud of a danger.

It rests with this age to repair the error; it is its duty, and a sacred one too, to transmit to the next generation a naval supremacy and naval might as intact and undoubted as that which it received in heritage.

This can only be effected now by the creation of such a material force of ships as was considered the old stand-point of our navy, and the institution of a standing body of seamen which shall suffice to man a powerful fleet at the onset of a war, and leave a nucleus to amalgamate and organise our standing and volunteer reserves. How is this to be done, or rather how is the man-power part to be achieved? There have been several schemes; but there is only one which seems feasible or practical, and that was propounded by Sir C. Napier. His plan is to keep a Channel fleet of ten or twelve sail efficiently manned with more than the proportion of able seamen, and with reduced detachments of marines. In case of war these crews are to be divided, and one-half sent to an equal number of new ships, and the complements of all to be filled by boys from the ordinary ships, and the embarkation of marines from their barracks. Thus he supposes that the country would possess the power of equipping immediately a force double that of the Channel fleet. Though this plan would insure a system which would be better than any which now exists, yet it challenges objections. We can have no faith in a Channel fleet, nor would the seaman. It offers no surety of permanence. It would melt away like a snow-wreath in a thaw to suit some party purpose, and the country be none the wiser. The seaman knows well how often this has been done, and believes, consequently, that it may be done again, and would hesitate to make himself a party to an engagement the permanence of which would depend on a Channel fleet. Again, the ships thus manned, would, if called upon to issue forth to instant battle (and that would be the sole aim and object of the plan), go with very crude elements. The crews would be all broken up, the organisation disturbed; and though the system would still exist in each ship, it requires more time than theorists would believe to bring men of the sailor and soldier class into the order or routine which would insure the proper handling of the vessel, or the fighting of her guns; and excellence in these respects, it is undoubted, would be more essential to success than it has ever been in any stage of naval warfare. In this plan we see the influence of the prejudice of the old school (and pardonable enough it is in those of the past age), which could not allow any home for the sailor save a ship, or suppose that he could possibly elsewhere, under any circumstances, be trained, nurtured, and disciplined as a British seaman.

But it begins to appear from the facts of the last war, and from the experiences of those who know the seaman best, that a fixed and permanent home is beginning to have great attraction for him—to have a great hold on him. He is no longer such a nomade, and would readily acknowledge the ties and responsibilities which bind other citizens. We believe, therefore, that a standing navy, such as we have contemplated, could only be accomplished by association with a home; in fact, by making an established and permanent home the principle and basis of any treaty betwixt the seaman and the State. Let him see barracks erected and established which are to be his home, to which he is to return on every disembarkation, which he is to own and look upon as his abiding-place; let him see in their character and institution permanence, and he will, we believe, give in his adherence, and the State will, after a

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time, not only have no difficulty, but have the choice and preference in the man market.

It is strange enough that all the propositions to popularise the service have met none of the objections which the seaman himself may have directly, or the evils which may act indirectly upon his nature and temperament. The increase of provisions, the grant of clothing, and the issue of mess traps and bedding gratuitously, were undoubtedly great boons, but they met no grievance. There was no complaint on these points, and therefore it cannot be expected that these advantages alone would suffice to give popularity to the service.

The main obstacles which have stood betwixt the State and the seaman supply, which the country affords, were not affected or overthrown by these arrangements. It has been stated before, and it must be repeated here, that the chief obstacle was a want of faith in any regulation or law promulgated by the Government. The confusion created in the mind of the sailor by the multiplicity of circulars, each one contradicting the other, each upsetting some previous arrangement, was in its manifestation ridiculous, were it not that in effect it was too serious. We have seen two old salts going away after the public reading on the quarter-deck of some circular, one saying to the other—"I say, Bill, what was it all about?" "I'm blessed if I know," would be the answer; "something about our pay or provisions, I s'pose, but I've se'ed so many alterations that I never knows what I'm to get, or what my old woman is to get, or what I'm to do, or where I'm to go. I wish them Lords would know their own minds, that a fellow might have some knowledgeableness about hisself."

Any one who traced the alterations in the systems of treatment, and the different changes in discipline, must have seen that they did not produce an effect due to their intrinsic merit. They did not inspire confidence in the seaman, or make the service popular. They were generally coupled with some ungracious condition, contained some suspicious element, or were issued at some time or in some way which gave them the appearance of lures and baits; so that they were seldom understood or believed in. Nor did they grapple with any of the prejudices or the objections which the mariner class entertained against the navy.

These were, first, a distrust of the State and its offers, a doubt of their sincerity and good intent, and, in a minor degree, the want of uniformity in the routine and exercises of ships (which has at last been established), the tediousness of the punishments, the uncertainty of leave, the want of a little ready money when in port, the excess of the drills, the want of distinction in classes, the lack of some certain home during the outfitting, the casual stay in English ports, the paying-off, and the intervals of services. The recklessness to which he is driven, the discomfort which he endures from his having no home to resort to, may not seem evils to the sailor whilst he is revelling in the grog-shops and the brothels, but he feels them in the after-consequences, and attaches the painful impression they leave behind to the service, and not to his own vices. A barrack-home would remove all these objections. The erection of barracks at the principal ports, which would, in fact, be the centre of the naval system, where its organisation would be commenced and developed, which would be the depot for its supply, and the headquarters for its recruitment, and the home for its unemployed, would exhibit an earnestness of purpose, a promise of permanence, which would renew confidence in the mind of the seaman, and assure the character of a standing navy, besides obliterating all the other disadvantages which are now associated in his mind with life in a man-of-war.

This suggestion of barracks was evidently an unpopular one with the great naval hierarchy. All the questions asked on the subject by the Commission were put in such a style as to show in what way it was expected they would be answered. One officer only, in his evidence—Captain Mends, a man sailor born, sailor bred, and who had made the character of the seaman and the weal of the service his life-study—insisted strongly

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on the institution of barracks, and combated, with fact and reason, all the objections raised against it. The difficulty of obtaining sites was brought forward as an obstacle; a site was named at Devonport—and at the other ports sites could be found, if there were the will to find them. If some pet factory or dock were being built, how long would a site be wanting? We hear again and again of the authorities buying up whole streets to extend barracks or official buildings; and if we recollect aright, at Portsmouth there is a heap of houses close to the dockyard, which might well be swept away with great advantage to the general health and morality of the neighbourhood, and be replaced by a substantial barrack. This opposition is only the kick of a dying system. The chiefs of the old time had a prevailing idea that a sailor should be as opposite as possible to a soldier—the term even was made an epithet of reproach—and that the two systems of government and organisation should be wide as the poles asunder. Their traditional policy has descended to Admiralties and Admirals, though the circumstances of the time have compelled them again and again to abandon it; and forgetting that the constitution of their service has become entirely military, they hesitate still to adopt the last step which all their previous concessions have rendered a necessity.

The reconstruction of the navy—a phrase much canvassed, and which expressed more even than the speaker meant—will be never complete unless it be founded on a barrack system; it will never accomplish that immediate surety of defence which the country demands, or effect that development, physical and moral, which should make and maintain the life of the service.

It was suggested that there should be, even in the home ports, independent of the Channel and Mediterranean fleets, a reserve force of ten thousand seamen, which, with the reserve marines and the boys, would insure an instant addition of ten sail to the standing fleet, besides leaving trained men enough to organise the reserves. There we think further, should be distributed in barracks at the different stations—three thousand at Plymouth and at Portsmouth, the remainder to be divided betwixt Sheerness, Chatham, and Woolwich—unless the idea of creating a naval establishment in Milford Haven be carried out, and then, of course, a great proportion would be quartered there. It must not be supposed that the barracks would be required of sufficient size and extent to accommodate the whole of this number, as a proportion would be outliers, married men, who, as in the case with the marines, would be allowed to live outside with their families. There would be cost, of course, in this—a first outlay in laying the foundation; but the sale of the old hulks which have hitherto been the homes of the seaman whilst his ship was fitting, and the other lumber—the ships incapable of conversion, or of being anything but hulks, would go far to defray it; and the maintenance of the barracks in repair and completeness would, we believe, be less expensive than the hulk system, for we know from statistics that it costs some thousands for a ship merely to rot.

The expense of the additional number of men, and of the establishment of more training-ships, and the entry of more boys to answer the demand, would of course be a standing item in the estimates, but we believe, after a few years' working, that it would be more than counterbalanced by the regularity of the system, by the absence of the ruinous loss incurred by reductions, by the decrease in prison and hospital charges; and that a larger and more efficient body of men would be maintained by the country, at a less cost than it pays for an unprepared navy and an insufficient defence.

Of all the schemes of defence yet proposed, it would at any rate be the least costly, the most sure, and the most consistent with the maritime position of the nation.

Barracks should be erected at all the ports, and the ships of the steam reserve should be stationed at each, corresponding with the number of men quartered there, so that their crews might be told off, ready to

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move on board them at the most sudden call. Under this system, the organisation must emanate from the barracks; it is there that the order of embarkation would be arranged—it is there that much of the preliminary drill and training would be undergone—thence that the reliefs would proceed to fill up vacancies on foreign stations—there that the crews would return for reorganisation after service afloat—there that all the records of service would be deposited—and the seamen, seeing in them a stationary headquarters and a certain home, which could not be paid off like a ship, would soon learn to connect their permanency with the system, and begin to have faith in an institution certified by such solid facts, and based on laws of uniform administration and economy.

Minds of the seaman cast require to have ideas represented by forms, and the idea of a permanent system, materialised by barracks and home establishments, would inspire a conviction and confidence which could never result from any tenure of service which depended on the commissioning or paying off of ships, or which could be affected by sudden reductions.

These barracks must, however, be certain headquarters, certain homes. It must be a law that the ships belonging to, and which are fitted out at any particular port, shall return thither on all occasions of repairs, or in the intervals of service, and on paying off. The constant deviation from this rule has been a greater evil, a greater cause of rendering the service unpopular, than administrators, who deal with the sailor as though he were as much a machine as his ship, can ever understand. A ship is commissioned at Plymouth. The men enter with the understanding that this will be her port. A great part probably belong to this place, have all their connections there or in the neighbourhood, and the married men naturally make it the home of their families. The ship, after being on service, returns again to England for a short period, or to be paid off. The crews are in expectation of passing some little time among their friends and belongings, or of disembarking at their own ports. The captain, however, would prefer Portsmouth or Sheerness. It is nearer to his friends, or to his club, or is more convenient for landing his furniture, and requests that the ship may go there. The individual chief is considered, the body of men ignored, and the request granted. Or, perhaps, for some political purpose—either to foster or reward partisanship—it is thought expedient by the authorities that there should be more ships stationed or paid off at one port than another; and Jack, his comforts and interests, are again thrown overboard and sacrificed to the expediency. The extent of this sacrifice would be scarcely credible to those who had not witnessed and traced its effects. Disappointed in his hopes—separated from his family—at home, but not at home—feeling himself, too, deceived—to rid himself of his loneliness and his discontent, he resorts to the old consolation of debauchery, rushes into dissipation, wastes among publicans and harlots the money which should have been spent with his family and acquaintances, and lays up for himself an aggravation of debt, misery, and crime, which will curse him throughout the future.

This evil was felt especially during the Crimean war. Many Plymouth ships were sent to Portsmouth, and *vice versâ*. The men had indeed leave in most cases to visit their homes, but this leave of course included only a small portion of their stay in England, and at its expiration they were obliged to leave their families behind, or bring them with them. These had probably been living on a little system of credit, established on the supposition of the husband's return to the port with means of discharging the liabilities, and affording them a comfortable, ready-money subsistence for a few months. In case of their either staying behind, or following when the husbands rejoined their ships, these means would be much curtailed. If they remained, there was a divided mess again, divided expenses, and the risk of the man spending his money in selfish indulgences, besides the unhappiness of separation. If they

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followed, they would be compelled to form new credit among new people; would find it difficult to make the husband's home as comfortable as it should be; the time would pass in struggling and misery; and in parting there would rest on the minds of both a sense of added debts and burdens, added difficulties for the future, and no very pleasant impression of the home stay. We have read the effects of such circumstances in the faces, manner, and habits of the men for months afterwards; and these effects repeated, and again repeated, in this and other ways, gradually grow into a settled dislike of the service. And all this might be spared by a little forethought—a little judgment. The fault of all our legislation for the sailor is, that it regards him as a machine, not as a man. It never gives him credit for feelings which can be operated upon, or principles which can be set in action. It recognises him only as an eating, drinking, working animal, occasionally drunken, occasionally requiring to be flogged and imprisoned. If he is to be propitiated, or the service is to be made popular, legislation takes up the old expedient—"Give him more pay"—"add another quarter of a pound of meat to his allowance"—"give him a monkey-jacket gratis"—"give him more flour, pepper, and vinegar." Whereas a little show of consideration, some small proofs that his interests were recognised, would do more—tenfold more—to attach him to the service. The ships should have their particular headquarters, and should repair thither, as a matter of course, in all their comings and goings. Thus we believe the service generally would be facilitated, and the seaman would be certified of having his home before him in all his returns, and of being able to enjoy it without enduring more than the ordinary and necessary rubs of life.

The navy, under this organisation, would be formed in divisions, one of which would be composed of ships of all the classes in commission, would be attached to some particular port. Divisions of seamen of different classes in them would be quartered in the different barracks, [illegible] their organisation. What that organisation should be, would be a consideration of detail. The French furnish us with a design which, without adopting it as a model, we may adopt and modify to suit our own national specialities. Their system has been lately reconstructed. They, too, have had their "reorganisation du personnel de la flotte." This consists now of five divisions, taking their names from the ports at which they are established. The basis of the new system is—the "suppression des compagnies permanentes et substitution, comme unité, de l'homme à la compagnie;" and, secondly, "incorporation de depôt, de tous les marins appartenant à une même spécialité professionnelle." The divisions of the first class are composed of seven companies, divided according to the classes or "spécialités." Each "spécialité" has its company, including all its ranks and grades. There is one for the "matelots gabiers et timoniers," one for the seamen gunners, one for the seamen fusiliers, one for the mechanics and engineers, two for the seamen of the "inscription maritime," and one for the "marins du recrutement." It is thought that this system gives the greatest possible development to the principle "du fractionnement du personnel," and the greatest facility for arming the ships, as these "compagnies de depôt" present within themselves all the necessary elements "pour la navigation et le combat," and offer the means of composing the different equipages of a due and relative proportion of seamen of each "spécialité," and insuring to each a relative strength and efficiency. A ship can thus be manned by embarking from each company the proper proportion of each class and each grade, and the "personnel d'equipage" be constituted, complete in all its parts and elements, without disturbing the organisation of the "compagnies de depôt."

We can see no objection to the adoption of this system, with perhaps a few modifications. It possesses all the principles of a permanent organisation, presents all the facilities for the ready equipment of ships, establishes an equality in the effectiveness of different complements, insures an

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immediate efficiency in the crews on embarkation, and would naturally lead to the introduction of a uniform administration, uniform discipline, and a uniform routine of duties and exercises.

The division of the companies might be simpler. We might require fewer and perhaps different classifications. There might be a company of engineers, comprising all the grades and classes required for service of the engine and steam department, a company of artificers, companies of leading seamen, companies of A.B.'s and ordinaries, according to the number, each, however, having attached to it its proper proportion of subordinate and petty officers. The warrant officers would form a superior class by themselves.

Each company would have its permanent organisation and permanent staff, would never be broken up, and would always be kept up to its effective strength by men returning or entering, who would fill the places of those required for sea service, and who would again be incorporated with the standing system. Thus if a ship was commissioned, whatever her size might be, her crew would be at once constituted from the different companies, according to the required complements, and marched on board; and the discipline and routine might commence, the organisation be perfected, from the first day. There would no longer be any cases of ships waiting for men, or of their being badly or partially manned, strong in one branch, weak in another—strong in petty officers and ordinaries, weak in able seamen, or *vice versâ;* no longer cases of this ship having a good company, that a bad one; all would be manned according to one order, all would have the proper proportion of specialities, all would be ready from the first for immediate service, perfect in armament and equipment, complete in all the elements of navigation and combat. There would no longer be any cases of raw ships' companies, any need of two or three months' preparation to get a ship in fighting order. Every man would know his place and his station at once. Every man and everything would be ready in a few days at most to answer the signal, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

In the French system it is recommended that, during the "service à terre," all the specialities should be employed or exercised as much as possible at their own professional work or duties.

This would be easily done with us. Our dockyards would offer every facility for the employment of engineers, artificers, and mechanics, so that all might be kept proficient in their respective crafts or professions. The seamen companies would be instructed in the various drills and exercises. At the same time, there should be days when the whole body might be formed as ships' companies, and trained to work together as combined elements in the sea-service organisation. For this purpose certain ships of the steam reserve, of different rates, might be maintained in a state of readiness and equipment. Crews of the proper number and strength might then be sent on board them, and there exercised at stations and quarters, according to the established system. Thus the men would be accustomed to work together, be made acquainted by habit as well as instruction with their individual places and individual duties, and be able to adapt themselves at once to the organisation of the ship in which they might be embarked.

It is our purpose, however, to suggest principles, not to indite details. The principle once adopted, the details would soon be arranged.

It may be said that it would be better, and less expensive, at once to increase the Channel fleet by so many sail, and keep them manned; that the crews would be thus more efficiently and professionally trained than in barracks, and that the ships would be even more ready. This is true, but there are objections which turn the balance of preference in favour of the barracks and an organised military system.

A large fleet might be looked upon as a political demonstration—a challenge and an aggression. A standing force of seamen stationed and employed on shore could suggest no complaint to the great powers who

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had themselves initiated the system. Again, a fleet would (as we have said before) certify no permanency, and would be subject to the old doubts and difficulties; it would conserve the hulk nuisance, it would maintain in full vigour all the old grievances, and have no organisation on which it could fall back, or from which it could draw its resources.

The institution of barracks with a standing navy would not only, we believe, insure a more certain manning and a more immediate efficiency of commissioned ships, but it would naturally throw off many of the standing grievances and difficulties.

First and foremost, it would sign the death-warrant of the hulk system. Truly has that system been denounced as the "curse of the service." It has been a curse which, directly and indirectly, for years and years, has wrought a malignant influence on the seaman. It has cursed him with present misery,—cursed him with present folly and crime,—cursed him with after-remorse. None save those who have witnessed the effects, can conceive how much and for how long the character of the sailor will be affected and demoralised by the circumstances and impressions of his hulk life.

These hulks are generally ships of the old class, cold, comfortless, badly ventilated. Into these the newly raised ships' companies are thrown; the men have not been long enough together to establish comradeship; they have no regular messes, no regular mess-traps; they have no means of comfort, none of enjoyment. These are their homes. From these they are taken daily to work in the ship or the dockyard. The weather may be bad, the tides strong; they get wet and tired in the passage, and return discontented and dispirited to their miserable homes. The only resource is the shore. Those who can obtain leave go at once, from mere disgust and recklessness, rush into dissipation, often break their leave, sell their clothes, and involve themselves in endless trouble and difficulty. Those who are compelled to stay brood over their gloomy lot, and often, in desperation, escape from the ship at the peril of certain and heavy punishment. The operation of the hulk life ceases not with its existence. It is felt for a long time after; felt in dissatisfaction, unpleasant remembrances, often in loss of character and degradation. It is seen in gloomy faces and unwilling service. The first few months of a commission are the most unhappy part of it. The excitement of the life in port has passed away, and its consequences begin to be felt; broken health to some, broken fortunes to others, debt to many, and a general feeling of depression to all. It is seldom that, during this period, the stave is heard, or the usual larks and pastimes indulged in. In time, the comfort produced by order and the social feeling engendered by comradeship create a reaction, but the experiences of the hulk life are long and bitter.

The institution of the barracks would at once extirpate this evil and its consequences. The men, embarked in a ship fitting out, would muster in their barracks, proceed to their work in the ship or dockyard, return to their comfortable meals, return at night to their rooms and their beds. There would be nothing strange or contrary to the usual routine of their lives, no incitement to unusual riot. When the ship was ready, the crew would occupy her in a body. Messes would be formed, the comforts of a ready-made home be at once enjoyed, and the economy of a ship-life be at once developed in all its regularity and method. Thus the men would start on their ordered service with cheerful minds and willing hearts; at least there would be no cause given by the system for a contrary feeling; and the good order and good-will, now the product of time and long association, might begin with the beginning and end with the end.

It has been said that the hulks at present are much more comfortable and of a better class. The essence, however, of hulk life at its best is discomfort. No improvement, no alteration, will ever make it popular or tolerable to the seaman, either in fact or idea. Another great objection to a man-of-war is the heavy work in fitting out. Those men only enter at first who are compelled by

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necessity, or who are sent from the reserves and harbour ships. Those who can hold back do so until the drudgery is over, and thus the burden is unequally borne, and the work itself unduly protracted and aggravated.

Under the barrack system all this service would be done beforehand, or, if done afterwards, would be the work of all hands—all hands acting in unison, with the different classes under the proper heads and direction, and would consequently be short and light.

The excess of drill is another stated grievance, another cause of the unpopularity of the naval service. In a ship's company, newly raised, newly thrown together, constant drill and exercise are of course necessary to amalgamate the diverse elements, and to regulate them into the order and action required for "navigation and combat." There would be, of course, many raw hands, much raw material. These would involve additional exercise, in which the old practised tars would share. The able suffer for the unable, the efficient for the inefficient. This excess of drill, which is thus almost inevitable, of course presses heavily, especially on trained men, when imposed in conjunction with watches and other duties, and breaks up the little leisure of the seamen. We do not believe that the drills and exercises themselves are often carried on in a vexatious manner, but their frequent recurrence becomes irksome when intervening betwixt other labours and responsibilities.

These drills might be performed for the most part in the barracks—at least all the preliminary and instruction drills and exercises might be conducted there, as there would be few other duties to interfere with the different courses.

On embarking, therefore, there would be no raw hands, no recruit material, and consequently it would only be necessary to institute and keep up such drills as would maintain the men in a state of proficiency, and teach them the adaptation of their training to the purposes of manœuvre and battle. Thus drill might be reduced from the excess which could constitute it a grievance or objection, and life in a ship might be spared many an hour of tedious exertion and restraint. One uniform code of routine, one rule for stations and quarters, has been at length issued by authority; and if that be strictly enforced and adhered to, there can no longer exist the variety of modes and systems and details in different ships, which used so grievously to perplex the seaman, by tasking him with learning and unlearning a new routine in every ship he entered. In every fleet, in every ship, there will, or ought to be, now one system, one organisation. The seaman, once instructed, will be instructed for ever throughout his career of service.

This uniformity, combined with the diminution in the drills consequent on the shore training, would limit the seaman's service afloat to the legitimate action of the vocation, and would, we believe and think, thereby popularise the navy, and give it the preference in the comparison of seaman labour with the merchant system.

The next and the greatest point is — will this institution of barrack homes and a perfect naval organisation affect discipline? and how? The vexatious and uncertain nature of the punishments in men-of-war has been adduced in the Report as one of the supposed reasons for the disfavour with which the naval service is regarded.

Discipline, too, as is proved by the late emeutes, and as every man knows who has experienced the status of a man-of-war in the latter times, has declined in strength and character. The decline or change of character is the action of the times: the decline in strength results mainly from its present transition state. The transition through which discipline has passed was, we believe, too sudden and too abrupt. It was a deference to public opinion. It had no consideration for the exigencies of the service—for the preparation of men or things to undergo it. It was introduced when the chiefs of the old regime still held their sceptres. These men had been bred, had served and ruled, under the physical-force administration. The lash was their ex-

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ponent of discipline—fear their principle of command. They ruled by pains and penalties, and could not comprehend the milder code which seemed to them to be written in letters of milk. They had wielded irresponsible power, and were impatient and perplexed at being controlled by warrants, circulars, and returns of every kind. Hampered by old traditions, inimical to the new ideas, they administered the new polity badly or partially, ignoring the spirit of it altogether. The men, too, at first were puzzled by the change; they had been used to be flogged on the slightest reason, spread-eagled, black-listed, and subjected to all kinds of petty torture without mercy, and could not understand the milder treatment. They regarded it as a concession to their own indispensability, and not as an amelioration of harsh laws and a bad administration. There was consequently a reaction on their part, a disposition to be independent and unsubmissive, and this jarred with the arbitrary notions of the great hierarchy. The two systems, instead of amalgamating, came into collision, and in consequence there were weakness and confusion. There must be either a discipline of fear, or a discipline of merit and reward. Men must be governed by fears or hopes. Unfortunately the discipline of fear was upset before the discipline of reward was fairly established. The old regime of terror was a fearful one—a curse and a disgrace to any service or any nation—and it was justly doomed. But the transition was not sufficiently graduated. Had the discipline of merit and reward been allowed to work at first, that of fear and punishment might have been readily removed, or would even have died out of itself. As it was, there was an interregnum during which neither had sufficient power or efficiency. Discipline, under its new character, has undoubtedly lost strength. It has never been fairly worked or fairly tested. It has been tried generally with the old machinery, and without the application of the new principles; for it cannot be said that the principle of reward has ever been sufficiently recognised as a motive to merit, or as a means of stimulating good conduct. It has only as yet had the half-and-half trial which reforms generally in a transition state receive. That it may and will, under the proper means and appliances, attain a full and effective strength, we believe; and then it must naturally exhibit a development and perfection which could never have been reached under the old system of fear.

At present, however, it must be confessed that the means at the disposal of the executive are not sufficient or not effective for the preservation of that order and discipline which should exist in the British navy. It has been generally admitted that, even under the best code of laws, certain powers of severe and instant punishment must be intrusted to the executive for the repression of crime, as well as of administering the lesser penalties which must always be necessary for the protection and well-being of any society.

Flogging—the great agency under the old regime—has been doomed, or exists only as a last resource and expedient in an emergency. The public opinion which sentenced this punishment was bound to give a substitute. It did. It offered solitary confinement. Flogging was denounced for its brutalising effect on men, and solitary confinement was suggested in its stead!!!

It has been said that zealots and philanthropists are often unintentionally the most active agents of hell. Philanthropy never offered such a sop to Cerberus as solitary confinement. To be sure, it is secret—it is silent. There are no lacerated backs, no cries. Nought assails the senses. Eyes and ears are not offended. The man comes and goes; the cell doors open and shut; his life between is a secret, often a silence. What occurs in that dread interval? God only knows.

It was our hap to be consulted and called upon to observe the effects of this punishment when it was introduced into the navy; we have since watched its working attentively and seriously, and, we believe, unhesitatingly, that of all punishments it is the most fearful in its results—the most ineffective for the repression of crime or the reform of cri-

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minals. We say this boldly, we say it strongly, in defiance though it be of philanthropic theories. It is a truth which presses on the conscience, and must be told. A man is shut up in darkness with his own dark soul—he is left to brood over sufferings or fancied wrongs—he is cut off from habits which are necessaries to him—fed on scant food—deprived of fresh air—deprived of the society or the gregariousness which is a nature: body and soul suffer together. What is the result of this ordeal? We have seen strong, healthy men, wilful perhaps, though not utterly vicious, go within the cell doors; we have seen them come forth again shrunken and shaken in body, and with the sullen, fierce look which belongs rather to animals than men. We never yet knew a case, in a very large and varied experience, of a man who had once been subjected to this punishment stopping in his career of crime. He seems ever after driven onwards in a sullen desperation, repeating crime on crime, suffering punishment on punishment, ending either in disgrace or death brought on by his vices. We challenge the experience of all executives, the witness of punishment and defaulters' books, in proof of this.

Bad as flogging was, solitary confinement is worse—more brutalising, more hardening, less effective: we would not call back the one, we cannot accept the other. The minor punishments under the new regulations are not oppressive, and, if properly administered, ought not to be a grievance. Many are frivolous and absurd in their nature. It seems ridiculous to make men stand betwixt guns for a certain number of hours—to make them tow a line and drink six-watered grog with their hats off. Yet these things are merely trifling, and bear not the tyranny or the odium of the old custom of lashing them to the ship's side as a spread-eagle, or of making them stand with the truck of a gun like a necklace round the neck.

The administration of these punishments is often vexatious, however. They are made too tedious and too cumulative. It is the principle of the French system to make all punishment short and simple, even though it be severe. Such has not been the practice of our service. The term of punishment is often too lengthened, and the details of it too complex and too numerous. The penalty for breaking leave will be sometimes several months' confinement to the ship; and we have seen an old salt, for some temporary slip, receive a sentence comprising so many items, that, after vainly attempting to recapitulate them, he has gone away muttering—"Well, I'm blowed if I mustn't get a scratchitary to keep count of all I'm to do."

All this, however, would be simply rectified by the promulgation of one uniform code. The observance of it would be aided and assured by the institution of the barracks headquarters. It would emanate from thence. All punishment and defaulters' books, after each commission, would be sent thither for examination and record. Every deviation would be detected, every illegal or extraordinary infringement in the amount or the nature of punishment would be exposed, unjust classifications would be corrected, unjust decisions reversed. Executives would shrink from such surveillance, and in the end uniformity would be the rule.

Another great aid which a standing organisation and the barrack institution would render to discipline, is the occasion and opportunity it would offer for the creation of a regular police force. Much of the vexatious character of punishment in the present day is due to the inferior agents and instruments through whom it is carried out. The naval police is composed very often of pensioners, or of men in no wise qualified for the office. Consequently they are seldom of much use to the executive for the repression or detection of crime—have not the necessary authority with the men, and do not hold the position which would enable them to act resolutely and independently in checking all irregularities, and place them beyond the temptation of collusion with messmates or shipmates. The barrack establishments would require for their own order and discipline a stationary

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body of police, and this might be so extended in its organisation as to meet the requirements of the service generally in this respect.

This force would be constituted of men who, of course, had experiences of a man-of-war, but who had also been selected for their activity, intelligence, and trustworthiness. In fact, an appointment to it, as to the coast-guard, might be held out as a reward for good conduct. The head-quarters would be at the different barracks, and there this body would be trained essentially in police duties, kept apart and aloof from the other classes, and taught to look to its own corps for advancement and reward. The proper number for each ship would be detached and sent in regular turn with the different companies as they embarked; and it might be established as a rule, that a report of efficiency and merit throughout a commission would entitle, or at least qualify, a man for promotion to a higher grade. There would of course be many grades to meet the varied requirements of the service, and the distinction betwixt these in the advantages of pay and position should always be great enough to give a great incentive to merit. The chief of police in line-of-battle ships should have a higher standing. If you would have a man, you must dignify his office. He should rank at least with warrant officers, should have the same pay and privileges, and be thus raised above the temptation of petty trade or petty perquisites. His position would give him authority, and, if worthy men were chosen, would also insure the proper degree of respect. His staff would take their tone from him, and the commanding officer would find himself supported in the execution of discipline by a department specially organised for police functions, possessing special qualifications, and having special interest in its own efficiency. Under such circumstances we believe that discipline and order would become more a system, and be more easily and regularly administered. This police force on shore might also be of great use, beyond its own barrack sphere, to the service generally, in the prevention of desertion and straggling, and in the detection of the sale of clothes, &c.

From being stationary they would have a peculiar facility for becoming acquainted with the different haunts of deserters and stragglers, and from having no sympathy with shipmates or chums, would have no interest, save in the detection of crime and the apprehension of criminals. The different divisions would correspond with one another, and thus a regular cordon would be drawn around fugitives at the great naval ports. By these means desertion would be made difficult and infrequent. The different sale-shops and salesmen would be likewise subject to such supervision, that the purchase of clothes and slops would be made at such risk of the pains and penalties as even to deter a Hebrew from the venture.

Thus much, and in these particulars, do we think that the barrack system would aid and strengthen discipline. But discipline, as we said before, must be other than it is now, and must have other agencies and other powers to give it a due strength and character. The old agencies of the discipline of fear have been withdrawn. They must be explained by others equally cogent. If they cannot be found in the physical influences, they must be found in the moral. If you can no longer coerce bad men, you must try to get or make good ones. The punishment code must be upheld and fortified by the moral.

This great object also will, we believe, be furthered by the institution of barracks and a standing organisation. The naval service has, within the last twenty years or more, degenerated and deteriorated in tone and character. This is undoubtedly a fact. Optimists will deny it. Those who consider it due to professional *esprit* to exalt their vocation under all circumstances and all hazard will denounce it. But those who love their service too well to conceal its faults, and know it well enough to descry those faults, will affirm the assertion, sadly perhaps, but honestly, that the general tone and character of the service have declined. Every man who has seen and judged for himself, must confess that the men are inferior to those of the old war

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type—inferior physically, and inferior also in their caste and tone, in their general idiosyncrasy, to use a very long word. The man of the old type was a reckless, desperate, and often a very debauched fellow; but he had many high heroic qualities. He was bold, generous, and manly, even in his crimes and vices; excitable, but readily amused and full of spirit. These qualities are scarcely so characteristic now of the seamen class. Their nature and its traits are lower and less noble.

This change, this decline, may be attributed to many causes—the passing away of the generation which had gathered the old war experiences, the old war glories and traditions, and which had diffused them through the service as elevating and stimulating influences—the constant reductions which cast forth the best men who had always a market, and left only the refuse—the injudicious entry at different emergencies of scamps and tramps, gatherings from the highways and by-ways, who brought a moral infection with them—the transition state of the discipline—the unpopularity of the navy with the mercantile marine—the uncertain tenure of service—the absence of all inducement to the best men to come or stay—the general want of faith in the administration—the many regulations which provoked dissipation and induced debt and trouble;—all these together have contributed in producing it.

If this be so—and we believe it is—the great aim, the great purpose, must now be to raise and elevate the moral tone of the service, not only to the old standard, but beyond it, as the influences and agencies employed would be higher.

This is to be done, as we said before, by improving the present men, or by getting men of a better stamp. We must resort to both expedients; the first is, however, now the primary consideration.

This improvement is to be effected by the application of the discipline of reward and merit. The first step in this system is the distinction betwixt merit and demerit, betwixt the good man and the bad. This was too little the case in the navy; classes and qualities were too much massed—distinctions were too little marked—rank and worth carried with them too little recognition—petty officers, except by wearing certain badges, receiving certain pay, and performing certain duties, were scarcely recognised as being beyond the general body of men. They were hardly treated with more consideration—were often brought up with and before other offenders for rebuke or punishment. This was an evil—an evil which, however, brought its own consequences, as we said before. To raise a man, you must exalt his office. The man must feel himself personally raised—raised in position, raised in the eyes of his inferiors and by the treatment of his superiors—and he will value the rise. Petty officers should be made more a separate class, and made more to feel themselves so. Progress has been made in this by appointing a separate mess for first-class petty officers. More might still be done. In many respects the office might be raised, so as to become a great object of ambition, and consequently a greater incentive to merit. Distinguish a man, and he will try to distinguish himself; distinguish him before his fellows, and others will seek to be so distinguished.

The classification of seamen lately introduced is a grand step, and may be only the initiative to other steps more and more in advance in the same direction. Seamen are now divided into three classes, according to their character. The highest class has exemption from corporal punishment; so has the next, in a certain degree. Degradation from one class to the other is to be a punishment—a return to the original class is to be effected by certain terms of good conduct. This classification might have a still wider range and effect—certain privileges should be attached to certain classes. The highest class should have exemption from all the meaner duties—should have the preference in all indulgences—might even be rewarded by a higher rate of pay. All this would give the class a value and an appreciation which would make advancement to it a reward worth striving for, degradation from it a punishment.

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Men, too, who have, after the short service, re-entered, should justly receive increase of pay. Men who have maintained a high character, and have preserved their classification throughout their period of service, should receive a much higher rate of pension. Character being thus recognised by the good men being taken out of the mass, and by its being made a distinction, would prove a strong counterpoise to the temptation of riot, and would, we hope, give a stimulus and a power to the discipline of merit and reward.

Whilst, however, the system aims at encouraging good men, it must also insist on discouraging the bad. They cannot be coerced as heretofore; the best plan, therefore, is to get rid of them after they have undergone a certain trial. The authorities have ever been chary of exercising this power of dismissal. A man as a numerical item was so valuable, that he was retained even though an incorrigible scoundrel. The institution of the permanent organisation in barracks would nullify this reason. Men would be ready to supply vacancies, however they occurred, and the incorrigible could be cast adrift without remorse. It is well known that, after undergoing certain ordeal of punishment, there is little hope of reclaiming a man: it is wiser, therefore, to discharge him at once. It is no use keeping a man merely to be continually punishing him: he is only then a trouble, an expense, and an infection. The presence of such fellows is ever a disturbance to the general economy, and their riddance is a blessing.

The barrack homes would be a strong support to this discipline of merit, by rendering the seaman's lot so much more comfortable, by giving an assurance of stability to all its advantages, and associating it so much more with country and home ties. The motives which induced such a high state of moral discipline with the coast-guard men during their employment in the fleets, might be made equally cogent with the general body. The tie of home, and the home interests which were at stake, would operate in a degree at least on all. Thus we believe that the service through these homes, and the advantages consequent on a permanent organisation, might be made so comfortable and so popular that dismissal from it would be dreaded as a heavy punishment.

These homes, too, might be agents in weaning the seaman from his vices. Dissoluteness has been looked upon as the nature of a tar. We believe his dissoluteness to be very artificial—to be the result of impulses or artificial causes. It is often produced by mere recklessness, and a desire to escape from discomfort; often it is assumed from a traditional idea that it is proper to the seaman, and that he cannot be true to his character unless he appear drunk and reeling about the streets, with a harlot on either side of him. Generally, however, it results from the man, when he is on shore, having no resort save the lowest haunts of vice. He has no alternative save the pot-shop and the brothel. The barrack would offer him an alternative—would afford him a resort where he might find comradeship and recreation.

It may be said, that the barrack has little effect on the soldier in this respect. This may be, perhaps, because it has so little of the character of a home. Yet the barrack may, and should have, this character. The sailor, if not sociable, is a gregarious fellow; he loves to be in a crowd or with others. We would therefore give him large rooms, apart from the dormitories, which might be well lighted and warmed, and where all hands might assemble to dance, to spin yarns, to sing and to smoke. This last is an indispensable condition. An arrangement which separates Jack from his pipe will be futile. The bigots of an obsolete school tried it, and begot discontent and confusion to themselves. He might also have his coffee-rooms and his reading-room. Though not much of a literary character, Jack is fond in a great degree of reading, or being read to, if the books are well chosen. His tastes in this respect may be well known, for there are certain works in the libraries furnished (which, by the by, have been repeated upon him without much change,

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almost as necessary) bearing the marks of hard service, whilst others again are fresh as when first issued. This will be a good guide. It will also teach theorists that Jack is not quite ripe as yet to be made intellectual or scientific, and that if they would address him through his mind, they must first amuse him, and then perhaps they may instruct him. There might also be an allotted space, where he might carry on his athletic games and the larks he is so fond of.

Men of the old school will growl at all this, and say it is giving in to the seaman, making too much of him. We believe not. There are many other concessions too frequently made which may have this effect, but we believe it is perfectly legitimate to make the soldier's and sailor's home attractive by every reasonable comfort and means of recreation. Every plan by which he can be kept voluntarily within his own walls must be a gain to the service.

Nor do we propose more consideration than should be shown in the construction and arrangement of all barracks, nor more than is now generally contemplated. The barracks should be a home, not a single room where numbers of men congregate to eat, sleep, and dress, and where they have neither space nor permission to assemble for recreation. With these barracks we would also associate the sailor's home. There should be certain rooms set apart where men belonging to ships might have a bed and a fire—might find comradeship and pleasantness without riot. We do not think that the seaman will at once be weaned from his old habits, or withdrawn from his old haunts, or that he will be ever made a saint by these means; but we doubt not that they would operate upon him in time for good. At any rate, as we said before, he would have the alternative of a home, and would not be driven to vice as a resource.

The next expedient, after trying to make men better, is to get better men. How is this to be done? It is difficult to get men at all; and how are the ten thousand, which it is proposed should be always in reserve at home, to be raised? A great authority stated before the Commission that any force could be kept up at a certain established strength, and that the difficulty arose only when sudden increases were required. This, however, from late experiments, would appear to be a fallacy. Let this, then, be the established strength, and let it be raised, as far as it can, by bounty, or by popularising the service. If men are not forthcoming, raise a proportionate number of marines for the time, as they are always to be had. The difficulty is only for the present; the future would take care of itself. The training-ships would be ever a certain feeding source. Let the number of boys entered and passed in them be doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, as may be necessary, to keep up the supply. The standing force might thus be ever, after a few years, kept up to its standard. The man difficulty would no longer exist. We should no longer need to go about begging and bidding in the different markets.

In these boys, too, we should not only have the readiest materials, but the best. There would be no difficulty in the supply. The seafaring men would eagerly seek such an early provision for their children. It might be made, and would be considered, a boon by the seamen of the navy. The State might here take its choice. The State, too, by taking these its future servants at an early age, would be enabled to nurture and train them according to its will, and might bring all the best and worthiest agencies to bear on their moral education; and when these its neophytes, brought up under its own supervision, shall be infused in numbers amid the ranks and classes of the navy, then, if ever, it may hope to carry out and develop the discipline of merit. This source, after a few years, would afford to the service a continuous supply of young men who had been healthily fed and well cared for from their boyhood; who had been also gradually instructed in the preliminary exercises and duties of their vocation, and educated under proper surveillance; and would thus give not only quantity, but quality; not only give men enough, but men able, healthy, and intelligent, and who, from their

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former antecedents, might be expected to prove men also of a better and superior stamp — men who would give a higher *morale* to the service.

It has been objected to this plan, that it will make the service too exclusive,—that the men coming from one class will form a caste. We cannot think that this will be so. The introduction of boys from the merchant schools will prevent this. There might also be always room and place for such men of the naval volunteers as, from coming into contact with the navy, might be induced to join it. These, we believe, would not be few, and they would ever be infusing fresh blood. Even were it not so, the evil of exclusiveness would be a much lesser one than that of the ever-recurring man difficulty.

Thus we think that we see in the barrack system an institution which would give to the seaman faith in the intention of the State, and in the permanency of the service he is asked to enter; which would remove many of the difficulties which now hamper the administration, many of the objections which render the service unpopular; which would produce uniformity throughout; which would be a great auxiliary in raising the tone of the navy, and strengthening its discipline; and which, in conjunction with the standing organisation, would give the country the assurance of having always men sufficient for its defence, and men, too, worthy of their vocation and their nation.

We began these papers with a comparison betwixt the navies of England and France, which was then the great question of the day, and we have been led step by step to examine in detail the external and internal state of our navy, the material and the economy, and also to discuss the proper position of England as a maritime power, and the naval strength which she should possess to uphold it as a defence and as a supremacy.

Facts and concurrent testimony have since affirmed our statements and opinions relative to the comparative strength of the two countries in ships, and of their comparative power of producing material, and we are confirmed in our belief that we should have no reason to dread a contact with any one of the great navies. But we asserted, also, that it was the destiny of England—a necessity of her polity and her existence—that she should not only be equal to one navy, but to the navies of the world; that England, to be the England of other days, the England even of the present time, must be supreme among maritime powers. In this we are supported by the authority of the past, by the general conviction of the present. It is not denied to be in consistence with political balances and national policies.

Facts have also unfortunately corroborated all we have said as to the want of facility in manning our fleets; as to our impotency, in an emergency, to command men enough to render our navy equal to meet a sudden danger, or constitute a national defence.

Without such powers we may build and build, add ship to ship, and still be defenceless—still far from an assertion of supremacy. Herein, confessedly, lies our weakness in the national comparisons. We have endeavoured to show what should be the material power, what the man power of our navy, and how we may attain it.

We may be wrong in details; they may be wrong, faulty, and impracticable; but we believe that the principles asserted are such as consist with the weal of the navy and the responsibilities of national defence.

We would here briefly recapitulate our suggestions; they have been given through an earnest desire to see the country truly defended, its naval might maintained: let them be so received.

We have suggested that the standpoint of England's ships should never be below one hundred sail of the line and sixty or seventy frigates, with a proportion of small craft—that there should be a standing navy sufficient with the resources to man these ships—that this standing navy should have a permanent organisation, which should include and depend on a system of barracks to be erected at the different ports—that this force should be fed by the increase of training-ships for boys—that it

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should always command, beyond the peace establishment of ships in commission, a reserve of ten thousand seamen, ready at once to man a fleet strong enough to meet an immediate danger, furnish a nucleus on which the other resources should form—that this reserve should be raised by all the legitimate means of recruitment, by bounties and other means, until its feeding source was prepared—that the Royal Marines should never fall below the strength of 20,000, and that this number should be increased until the seaman tale was complete—that there should be a uniformity in the general administration, discipline, and routine, and that many defects and grievances now adverse to the popularity of the navy might be removed, and the general tone of the service elevated, through the agency of the barrack system. And we have further suggested, though here we tread on unknown ground, with regard to the reserves, that those which are not reliable or generally effective, should not be depended on; and that our whole strength should be thrown into the effort to connect the mercantile service with the navy, and to find in it our resources for a final reserve and a final defence. This we believe the constitution of the Royal Naval Volunteers will effect. There may be errors in detail which have been alluded to, but the principle is sound, and will, we hope, bear healthy fruit.

We have also insisted, and must insist, that the life-springs of our standing navy and our resources are the school and training-ships. Hence must flow the life-blood which shall feed both systems.

Again, when we began these papers, the national mind was disturbed by what peace agitators denominate a panic; we were surprised in unpreparedness; there were wars and rumours of war, and we had not reliable national defences. Every voice was then for defence; the nation was stirred to its depths in resolving it.

Now there is a lull; the political horizon is clear; there is no cloud in the sky; there are no signs of storms or tempest; there is promise of fair weather for years to come. Experience shows that political barometers are not unchangeable—that storms follow quickly on calms. Yet we would not base our arguments on the uncertainty of political arrangements, or on the probabilities and anticipations of danger: we believe that in peace or war, whether alliances are friendly or politics threatening, it is our duty to hold the supremacy of the seas—it is the heritage bequeathed by past generations, it is the destiny of our future. This supremacy cannot be claimed unless we manifest the might which should assert it. This might, we believe, cannot consist of lesser means than we have suggested. War policy or peace policy affects this not. We must stand secure and stand supreme—secure from panics or crises—supreme over the fears or possibilities of aggression.

Cost—cost—all this will involve cost. True, cost there must be; but it is supremacy, and will be well repaid by future security and future economy.

Cost there must be. Defence is costly, and defence is now a national policy. The nation has willed it. It is a question only as to what are its most necessary elements. We are planning a system of national defences. Our harbours are to be fortified, the assailable points of our coast protected; and the outlay is estimated at ten millions. This is good, very good. Our arsenals should not be open to attack, our shores to invasions; but it will be a new thing for the flag of England to find protection behind batteries. Our first fight should be fought on the seas. Fortifications are a necessary element of our defence—not the first. The creation of a navy which shall command the seas should be the first demand on the country's resources.

England's chief and first defence must be her navy.

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MR BULL'S SECOND SONG.

THE SLY LITTLE MAN.

THERE are some of my neighbours who say of my song,
"OLD TAURUS is surely a little too strong:"
They ask why I speak of so strange a-design
In "a pleasant and peaceable neighbour" of mine?
And they think that the plan
Of the sly little man
Is merely to keep what he has, if he can.

But did he not say to us, not long ago,
"Come over some day—I have SOMETHING to show"?
And did we not, some of us, see on the spot
What a "pleasant and peaceable neighbour" we've got?
And that it's the plan
Of the sly little man
To bother my buttons whenever he can?

Besides, I have not quite forgotten the day
When he got his own House in that queer sort of way:
And although when we meet I may give him my hand,
There's a something about him I don't understand;
And my Wife shakes her fan,
And says, "JOHNNY, my man,
That feller will ravage us all, if he can!

"He talks very civil and pleasant, 'tis true,
But I never much care for your mere parleyvoo:
And if you, my own JOHNNY, would hold your own place,
You'll let him talk on till he's black in the face,
And take your Wife's plan
Like a sensible man,
And make all about you as safe as you can."

And I think my Old Woman is not so far wrong;
So I laugh at my neighbours, and stick to my SONG:
I stick to my song, and my bolts and my bars—
I stick to my RIFLE—and thank my kind stars
That, though a plain man,
I see the true plan
Of BULLOCK'S HATCH all as snug as I can.

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FRANCE AND CENTRAL ITALY.

We observe that, within the last week or two, the tone of the ministerial journals with regard to our "august ally," the Emperor of the French, has undergone a marked alteration. But a little while ago we were taught to regard him as a dark mysterious plotter, whose designs no man could fathom, and upon whose word no reliance could be placed. His sayings, despatches, and letters, were not to be interpreted by the rules of ordinary significance, but were to be searched and sifted for hidden meanings, equivoques, and innuendoes. His apparent policy was a mere mask assumed to cover ulterior designs. His attitude towards this country was represented as more than suspicious, and no credence was to be given to his protestations of cordial amity. He was exhibited not only as an intriguer, but as the greatest master of intrigue that had ever appeared on the political stage.

Now, however, it would appear as if the eyes of the ministerial journalists had been touched with fairy ointment, so entirely changed is the nature of their vision. The Emperor of the French is now both to be applauded and trusted. He has given proof of his sincerity and rectitude in two ways—he means to plunder the Pope, and he is going to inaugurate free trade. By declaring against priests and protection he is considered to have effaced any stigma attachable to him for past transgressions. For who can doubt the piety of the man who proposes to make free with the patrimony of St Peter, or the friendly feeling of the potentate who is willing to take our coal and iron in exchange for the vintages of the sunny south? With regard to the first step, the *Times* remarks, "The French Emperor has taken his course, and it is one which will help to reconcile him with that great body of liberal-minded and reflecting men who have watched with anxiety and regret his recent policy." With regard to the second, the same journal says, "We gladly admit that in this proposition the Emperor of the French gives to England and to Europe the very best security for the continuance of peace. . . . All honour to the Emperor of the French for the bold inauguration of this great social revolution!' So then we may stop the volunteer movement, send back our rifles, discontinue our fortifications, dismantle our ships, and subside into our former state of indolent quiescence; all because Napoleon III. has written to the Pope that he must cede his territory, and has intimated his willingness to make a change in the national tariff!

It is well known that the ministerial journals express with tolerable accuracy the views which are entertained by the Ministry for the time, and that they rarely go much in advance of what is a settled policy. It was therefore not without some alarm that we perused these almost unqualified eulogies, lavished upon a man whom the same journals but a few weeks ago entreated us to distrust. We became apprehensive that the Palmerston Ministry had either fallen, or was about to fall, into a snare purposely set for them by the cleverest man in Europe, whose career, if it is carefully considered, demonstrates that he is ready to sacrifice everything for his own personal aggrandisement, and to throw honour and obligation to the winds whenever adherence to these would interfere with his immediate object. The tone of the Queen's speech delivered at the opening of the Session has somewhat reassured us, for it is generally condemnatory of foreign interference in the settlement of the affairs of Italy. So far well. But we have no kind of assurance that the Emperor of the French participates in that view, or that he will act in accordance with it. On the contrary, there are grounds, as we shall presently show, for holding that he does meditate interference; and that being the case, we confess that we are suspicious lest, under the guise of establishing more intimate relations with this country, he should be striving to entangle us in the meshes of his continental policy.

We need hardly say that we

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should regard a rupture with France as a great national calamity. There is not, we conscientiously believe, a single man in this country who thinks otherwise. We, every one of us, detest war, for higher and holier reasons than the mere expenditure of blood and treasure; and the attempted creation of a Peace Society, which has crumbled like a preposterous effigy of unbaked clay, was an exhibition of the supremest folly. We are not aggressive. We do not seek to poach upon any preserve of our neighbours—we only wish to be quite ready to repel any attempt at poaching on our own domains. We desire to stand well with France politically and commercially; but we object to identify our policy with hers, and to enter blindfold into engagements which it may not be either for our honour or for our interest to fulfil. We are glad, for many reasons, to think that there is a prospect of commercial reciprocity with France. We believe that both countries would gain thereby, through augmented interchange and consumption; and if those in Britain who have always maintained the doctrine of free trade shall point to this, when the treaty is completed, as a triumphant vindication of their views, we certainly shall not appear in the character of challengers. What we contended for, from the first, was reciprocity; and we shall but be too happy to have entire reciprocity with France. We reserve, however, our opinion as to details. We are not sure that we quite understand the terms of the proposed arrangement; and we cannot comprehend why, in a matter of this kind, there should be a formal treaty. If it is desirable to lower the duties on French wine and articles of Parisian manufacture, which duties are levied, as we have often been told, for purposes of revenue and not of protection, that could have been very easily effected by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, without forcing us into a regular contract. Also, as we shall presently have occasion to observe, the arrangement seems to us, as announced, rather one-sided; inasmuch as we are to lower our duties immediately, whereas the French duties are to be maintained for a very considerable period. But commercial arrangements are not political arrangements. Because a man agrees to take our produce at a certain price, and we agree to take his on corresponding terms, we do not necessarily pledge ourselves to back and bear out each other in every imaginable transaction. Every man who is engaged in large commercial business knows quite well that he has an occasional rogue to deal with—one whom he cannot avoid employing, or whom it would be folly to discard (for roguery is often combined with a good deal of talent); but he never trusts him, and is excessively particular in sifting the items of his accounts. In like manner we may negotiate commercially with France or any other foreign State, without contracting any closer political alliance than exists, and that is just what we ought to do on the present occasion. But we cannot accept free trade (or any approach to it, for the present commercial treaty is not full and unreserved free trade), as a thorough and satisfactory pledge for continued amity, nor should we take it as a bribe to forward the views and aid the councils of France in disposing of any of the difficult questions which the unsettled state of the Continent presents.

It is, we are perfectly convinced, the interest of the Emperor of the French to stand well with us at the present time, because it so happens that he is placed in antagonism with almost every other great European power. He finds that he cannot carry into effect the compact made with Austria after the battle of Solferino, though that compact has been ratified by a subsequent treaty. The idea, which was originally his, of a federal government for Italy, of which the Pope was to be the head, and Austria a member in respect of her Venetian territory, is to be abandoned as impracticable. The Italians themselves are against it; and in truth it is difficult to imagine a more preposterous chimera. Sardinia has got Lombardy, it is true, and that may be considered as a *fait accompli*, but the great difficulty and even danger to the tranquillity of Europe lies be-

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yond. What is to be done with the Duchies? How are the Legations to be disposed of? If the solution were left to the Italians, we doubt not that they would decide in favour of annexation to Sardinia, which probably would be the wisest course, in so far as their material interests are concerned. But the Emperor of the French, we doubt not, thinks that Sardinia, having gained Lombardy, is quite sufficiently aggrandised. The possession of Central Italy also would make her too powerful as a neighbour; and France would lose that hold on the peninsula which she is evidently anxious to maintain. In a former article we expressed our opinion that the real object of the Emperor of the French was to found a kingdom of Central Italy, and to bestow the crown on his cousin, Prince Napoleon, the son-in-law of the King of Sardinia. We still adhere to that opinion; and his late extraordinary letter to the Pope, advising him to surrender the Legations, has tended very much to strengthen it. A glance at the map will show that Parma, Modena, and Tuscany combined would not form a compact kingdom. They extend only along the west coast of Italy, whereas the Pontifical States run up on the east as far as Ferrara and the Po. The population of the three Duchies is about three millions—that of the Pontifical States nearly the same. Combine them, and you have a compact territory with six millions of souls—a more powerful State than was Sardinia before it received the accession of Lombardy. Then again consider the political advantages to France in having a central kingdom, under a French head, established there. It could check Sardinia, in the event of that State becoming too independent. It would isolate Naples by cutting off communication with Austria which presently exists through the Pontifical States. It might, whenever opportunity afforded, be enlarged by the conquest of Venetia, thus driving the Austrians entirely out of Italy, and giving France the virtual command of the Adriatic. So enlarged, it would be easy to crush Naples, and perhaps found a French dynasty there also, by the restoration of the heir of Murat. Such, we are convinced, are the political aspirations of Napoleon III.; and to win the moral support of Britain, he will have recourse to every method of cajolement, and offer all concessions. He has tried the same game with Austria, but has failed. He evidently hoped that Austria, left unaided as she was during the struggle of 1859, would embrace his alliance, and forward his projects. But Austria would do nothing of the kind. The young Emperor would not abandon the cause of the Dukes, and he would not consent to the partition of the Papal territories. We think that, in taking that course, he showed considerable magnanimity; and the result, as we are credibly informed, has been that the relations between Austria and Russia, which were interrupted since the Crimean war, have been resumed. Russia cannot afford to be even a passive spectator of revolution, or the overthrow of hereditary dynasties. She must look to what is called "the cause of the sovereigns," a matter which in this country of ours meets with little sympathy or respect. We in Britain have no fear that revolution shall occur at home; and we think that, whenever there are symptoms of revolution abroad, that must be owing to the mismanagement and incapacity of the rulers. That it is so, in some cases, may be freely admitted. But in others there is no room for such a charge; and really, when we calmly consider the aspect of foreign affairs, we cannot wonder that the sovereigns of Europe should be alarmed at the attitude which France is now assuming, and should be driven into common concert to oppose her ambitious designs. We have said France, but we ought rather to have said the present Emperor of the French. France, as a free State, exists no longer. It is a despotism of a purely oriental kind. In a free State men have liberty of speech; they may challenge and discuss at will, and with impunity, the measures of their rulers; they may employ that grand engine, the press, for the dissemination of their opinions, without "warnings," or the risk of suppression and fine; they have popular chambers in which

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the voice of the nation can be heard. Nothing of that kind now exists in France. The journals exist by sufferance—they dare not say a word contrary to the Imperial will. There is absolutely no Parliament. In private, it is not safe for any man to utter his real sentiments in presence of a stranger. In the lecture-room the professor must be on his guard, lest he utter sentiments corresponding to the old Athenian hatred of tyrants; the student must refrain from applause, if mention is made of the names of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. Can a country be called free, when the voice of the most gifted of its sons is silenced by threats of despotic persecution? Could old Béranger rise from his grave, he would shrink into it again, disgusted by the pusillanimity of those who should have been his successors, but who, like the poets of the Augustan era, are fain to get rid of the memory of their former asserted principles, and to content themselves with crumbs shed from the table of the successful aspirant for the diadem. It is impossible to believe, it would be monstrous to credit, that the man who has thus subjugated France can have any regard for the freedom of other nations. His interference with other states must necessarily have a selfish motive; and that motive clearly is the desire of strengthening and aggrandising his own dynasty. He never had, and he never can hope to have, a better opportunity for effecting this, than is presented to him just now. Central Italy is without a fixed government. The people of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Legations, have denounced their allegiance to their former sovereigns, and are now in a state of suspended revolt. This cannot last long. Provisional governments are mere makeshifts, very costly, and very hurtful to all kinds of industry. The sooner that the future destiny of these States is settled the better; and that would have been the proper work for the Congress, about which so much has been said, but which seems now to be indefinitely postponed, and, we venture to predict, never will be summoned to meet, at least with the will and cordial approbation of France.

There is, however, a distinction which must be kept in view. The Dukes have fled—have abandoned their territory, though they have not formally abdicated; and provisional governments have been appointed. These, according to the recent practice in similar cases, must be recognised as legal and *bonâ fide* governments by other powers, for the mere size of a State should make no difference as to its treatment. We did not hesitate, after Louis Philippe had quitted France, to recognise as potential the provisional government of which Alphonse de Lamartine was the head, and why should we act otherwise now? According to the ordinary rule, the people of those three states, situated as they are, might do exactly as they pleased in the matter of the sovereignty. They might resolve to remain separate, or they might unite—they might offer the crown to the King of Sardinia or to any one else, or they might establish a dictatorship or a republic. They have, indeed, in a sort of fashion, offered it to King Victor Emmanuel, who, doubtless, would have accepted, had the Emperor of the French been pleased to vouchsafe his sanction. But he has *not* given that sanction; and we are waiting for a Congress which, most probably, never will be held. As for the Grand Dukes, their restoration, we opine, may be regarded as desperate. Austria cannot help them, and France will not. Without a Congress, there is not the remotest chance for them; and we think it extremely unlikely that a Congress would resolve on their restoration. England, at all events, would hardly be a party to such a measure.

Such is the position of the Duchies; but the Legations stand on a different footing. There is rebellion indeed in the Papal States, but the Pope has not abandoned his territory, or yielded one iota of his authority. He protests that he can put that rebellion down, and insists on his right, at all events, to make the attempt. That right it would be very difficult to deny. We are no admirers of the Pontiff, or of the fabric of which he

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is the head. We deny altogether his spiritual jurisdiction and asserted supremacy, and we are well aware of the many evils inseparably connected with Romanism. But we cannot forget that the Pope is also a temporal sovereign. As such, he has certain rights and claims which we must not ignore, because he happens at the same time to be a priest. We must not let our Protestant feelings carry us too far in a matter such as this; for, after all, the Pope is a Christian, which the Sultan is not; and if we did not hesitate to exclaim against the proposed robbery of Giant Pagan, we cannot consistently approve of the spoliation of Giant Pope. We cannot help expressing our opinion, that the recent letter from the Emperor to the Pope, desiring him to surrender his territory, was a most barefaced, impudent, and insulting document, considering the quarter from which it came. Why, it is scarce ten years ago since this very man,—the eldest son of the Church, as he is absurdly called—sent an army to put down the Revolutionists then triumphant in Rome, and to bring back the Pope, who had taken refuge at Gaeta; and ever since Rome has been occupied by the French. What has led to such a mighty change of sentiment—such a singular alteration of policy? It is worth while considering that, for it is the key to the whole mystery. Why did he interfere *for* the Pope in 1849? We reply, because Rome had then declared herself to be a republic, a form of government which is not more obnoxious to the Czar of Muscovy than to the Emperor of the French. To recognise a republic then and there, would have been to forfeit future chances. It was far better policy to restore the Pope and to garrison Rome; because his weakness, and the predominance of French arms in the capital, could at any time allow the protector to seize upon that which he was protecting—to give the "eldest son" the opportunity of seizing on the possessions of the father! Why does he desire the Pontiff now, in that fine oracular style of his, laying the blame on "the inexorable logic of events," to strip and denude? Simply because it is his interest to have the Legations, in addition to the Duchies, in order to found a French kingdom of Central Italy, which, being established, will, as we have already said, enable him to command the whole peninsula, and give him the command not only of the Adriatic, but of the Mediterranean.

There are, no doubt, great difficulties in the way of such a consummation. No Congress would consent to such a thing, and therefore we lean to the opinion that there will be no Congress. The majority would be against France. Russia, Austria, Prussia, and even Britain, never could consent to a French Central Italy; so we are convinced that the European diplomatists will not be called on to assemble this year at Paris. The matter can be easier managed by a *coup-de-main*. Austria is at present deplorably weak; and, if rumour is to be credited, France is doing her best to give her occupation in Hungary. Russia certainly will not move alone. Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, who ought to have the Duchies, and to whom the population incline, dares not stir in opposition to the will of his anything but celestial tyrant. As for England, the Emperor of the French has probably been persuaded by the eminent free-trader, to whose magically persuading powers Lord Granville has just borne such glowing testimony, that her acquiescence or indifference is to be purchased by the exchange of cheap claret and trashy filigree for iron and coal (the wine duty *here* to be lowered *immediately*, but *the French duties* to be maintained for A YEAR AND A HALF, giving ample time for the accomplishment of any feat of political jugglery), and we are to be addressed in the language of Constance:—

> "Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
> Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
> Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
> There's a good grandam."

We deem it absolutely necessary to call the attention of the country to these matters, for the Emperor of the French is bidding very high for the support of the Radical and Peace party, and has already, it

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would seem, secured the adhesion of its chiefs. Mr Cobden at Paris has been overwhelmed by Imperial civilities; and Mr Bright at Manchester is vociferous in praise of the great man who has "propounded, in a document which deserves to be written in letters of gold, a new commercial policy for France, and if for France, for the world." Mr Bright, it appears to us, is afflicted with a confusion of ideas, for he confounds reciprocity, which is one thing, with unconditional free-trade, which is another. His notions, however, on such matters were never very distinct, his department being that of delivering harangues, whilst others furnished the arguments; but when he passes from laudation into elaborate defence of the whole policy of Napoleon, we must take leave to refresh his memory. "I hesitate not," says this eulogist of despotic power, "to make an assertion which nobody can disprove—namely, that from the hour when Louis Napoleon was elected to the Presidency of the French Republic until this hour, there has not been a single act of his own or of his Government which can fairly be charged against him as an unfriendly act towards the Government or the people of England." Indeed! Let us examine a little more closely into this.

Our readers will doubtless remember that, immediately after the termination of the Crimean war, the relations between Russia and France became suspiciously intimate. Russia had taken serious, and, we admit, not unnatural umbrage at the part which Austria thought proper to assume, and was also very much incensed at Britain, having calculated erroneously on the indifference, if not the acquiescence, of an old ally. Influenced by these feelings, and finding himself isolated from the rest of Europe, the young Czar made overtures to the Emperor of the French, which were more than joyfully responded to. After the Congress of Paris, Count de Morny was sent on a special mission to St Petersburg, and we were given to understand, on the authority of the *Times*, that a private treaty had been entered into between the two powers, not for commercial purposes, but for laying down a distinct plan of policy as to future political operations. It has been questioned whether an actual formal treaty to that effect had existence—that is, whether a document binding Russia and France to mutual co-operation, was prepared, signed, and ratified. To us it appears quite immaterial whether the usual forms of diplomacy were on that occasion observed or dispensed with. That there was a complete understanding between the Czar and the Emperor Napoleon, was admitted by Prince Gortschakoff; and the object of that understanding was the policy to be pursued in regard to Italy. What that policy was is sufficiently explained by subsequent events. France was to pick a quarrel with Austria, and wrest from her her Italian dominions. Russia was not to interfere, except by holding Germany in check, and England was to be excluded from all participation in the affair, and her remonstrances were to be disregarded. Our readers may recollect that before hostilities actually commenced there was a gleam of hope that the differences might be adjusted by the friendly mediation of Britain—that the Emperor of the French professed to be quite ready to submit to that mediation—but that it was put an end to by a so-called unlucky counter-proposition from Russia, who proposed that the matter should be submitted to the arbitration of a Congress. That was no accident, but a deliberate diplomatic move to rescue France from a dilemma, and to free her from the imputation of being obstinately bent on disturbing the peace of Europe. Also they may remember that when Germany, alarmed by the energetic movements and immense warlike preparations of France, was about to arm on behalf of Austria, the Russian minister intimated in plain terms that if a diversion were attempted on the Rhine, a Russian army would be sent across the Vistula. Here is direct proof, which cannot be gainsaid, of co-operation, and a secret alliance between France and Russia, most ominous for the liberties of Europe, and especially hostile to the interests of Britain.

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Not being in the secrets of foreign cabinets, we cannot tell what first disturbed this intimate alliance—for disturbed it was, and is now, to all appearance, entirely broken. It may be that the Czar took alarm at the spread of the revolutionary movement, and that he began to perceive that when ducal coronets are falling, there may be risk even for imperial diadems. We strongly suspect that the employment of Kossuth by Louis Napoleon, for the purpose of raising an insurrection in Hungary, first startled the Czar. The flame, once kindled there, might rapidly extend to Poland; and Russia knows too well the difficulty of suppressing such conflagrations, to encourage them from mere motives of spite or of resentment for former ingratitude. Certain it is that the Czar began to cool; and we doubt not that certain symptoms of that altered disposition led to the sudden patching up of peace after the French victory of Solferino. It would appear now that the Czar has seen his error, and has returned to his older and more natural alliance with Austria and Prussia. It is even rumoured that he has expressed his disapproval of the attempt to coerce the Pope into the surrender of his territory; and this at least is certain, that Prince Gortschakoff, who was notoriously the promoter of the French alliance, has ceased to be minister. Coupled with the dismissal of Count Walewski, this is very significant, and serves to explain the unusual degree of cordiality which the Emperor of the French has recently assumed towards Great Britain.

Will Mr Bright maintain that the conduct and policy which we have just described was friendly towards Great Britain, or such as we were entitled to expect from a trusty and intimate ally? It is quite true that there has been no overt act of hostility, for in the present temper of the nation such would not have been endured for a moment; but there has been caballing, finessing, deceit, concealment, and meditated treachery throughout. We shall not go the length, though the circumstances are suspicious, of charging the Emperor of the French with having instigated Spain to go to war with Morocco, for the view of future operations against Gibraltar—nor shall we insist on the very curious project of the Suez Canal, advocated by France, the main feature of which consisted in the cession to a French company of a large tract of land on either side, which clearly might have been used to bar the overland passage to India. We happen to know something about the project of M. Lesseps, and are assured that, as a commercial speculation, nothing could have been more hopeless. As a paying scheme, upon which men would risk their capital, it was utterly ludicrous—the proposal of a railway through Lapland would hardly have been more preposterous. And yet this scheme was backed by the entire political influence of France—a country, be it remarked, whose commercial interest in the construction of such a work was infinitesimally small. Curiously enough, we are now informed that M. Thouvenel, who was charged with the duty of pressing the Porte to grant the desired cession, has been recalled from Constantinople—so we may regard the canal scheme as a trap long set, but now useless owing to altered circumstances; and we shall be surprised if, for some little time to come, we hear anything more of M. Lesseps and his proposals for irrigating the desert, and renovating the Land of Goshen.

But there is another point to which we fain would draw the attention of Mr Bright and his brethren of the Peace Society. How do they reconcile their reiterated and strenuous assertions of the pacific tendency of the French Government, with the fact that, down to the present hour, the energies of France have been directed, not towards internal improvement, but to the augmentation of her navy, coupled with such an amount of military preparation as would be utterly unjustifiable except on the hypothesis that some gigantic attempt is in contemplation? We are very glad to observe that, at the opening of Parliament, that most important fact was not passed over without special notice. The Marquess of Normanby, a distinguished

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member of the Whig party, and a man of large diplomatic experience, stated that he had received, "from one on whose authority he implicitly relied, a letter which by no means foreshadowed the halcyon age of peace and commerce now spoken of. Armaments of all kinds, his informant said, were now being pressed on in France with the utmost vigour. Naval armaments were continued as though war was expected next week. Munitions of war were being prepared — steel-plating for ships was ordered all over the country—vessels were being built—guns proved—and the French dockyards rang with work day and night. Such preparations formed rather a curious concomitant of universal peace." Assuming these things to be true—which we cannot doubt they are, for statements to the same effect crowd upon us from every quarter—we would ask Mr Bright how he can reconcile them with the eminently pacific intentions of the despot whom he admires so greatly? To us they appear ominous symptoms, requiring us to stand upon our guard.

We are sorry to be compelled to write thus about a potentate who, had he not given way to personal or dynastical ambition, and attempted to revive in France an aggressive spirit, which for long was the curse of Europe, might have become our most trusted ally. He is evidently desirous that we should receive and acknowledge him in that character now, for that unquestionably is his best policy. He is deserted by the rest of Europe; and he is now trying to do what he might easily have done long ago, had he not betrayed his restless spirit of ambition—viz. drawn close the cords of amity between Britain and France, renounced all projects of aggrandisement, shown an anxious wish to maintain the peace of Europe, and refrained from unusual armaments, which proved that he either intended to disturb that peace, or had no confidence that tranquillity could be preserved. It rests with France itself—or, we may rather say, according to its present constitution, with the Emperor of the French—to become a greater, happier, and even more powerful nation than she is. Why these extensive armaments?—why these navies?—why that expenditure of the wealth of the country on preparations which a peacefully disposed State, with almost no colonies to protect, must find intolerably destructive to industry, if not absolutely ruinous to its finance? Plausible as may be the protestations of Louis Napoleon — willing as he may be to enter into commercial treaty—we cannot, and we dare not, overlook the fact that France is arming to the teeth, ready by sea or land for some new aggressive design. We are most sincerely anxious for a firm and enduring alliance with France. The countries are too near each other, and too equally balanced, to admit of differences. There is no reason, apart from ambitious, and therefore illegitimate objects, why there should be any difference. Our real interests do not clash. We are not rivals in any legitimate sense of the word; and there are no two nations in the world that are so ready to reciprocate, if we could only get rid of that feeling of distrust which seems mutually to beset us. But Britain has one advantage which France has not. She is above suspicion; and — O that we could force upon the conviction of France the grandeur of such a position! France has armed, and is arming—and what is the impression throughout Europe? Neither more nor less than that she contemplates territorial aggrandisement, either by force or diplomatic movements in Italy and elsewhere, and that she is a dangerous neighbour. Britain has armed, and is arming, and the flower of its population has spontaneously adopted what in other countries is done by coercion—but she has armed simply for defence, resolute that her free soil shall not be sullied by the tread of an invader.

Until the Italian difficulty is solved, and the future government of that country arranged and established, we cannot expect the restoration of absolute tranquillity. But how is it to be solved? That is the grand enigma of the present day. If not arranged by a Congress, the Italian States must be left free to make their own selection; and in that case our impression is that they will prefer being annexed to Sardinia. But we can-

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not speak confidently as to that. Italy has never been a nation, and has no ancient reminiscences of common union upon which it can fall back. It has been a discordancy of principalities and republics, of local aggressions and intrigues, of feudal institutions on an extremely limited scale; and when we add to that, the difference of the taxation, which appears, in the case of the duchies, to have been less than that which is exacted by Sardinia, we foresee that there are elements of discord which can only be removed by a very liberal concession on the part of the power which shall assume the right of supremacy. If the Pope should refuse to give up any part of his dominions, there may be a trial of strength between him and his revolted subjects; and in that case we trust that the British Ministry will not implicate themselves in the quarrel, beyond employing every means of moral suasion to prevent other powers from appearing in the field. That seems to us the real point of danger. If Naples should take part with the Pope, Sardinia will probably deem it her duty to support the people of the Legations. We shall have a civil war in Italy, more French interference; and the difficulty will be practically solved by the erection of a French kingdom of Central Italy. All depends upon Louis Napoleon. If he is sincere in his expressed wish for peace, for a lasting alliance with Britain, and for the internal improvement of France, let him prove his sincerity by reducing his armament, discontinuing his warlike preparations, withdrawing his troops from Rome and from Lombardy, where they are still unnecessarily, according to the general idea of Europe, located, and refraining from any active interference in the affairs of Italy. If he will do this, he will give to us and to the world a much better pledge of his sincerity than a mere commercial treaty. That would be his wisest policy—indeed, upon the adoption of that, his chances of establishing a dynasty, and securing for his son the succession to the imperial throne, must mainly rest. He has no reason to complain of the treatment he has met with from any foreign power. No one dreams of attacking France, or undermining its prosperity. The curse of France is, and has been, the wretched dreams of ambition which, under the delusive semblance of military glory, haunt the sleep of her soldiery, and pervert the understanding of her statesmen. Surely the example of the uncle might serve as a sufficient warning to the nephew. After all his aggressions, alliances, victories, and conquests, the power of the first Napoleon was prostrated on the field of Leipsic by the vengeance of united and outraged Europe; and the like catastrophe will befall his successor, if, unhappily, he should be led to imitate that wicked and detestable career. Austria, it is quite plain, will not again interfere in Central Italian affairs. She may have quite enough to do to retain possession of Venetia. Russia will not interfere, either as regards the Duchies or the Legations, unless France appears in the field. Germany has no interest in the matter; and Britain, up to this time, has been a passive though not uninterested spectator. Let the Emperor of the French leave Italy to settle its own affairs, and he will relieve Europe of much of that apprehension and distrust which late events have engendered.

One word in conclusion with regard to the volunteer movement at home. A sublimer spectacle was never witnessed than that of a people spontaneously arming themselves to be ready for any emergency; and most sincerely do we trust that the movement so auspiciously begun, and already so successfully advanced, will be carried on until we have raised such a disciplined force in the land as will render invasion impossible. We shall not take notice of any criticisms which have been made upon the raising of such a body: they are absolutely contemptible. In broad military operations and the open field organisation is of course of the utmost importance; but is that to supersede loyalty, patriotism, and courage? Were the three hundred of Leonidas—as some of our martinets seem to suppose—trained to the goose-step?—or did they fight

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less valiantly, and become immortal, because they were enthusiastic young men—indeed the volunteers of Sparta? The volunteer force consists of the very flower of the British youth, strong, hardy, and intelligent; physically much superior to the ordinary run of recruits, and capable of being trained to arms with much more ease. It is an institution which the country has long wanted, and which ought in every way to be fostered and encouraged. Independently of the feeling of security and self-reliance which it gives to the nation, it cannot but produce a good effect upon society, by bringing together men of all ranks, and uniting them in a common object. Mr Bright is hostile to the movement because he thinks, "that of every ten men who are induced to try, needlessly as most of us believe, to connect themselves with those organisations, at least nine will come out much less of real reformers than they thought they were." If Mr Bright had said "much less of democrats," he would have secured our acquiescence. It is a loyal and devoted spirit that actuates the volunteers; not a grumbling, carping, and abusive spirit, which seems to have taken possession of the Quaker. Free intercourse among men of all ranks, such as this movement is calculated to promote, is the best antidote to democracy. The artisan learns to appreciate the character of the gentleman, whom he finds anything but haughty or supercilious, as represented by the demagogues of the pothouse—the gentleman is led to recognise and respect the good qualities, intelligence, and patient resolution of the artisan. Long may the force continue to augment and flourish, and be inspired by such sentiments as are expressed in the following lines, composed by one of our young brethren of the rifle, and worthy of a place in Maga:—

THE VOLUNTEERS' SONG.

Up and arm you, one and all!
Arm to guard our native shore:
Sons of freedom, hear the call—
Arm you, as in days of yore!

Hearken not to them that say,
"Is not France our true ally?
Never war will come our way;
Lay then, lay the rifle by."

Hearken not, but grasp your arms;
They are walls and bulwarks strong:
Let us have no vain alarms,
Tempting France to do us wrong.

Up to guard your country!—arm you;
Find a rifle ev'ry man:
If they say, "We will not harm you,"
Make it, "Neither will nor can."

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LORD ELGIN'S MISSION TO CHINA AND JAPAN.

A FRENCH philosopher has endeavoured to account for the small interest we used to take in Chinese affairs, by the fact that the population was so portentously ugly. A certain amount of departure from the Grecian model, he said, is compatible with our esteem. Nay, positive bad looks, if they rise to the frightful, have attractions of their own; but the fate of a people with figures and faces only to be equalled by the grotesque masks at a pantomime is merely to be laughed at, whatever woes befall them. Perhaps this to a certain extent is true. Nobody could hear with the same equanimity of the destruction of a village of Circassians as of the engulfing by earthquake of half the city of Pekin. We should certainly feel more for the miseries they are exposed to, the butcheries that depopulate a province, and the total disregard of the poor fellows' lives visible in the treatment bestowed on them by their rulers, if they had a little closer resemblance to the human face divine. But the sight of that ideal Chinaman, low-browed, broad-mouthed, twinkling-eyed, cunning, sneaking, and altogether fantastical in his divergence from the ordinary workmanship even of nature's journeyman, separates him from our sympathies, and we look on him as if he were a native of Lilliput or Brobdignag. And it was not merely in externals they differed so much from the rest of mankind. They put themselves beyond the sphere of European brotherhood by peculiarities of thought and policy, which seemed expressly designed to exclude those touches of Nature which make the whole world kin. They professed to shut themselves up in their own territory—to erect a system of exclusion by laws and regulations as complete as their famous wall. Within this sacred boundary lay the Flowery Land. Beyond it were dark and unknown nations, not worthy of contact with the celestial soil.

Now, whether a nation has a right to seclude itself from the rest of the world, and interrupt by its pride and isolation the golden chain of commerce and humanity which ought to go round the globe, we need not

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Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan in the Years 1857, '58, '59. With Illustrations from Original Drawings and Photographs. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Private Secretary to Lord Elgin; Author of "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," &c.

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stop to inquire. We can take our stand on the fact that this exclusiveness was broken through; they invited the visits of foreigners to their shores, and enriched themselves with our merchandise and money. The next question that arose was, How is a commercial people bound to treat its customers? May they condemn the purchasers of their goods to ignominious services, call them insulting names, receive them with insolent disdain, and threaten them with pains and penalties if they depart from the course of behaviour prescribed? All these questions were answered in the affirmative by some of the baser sort of adventurers whom the sacred hunger of gold had carried to Canton; and by a great number of cotton-souled, slave-hearted tradesmen at home, who thought that coin was coin, even if accompanied by a kick for every dollar. They were indignant, therefore, when Lord Macartney in 1793 declined the degrading ceremony of the Ko-tow in presence of the Emperor, and felt no thrill of shame when the result of that embassy was summed up in the following remarkable words: "We entered Pekin like beggars, we lived there like prisoners, and we were drummed out of it like thieves."

No amount of ludicrousness of visage could make the British nation take this treatment as a joke. Buckstone himself would cease to be funny if he pelted his pit with brickbats; and a very well-defined spirit of hatred and distrust mingled with all our succeeding intercourses with the absurd-looking but treacherous denizens of the central realm. Other embassies were little more successful than Lord Macartney's, except that they secured certain privileges and exemptions which delivered our people from some of the inconveniences of their position. They occupied a miserable strip of land on the bank of a muddy creek; but they built factories and houses, appointed their own police, and traded, to the great increase of their banker's account, and consoled themselves for the daily insults they were still exposed to by hearing the chink of their money-boxes at home. The smouldering enmity broke out occasionally, and on every occasion the improved national spirit was shown in the firmer demonstration of our self-respect. We stood not only on our treaty stipulations, but on the higher ground of our natural right to good treatment at the hands of people whose wares we took and paid for. We looked on China as a shop which we had a right to enter, and resented any insolence shown us in our dealings as we should call a grocer's foreman to order if he told us to pay for our sugar upon our knees, or only allowed us to stand on one plank, and that a very dirty and unsafe one, in the outer passage. Failing to obtain reparation from the underlings, we determined to carry our complaint (and oak cudgel) into the private parlours of the fig-dealer himself, make him dismiss his impudent apprentices, give us a written permission to go into any of the rooms where his goods are displayed without being hustled by the porters, and, to make matters safe for the future, to admit a confidential clerk of ours at all times into his business office, or, if need were, to his private villa at Balham, and have any misunderstanding rectified without the trouble of correspondence. If he declined, we should certainly horsewhip his junior partners, and very likely pull his own nose. Thence the capture of Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, Ching-kian, and Nankin, in 1842, where we thrashed the shopmen in a very satisfactory manner, and hence the attempt to bring the head of the firm to reason, which is so excellently described in Lord Elgin's Embassy to China in 1857.

We need not rake up the ashes of the extinct controversy about the seizure of the Arrow. Many wise and good men were of opinion that the *casus belli* was not sufficient, and that hostilities founded on that quarrel were cruel and unnecessary. But the whole nation rallied to the cause of self-vindication, when it was found that that outrage was but a symptom of the hidden hate and the resolution to insult. Greater interests came into play. It was indispensible to show that we had might as well as right upon our side, and the discussion was transferred from paper to the broad-

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sides of our men-of-war. Commissioner Yeh was the incarnation of Chinese insolence and stubborn pride. He opposed a passive resistance, even to the 36-pounders that tore holes in the walls of his residence; and all the time we were seizing his forts and firing on the government buildings, he persisted in treating us with contempt. The only compliment he paid us was in sending fire-vessels down the stream to burn our ships, and offering a reward of thirty dollars for every English head. But our force was insufficient to make a proper impression on the vast extent of a town with a million inhabitants, and on the fears or reasoning powers of a brutally ignorant and blindly-obstinate barbarian like Yeh. Chinese incendiaries succeeded in burning down the foreign factories, and Admiral Seymour contented himself with attacking the Factory Garden, and holding it with three hundred men. Sir John Bowring could not find words in all the languages he has mastered to express his amazement at the conduct of the Commissioner; and that conduct got beyond the descriptive powers even of higher linguists than Sir John, for he kidnapped our countrymen if they strayed a yard into the country; seized our steamers by stratagem, and decapitated the crew and passengers; sank junks in the river, and nearly blew up one of our ships with an explosive machine. On the 12th of January 1857, our position in the Factory Garden having been threatened, and a party of the 59th Regiment being repulsed on their advance to the city walls, the Admiral withdrew to the Macao Fort, and sent pressing demands to the Governor-General of India for a reinforcement of five thousand men. This was the position we held in February 1857, after having begun with threatening to seize the defences of Canton, and insisting on the full extent of our right to free access to the city under the treaty. We were cooped up in a small fortress, and Yeh, feeding fat the grudge he bore us, wrote to the Brother of the Sun and Moon that he was punishing the barbarian rebels with the utmost severity of the law.

"There was one conviction," says Mr Oliphant, "arising out of all this, which irresistibly impressed itself upon the mind of every new-comer, and which was—that a continuance of this state of matters would not only injure our colony, impair our prestige, embarrass us in our relations with neutral powers, and imperil our commerce at all the other ports of the empire, but enhance materially the difficulties in the way of any negotiations which might be attempted directly with the Court of Pekin. It could hardly be expected or hoped that, while Yeh was waging a successful war with us in the Canton river, we could be treating on favourable terms in the Peiho."

England was no little astonished at the reports which reached her of these unexpected events. France, Russia, and America were no less alive to the crisis probably at hand, and determined to send plenipotentiaries to China. Five thousand English troops were sent out, with a staff equipment for a much larger army, and on the 9th of May our special envoy and high commissioner, Lord Elgin, and his secretary, attachés, and private secretary (Mr Oliphant), were rushing across the Desert in the first train which had ever carried passengers to the central station, enveloped in clouds of dust, and indulging in the most sanguine anticipations of the future.

The first independent act of Lord Elgin showed of what fine metal he was made. Red-tape has no more power over the limbs of a true man than green withes upon the arms of Samson. When they reached Galle, they heard from General Ashburnham, who was on his way from Bombay for the chief command in China, the first intimation of the disaffection of the sepoy troops, which darkened into the tragedies of Delhi and Meerut, and Lord Elgin's mind was quickly made up. Let China wait till Hindostan is safe; and he waited at Singapore for the arrival of the Shannon, a name not more famous under the gallant Broke, than beneath the flag of Captain William Peel; and having made arrangements for the diversion of the Chinese ex-

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peditionary force to the assistance of the English, now enveloped in the full horrors of the Indian mutiny, he set sail for Hong-Kong, to form his judgment in accordance with the altered position of affairs. Baron Gros, the French ambassador, with whom he was instructed to act in common, was not expected for three months. The troops sent to India had diminished our force so as to render the capture and occupation of Canton impossible in the opinion of the commanders-in-chief. A residence, involving total inaction at Hong-Kong would have injured the prestige of the mission, and in thirty-six hours after the arrival of fresh reports confirming the alarming nature of the Indian outbreak, the Shannon, with the Ambassador on board, was ploughing her way over the China Sea, and Lord Elgin telegraphed from Diamond Harbour to Lord Canning that he was close at hand with seventeen hundred men, blue-jackets included.

"As we swept past Garden Reach, on the afternoon of the 8th August, the excitement on board was increased by early indications of the satisfaction with which our appearance was hailed on shore. First our stately ship suddenly burst upon the astonished gaze of two European gentlemen taking their evening walk, who, seeing her crowded with the eager faces of men ready for the fray, took off their hats and cheered wildly; then the respectable skipper of a merchantman worked himself into a state of frenzy, and made us a long speech, which we could not hear, but the violence of his gesticulations left us in little doubt as to its import; then his crew took up the cheer, which was passed on at intervals until the thunder of our 68-pounders drowned every other sound; shattered the windows of sundry of the 'Palaces;' attracted a crowd of spectators to the Maidan, and brought the contents of Fort William on to the glacis.

"As soon as the smoke cleared away, the soldiers of the garrison collected there sent up a series of hearty cheers; a moment more and our men were clustered like ants upon the rigging, and, in the energy which they threw into their ringing response, they pledged themselves to the achievement of those deeds of valour which have since covered the Naval Brigade with glory. After the fort had saluted, Lord Elgin landed amid the cheers of the crowd assembled at the Ghaut to receive him, and proceeded to Government House, gratified to learn, not merely from the popular demonstrations, but from Lord Canning himself, that though happily the physical force he had brought with him was not required to act in defence of the city, still that the presence of a man-of-war larger than any former ship that had ever anchored abreast of the Maidan, and whose guns commanded the city, was calculated to produce upon both the European and native population a most wholesome moral effect, more especially at a time when the near approach of the Mohurrum had created in men's minds an unusual degree of apprehension and excitement."

The wondrous state of quiet self-reliance in the great city, where the British inhabitants showed the same apparent indifference to the daily-increasing reports of disaffection and disaster, as if their lives and fortunes did not hang upon the result, belongs more, perhaps, to the history of India than to the Chinese mission. The account of it, however, is worth quoting, for the sake of the philosophic explanation given of that otherwise unaccountable calm.

"Those who are removed to a great distance from the scene of thrilling events, and experience at the receipt of periodical intelligence from it an intense degree of excitement, forget that if those on the spot were to be subjected to a similar strain upon the nervous system, continued over a length of time, it would give way altogether. Providentially the very proximity of the danger, and constant familiarity with those horrible details, which, arriving by instalments in England, acted on society like a series of electric shocks, produced a calmness almost amounting to apathy in India. So far as the outward aspect of society was concerned, Calcutta was just as I had left it seven years before. The Maidan was just as crowded by its beauty and fashion now as it used to be then; burra-cannas were nearly as numerous, considering it was the height of the hot weather; and there was even a wretched attempt at an opera, which, however, was very thinly attended. The only differences I observed were, that constant reviews took place of volunteer corps; that the Governor-General's body-guard mounted sentry without swords; and that dining in Fort William involved the risk of being bayoneted by a series of Irish sen-

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tries, who would not admit your pronunciation of the parole to be correct, and were haunted by the suspicion that you were the King of Oude in disguise escaping in a buggy."

This was in August 1857, and the storm had reached its gloomiest point. The siege of Delhi was going feebly on; Agra was invested by the mutineers; Lucknow was surrounded by its infuriated foes. At Dinapore our troops had been defeated, and Havelock himself retired to Cawnpore with his gallant little army unreinforced, decimated by cholera, and worn out with battles and fatigue. Not a moment was lost. The Shannon was dismantled, and her sailors formed into the famous Naval Brigade which rendered Sir William Peel immortal. Sir Colin Campbell unexpectedly arrived to assume the chief command. Native regiments were invited to volunteer for service in China, and one accepted the invitation. A reinforcement of fifteen hundred marines was promised from home, to replace the troops so opportunely and magnanimously diverted to Hindostan; and after a month of activity and consultation, Lord Elgin embarked on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer the Ava, and found his way once more to Hong-Kong.

But in no better position to achieve the objects of his mission than when he was there two months before. Baron Gros had not yet arrived. Troops from England could not be expected till November. Without their aid a visit to the Peiho was impossible. Residence at Hong-Kong had no great attraction, and exposed us to the ridicule of the Chinese. But patience is only courage in repose. Lord Elgin waited. Baron Gros arrived in the middle of October, and on the 28th the Imperador, with the first batch of English marines on board, cast anchor under Point Victoria. "It was the first faint glimmering of day-light after the long night of despondency and inaction."

A very interesting voyage to Manilla, with an account of the manners and customs of that very peculiar island, forms an episode of Mr Oliphant's book, which leaves time for all the preparations to be made behind the scenes for the first act of the Chinese drama. While Lord Elgin was concerting measures at Hong-Kong, his secretary obtained permission to take a trip with Captain Sherard Osborn on board the Furious; and with such a captain, and having as his companion on this occasion Mr Wingrove Cooke, whose correspondence in the *Times* rendered us more acquainted with Commissioner Yeh than if he had been churchwarden of our native parish, we may believe that the excursion was of the pleasantest. The results of it here detailed are a capital view of the manners and customs of the Spanish settlement, and a description of its capabilities as a place of trade. These, however, are but the amusements of the pit before the curtain draws up. The seats were now filled, the musicians were tuning their instruments, and the voyagers got back to Hong-Kong just in time for the first crash of the overture. The American minister, Mr Reed, had arrived. Count Poutiatine, the Russian envoy, had also made his appearance in very crestfallen condition, for he had petitioned for admission to Pekin by way of Kiahkta, and been refused. He had gone to the mouth of the Peiho, and been told that no communication from that point would be attended to; and when the Chinese yielded so far as to promise an answer if he would leave the place and return to receive it, he had gone back expecting a favourable reply, but found it was a refusal to see him at Pekin, with an intimation that under no circumstances could the performance of the Ko-tow be dispensed with. This to the personal representative of the Emperor of all the Russias! Poutiatine came to the same conclusion as Lord Elgin, that no impression could be made on the self-sufficient potentate and his pig-headed mandarins, except by appearing in great force at the mouth of the Peiho, with flat-bottomed boats to navigate the shallow waters leading towards the capital.

When a considerable fleet was assembled, and the marines had arrived from England, the island of Honan

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was taken possession of as a material guarantee, and a peremptory demand was made for the rights secured to us by treaty. But as Yeh kept up the same tone of insulting superiority as before, the Ambassadors resolved to place the matter in the hands of the naval and military authorities, but that a few days' grace should be given beyond the *delai fatal*, to allow the inhabitants of Canton an opportunity to escape. The inhabitants, however, seemed far from inclined to avail themselves of the Admiral's good-nature.

The hills all round were crowded with spectators of the coming fray, probably in expectation of seeing the barbarians annihilated by the irresistible valour of the braves. The cannonade began on a greater scale than on previous occasions. English soldiers, the French naval brigade, and the blue-jackets of the Furious, landed at a village on the shore which had been taken possession of the day before. The French boats happened to touch the beach first, and some waste of breath occurred in calling on the absent "Empreur" to bear witness that his gallant subjects had commenced the conquest of China. Lin's Fort was attacked with the light field-piece of the brigade, and the minié rifles of the 59th; and when the fire had sent every man of the garrison scampering as hard as his ridiculous legs could carry him, and the fortress was as empty as a ball-room at daybreak, the same waste of breath occurred in celebrating the fact that the French were first to enter the deserted place, and fifty little tricolored flags brought forth from the assailants' pockets, convinced the few men composing the party that they had done the whole business. The Admiral, in a glow of pride and admiration, embraced the sergeant of the brigade, who was loudest in adjurations to the Empreur, and adorned him with the Legion of Honour on the spot—a harmless boast, and not sufficient to blind us to the real bravery that underlay so much self-glorification.

The attack closed in upon the walls of the town, while the cannonade from ships and batteries still continued on the following day. General Straubenzee advanced with his staff to reconnoitre, and the fleet and army had equally to regret the death of Captain Bate, who had volunteered to inspect a ditch under a heavy fire of gingalls. The 59th, and the rifle company of a regiment of Madras native infantry, watched the embrasures, gun in hand. The brigade of British marines dispersed a great congregation of braves on the right. Ammunition was brought up to the front by the Land Transport Corps, composed of Chinamen, who seemed to have neither fear of bullets nor love of their country in presence of the dollars of the invaders. The order for escalade was given, and, shoulder to shoulder, the French and English clambered up the ladders—Major Luard being the first man on the walls—and Canton lay at their feet. A great city two hundred feet below their level—"a vast expanse of roofs—a labyrinth of intricate lanes, which bewildered the eye that vainly attempted to follow their windings—a pagoda here—there a many-storied temple, or the successive roofs of a yamun embowered in luxuriant foliage, above which towered a pair of mandarin poles; and, beyond all, the tapering masts of our ships. Such were the principal features of the view in a southernly direction; but its striking element was that impressive silence—that absence of all movement on the part of a population of a million and a half, that lay as though entombed within, whose very pulsation seemed arrested by the terrors of the night before, and whose only desire, if they could think at all, appeared to be that the bare fact of their existence should be forgotten by the conquerors." The loss on our side was so trifling as not only to hinder any violent outburst of triumph for victory over such contemptible enemies, but to make any future failure against them inexcusable—"unless," as Mr Oliphant cautiously adds, "under very peculiar and exceptional circumstances." The returns gave a list of eight men killed and seventy-one wounded out of the whole force of five thousand men; while the French, out of their nine hundred, had only two men killed and thirty

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wounded. A circuit of the walls was made by the General, and guards were posted at the different gates. The vacant spaces between the walls and the buildings were also occupied. Canton continued submissive and calm, as if coming all at once to a knowledge of its helplessness against European power; and on the last day of the year Lord Elgin ascended the wall to look over the scene of his triumph, and must have had a presentiment of farther trouble in store when he heard that the redoubtable Yeh had resumed the civil government of the place, and, not bating a jot of his arrogance and pride, was expecting a renewal of our negotiations.

Five days of the year 1858 were allowed to elapse, and then it was resolved to lay hands on the Imperial Commissioner, as the shortest method of showing him that the state of affairs was changed. It was like an otter-hunt in a woody valley, and beaters were sent out in all directions. The French proceeded by the east and west street, known as the Avenue of Benevolence and Love, and caught the Tartar General in one of the yamuna. The English marines went to the Governor's house, and captured Pihkwei; but it was left for Mr Consul Parkes to trace the cunning animal to its hole, and beat him up at the quarters of the Tartar second in command. A hundred blue-jackets, under Captain Key, enabled Mr Parkes to break in the doors; and an old man in a mandarin's coat came forward and gave himself up, confessing that he was Yeh. But Captain Key had seen a portrait of the great Commissioner, and thrust the impostor to one side; then hearing a noise of people escaping by the back-door, and seeing a stout man in a narrow passage, waddling off with all his might, he threw his arms round the neck of the fugitive, and claimed him as his prisoner. The otter was found. A brutal-looking, fishy-faced, cruel-eyed monster, which it was found necessary, on account of its indomitable temper, to keep in safe custody on board ship, while Lord Elgin was consulting how to preserve the peace of the enormous city he had captured, and show that our enmity was limited to the government.

Following the old policy by which the barbaric conquerors of Rome enlarged the authority of the Pope, to which the population had been accustomed as representative of the imperial power, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros installed Pihkwei, the civil governor, in his ancient seat, empowering him to administer the affairs of the great city, subject only to the approval of the Ambassadors, and subordinate in all things to the command of the General of the expedition. They conducted the astonished Chinaman from his confinement as a captive of war to the yamun he had formerly occupied, and lavished such ceremonial politenesses, both on him and the Tartar general, that the first thing these two dignitaries did was to dispute about the precedence allotted to them in the procession and assemblage. It was resolved that they should take rank immediately after the plenipotentiaries; and the Cantonese concluded at once that the terror of their Emperor's name had sufficed to make the barbarian admirals and generals know their position, and take a place below the native chiefs. Lord Elgin's object was to increase the prestige of the governor he had appointed by every manifestation of respect; and Pihkwei, following the precedent of the Popes, as the ministers had adopted that of the Goths and Vandals, took in serious earnest the demonstrations of respect and humility, and looked down with benign condescension on the masters who called themselves his subordinates. A dignified address by Lord Elgin, in which our claims were set forth, and our friendly feelings expressed, extracted from Pihkwei a modest answer, which ended with a hope that there would be a speedy re-establishment of a good understanding between the nations.

This desirable object was so far gained, that the Chinamen began to perceive we were anxious for the maintenance of peace and concord. Our English soldiers and sailors restrained their almost irrepressible desire to make fun of the extraordinary-looking mortals who appeared so

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strange to them; and the vainest and most bigoted of the Celestials, who probably thought John Bull and Johnny Crapaud as far removed from the proper proportions of humanity as we thought them, repressed their insolent bearing. They lost their defiant and insulting manner, and substituted for it an air of profound submission and humility, always remaining in a standing position as a European passed, letting down their tails, in accordance with their own customs when desirous of showing respect, and uncovering their heads out of deference to our prejudices upon the subject. Nothing was left undone to restore the public confidence; and as our patrols excited alarm by their measured tread and shining arms, the notable device was hit upon of a joint city-guard. The allied police paraded the streets, each after its own kind—a file of marines walking amicably by the side of a file of Chinamen, the one headed by a sergeant, and the other by a petty mandarin gracefully fanning himself. In addition to this military protection, the inhabitants derived comfort under their affliction from the daily visits of Lord Elgin himself. Through all quarters of the town he pursued his researches, getting as much information as he could of the state of public feeling, and ready to rectify anything he saw amiss in the behaviour of the garrison. But never did men behave with such self-command, or cause so little uneasiness, as the troops of both the nations engaged. French and English vied with each other in the exactness of their discipline, and everything seemed tending to the creation of a feeling between the Cantonese and the Barbarians which never existed before. Certain circumstances, however, caused some doubt from the first of the sincerity of this apparent calm. Mr Parkes discovered some proclamations intended to inflame the population against foreigners, and a constant flood of emigration poured through the west gate. "It was singular," says Mr Oliphant, "to stand here and watch this exodus; to observe the miscellaneous property which was being conveyed by patient coolies followed by anxious owners. Now a man passed with tables and chairs at one end of his stick, and two babies at the other; coffins balanced pots of manure; and men transported articles which we should consider worthless, as carefully as their wives; nor, considering the general aspect of the female part of the population, was this wonderful, when to their natural ugliness is added the deformity of feet and apparent entire absence of arms—for a Chinese woman seldom makes use of the sleeves of her jacket—anything more unprepossessing than the lady part of the community could not be well conceived."

But this depreciatory view of the female charms of Canton is taken from our European point of sight. In the eyes of John Chinaman, the Venus de Medici would have no chance against the interesting cripple whose flat face and footless extremities had supplied from his earliest years his ideal of feminine beauty. We should like to see a description of the fairest of the equestrians in Hyde Park or the Champs Elysees from the pen of Fum Hoam to his friend the young artist in Quang-Tung. The subject, however, upon which Chinaman and European agreed, was the advantage of a lucrative trade. No difference of taste existed as to the shape and colour of the dollar, and Pihkwei made a proposal to Lord Elgin for the renewal of their commercial relations. "By every day," he says, "that the opening of the port is accelerated, by so much is the restoration of public confidence accelerated, not only in the minds of the Chinese, but in the minds of the merchants in every nation as well. The eagerness with which merchants will devote themselves to gain, if the trade be now thrown well open, will increase manifold the good understanding between our nations, and the step will thus at the same time enhance your Excellency's reputation." Whether the last consideration was of weight or not we are not told, but the spectacle of a Chinese authority petitioning for a resumption of dealings with the hitherto despised barbarians was so extraordinary, that great hopes were entertained of a change

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in the character of the people, and a fresh determination was taken to come to closer quarters with the Emperor himself. The Russian minister was of opinion that no good could be expected unless we could establish a pressure on Pekin. Large ships were known by the court mandarins to be unable to ascend the Peiho, and probably they had not taken into consideration the power of such paltry-looking craft as the gunboats; though their own dwarf horticulture might have told them that the quantity of fruit is sometimes in converse proportion to the size of the tree; and Lord Elgin, feeling confidence in the swarm of small vessels at his disposal, and anxious to leave Canton in a contented state behind him, acceded to the proposition of Pihkwei, and raised the blockade which had paralysed commerce for seventeen months, establishing a custom-house under Chinese officials at Whampoa, while he still kept Canton itself under the safeguard of martial law. The experiment was eminently successful. The dammed-up trade flowed in a few weeks in its usual channel, and three-fourths of the exports were paid for in British goods. Meantime reinforcements came in from India. Three regiments from Bengal set the Queen's 59th at liberty to aid the negotiations in the north; and having sent Yeh the stubborn as a prisoner to Calcutta, Lord Elgin, in common with the ministers of France, America, and Russia, sent a communication to Pekin demanding a plenipotentiary possessing full powers to treat on the several points specified in their letters, to be sent to Shanghai. In the event of an Imperial Commissioner not being sent there before the end of March, the allied Ambassadors declared it to be their intention to proceed to some point nearer the capital, with the view of placing themselves more directly in communication with the high officers of the Chinese government. Lord Elgin addressed his despatch to Yu, the senior Secretary of State; and in it, after a description of the state of affairs at Canton, he reiterated the claims so often advanced before,—the residence of a minister at or near the Court, and freer intercourse with other parts of the country. The latter part of this document was the weightiest. In this the British Plenipotentiary reserved for himself the right of having recourse without farther announcement, delay, or declaration of hostilities, to such measures in vindication of the claims of his country on China as in his judgment it might appear advisable to adopt. The bearers of this communication were Mr Oliphant and the Vicomte de Contades. The American and Russian notes were sent by the United States frigate Mississippi, but on arrival at Shanghai they were given in charge to the French and English secretaries; and as the great chief of Shanghai was absent, it was resolved to deliver the missives into the hands of a mandarin of still more exalted rank, who ruled over the second city in the empire, by name Soo-Chow. To proceed to this illustrious but unknown capital was a service of danger. The American envoy, Mr Maclane, had been insultingly refused admission some years before, and the contents of their communication were not of a nature to gratify the pride or soothe the temper of the redoubtable Chaou. However, from the nettle danger the flower safety was to be gathered; and the gallant messengers, associating to themselves Messrs Robertson and Montigny, the French and English Consuls, and the American Vice-Consul, with Mr Lay, the Inspector of Customs, collected a perfect fleet of flat-bottomed large-sailed boats, and commenced their inland sail over canals or rivers, or a mixture of both, which checkered the whole face of the country, and acted in the double capacity of irrigators and highways.

On the second day the flotilla of seventeen boats, great and small, left the river Wang-poo, on which Shanghai is situated, and struck off into a wide canal. A rich country surrounded them on every side, resembling the fertile districts of Belgium and the Low Countries, teeming with an industrious agricultural population, and offering every external sign of prosperity and comfort. An attempt was made to divert the

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travellers from their intention of entering Soo-chow by an invitation to follow the example of Mr Maclane; but the days of European humility had passed, and the easy voyage over those placid waters went gaily on. One of the vessels was set apart as a dining-room, and daily meetings were held around the mahogany, whereat much excellent tobacco and many sage plans were discussed. The goal was reached in due time, and at dawn on the fourteenth day of the expedition the walls and pagodas of Soo-chow were seen, distant about three miles.

A vast city with three millions of inhabitants, irritated probably with the news they had heard of our proceedings at Canton, and learning the utterly unprotected state in which the emissaries made their appearance, formed a subject of contemplation more interesting to all persons concerned than London sound asleep, when all its mighty heart was lying still. It was decided that a private entrance would be inconsistent with the dignity of the four mighty nations represented by their consuls and secretaries; and M. de Contades and Mr Oliphant composed a joint epistle to his Excellency the Governor, informing him of their proximity to Soo-chow; and when they had given his Excellency two hours to digest this intelligence, they lowered their tapering masts to pass under the bridges, and pushing on in spite of a polite intimation that the Governor would visit them outside of the city walls, they finally flaunted their colours under the windows of the principal street on the Grand Canal, and never slackened their course till they reached the water-gate.

Audacity in this case, as in many others, met with its just reward. The apparition of those impersonations of the Imperial, Royal, and Presidential Majesty of the three most powerful States of the West struck Governor and people with surprise. Terrible in their eyes was the uniform of the Vicomte, dreadful the embroidered coat of the diplomatic Secretary, and overwhelming the grim simplicity of the round hat of the American amateur explorer. But Chaou turned out to be a perfect gentleman, and did the honours of his house with a hospitality worthy of all praise. The letter was officially lodged in his hands for transmission to a higher authority still; barbarians had made an official entrance into Soo-chow, and been officially received. What more could have happened if they had been attended by ten thousand soldiers armed all in proof, except a perpetuation of ill-will and a total absence of hot wine and sweetmeats? The capture of Canton had been accurately made known, and we can imagine the sly glance of the Governor when he inquired in a careless manner whether we were going to kill Yeh or not. They were probably as deeply interested in each other's success as the chiefs of our rival parties, or even united cabinets, at home. Lord John, asking with the warmest emotion how Lord Palmerston's cough was getting on, would be a companion-picture to the tender inquiries of Chaou as to the fate of Yeh. But Chaou found he was beat by the unabashed effrontery of the French and English secretaries, and only succeeded in preventing them from prolonging their stay, by promising to breakfast with them next morning outside the walls—a provoking promise, for it hurried our observant chronicler away from the most interesting of all the Chinese cities. It is acknowledged by common consent to be the cradle of fashion and refinement—the Paris of the celestial realm; and, as it boasts at the same time to be the "residence of beauty," it unites the characteristics of our English capital; so that Mr Oliphant and M. de Contades would have found themselves at home. All they could manage to see, however, was an enormous crowd, without number numberless, which even impeded their view of the shops; and the only remarkable feature they could catch in passing, was the numerous canals intersecting it in every direction, spanned, Rialto fashion, by high single arches, and with houses rising out of the water, as in Venice.

The charm of this book is its perpetual life. When the great dignitaries are off the stage, the smaller personages of the drama carry on the

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business of the scene with unfailing spirit. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, Poutiatine and Reed, may be concerting terrible things, and giving no more sign of their designs than if they were asleep; but the less dignified secretary keeps his eyes and ears open, and spends his spare time, while his master is elsewhere, in excursions in all directions. Poor old Chaou thought, perhaps, he had shown his superiority to the outer people by so speedily bowing them out of Soo-chow, but he had no suspicion that a chiel had got among his subjects who was bent on taking notes; and, accordingly, Mr Oliphant, faithful to his promise of not entering the city, made a very minute inspection of it from the outside. He passed along three sides of the town in his boat, and explored the water-suburb with still-increasing admiration. His description, however, spirited as it is, we must omit, as also his account of Ning-po and an excursion to the Snowy Valley. We must leave the personal adventures of the Secretary for a while, and go back to the proceedings of Lord Elgin. Of this Odyssey Ulysses ought to be the hero, and we are pleased to follow the adventures once more of our Scottish voyager, who has seen and known so much—

> —— "Cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Himself not least, but honoured of them all."

A visit to Chusan only renewed the fruitless regrets of all who knew that the island once was ours, and that we gave it back to the Chinese. Unequalled in situation for the promotion of trade, it possesses also one of the finest harbours on the coast of China. Its population so few comparatively as to be easily managed, and, according to the statement of a Roman Catholic missionary, who had resided there many years, retaining a kind recollection of the British occupation, and a freedom from prejudice, which made them easily won over to the Christian faith. As the Christian faith alluded to, however, was the somewhat elastic theology of Rome, we take the statement of the reverend Lazarist with some grains of allowance, especially as we observe he and his converts occasionally subscribe to pagodas, and take part in Buddhist ceremonies. The immensity of China seems to enlarge our ideas of space and population to a marvellous extent. The town of Ting-hae, for instance, is treated with a contempt at which Falkirk would be indignant, and is described as "a mean, dirty place, containing at most fifty thousand inhabitants;" while the whole island is looked upon as a kind of Inchkeith, its miserable extent being alluded to as only fifty-one miles in circumference. It is delightful to get once more back to the mainland, and enter the territory of Shanghai, which could hold the British Isles, and must have reconciled the Plenipotentiary to the dignity of his mission.

The mission, however, had now higher things to think of than land-measurements and population returns. An answer came to the letter so gallantly delivered by the secretaries at Soo-chow, but not from the proper authority. The Prime Minister, Yu, was far too great a man to correspond direct with the Ambassador of England, but instructed the authorities of the Two-Kiangs to make a communication to him, telling him that Yeh was degraded, and that Hwang was alone empowered to manage barbarian affairs in Canton. The minister was therefore immediately to return to that city, and concert measures with the inferior functionary. Lord Elgin sent back this letter, as inconsistent with the clause in the Treaty of Nankin which states, "that it is agreed that Her Britannic Majesty's chief high officer in China shall correspond with the Chinese high officers, both in the capital and in the provinces, under the term 'communication.'" He concluded his remonstrance with a paragraph which scarcely needed to be put in italics to secure a careful perusal. It stated that it was his intention to proceed at once to the north, in order that he might put himself in more "direct communication with the high officers of the government at the capital." The envoys of the other powers had been

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equally insulted, and French, Russian, and American resolved to appear with Lord Elgin at the mouth of the Peiho, in sufficient force to insure compliance with the stipulations of the treaty. No great reliance had been placed on the punctuality of the Chinese in sending a high-commissioner to Shanghai; and, in anticipation of his non-appearance, Lord Elgin had requested Admiral Seymour to be ready with as many ships, especially gunboats, as possible, to accompany him early in April. Circumstances, however, delayed the Admiral beyond the stipulated time, and the Ambassador, considering punctuality the soul of business, resolved to appear on the appointed day, however diminished his squadron might be. He therefore took the responsibility of requesting Sir Frederick Nicolson, the second in command, to supply him with as many ships as he could spare from the station; and having thus secured the assistance of a frigate and two gunboats, the signal of departure was hoisted on the 10th of April, and the cry was "northward ho!" The Russian frigate Amerika had sailed a day or two before; the American Minnesota was to follow; and Admiral Seymour was expected with the rest of the English fleet in the course of a short time. The words written, if not on Lord Elgin's heart, at all events in all his letters, were—"Gunboats of light draught—I am confident that nothing will be so likely to bring the Imperial Government to terms as the appearance of vessels of war within the bar of the Peiho river. Such vessels will, moreover, be indispensable if it should be necessary to ascend that river to Tientsin."

Europe is fortunate in the sound of the names of her famous sites. Even last year Magenta and Solferino rounded a period with a majesty worthy of the battles; but not all the bards who lived before Agamemnon, or after him, could produce any effect with the absurd nomenclature of the Chinese. Less fortunate even than the Russian, which hide themselves in the obscurity of utterly unpronounceable syllables, the names we encounter in this narrative are of the simplest construction, and suggestive only of books written for the smallest of children. The reader takes little interest in places of such ludicrous appellations as Shan-tung and Teng-chow; yet we are told that the former of these is a province with the population of the United Kingdom, and the latter a capital, of which the seaward defences extend along the shore for three miles. It was this celestial Brighton, however, which gave birth to Con-fu-tsi, called by the barbarians Confucius; so let us treat Teng-chow with the same respect as Athens or Sparta.

We now get into the action of the story, and the peculiarities of the Peiho are admirably described. A shore so shallow that a large ship had to anchor eight miles from land; a bar so near the surface that only the lightest of the gunboats could vault over it at high water, and a series of fortifications to guard that narrow point, presented difficulties which might have staggered a larger and better-adapted force. Five weeks were wasted in delay from the non-appearance of a sufficient squadron.

A letter was despatched to the Prime Minister, Yu, demanding the presence of a duly authorised minister at Takoo, to negotiate on the matters in dispute between the British and Chinese governments. A delay of six days was allowed for this purpose, after which such other proceedings would be adopted as might seem expedient for enforcing the English claims.

These were, "brave 'ota, look you, at the bridge;" for at this moment, in all the Chinese seas, we had only eighteen gunboats, and of these none could venture for a long time to face the monsoon in their passage along the coast, and it would have been disagreeable if Lord Elgin's invitation to Takoo had been accepted, while he was not in a position to receive his guest or to enter the town himself. The French flotilla was less afraid of storms than ours, and Admiral Rigault de Genouilly bore into the shallow sea with all his force, including three gunboats, and raised hopes once more of getting speedily to Tientsin. The six days' grace rapidly expired. The 1st of

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May was fixed as the time for the commencement of hostilities, and every nerve was strung to get the ships into position. On the 28th of April the French gunboats, which drew little water, scraped over the bar. Our Nimrod was forced over on the following day, and the Cormorant shot past all the other vessels and anchored within fifteen hundred yards of the walls. All eyes were fixed upon the forts, which, we are told, looked like a range of huge perigord pies, the flags rather aiding their resemblance to ornamental pastry, and seven men-of-war within the bar were making ready with might and main to demolish the crust. On the 30th an unsatisfactory message arrived from Yu. Still too dignified to correspond in person with the outward barbarians, he instructed Tan, the governor of Chi-li, to inform the minister that Tsung-lung, director of the granaries, and Wu, the under-secretary of the cabinet, would proceed to Takoo, in accordance with his Excellency's request. Were they duly empowered, as demanded by Lord Elgin, and with as extensive an authority as himself? The reply to this natural question was, that the powers of Tsung, Tan, and Wu were limited to reporting our demands to the capital. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were moved to indignation by this insolence, and resolved to report their demands to the capital themselves; and on the appointed day cabins were taken down, guns run out, excited midshipmen, staggering under blankets, canteens, and havresacks, rushed frantically about the deck; the landing-parties had their rations served out, the paddle-boats were lowered and armed, and—and—and the attack on the forts was indefinitely postponed. Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo, or the gallant Hope, who has the peculiarity of being as blind to danger as the brave old Doge. Better to fail than give the enemy the triumph of seeing we were vacillating and weak; but if the naval authorities had screwed their courage to the sticking place they could not have failed. Many guns had been counted on the mud walls — banners were waved in a defiant manner from the embrasures, responsibility sat heavy on the arm of Seymour, brave and good; and the distracted middies put blankets, canteens, and havresacks into their places once more, and wrote home to their mothers that, on the whole, they thought the naval chiefs a couple of muffs.

The bad effects of this inaction became immediately apparent. Poutiatine, the Russian, pushed his light steamer over the bar, and lived on the river, keeping up daily intercourse with the Chinese. Mr Reed, the American, also was on good terms with the Commissioners, and the French and English held the pitiful position of doubling their ineffectual fists, and being afraid to strike. Hot gusts came pouring in from the land, and the thermometer rose to summer heat. Chinamen were labouring like ants and crowing like cocks. Fortifications rose in all quarters. Mandarins in state and Tartar officers were constantly arriving at the scene of action, and, worst of all, the grain-junks pursued their way towards Pekin, as if no enemy were at hand. An inspection of the papers found in Yeh's yamun, with reference to the abortive visit to Takoo of Sir John Bowring in 1854, did not tend to raise Lord Elgin's expectations of any good result from a renewal of negotiations. Sir John had been fairly puzzled by the prodigious power of lying displayed by Tsung and his colleagues, and had retired from the scene of his discomfiture amid the jeers of the successful commissioners. The same policy was pursued on the present occasion, but the credulity of the Ambassador was not of so voracious an appetite as that of his predecessor; and the Admiral, looking round, and counting up 2652 guns in his English fleet, and eleven vessels of various sizes under the tricolor, was at last moved to bolder measures, and professed his readiness to take the fort, if Lord Elgin would give him official instructions to do so. This was on the 18th of May. On the 19th, six gunboats danced merrily over the bar, and were curious objects of speculation to the awestruck garrison, who had never seen paddle-wheel or screw

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before. With undaunted stolidity, however, the Chinamen watched the motions of those smoky Will-o'-the-wisps, and became gradually so used to the splutter and puff, that they employed their friend Poutiatine to send us a challenge to come on. Officers galloped about, and all the men stood to the guns. Great expectation again reigned in the fleet, but as evening came on, the gunboats came to anchor at a long range from the forts. Moonlight shone down with tranquillising light upon the lately animated scene, and nothing was heard but the gruff chorus of the British sailors, who were too much excited by the prospect of thrashing the "fokees" on the morrow to go to sleep till they had exhausted their repertory of appropriate songs. The ultimatum was sent in on the following day, at eight o'clock. It consisted in a demand for the evacuation of the forts and their surrender to the allies. An interval of two hours was given, during which we paused for a reply; and as no reply came, the signal was hoisted at ten o'clock, and the ships took up their different positions. The description of this engagement is graphic and heart-stirring as the Balaklava charge. Its interest is greatly increased when we see its bearing on the late repulse, and on the operations about to be commenced. Mr Oliphant has the good taste not to criticise the action at Takoo, which was so brilliantly painted in our December number, but enough is told to show the necessity of making allowance for the additional obstacles opposed to the entrance of the river, and the increased skill and confidence of the native forces. Napoleon long ago warned us of the Spartan rule, not to fight often with the same enemies, and foretold that by dint of too many victories we should teach the millions of China the art of gaining victories in return; but the ministry at home did not give them credit for being such apt scholars, and had furnished no adequate reinforcement for the greatly more perilous enterprise. On the present occasion, the force was found sufficient, but gave a most instructive lesson to the Tartars in their preparation for the next attack.

A cannonade of some hours, followed by a rush of marines and blue-jackets into the embrasures, scattered the defenders in terror and confusion. The fort of Takoo was surmounted by the allied flags, and a resolution immediately taken to force their way up to Tientsin: there was no force required. The exploring expedition prepared the way, and the indefatigable Secretary was of course on board. This inland voyage of the Opossum is very interesting. A barrier of junks was the first impediment, but by skilful steering and a little extra steam the little openings were threaded with the dexterity of a London cabman through a block in Fleet Street, and in a short time overtook the admirals, who had anchored in a reach of the stream. Doubt and uncertainty hung upon every forward turn of the wheel. No soundings had been taken. The disposition of the inhabitants on the banks was unknown, and precautions were accordingly taken as if they were on an active enemy's land. All the junks they met with were cleared out of the river for fear they might be sunk, and prevent the flotilla's return. All the stacks of millet-straw were burnt, to prevent their being used as fire-rafts; and greatly humbled were the hearts of the Chinamen on both the shores, and far inland, when they saw this blaze of flame illuminating the voyage, and the light jets of steam which sent the gunboats round the innumerable windings of the river without sail or oar. So awestruck were the villagers wherever the flotilla passed, that they thought nothing less could follow the voyage than an overthrow of the dynasty. "Hail, oh King!" they shouted as we approached; "Welcome, Great King! Be thou our Emperor — come thou and reign over us!" The fidelity of our new subjects was, however, proved in more valuable ways than by words. When asked to procure beef or other provisions not easy to get, they would urgently plead the difficulty of obtaining any, but submissively conclude by saying, "However, since you, the Great King, command, we must obey."

On the fourth day of this first and

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tentative voyage the gates and pagodas of the great city were distant about a mile and a half. No hostile demonstration was made. The Bustard and Staunch had actually reached the suburb, and Mr Oliphant hurried back as fast as the Opossum could go, and conveyed the gratifying intelligence to Lord Elgin that the object of the expedition was gained. The amount of success, indeed, was understated, for on the 29th information was brought that the Emperor had seen the necessity of compliance, and the unhappy Tan, Tsung, and Wu, transmitted the notification of their defeat in the following rescript from the Vermilion Pencil: "We command Kweiliang, Chief Secretary of State, and Hwashana, President of the Board of Civil Office, to go by post-route to the port of Tientsin for the investigation and despatch of business. Respect this."

Lord Elgin and Baron Gros lost no time in preparing to meet the new Commissioners, and steamed up in the Slaney at full power. They found the flotilla peaceably at anchor, surrounded at all hours by immense crowds of gaping-mouthed spectators, and took up their residence in a fragile and somewhat fantastic building, which bore the appropriate name of the "Temple of Supreme Felicity." Russia and America were contented with dwellings of a lower degree of bliss, as they had not earned the right to Olympian mansions by an active participation in the war. The inconvenience of a temple converted into a lodging-house was principally experienced at night, as the shrines of different little obese divinities were turned into bedrooms, and the presiding deities still showed their flat faces and aldermanic proportions in niches in the wall, with the chance of exciting the most uncomfortable dreams. The furniture was altogether adapted to the sacred character of the building, consisting principally of statues and lanterns; and the secretaries were forced to secularise the whole place before it became habitable at all. They turned altars into washhand basins, and supported looking-glasses against the protuberant little gods. Tables and chairs were got in from the town, and in a few days the spiritual and temporal powers were reconciled by a partition of the day and night between them: English dinners in the great hall at six o'clock, and nightmare in the haunted chambers at twelve. Below this residence a dozen English and French gunboats were within conversational distance on the river; the building on the opposite side of the courtyard was turned into a guard-house, held by engineers and marines, and the mission felt as safe as in Paris or London. Two very interesting observations were made from the windows of the supremely blest abode: one, that the water-marks on the muddy banks showed that at certain seasons of the year the Peiho would be navigable by vessels of considerable tonnage far above Tientsin; the other, that at a few hundred yards below the bridge, the Grand Canal effected its junction with the river after a course of six hundred miles. From Tientsin, therefore, we could threaten either to approach the capital or to starve it by interrupting its supplies.

The Commissioners came in hot haste from Pekin; and we fear the dusty garments and exhausted appearance of the escort, as described by Mr Oliphant, argue either a greater distance or a more difficult line of country between Tientsin and the capital than we were led to hope. A meeting was arranged for the next day in the Temple of Oceanic Influences, about three miles from the town, to verify powers and open negotiations. All Lord Elgin insisted on was, that they should be as fully authorised by the Emperor as he was by the Queen, or a treaty would be ineffectual; and as there was reason to suppose, from their statement on announcing their arrival, that their powers were of the fullest range, the embassy set out in high spirits for the place appointed for the meeting. To astonish the natives with a display of grandeur, the Ambassador and his suite went forth in procession in twelve chairs, accompanied by a guard of honour of one hundred and fifty marines, and preceded by the band of the Calcutta. Lord Elgin's chair was of large size, surmounted by a brass knob, and carried by eight

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bearers. These were the outward shows of a mandarin of the highest rank; and the gigantic button on the top was perhaps equivalent to our riband of the Garter. But all lesser sentiments of awe and wonder were lost when the crowd saw the guard present arms, while the band struck up "God save the Queen," and the stately march began. "Nor, indeed," says Mr Oliphant, "was it to be wondered at that an event altogether unprecedented, and of so striking and novel a character, should create some sensation. A procession of two hundred Chinamen marching down the Strand, armed with spears, and bows and arrows, or gigantic matchlocks, with their own tails reaching to their heels, and squirrel tails adorning their conical caps, with dragon-emblazoned breasts, and trousers and sleeves of equal dimensions; surrounding chairs of state, containing obese dignitaries, with peacocks' feathers and red balls on their head, would probably attract a crowd; and should this crowd have become strongly impressed with the belief that in this outlandish procession they were gazing upon specimens of the race into whose hands the government of the country was about to pass, their countenances would betray a more than ordinary interest." We have no doubt of it—and their hands an amazing pertinacity in throwing brickbats at the said procession, and ducking the obese dignitaries in the Thames. The Chinese millions must be either more or less than human to have left the handful of Europeans undestroyed; and, on a review of the whole subject, we feel inclined to decide that they are less. Perhaps, however, if the parallel holds good, the enmity of the multitude was softened by its contempt. The figure of a starched upright gentleman, in official coat and cocked hat, attended by a set of red-coated baboons, blowing unintelligible discord through serpents and trombones, was as irresistibly ludicrous as the picture presented of the march down the Strand, with Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell coming up from Windsor, in an omnibus a-piece, to meet the celestial embassy at St Paul's.

The Commissioners came down the front steps to welcome Lord Elgin when he arrived at the Temple. They conducted him into the great hall, and, according to their laudable custom of commencing all business of importance with a refection, they invited him to a seat at a long table covered with sundry descriptions of Chinese delicacies. But the Ambassador had determined on his line of conduct, and proceeded to weighty matter at once. He produced his powers, and requested them to do the same. Kweiliang, a most polite and gentlemanly old Tartar, handed the document for translation to Mr Wade. Apparently nothing could be more complete; but Lord Elgin discovered, on inquiry, that they had not been put in possession of a seal of office, termed the Kwang-fang, and was glad of the opportunity of showing that circumstances had changed very much since the days of Macartney and Amherst. Assuming a displeased tone, and looking dignified and offended, he insisted on the Kwang-fang being sent for at once, and broke up the conference with a haughty refusal of the proffered refreshment, reserving, he told them, for a written communication any remarks he might have to make on the subject of the full powers. The imperturbability of face prescribed by Talleyrand would have been out of place at Tientsin. The Chinese are great physiognomists, and gather as much from a curl of the lip or glance of the eye as from spoken words. Lord Elgin accordingly curled his lips and glanced round in a stern and implacable manner, which left no doubt on the minds of the pig-tailed Lavaters that his Lordship was not to be trifled with. The Kwang-fang was sent for without delay, and Kweiliang and Hwashana accompanied the irritated Ambassador to his chair with the most undisguised dismay, pouring forth a profusion of protestations and remonstrances.

Petruchio was a better model than Polonius, and the celestials were thoroughly subdued. They entreated that Mr Lay, who had held the appointment under the Chinese Government of Inspector of Customs at Shanghai, might be allowed to visit

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them, and give them his advice in the difficult circumstances in which they were placed; and Lord Elgin, having a remarkable foreknowledge of what Mr Lay's advice would be, graciously acceded to their petition. The ruling idea of the Ambassador's policy was to make a demonstration of our power near the capital itself; but the Indian mutiny had so diminished his disposable force, that the whole expedition consisted of not more than two thousand five hundred men. Bearing this in mind, the energy of Lord Elgin and the achievements of all concerned are worthy of the highest admiration; and now that our hold was firmly established in the great city of Tientsin, with the grand feeder in our power in the shape of the great canal, our force received the desirable augmentation of the gallant 59th, and a message came from General Straubenzee, that if more were required he was prepared to send them. The result is shortly summed up by Mr Oliphant: "In a word, then, the policy of the allied plenipotentiaries, as so far developed, had in effect placed the Emperor in their grasp, and the dynasty itself at their mercy, without in any way endangering the European communities at the ports, or even disturbing their trade. It was, indeed, matter for congratulation that they had at last succeeded in placing themselves in this favourable attitude, with a force so limited and hampered, and under such adverse circumstances generally. It may be readily imagined that the five weeks we passed at Tientsin formed a most cheerful contrast to the same period spent in the Gulf of Pechelee. There we had more than once utterly despaired of ultimate success; now we felt that, though disappointed in our hopes of reaching Pekin, the doubts and anxieties we had experienced would probably be more than compensated for by a diplomatic triumph."

The interesting episode of the appearance of the famous Keying, who displayed such skill and jollity at the Treaty of Nankin in 1842 that for a while he was the most popular Chinaman who had ever been heard of in England, relieves the dryness of political details with a little romance. No longer the taree-bottle-man of former days, Keying had sunk into a premature old age under the weight of the disgrace he incurred by his yielding to the barbarians under Gough and Pottinger. He came to Tientsin as unexpected by the Commissioners as by the Ambassador; and although he was endowed with no ostensible office or authority, a change was soon perceived in the bearing of Kweiliang and Hwashana. Alas for poor old Keying—the archives found in the yamun of the monster Yeh at Canton had revealed certain state papers which opened Lord Elgin's eyes to the duplicity of the new arrival. He declined to receive his visit, as he had no official rank, and confounded him into shame and silence by making Mr Lay read the fatal document while he sat in conclave with the Commissioners. The convicted deceiver was strengthened more than ever, as might be expected, in the hostile line he had adopted towards the barbarians, and his voice was still for war. He left Tientsin to convey this proposition to the Emperor, but his enemies were on the watch. He was ordered not to approach the capital; and the ending of the poor man's story, which is admirably told, is that he was condemned to be executed, but was allowed, by the Imperial clemency, to die by his own hand.

The immediate result of his visit to Tientsin was a change in the bearing of the inhabitants, who became insolent and defiant. Two of our officers were insulted in the street, and the gates shut by an infuriated mob to prevent the entrance of the English. The walls, however, were scaled by three or four gentlemen, among whom was Mr Oliphant himself, and the townsmen taken in rear. Marines were marched in with bayonets fixed—some respectable shopkeepers were seized as hostages, and a liberal allowance of kicks and buffets bestowed on the rabble. Politeness was restored by these new teachers of deportment, and the war spirit died out on the disappearance of Keying. But it seems impossible to keep a Chinaman in a straightforward path. If he can twist and turn, he is

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sure to show his skill in trick and tergiversation. From the Emperor to the smallest of buttons, wisdom seems to consist in deceit, and all Lord Elgin's natural cleverness was required to prevent his being "done."

"Among the clauses in the British Treaty, which were not included in the other treaties, there were two which were most pertinaciously resisted by the Chinese Commissioners. The one provided that the British Minister in China should be entitled to reside permanently at Pekin, or to visit it occasionally at the option of the British Government; and the other, that British subjects should have the right of travelling to all parts of the Empire of China for trading purposes. Having failed in their endeavours to induce Lord Elgin to recede from these demands, the Commissioners had recourse to the Plenipotentiaries of the other powers then at Teintsin, and begged their intervention in conveying to Lord Elgin the important piece of intelligence, that on the previous day an Imperial decree had been received from Pekin, to the effect, that not merely degradation, but decapitation, would be inflicted upon Kweiliang and Hwashana if they conceded these two points.

"Whether or not any such decree had actually been received was problematical; but the appeal *ad misericordiam* was difficult to resist, more particularly as it was made just at the moment that the first rumours of Keying's death reached us. Nevertheless, Lord Elgin, after full consideration, resolved to adhere to his original demands; and upon the morning of the 26th he authorised Mr Bruce to communicate his determination to the Commissioners in peremptory terms, believing that language of a decided character would be the best protection to the Commissioners against the Imperial wrath, which, it was alleged, their acquiescence in his demands would provoke.

"It is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the motives which induced the Ambassador to exhibit so much persistence, in so far as the second of these demands is concerned. The commercial advantages which England must derive from the vast extension of her import and export trade consequent upon the '*exploitation*' of the interior of the Empire by her merchants, are too manifest to require elucidation."

Lord Elgin, indeed, saw reason to recommend the non-residence of an ambassador at Pekin, but the right to use this privilege if we chose, was not the less valuable as a constituent part of the agreement. It was the first step towards introducing China into the recognised family of civilised nations, and feelers were put forth to Hwashana to discover whether he was inclined to appear at the Court of England as representative of the Purple Tube. The prospect seemed to have no great temptation for that sedate and imperturbable old aristocrat, who merely said, "If the Emperor orders me to go, I will go; if he does not order me to go, I will not go." Submission was the badge of all the tribe; and as the Ambassador had resolved not to yield, it became necessary for the Commissioners to do so. A day was therefore fixed for the signature of the treaty, and the embassy proceeded in state to the former place of rendezvous. The great operation of affixing name and seal was performed in the Temple of Oceanic Influences, and the Treaty of Tientsin waited only the ratification of the Emperor to give it force in all its clauses. As the procession returned late at night, they were received with cheers loud and long from the French and English ships upon the river, and Admiral Rigaud's band struck up the National Anthem. Baron Gros received Lord Elgin with the warmest congratulations, and all the anxieties of the previous year were amply repaid by the termination of our labours. The French went through the same ceremony with a still more imposing procession on the following day; and after a considerable delay and much chicanery on the part of the Commissioners, who presented an insufficient ratification, only exchanging it for a more satisfactory document when demonstrations were made of a recurrence to military force, the barbarians took a calm survey of their gains, and found that with an inconsiderable expense of life and money they had succeeded in every point; they had the right to a resident minister at Pekin, and to travel and trade in all parts of the empire. Several other ports were opened, especially the valuable harbour of New-chwang in Manchouria, which places us within an easy distance of the Amoor. But per-

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haps the most valuable stipulation was that which converted the variable and irritating transport dues into a fixed payment of 2½ per cent *ad valorem* on all imports and exports. An indemnity for losses at Canton, and the expenses of the war, of £1,300,000, is principally useful as teaching the Chinese that a quarrel with Europeans is followed by a bill of costs.

We are delighted, however, to leave these official details, and dwell on the livelier features of the book. When the author is left to his own discretion, we scarcely can banish the idea that we are reading a novel of life and manners. And such life, and such manners! so perfectly different from our own, and so unmistakably true. We become as completely acquainted with the character of Hwashana, for instance, as with his features by his daguerreotype in the first volume. The nearest approach to his features and expression that can be made by the Western mind is to imagine a drunken beadle, drest in his robes of office and smoking his yard of clay, with a leer in his eye of mingled cunning and stolidity. His co-mate and brother in diplomacy, Kweiliang, is a still more wonderful example of the difference between Asia and Europe. Is it possible that that dull countenance and fatuous attitude represent genius and talent to the spectator in Pekin, while in Paris or London they would be set down as indicative of the lowest development? Have the Chinese an opposite theory of physiognomy from ours? What did they think of the faces of Poutiatine, Elgin, and Gros? was Elgin slow and phlegmatic? was Gros heavy and unideaed? was Poutiatine asleep? and Reed too profoundly indolent to know what was going on? Whatever the reply of the acute physiognomists of Pekin may be, we venture to answer all these questions in the negative. Three personages more wide-awake than Poutiatine, Reed, and Elgin it would be difficult to find in the law-list of any nation. Three Israelitish shentlemen at an auction of old clothes could not have been more observant of each other's motions, or readier to take advantage of a momentary pause.

No sooner were the guns loaded to salute the Treaty of Tientsin, than the Russian and American suddenly put on all steam and disappeared from the Gulf of Pechelee. Fast as a thousand horse power could carry them, they bore off to the north-east. Lord Elgin knew by instinct what the cunning pair were after; and as two or three weeks must elapse before the Commissioners could arrive to settle the particulars of the Treaty, he suddenly gave orders for the Furious to keep up her fires, and, accompanied by his Secretary, started off to the nearest point of Japan. Over four hundred and fifty miles of smooth sea, full of expectation, and rejoicing at their escape from Shanghai, like noisy children just let loose from school, the Embassy steamed in a few hours, and anchored within sight of the city of Nagasaki. A more astonishing revelation of manners and customs awaited them here than in the Flowery Land. The dust and ashes of Pompeii were not a more complete bar to the curiosity of visitors than the isolation and exclusiveness of Japan. For many generations the whole of those prodigious islands lay hidden from the rest of mankind, except a small portion of the coast, where the Dutch were allowed to settle, on condition of being treated like convicts, and locked up when their daily task was done. The Dutch, who have achieved a sort of liberty at home, show an innate aptitude for slavery abroad. There is no cruelty they will not commit, no insult they will not endure, for the sake of a lucrative trade; and the Japanese may be forgiven for the low opinion they entertained of the Europeans, when they formed it upon their knowledge of the crawling apostates of Rotterdam. A town so regular in its architecture and scrupulously clean, inhabited by a population pleasant to look upon, was a strange and delightful sight to the party on board the Furious, who had been disgusted so long with the ugliness and insolence of the Chinese. Excursions were made into the city. The country all round was a fairy scene of picturesqueness and

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beauty; but Lord Elgin was not so absorbed as the junior suite in the contemplation of ladies and landscapes. He led the way on the 5th of August towards Simoda. Something was on his mind; and on going on shore to return the visit of the American Consul, Mr Harris, he learned that his suspicions were not unfounded. The Powhattan had arrived some time before with the news of the capture of the Takoo Forts, and the compulsory arrangement of Tientsin. "See," said Mr Harris to the authorities at Yedo—"see what *we* of the West can do: we can knock the celestial realm into never-ending smash, so I will trouble you to sign this little treaty." The treaty, favourable beyond the expectations of Washington, and altogether refused to the request of Mr Donker Curtius, the Dutch envoy, who had asked for it previous to the forcing of the Peiho, was signed without a word, and the mere echo of the cannonade by France and England had been utilised by our Yankee brothers without loss of time. Nevertheless, a kinder or manlier friend than Mr Harris no Englishman ever could boast. He lent Lord Elgin his interpreter, Mr Hewskin, and with this invaluable addition to his company the Ambassador speedily went on. Besides the Furious, commanded by Sherard Osborn, whose name is a guarantee for dashing enterprise and talent of various kinds, the voyage was made by the Retribution, under the skilful sailor Captain Lee, and "The Yacht."

This yacht, blazing with paint and gilding, beautiful in her mould, and quick as a greyhound in motion, was far the most valuable ship in the squadron. Not that it could fight, or run down a war-junk, or perform any astonishing feat in war—but it was Lord Elgin's hope in all his difficulties. If the port-master of Nagasaki majestically waved the intrusive squadron away from the inner part of the harbour, the Ambassador made a gracious bow in return, but continued his career, all in consequence of the yacht. At Simoda, dignitaries of all ranks and qualities besought him to proceed no farther, but to deliver his message then and there; but Lord Elgin resolutely persisted in shaping his course for Yedo, and all in consequence of the yacht. The yacht had been sent as a present from the Queen of England to the Emperor of Japan, and nothing should prevent the loyal and obedient Envoy from delivering his royal mistress's token of friendship and respect into the hands of the Tycoon himself. Away then for Yedo screwed the joyous flotilla, and paying no attention to the reclamations of the authorities of a place called Uraga, who shouted, prayed, and signalled the expedition to stop, rounded a point towards the harbour of Kanagawa, about eighteen miles from the capital, and saw the Russian squadron, with the indefatigable Poutiatine on board! This diplomatist unfortunately had no yacht to present to the Tycoon, and remained at anchor as requested by the Japanese; but what could Lord Elgin do? could he leave the yacht in the hands of strangers? could he allow the yacht out of his sight till it had reached its destination? what if the Emperor never should get the yacht? if anything should happen to the yacht? It was so evident that he must take the yacht as near as possible to Yedo, that Poutiatine himself must have seen the cruel necessity the English were under of showing their flags and port-holes to the imperial city, which rose with great stateliness at the upper end of the bay; and for this purpose (and to hand over the yacht in proper form) they came to anchor about three miles from the shore.

There is nothing to be likened to the rest of Mr Oliphant's story of Japan, except the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor. Compared, indeed, to the appearance and habits of Yedo, some of the revelations of that veracious chronicler are flat and insipid. It is a city, the size of an ordinary principality, cleaner than a Dutch village, furnished with almost all the appliances of the highest modern science, and yet discarding many of the notions which with us are considered the first elements of civilisation. Those in the lower ranks believe themselves to be quite sufficiently drest when they carry a narrow band of linen round the

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loins, and another across the nose. Women, especially at Nagasaki, perform their ablutions in tubs upon the public street, with the air of being Dianas enjoying the bath in some secluded fountain. Horses are shod with immense rolls of straw, and have their tails carefully enveloped in bags. One district of the capital is inhabited by three hundred and sixty princes, each with a house of the size of a public hospital, which he is forced to occupy for six months in each year, and to leave his wife and children to inhabit for the other six, during which he is obliged to reside on his vast estates. Ladies naturally favoured with tolerable features are condemned by an inexorable custom to pull out their eyebrows and blacken their teeth the moment they marry, for the express purpose of making them so hideous to other men that the most Othello-like of husbands has no occasion to be jealous. And all this city, and the great empire in all its details, are ruled over by two chiefs—a Spiritual and a Temporal king—with the principle of duality carried through all the inferior grades. Every official has a double, bound to observe and report on all his actions; every person whatever being obliged to give an account of somebody else; so that the Siamese Twins ought to have been the produce of this land of inseparable duplicates, where the combined titles of "Elgin and Kincardine" were naturally concluded to belong to the Ambassador *in esse*, and the "other man," who never made his appearance.

For all these details, and a hundred more, we must refer the Hindbads of the time to the narrative itself. They will hear more wonderful things than astonished the ears of that most fortunate of the porters of Bagdad. Who does not see that the following passage has slipt, by some chance, out of the *Arabian Nights?* "It is an ordinary thing for one of these princes to parade the country with a force of some thousands of men. When we remember that all these followers have to be lodged on the premises of their chief, and that there are three hundred and sixty of these dignitaries, we cannot wonder that their residences are necessarily capacious, and cover a very great extent of ground. To judge from the noble trees we observed rising above the walls, spacious pleasure-grounds must be enclosed within them. The handsomest palace I observed in Yedo was that belonging to Prince Achi, situated on the steep side of a hill. The gates were tastefully ornamented; the walls surmounted by trellis-work, and numerous magnificent plane and other trees drooped over them into the street, tempting one to explore, if possible, the sacred precincts. Occasionally, in the course of our explorations of the city, we met men of rank riding along one of these silent streets, their retinue taking up almost its entire length, consisting, as usual, of men carrying badges on long poles—the insignia of the rank of their lord—umbrellas in bags and lacquered portmanteaus. When a great man wishes to move about incognito, his retinue is not decreased, but these badges of his rank are packed up in the aforesaid portmanteaus."

If Schezerazade had had such a starting-point for an adventure, we should have had an interior view of the palace of Prince Achi as minute as of the bridal chamber of Bedreddin Hassan of Balsora. But the outside views are perhaps enough; for the contrasts between the proofs of civilisation and barbarism, which encounter you on every side, have the interest of the first and last volumes of a national history fused into one. It is as if the Druids on Salisbury Plain were contemporary with Dr Milman. We have spectacles, telescopes, cannon, steam-boats, fire-escapes, policemen, and special constables; and at the same time we have a privileged race of dogs, whom it is a capital crime to kill, who rollick about the town, fat and comfortable, with no particular owner, but all the world for their friend; who are fed and caressed while they are in health, and conveyed to spacious hospitals, built for their accommodation, when they are ill. We have a manner of settling a "crisis" in political affairs, which would make a change of ministry a more serious occurrence than the mere loss of

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office. When the Tycoon differs from his administration, the case is referred to a committee of three of the princes of the blood. If they decide against the Emperor, he immediately abdicates the throne. If they decide against the cabinet, the members instantly retire to a private apartment, and rip up their bowels with a knife. The population tattoo their skins with the most fantastic configurations, and yet the poorest of them can read, and all are very fond of books.

Luncheons and dinners ran their jovial course, and the dignitaries of the Empire became devoted to ham and champagne. They entered into our habits with the utmost facility, and behaved with a politeness worthy of Mayfair. When they understood that toasts in our country were received with all the honours, they "roared and shouted" at the name of the Queen and their Emperor, as if they had been in the London Tavern. One enthusiastic Commissioner, determining to show a greater acquaintance with Western practices than the rest, availed himself of a moment of profound silence to start up and utter a succession of cheers, with neither introduction nor explanation. But when two weeks were come and gone, and the articles of the Treaty were agreed on, a ceremonious meeting was held, and the signatures attached. Then Lord Elgin bethought him of the yacht; and that handsome craft was officially surrendered to the Japanese flag. Salutes echoed from all the ships and castles, and with many kind recollections of the interesting people and beautiful country, the vessels steamed out of the bay, and directed their course once more to the hateful Shanghai and treacherous Chinese. Mr Oliphant sums up the prospects of trade and intercourse with the enormous population of Japan, by a caution, that success depends upon the foreign merchants themselves. Caution and forbearance are required in our first transactions with a people so sensitive, and who have been shut up for so many hundred years from all knowledge of the outer world. Their resources are immense in all the main articles of commerce. They have mines of coal and metal, and all the products of a land three or four times the size of the British Isles—silk, camphor, vegetable oil, and vegetable wax, cotton, wool, ship-timber, bread-stuffs, rice, paddy, steam-machinery, tin, lead, and raw silk. In return they want all that England can supply or carry. If we only keep them in good-humour, and abstain from offending their tastes and interest, by the violence and brutal insolence of our crews, the trade in a few years may be one of the largest we enjoy; and the Treaty of Yedo be looked back on as a starting-point of happiness and prosperity to both the peoples.

It is just possible that the natural dislike entertained for the celestial monstrosities of Canton and Takoo may have unconsciously given Mr Oliphant a bias in favour of their neighbours, the ladies and gentlemen of Japan; but the facts related, and the capital illustrations with which the volumes are supplied, bear out his highest encomiums. The fairy tale closes with the last look we get of Nagasaki, and we are brought back to the land of commonplace realities, where we resume our relations with the old Commissioners Hwashana and Kweiliang, with the addition of two other officials of the names of Ming and Twan. When all the points were settled, and the Treaty, with the additional articles, was formally signed, sealed, and delivered, Lord Elgin concluded his Chinese mission with an expedition up the Yang-tse-Kiang. Though this is perhaps the most interesting of all the experiences of the Ambassador, involving fights with the rebels and strandings on rocks, with other moving accidents by flood and field, we must bring the paper to a close.

Enough has been said in this brief compendium to show of what materials the work consists. It will in all probability provoke discussion on the topic so uppermost in the public mind—the best method of bringing the perpetual jarrings between the half-infantine civilisation of China and the ordinary rights of nations to a final and satisfactory close. These volumes will furnish materials for the supporters of all the various opinions

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now afloat on the way to recover the prestige with which Lord Elgin surrounded the English name, from its temporary loss by the failure at Takoo; for though Mr Oliphant persistently and consistently maintains the original idea of his chief, that operations, to be successful, must be within the walls of Pekin, his descriptions of the country—the desolation and disuse of the Grand Canal, the nature of the ground between Tientsin and the capital, and the frightful character of the climate—leave ample room and verge enough for the advocates of a repetition of former successful efforts, of a general display of power along the whole of the Chinese coast, carrying the sufferings of war into the maritime towns; and of those more careful or less enterprising, who would content themselves with the permanent occupation of Nankin. Our great revenge hath stomach for them all; and with the aid of a French army, and all the nations of the West looking on, we see no cause to despair of so uniting these conflicting opinions that the supporters of each may be able to say, "I told you how it would be;" "The bombardment of the seaboard did it;" "The seizure of Nankin did it;" "You would never have done anything if you had not taken possession of the capital." Whichever of these courses is pursued, or if all of them are tried together, we can only say with Shakespeare, "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done *quickly*."

ST STEPHEN'S.

PART THIRD.

While States yet flourish, from the soil unseen
Mounts up the sap which gives the leaf its green—
Mounts and descends through each expanding shoot,
And knits the soaring summit to the root.

Thus, till the life-spring of a race expires,
The land brings forth the great men it requires;
Duly as Nature, with returning springs,
Renews the crowns of her own forest kings.

And Pitt and War are past; a gentler time;
Peace on the world, and Canning in his prime.
Beautiful shape, if lesser than the men
Who overshadowed his young growth—what then?
Those tall old giants now were out of place—
Politer days need elegance and grace:
Of lesser stature, but of comelier form,
He rides no whirlwind, he directs no storm;
But storms and whirlwinds are not in the air;
Consult the glass—Slight Changes, Showery, Fair!
The Throne and Altar safe from Paine and Clootz;
In times so civil, giants would be brutes.

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Though then, the Many were, in fact, the Few;
Some 'liberal doctrines' are discussed, 'tis true—
Commercial Freedom,—not at once too much,
But that which Huskisson receives as such;
Emancipation,—not as yet in reach,
But still a glorious question—for a speech;
Reform in Parliament,—a coarse affront
To common sense—the rubbish of a Hunt:
Over such themes, all telling, urgent none,
Skimm'd with rare wit Etona's brilliant son.

Mark well his time, or else the man you wrong—
To times of danger earnest men belong:
Is the sea boisterous—must the storm be braved?
All hands to work, the vessel shall be saved:
Are waves becalmed—spreads tamely safe the way?
The captain treats the sailors to a play.

Burke spoke for abstracts in the good and fit,
Fox for all humankind, for England Pitt;
None of those causes much required defence
When Canning culled his flowers of eloquence;
Each of the three had self-esteem and pride—
Canning had these, and vanity beside;
And (though no mind less false or insincere)
Schemed for the gaze, and plotted for the cheer.
Thus while beneath a weakness which, we own,
The noblest natures have as largely known,
Courage and honour dwelt immovable,
His charming genius missed the master-spell—
A vague distrust pursued his glittering way,
And feared self-seeking in that self-display.
Ev'n in his speeches, at this distance read,
Much finely thought seems superfinely said;
Something theatric, which the admirer damps,
Smells—of the lamp? no, scholar; of the lamps!

Read him not, 'tis unfair; behold him rise;
And hear him speak!—the House all ears and eyes;
His one sole rival—Brougham—has just sate down,
Closing a speech that might have won the crown,
If English Members took their oaths by Styx,
And the Whig front bench were the Athenian Pnyx.
Canning is up! the beautiful bright face!
The front of power, the attitude of grace!

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Now every gesture in decorous rest,
Now sweeps the action, now dilates the crest;
And the voice, clear as a fife's warlike thrill,
Rings through the lines, half dulcet and half shrill.
Fair was his nature, judged by its own laws;
Say it coquets to win the gaze it draws—
Views every strife in which its lance it wields
More as gay lists than solemn battle-fields—
Sports in bright pastime with its own high powers,
And tricks out serious laurel with slight flowers;—
Granted, yet still, when candidly surveyed,
The jouster's art is not the huckster's trade;
And love of praise is not the lust of gain;
And at the worst, repeat it, he was vain.

But what rich life—what energy and glow!
Cordial to friend, and chivalrous to foe!
Concede all foibles harshness would reprove;
And what choice attributes remain to love!

See him the Arthur of his dazzling ring—
Wit's various knighthood round its poet-king;
Each from the chief, whose genius types a race,
Catching some likeness in reflected grace.
WARD, with coy genius critically fine,
Afraid to warm, yet studying rules to shine,
Neat in an eloquence of words well placed—
A trim town-garden, in the best trim taste.
GRANT, linking powers the readiest and most rare,
With one wise preference for an easy chair;
Deliberate HUSKISSON, with front austere
Lit into sunshine by the laugh of FREERE;
Accomplished WELLESLEY, equally at home
In Ind or Hellas, Westminster or Rome,
Vigorous in action, elegant in speech,
Scholar and statesman, Lælius-like in each;
Supreme in that which Cicero calls 'The Urbane;' *
Graceful as Canning, and perhaps as vain.

In stalwart contrast, large of heart and frame,
Destined for power, in youth more bent on fame,
Sincere, yet deeming half the world a sham,
Mark the rude handsome manliness of LAMB!

* CIC., *Brutus*, 46.

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None then foresaw his rise; ev'n now but few
Guess right the man so many thought they knew;
Gossip accords him attributes like these—
A sage good-humour based on love of ease,
A mind that most things undisturb'dly weighed,
Nor deemed their metal worth the clink it made.
Such was the man, *in part*, to outward show;
Another man lay coiled from sight below—
As mystics tell us that this fleshly form
Enfolds a subtler which escapes the worm,
And is the true one which the Maker's breath
Quickened from dust, and privileged from death.
His was a restless, anxious intellect;
Eager for truth, and pining to detect;
Each ray of light that mind can cast on soul,
Chequering its course, or shining from its goal,
Each metaphysic doubt—each doctrine dim—
Plato or Pusey—had delight for him.
His mirth, though genial, came by fits and starts—
The man was mournful in his heart of hearts.
Oft would he sit or wander forth alone;
Sad—why? I know not; was it ever known?
Tears came with ease to those ingenuous eyes—
A verse, if noble, bade them nobly rise.
Hear him discourse, you'd think he scarcely felt;
No heart more facile to arouse or melt;
High as a knight's in some Castilian lay,
And tender as a sailor's in a play.

Thus was the Being with his human life
At variance—noiseless, for he veiled the strife;
The Being serious, gentle, shy, sincere,
The life St Stephen's, and a Court's career;
Trained first in salons gay with roué wits,
And light with morals the reverse of Pitt's.
As England's chief, let others judge his claim,
And strike just balance between praise and blame;
I from the Minister draw forth the man,
Such as I saw before his power began,
And glancing o'er the noblest of our time,
Who won the heights it wears out life to climb,
On that steep table-land which, viewed afar,
Appears so proud a neighbour of the star,
And, reach'd, presents dead levels in its rise
More dimm'd than valleys are by vapoury skies,

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I mark not one concealing from mankind
A larger nature or a lovelier mind,
Or leaving safer from his own gay laugh
That faith in good which is the soul's best half.

There, formed to please, young TEMPLE we behold—
Young for the man who never will be old—
Most grac'd disciple in that school of thought
And style which Canning rather led than taught;
The Eclectic School of thought, which flirts with many,
Too worldly-wise to wed itself to any;
Free as it lists to differ or agree
With Locke or Leibnitz as the case may be;
Its change no sect can inconsistent call;
It shares with each enough to club with all.
The style—that lifts the subject into play,
Now firmly grasps it, and now jerks away:
When some keen argument would foil reply,
The fencer swerves, and lets the thrust go by—
Cries with a smile, "But empty air you pierce,"
Turns the quick wrist, and presto!—pinks in tierce.
To school and style—to all he takes from art—
Temple adds natural charm; he has a heart;
He lets you mark its swell, and hear its beat;
From yours it takes, to yours returns the heat;
Without a mask it looks forth from his face,
Gives to each mode a vivifying grace;
Bluster seems spirit, and a trivial jest
The cordial burst of sunshine in the breast.
Worthy of love, in him is never viewed
The statesman's vulgarest vice, ingratitude:
Whate'er the means by which he seeks his end,
He ne'er to Fortune sacrificed a friend.

Behind this light group, scholarlike, yet gay,
Stands thy pale shade, mysterious CASTLEREAGH!
Note that harmonious tragic mask of face,
Rigid in marble stillness; not a trace
In that close lip, so bland, and yet so cold—
In that smooth brow, so narrow, yet so bold,
Of fancy, passion, or the play of mind;
But Fate has pass'd there, and has left behind
The imperial look of one who rules mankind.
They much, in truth, misjudge him, who explain
His graceless language by a witless brain.

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So firm his purpose, so resolved his will,
It almost seemed a craft to speak so ill—
As if, like Cromwell, flashing towards his end
Through cloudy verbiage none could comprehend.
Subtle and keen as some old Florentine,
And as relentless in disguised design,
But courteous with his Erin's native ease,
And strengthening sway by culturing arts that please;
Stately in quiet high-bred self-esteem,
Fair as the Lovelace of a lady's dream,
Fearless in look, in thought, in word, and deed—
These gifts may fail to profit States!—Agreed;
But when men have them, States they always lead.
And much in him, as Time shall melt away
The mists which dim all names too near our day,
Shall stand forth large; far ends in Pitt's deep thought,
By him, if rudely, were securely wrought;
And though, trained early in too harsh a school,
He guessed not how the needful bonds of rule
Become the safer when the cautious hand,
As grows a people, lets its swathes expand,
He served, confirmed, enlarged his country's sway;
Ireland forgives him not—Three Kingdoms may.

There is an eloquence which aims at talk—
A muse, though wingèd, that prefers to walk;
Its easy graces so content the eye,
You'd fear to lose it if it sought to fly;
Light and yet vigorous, fearless yet well-bred,
As once it moved in TIERNEY'S airy tread.
Carelessly, as a wit about the town
Chats at your table some huge proser down,
He lounged into debate, just touch'd a foe,—
'Laughter and cheers'—A touch, sir? what a blow!
Declaiming never; with a placid smile
He bids you wonder why you are so vile;
One hand politely pointing out your crime,
The other—in his pocket all the time.

Many since then affect that easy way—
The Conversational 's the vogue to-day;
But ease, the surest sign of strength in men,
Is to the oration hard as to the pen.
That talk which art as eloquence admits
Must be the talk of thinkers and of wits—

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A living stream, which breaks from golden mines,
And by its overflow reveals their signs,
And not the wish-wash that, from five to eight,
Lags, in small Lethès, through the dead debate.

Who rises now, with an audacious grace?
What tall pre-Adam of our trousered race,
Breech'd and top-booted,—the revered costume
Which Gilray gave our grandsires in their bloom?
And hark! he speaks; you cheer him, yet you find
His dress is less old-fashioned than his mind.
Fine, nervous, sturdy, free-born British—rant;
Well, pass the word, some fustian, but not cant.
No new sham-bitters froth that heady scorn,
But hot old amber brewed by Parson Horne.
Sincere if wayward, thoroughbred if bold,
Survey the well-born demagogue of old;
Too rich to bribe, and much too proud for power,
And as to fear—a fico for the Tower!
In youth more popular than Fox; in age,
When BURDETT spoke, few actors more the rage.
None gifted more to please the eye and ear,
The form so comely and the voice so clear.
Pitt's surly squires resigned their port, and ran
To hear the dangerous but large-acred man;
And trimmers shrank into yet smaller space,
Awed by such scorn of tyranny and place.

Some speak above their knowledge, some below;
What Burdett knew (not much), he let you know;
His speech ran over each Æolian chord,
So vaguely pleasing that it never bored.
Nor was it rude; whatever fear it woke
In breasts patrician, a patrician spoke;
And if no lettered stores it could display,
Still over letters it would pause and play,
Surprise an elegance, conceive a trope,
And pose logicians with a line from Pope.

Or young or old, no patriot more alone—
Whigs claim him not, and Radicals disown.
Ye modern liberal Benthamitic crew,
Nought had that Gracchus in top-boots with you!
Talk not to him of moral revolutions,
Of normal schools, mechanics' institutions;

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The heads of valiant freemen should be thick—
Your puny scholar scarce can stand a brick.
Talk not of means against intimidation,
And secret votes to womanise the nation;
Freemen are those who, every threat defying,
Fight to the poll while cabbage-stalks are flying.

With what amaze the stout old rebel saw
His Irish rival break, yet shirk, the law,
All patriot rules portentously reverse,
Turn Freedom's cap into Fortunio's purse!
Bid Mike and Paddy, much bewildered, know
"Who would be free, themselves, must strike the blow:
Your pence to-day, your liberties next year,
Erin-go-bragh!—I thank you for that cheer;"
The bargain struck; if aught remains to strike,
The blow descends on Paddy and on Mike;
Ev'n thus a chess king, castled in his nook,
Plays out his pawns and skulks behind a rook.

The Briton saw, and felt his hour was come;
His stout heart quail'd, his manly voice was dumb;
And as old Cleon, in the Athenian play,
Snubbed by the sausage-vendor, skulks away,
Sir Francis left the Demus he had led,
And Whigs installed the sausage-man instead.
Peace to his memory! grant him rash and vain,
'Twas the heart's blood that rose to clog the brain;
No trading demagogue, in him we scan
That pith of nations, the bold natural man,
Whose will may vibrate as the pulses throb,
Now scare a monarch, now despise a mob;
Dauntless alike to prop the State or shock,
To fire the Capitol or leap the Rock.
But not to Erin's coarser chief deny,
Large if his faults, Time's large apology;
Child of a land that ne'er had known repose,
Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes;
Hate, at St Omer's into caution drill'd,
In Dublin law-courts subtilised and skill'd;
Hate in the man, whatever else appear
Fickle or false, was steadfast and sincere.
But with that hate a nobler passion dwelt—
To hate the Saxon was to love the Celt.

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Had that fierce railer sprung from English sires,
His creed a Protestant's, his birth a squire's,
No blander Pollio whom our Bar affords,
Had graced the woolsack and cajoled 'my Lords.'
Pass by his faults, his art be here allowed,
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd;
Hear him in senates, second-rate at best,
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest;
Sought he to shine, then certain to displease;
Tawdry yet coarse-grained, tinsel upon frieze:
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth;
Hear him to mobs, and on his mother earth!

Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
Wall'd by wide air, and roof'd by boundless heaven;
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flowed into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Even to the centre of the hosts around;
And as I thought rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell.
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,
It glided, easy as a bird may glide;
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went;
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur still'd,
And sobs or laughter answered as it will'd.

Then did I know what spells of infinite choice,
To rouse or lull, has the sweet human voice;
Then did I seem to seize the sudden clue
To the grand troublous Life Antique—to view
Under the rock-stand of Demosthenes,
Mutable Athens heave her noisy seas.

Eno' of Cleons; in his later day,
Instead of Pericles, accept a GREY.
O'er the strong manhood of his hardy sense
Flowed in loose pomp a regal eloquence:
Methinks I see him yet, the stately man,
With form erect, and front Olympian;
With the full sweep of the imperial hand,
That seem'd to stretch a sceptre o'er the land;
And the deep quiet of those lustrous eyes,
Which lightened, Jove-like, but from tranquil skies.

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Some stint large forces to a single theme—
Touch the one jet, and upward leaps the stream;
Turn off the tap-cock, and the stream is gone,
And where the fountain sparkled stands a stone.
Alas! what springs of ancient inspiration
Dried in the ink that sign'd Emancipation!
There, in that Askalon of old debate,
What generous ardour and what pious hate!
There each great leader found his amplest field;
There each crude novice learn'd his arms to wield;
There from the Muse young RUSSELL lured away,
First dared the dragons he has lived to slay;
There COPLEY'S pennon streamed against the gale;
There BROUGHAM, great Talus, plied his iron flail;
There lightened HORNER'S sword, soon sheathed for ever;
There PEEL, decorous with his Median quiver,
Though to wound either side humanely loth,
Shot each in turn, and put an end to both.

But one there was, to whom with joint consent
All yield the crown in that high argument:
Mark where he sits; gay flutterers round the Bar,
Gathering like moths attracted by the star;
In vain the ballet and the ball invite,
Ev'n beaux look serious—PLUNKETT speaks to-night.
Mark where he sits, his calm brow downward bent,
Listening, revolving, passive, yet intent.
Revile his cause, his lips vouchsafe no sneer;
Defend it—still from him there comes no cheer—
No sign without of what he feels or thinks,
Within, slow fires are hardening iron links.
Now one glance round, now upward turns the brow,
Hush'd every breath; he rises—mark him now!
No grace in feature, no command in height,
Yet his whole presence fills and awes the sight;
Wherefore? you ask; I can but guide your guess—
Man has no majesty like earnestness:
His that rare warmth—collected central heat—
As if he strives to check the heart's loud beat;
Tame strong conviction and indignant zeal,
And leave you free to think as he must feel.
Tones slow, not loud, but deep-drawn from the breast,
Action unstudied, and at times suppress;
But as he neared some reasoning's massive close,
Strained o'er his bending head, his strong arms rose,

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And sudden fell, as if from falsehood torn
Some grey old keystone, and hurl'd down with scorn.
His diction that which most exalts debate,
Terse and yet smooth, not florid, yet ornate;
Prepared enough; long-meditated fact,
By words at will, made sinuous and compact;
With gems the Genius of the Lamp must win,
Not scatter'd loose, but welded firmly in,
So that each ornament the most display'd
Deck'd not the sheath, but harden'd more the blade;
Your eye scarce caught the dazzle of the show,
Ere shield and cuirass crash'd beneath the blow.

Far different he, who, in a later day,
Shot o'er those floors a sportive meteor ray,
The glittering wisp of that morass Repeal,
Delighting all, convincing no one, SHIEL.
The Kean of orators; with equal art
He cons a whisper and prepares a start—
What fire, what freshness!—why suspend the praise
Does he believe one syllable he says?
Perhaps! who knows?—it is the old debate;
Do actors feel the rage they simulate?
Some do, some not; Siddons was cool enough
To pause from murder for a pinch of snuff;
Macready's Tell shoots just above his son,
And his hand trembles when the play is done;
But both, however moved by what they act,
Alike are honest when they come to fact;
And so was Shiel; or feign'd or felt his rage,
No heart more genuine beat—when off the stage.

Fancy is ever popular—all like
The sheeted flame which shines, but does not strike;
And Shiel had these fine merits above all,
Point without sting, and satire without gall;
A courteous irony so free from scoff,
The grateful victim felt himself let off.
Where worst O'Connell, there was Shiel the best—
He understood the audience he addrest;
Declaimed, not bullied; rallied, not abused,
His angriest word a Hotspur had excused.
St Stephen takes not from St Giles his art,
But is a true good gentleman at heart.

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Some speakers are, who, wanting warmth or skill,
Speak, as mere speakers (hush, a secret !), ill ;
Yet gain a station that we all revere,
Proud to possess them, tho' not pleased to hear.
All wealth is rank—all wealth of every kind ;
And these men are the millionaires of mind.
Mid such, precedence MACKINTOSH may claim ;
His style was lecture, erudite and tame ;
Polemics theorised in so dry a shape,
His kindest listeners gulped them with a gape ;
While, in strange contrast to the frigid sense,
The toiling gesture's random vehemence.
The chilly audience eyed the swinging arm,
And envying sigh'd, "Himself he can keep warm."
But for the few who heard the lecture close,
No richer glebes have e'er emerged from snows ;
Each own'd his duty its reward had won,
And felt relieved to think that duty done.

Not thus MACAULAY ; in that gorgeous mind
Colour and warmth the genial light combined ;
Learning but glowed into his large discourse,
To heat its mass and vivify its force.

The effects he studied by the words were made,
More than the art with which the words were said.
Perhaps so great an orator was ne'er
So little of an actor ; half the care
Giv'n to the speaking which he gave the speech
Had raised his height beyond all living reach :
Ev'n as it was, a master's power he proved
In the three tests—he taught, he charm'd, he moved.
Few compass one ; whate'er their faults may be,
Great orators alone achieve the three.

Best in his youth, when strength grew doubly strong,
As the swift passion whirl'd its blaze along ;
In riper years his blow less sharply fell,
Looser the muscle, tho' as round its swell ;
The dithyramb sobered to didactic flow,
And words as full of light had less of glow.
Take then his best ; and first the speaker view,
The bold broad front paled to the scholar's hue,
And eye abstracted in its still, clear blue.

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Firm on the floor he sets his solid stand,
Rare is his gesture, scarcely moves a hand;
Full and deep-mouth'd, as from a cave profound,
Comes his strong utterance with one burst of sound,
Save where it splits into a strange wild key,
Like hissing winds that struggle to be free.
And at the close, the emotions, too represt
By the curb'd action, o'erfatigue the breast,
And the voice breaks upon the captive ear,
And by its failure, proves the rage sincere.
His style not essay, if you once admit
Speech as sense spoken, essay as sense writ;*

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* However carefully prepared, Lord Macaulay's parliamentary speeches were composed as orations, not as essays. Indeed, many years ago, before he went to India, he observed to the author of the lines which render so inadequate a tribute to his honoured name, that he himself never committed to writing words intended to be spoken—upon the principle, that, in the process of writing, the turn of diction, and even the mode of argument, might lose the vivacity essential to effective oration, and, in fact, fall into *essay*. His wonderful powers of memory enabled him to compose, correct, and retain, word by word, the whole of a speech, however long, without the aid of the pen. The author does not know whether Lord Macaulay continued, at a later period, to hold a theory on oratorical composition contradicted by the practical success with which orators still more skilful, such as Lord Brougham and Mr Canning, contrived to make the parts of their speeches which had been written with great care, not only dovetail into other parts delivered extempore, but appear bursts of sudden inspiration.

It was certainly, however, the brilliant art with which his speeches were composed upon *oratorical* principles, both as to arrangement of argument and liveliness of phraseology, that gave them that prodigious effect which they (at least the earlier ones) produced upon a mixed audience, and entitles this eminent personage to the fame of a very considerable orator. I may be pardoned for insisting upon this, since, in the various obituary notices of Lord Macaulay, there has appeared to me a disposition to depreciate his success as an orator, while doing the amplest justice to his merits as a writer. He was certainly not a debater, nor did he ever attempt to be so; but in the higher art of sustained, elaborate oration, no man in our age has made a more vivid effect upon an audience. His whole turn of mind and of style was indeed eminently oratorical; and it might be much more correctly said of him, that his essays were orations, than that his orations were essays. His chief merits in written compositions, are those of a man who has a large and miscellaneous audience constantly in his thought. The orator must never *bore;* he must never be obscure; he must never seem hesitating in his assertions; he must not be minutely refining, nor metaphysically subtle, in his philosophical deductions;—all the knowledge he thinks fit to press into his service he must seek to render clear to the commonest understanding; all his imagination must be employed, not in creating new worlds of thought, but in bringing thoughts the most generally admitted as sound into brilliant light. The rapid style of short sentences, in bold links of sense, a quick succession of pictures, in strong outline and vivid colour—these, students in general would probably admit to be the elements of oratorical composition, according to classic precepts and models; and in these will be found the most striking beauties of Lord Macaulay as a writer. Were this the place or the moment, it might not be difficult to show that the marked prevalence of these dazzling and

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Not essay—rather, argued declamation,
Prepared, 'tis true, but always as oration.
A royal Eloquence, that paid, in state,
A ceremonious visit to debate.
As unlike Burke as mind could be to mind,
He took one view—the broadest sense could find—
Never forsook it from the first to last,
And on that venture all his treasure cast.
Just as each scene throughout a drama's plan
Unfolds the purpose which the first began,
His speaking dramatised one strong plain thought,
To fuller light by each link'd sentence brought,
A home-truth deck'd—where, led but by the star,
Burke, sailing on, discovered truths afar.
He triumph'd thus where learning fails the most,
Perplexed no college, but harangued a host—
Minds the most commonplace rejoiced to view
How much of knowledge went to things they knew.
From ground most near their own trite household walls,
His Lamp's kind Genius raised its magic halls.

Thus much in proof of his least-granted claim,
What rests is read!—who reads will guard his fame.
If in his writing far more than his speech
His zeal mislead us where his lore should teach,
Few can take part in England's stormy life,
Nor bound their scope to what may serve their strife:
Nay, even the calmest schoolman rears his torch
So that its shadow dims the adverse porch.
Measured by those himself admits as tall,
Or lifts on stilts if others deem them small,
The favour'd priesthood of that famous sect,
Which, leading many, keep themselves select—
And in their porphyry chamber, I admit,
Have rear'd their own blood-royalty of wit;—
Compared, in short, with Whigs, his chosen race,
Where amongst *them* shall we assign his place?
In that rare gift—few gifts more rare in men—
The twofold eloquence of voice and pen,

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effective qualities almost necessitates the sacrifice of other merits which are foreign to the oratorical school of composition, but which have their proper place in critical essay and judicial history. But this inquiry is scarcely for our generation. The conquests of so great a genius must receive the sanction of time, before the national jealousy will permit a close survey of their boundaries.

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Brougham as a speaker has more strength and sweep,
Burke as a writer is more grave and deep;
But Brougham, as writer, less his strength has proved;
And Burke, as speaker, less his audience moved.
Nor Burke nor Brougham to Whigs we wholly cede,
For Brougham has stray'd from, Burke renounced their creed;
But this bright partisan was all their own,
His pomp of laurel in their soil was grown;
To guard their strongholds he directs his toils,
And to their tombs he dedicates his spoils.
This given to party,—what to England, say,
Left to endure, when parties fade away?—
To her young sons the model of a life,
Mild in its calm, majestic in its strife;
To her rich language blocks of purest ore,
To her grand blazon one proud quartering more!

Happy the man revered for plain good sense,
Perhaps the sole unenvied excellence!
Dulness his wisdom, wit his worth shall own,
The first ne'er puzzled, nor the last outshone;
Thus to his shore floats every vagrant waif,
And if but well born, England calls him "safe."
So Whig or Tory, each with pride installs
Archons in Ponsonbys and Percevals—
Leaders not brisk eno' to be unsteady,
Nor yet so slow but what they can be ready:
Such plain good sense, no sense could be more plain,
Seem'd crown'd in person during ALTHORPE's reign—
A reign as sovereign both o'er dunce and wit,
As Genius gave in right divine to Pitt.
But then that sense, if plain, was wondrous good—
Precious the grain, tho' common seem'd the wood.
And, too, that sense by Fancy so undeckt,
Took a strange grace from our own charm'd respect
For the mild image of benignant worth;
Honour as true as ever said to Earth,
'Confide;' inbred urbanity as mild
As e'er disarm'd the foe on which it smil'd,
Soothing all strife, yet yielding no belief—
These were the jewels in his crown of Chief.
Long may such gifts o'er verbal arts prevail,
For in their failing England's self shall fail.

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A different woof, but still of English stuff,
As plain, as honest, much more hard and rough,
In BENTINCK, dignified a style uncouth,
Made pride seem spirit, and rude language truth.

All have their dross;—thro' his there largely ran
The genuine metal of an earnest man;
One of those natures in which none suspect
The latent heat of heart and intellect,
Till in the atmosphere of common ire
At wrongs in common flashes out their fire,
The mass, expanding as the flames escape,
Takes from mere warmth new character, new shape.
Thus by no selfish anger roused to strife,
The whole Man rose transform'd from his old life;
The lounging member seldom in his place,
And then, with thoughts remote upon a race,
Stung into sympathy with others, blends
His life with theirs, and ease for ever ends.
Each task by which industrious toil supplies
What culture lacks or native bent denies,
Conscience itself imposes;—in his creed,
Who shuns one labour is unfit to lead.
Thus, victim of his own remorseless zeal,
Life, overwound, snapt sudden at the wheel,
And the same grief which England gives the brave
Slain at their post, did homage to his grave.

To me there's something bordering on the great
In him who labours—not for self:—the State,
In its caprice, may give him no reward;
Perhaps he bores, and is not born a lord.
The House may cough—his voice no coughs can drown;
Reports cut short—no Press can cut him down.
Still he toils on—for what? To be of use,
To prune a tax, or weed up an abuse.
Each hour for rest, for home, for health to grudge,
Unpaid, a servant, and unthank'd, a drudge;
And his work done, sink fameless in the tomb:
Such men have worth—nine such might make a Hume!

Tho' Bar and Senate are so near akin,
Our Senate's ear great Lawyers seldom win.
In truth, St Stephen grudges every knight
The spurs he earns in other fields of fight.

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Erskine?—too femininely vain of fame;
Wetherell?—too rabid; Scarlett?—much too tame.
In fine, a lawyer's copiousness is such,
Each has a something for the House too much.
Exceptions are; rough Dunning split the ear,
Wedg'd in his logic, and tore forth a cheer.
Bland Murray ruled their Lordships with a sway
Scarce less than Lyndhurst's lofty sense to-day.
Hush'd were the benches when, with careless ease,
With accents matchless for melodious keys,
With words the choicest, that seem'd strung by chance,
Cockburn's frank mind reveal'd its large expanse.
Still Whiteside's genius charms both foes and friends,
So headlong force with sparkling fancy blends;
As torrents flash the more their rush descends.
Still when Cairns rises, tho' at dawn of day,
The sleepers wake, and feel rejoiced to stay,
As his clear reasonings in light strength arise
Like Doric shafts admitting lucent skies.
But these are living, and their statues wait
Yet for the pedestal. Walhalla's gate
Opes only for the Dead!—What hand unknown
Shall carve for Brougham's vast image the grand throne?

Back to our bounds!
—Who heard and can forget
Mellifluous Follett? Yet I hear him—yet,
Plaintive and softly deep, his tones enthral
Reason and heart; in later days, of all,
The Master of Persuasion. Sterner arms
He wielded not; his weapons were like charms.
Nor wit, nor passion, nor embellish'd phrase,
Nor jests that stab, nor fancies that amaze;
But ere three words were spoken, to your soul
The irresistible enchanter stole.
One sovereign gift was his—he ruled by it;
'Twas that which gave autocracy to Pitt—
A quick electric sympathy which ran
Thro' the whole audience forth from the whole man;
He seem'd in all to place an equal trust,
Justice his aim,—what Englishman not just?
The ennobling spirit in himself appeal'd
To that true nobleness which, oft conceal'd,
Still in our Senate represents our race,
And is the guardian genius of the place.

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Few, who at ease their Members' speeches read,
Guess the hard life of members who succeed;
Pass by the waste of youthful golden days,
And the dread failure of the first essays—
Grant that the earlier steeps and sloughs are past,
And Fame's broad highway stretches smooth at last;
Grant the success, and now behold the pains:
Eleven to three—Committee upon Drains!
From three to five—self-commune and a chop;
From five to dawn, a bill to pass or stop;
Which, stopt or pass'd, leaves England much the same.
Alas for genius staked in such a game!
When as 'the guerdon' in the grasp appears,
"Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears."

Farewell, fine humorist, finer reasoner still,
Lively as Luttrell, logical as Mill,
Lamented BULLER; just as each new hour
Knit thy stray forces into steadfast power,
Death shut thy progress from admiring eyes,
And gave thy soul's completion to the skies;
More richly gifted, tho' to him denied
Ev'n thine imperfect honours, WINTHROP* died;
Died—scarce a promise of his youth redeem'd,
And never youth more bright in promise seem'd.
Granta beheld him with such loving eyes
Lift the light lance that struck at every prize;
What the last news?—the medal Praed has won;
What the last joke?—Praed's epigram or pun;
And every week that club-room, famous then,†
Where striplings settled questions spoilt by men,
When grand MACAULAY sate triumphant down,
Heard PRAED'S reply, and long'd to halve the crown.

Yet in St Stephen's this bright creature fail'd—
Yes, but o'er failure had he not prevail'd,
If his that scope in time which victory needs?
Fame is a race, he who runs on succeeds.
True in all contests—in the Senate's most;
There but small way till half a life is lost:
Long years a name the Public scarcely knows,
From roots occult unnoticed grows and grows,

* Winthrop Praed. † The Union Debating Society of Cambridge.

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Till inch by inch it widens into space,
Towers o'er the grove and suns itself—in Place.
But 'tis not only youth that dies too soon,
An eve may close regretted more than noon;
And England felt what light of temperate day
Faded from earth when PEEL had pass'd away.
"Soft," cries a friend, "o'er smould'ring fires you go;
Describe the Orator; the Statesman—no;
Suppress his deeds—enlarge on his discourse!"
A centaur, friend, is man as well as horse;
And paint a horse as ably as you can,
It is no centaur, if you add not man.
In Peel (and thus his main success was won)
Statesman and Orator were blent in one;
His genius, firm in each ascent it tries,
"Like Virgil's verse, walks highest, but not flies." *
Powers strong by nature, and by culture skill'd,
In few more various, were in none so drill'd;
Voice rare in volume and sonorous force,
Words free of flow as rivers in their course;
Manner, form, feature, such as well befit
The Hall whose elders yet remember'd Pitt;
Scholastic lore, and taste refined and pure,—
With half these gifts much smaller men secure
The fame that crowns the Orator;—take Shiel!
Less than the Orator and more was Peel—
Perhaps his fault was want of self-escape;
His cautious mind seem'd consciously to drape
Its formal toga round its decent shape;
Yet in such fault, if fault it be, there lay
The subtle secret of his wondrous sway;
Men view'd his temperance as the proof of health,
And want of show seem'd modesty in wealth.
Nor think his speech was merely prudent sense—
It had its own artistic eloquence;
Vigorous when brief, majestic when verbose,
In statement ample, and in answer close;
But so the speech was with the speaker blent,
That his own fame was its best ornament.
Turn to the Statesman, and in him behold
The man at once most timid and most bold;
At each new thought he paused, and feared, and trembled,
And while he doubted, to himself dissembled.

* COWLEY.

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But when conviction was from doubt evolved,
It fill'd, it ruled him, and he stood resolved,
Prepared for ills the bravest dread to see,
As is the Turk for what the fates decree;
And both their courage and its causes sum
In the same formula—"The Hour is come."

The taunt which stings the honour to the core;
The look which says, "False friend, we trust no more;"
The pangs of chiefs who 'mid their foes' applause
Resign their standards and renounce their cause—
In ills like these, more bitter than the grave,
Show me a fatalist more calmly brave!
Grandeur or vileness this?—the test is plain;
Condemn the apostate?—first make clear the gain.
The convert canonise?—first prove the loss,
And show the martyr bowed beneath the cross.
The test fails here—each loss was re-supplied,
In every shift he went with wind and tide;
The same slow change the nation's mind had known,
And praised his wisdom to exalt its own.
But gain he could not or in power or fame—
That risk'd sincerely, this resign'd for blame;
And in that nature, so reserved and still,
No stern self-glory cheer'd the joyless will.
The blame that reach'd him was no random thrust—
From those who launch'd, his reason felt it just;
And the same conscience that had finely weigh'd
Each straw that turn'd the balance it obey'd,
Excused the shaft to which it lent the string,
And in excusing doubly felt the sting.
Is there no medium? and for one who seems,
Wide tho' his space, so far from both extremes?
Must we an image so familiar paint,
Horn'd as a fiend, or halo'd as a saint?
Responsibility! that heaviest word
In all our language! the imperious lord
Of Duty, and to him who rules a State,
Strong in proportion as its slave is great;
RESPONSIBILITY—accept that clue,
And all the maze of motive clears to view.

Take some firm patriot who can boast with truth
He ne'er has changed a dogma since his youth,

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Make him First Minister, and bid him then
Deal—with dead doctrines?—No, with living men!
Let Bright responsible for England be,
And straight in Bright a Chatham we should see,
Improving rifles, lecturing at reviews,
And levying taxes for reforms—in screws.
Make Spooner (no man is more free from guile)
The anxious Viceroy of the Emerald Isle;
Would Spooner be a renegade from truth
If his first words were "money for Maynooth?"

On no man living as on Peel bestow'd
This solemn burthen, none more felt the load;
He had not party's, he had England's trust—
When firm, she call'd him cautious; yielding, just.
England has ever in her secret heart
Most favour'd chiefs, who somewhat stand apart
From those they lead: let brethren love each other,
But if too much, they may neglect their mother.
Pitt in his prime was not a party-man,
And Peel seem'd born to end as Pitt began.

The more his reasonings, in their watchful range,
Seem'd guarding outlets for prudential change,
The more scared followers groan'd, "Can we confide?"
The more the Public hail'd the common guide.
It liked his wealth—the wealthy want not place;
It liked his birth—trade has its pride of race;
It liked his sober yet imposing mien;
It liked his life, in which no flaw was seen;
And thus to his, as a judicial mind,
The general cause the general trust consign'd;
From the vex'd Bar Opinion snatch'd its chief,
Wrench'd from his hands each client's partial brief,
And raised the counsel of a special plea
Into the judge, whose voice was a decree.
And, in return, his conscience more and more
Revised each cause it had sustain'd before,
Till all old questions merged afresh in one,
"Should, for the good of England, *this* be done?
If so, of all men I must do it!—why?
Because none else could so succeed as I!"

To me, who seek to analyse, not judge,
Exempt alike from favour and from grudge—

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To me, so clearly, when with care defined,
Stands forth excused his conscience-weighted mind,
That where I doubt his course, I dare not blame;
I too am English, and my share I claim
Of our joint heirloom in his English name.

But were the followers wrong if their belief
Clung to the cause deserted by its chief?
If loud their wrath, can honesty condemn?
Candour, absolving him, excuses them;
And if—but peace to the old feuds!—the life
Of hate should be coeval with its strife;
In foreign fields our lavish blood is shed;
War ends, and vengeance sleeps beside the dead;
Are we more generous to barbaric foes
Than to our brethren?—does the conflict close,
And the wrath rest, when England is the field,
And the dispute—the two sides of her shield?

Fast by the Hour a veilèd Future stands;
Distrust has loosed the girdle of the lands;
Pale, but prepared, the Isle's lone spirit sees
The waves that whiten, tho' yet mute the breeze,
And shapes her trident to her anchor:—Call
Her sons around, and let the tempest fall!
Were He still living in whose name we find
Pretexts to sever, how had he combined?
How the vague fears that flit thro' common air
Would sink confiding in his watchful care!
How the witch Discord, muttering o'er his grave,
Would fly before his standard!—All most brave
In his mix'd nature seem'd to life to start
When England's honour roused his English heart,
And all most cautious in his English sense,
When England's safety needed sage defence.
Earth holds him not! what will his shade placate?
Hark, it replies, "the sacrifice of Hate."
Unite, unite, all ye whose interests lie
In wider lists than 'Printed Votes' supply—
Than the small issues of the glorious night,
When Noes to left outnumber Ayes to right,
And State departments see a change—of face,
And Noodle sits in what was Doodle's place.

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Still in the Senate, whatsoe'er we lack,
It is not genius;—call old giants back,
And men now living might as tall appear,
Judg'd by our sons, not us—*we* stand too near.
These I name not—their race is yet to run,
Huzza'd or hooted;—my calm task is done.
Ne'er of the living can the living judge—
Too blind the affection, or too fresh the grudge?
My aim was not the libel of the hour,
To snarl at Genius or beslaver Power.
To live is to contest: no angry breath
From this fierce world should pass the gates of Death.
True that our tenets may our judgments guide,
The calmest history has its partial side;
But still such preference robs not him of trust
Whose main design is clearly to be just.
As schools have form'd them, artists mix their hues,
But Art is truth whatever school it choose.

I turn'd one day in musing from the page,*
Where in long order pass from age to age
The shades of Rome's great Orators; their claims
On time there only archived; ev'n their names
To us but far-off sounds: yet charms it not
To learn what voices Rome too soon forgot?
And the thought sprung from which this verse has flow'd,
On our own Dead be the same dues bestowed.

The author's monument his book; his stone
The sculptor's. But the orator whose tone
Raised up wall'd cities like Amphion's lute,
Stay'd the strong current, struck the wild winds mute,
Like bland Calliope's melodious son,
Leaves no memorial when his race is run.
As on the sands his mind impress'd a day,
As by the tides wash'd with the next away;
The works themselves, you cry, are not effaced,
By faithful Hansard talbotyped or traced.
But what the words themselves without the sound?
The reader yawns, the listener was spell-bound.
You close the book, you question those who heard,
Straight your eye kindles, and your pulse is stirr'd.

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* Cicero, *De Claribus Oratoribus* (Brutus).

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Describe the spokesman!—one brief outline teaches
More than ten volumes of Collected Speeches.

Be mine to save from what traditions glean,
Or age remembers, or ourselves have seen;
The scatter'd relics care can yet collect,
And fix such shadows as these rhymes reflect;
Types of the elements whose glorious strife
Form'd this free England, and still guards her life.

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE PRELIMINARY BANQUET.

It is a favourite remark of peptic philosophers, that in Great Britain no important business of any kind can be carried through without a due quota of eating and drinking; and some very erudite persons have traced this habit so far back as the days of our Saxon forefathers. For myself, I am no enemy to banqueting in the abstract; and although I confess that I greatly prefer private to public entertainments, yet I admit that there are certain occasions which are aptly celebrated by the ancient ceremonial of public dining. For example, I highly applaud the custom of holding convivial meetings on the occasion of agricultural shows; for there landlord and tenant, peer and yeoman, are brought together for one evening on a footing of equality; mutual good-will and kindly feelings are fostered, and no element of discord is permitted to mar the harmony of the assemblage. But I cannot conscientiously express my approval of political dinners. They are bad things in every way—bad, because they tend to promote and keep alive that spirit of sectarianism, which is a besetting temptation to every man of us, both in politics and in religion—bad, because their intention is to repress free thought and independent judgment, by forcing neophytes to adopt the arbitrary shibboleth of a party—bad, because the most forward speakers are commonly either fanatics or knaves—and bad, because the contractor invariably takes care that both victuals and drink shall be of the very worst description. The latter pessitude (if I may use such a phrase) has of late years become so notorious that political banquets are now of rare occurrence. Other circumstances have also tended to reduce their frequency in Scotland. At the famous Reform Banquet, held at Edinburgh in honour of Earl Grey, in the year 1834, the company, incensed at the delay of the aristocratic guests, who were stupid enough to suppose that their eminent public services would cover any want of punctuality, fell ravenously upon the scanty viands before them, and effectually cleared the tables, without the ceremony of a grace, before a single visitor had appeared. At a subsequent banquet, given to Lord Durham in Glasgow, it is said that even worse indecorum was exhibited. The liquor being unusually adulterated, the lads of the Gorbals got excessively drunk at an early period of the evening, and behaved so extremely ill that they gave disgust even to the

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stanchest advocate of democracy. No right-thinking man, who has witnessed a great political banquet, would wish to assist at another. It is a painful and degrading spectacle, from which all honest folks should say, in the language of the Litany, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

One objection that I have taken to these public political banquets certainly did not apply to the entertainment which was prepared for the Whig freeholders at Slockendrouth. The viands and the liquors were both plentiful and unexceptionable; indeed, any indication of economy in the commissariat would have been a perilous political blunder. The parchment gentlemen considered themselves entitled, on such occasions, to be supplied with every delicacy which could be gathered from land or sea, native or foreign, and they would have regarded it as a gross insult if any expense had been spared in the banquet set before them. The voter, whose native taste was in favour of sheep's-head broth, must needs have two helpings of turtle. Haunches of venison from the park of the Carrabas smoked upon the board, and, though infinitely inferior to four-year-old mutton, were in request on account of their rarity. Champagne and Burgundy were as plentiful as ditch-water; while Maraschino and Curaçoa, in straw-covered flasks, went the round of the table—whisky being regarded as too vulgar an article for the palates of the distinguished recipients. No flock of cormorants that ever assembled round the carcass of a stranded whale could have gorged themselves with more vigour and determination than did the worthy and patriotic retainers of the house of Carrabas; incessant was the clatter of knife and fork, boisterous the laughter, and fast and frequent the pledge. I was, I must needs acknowledge, somewhat excited by the novelty of the scene, so different from anything I had hitherto witnessed. I was very young, totally inexperienced in the ways of life, and for the first time I found myself treated as a man, and admitted into a company which, though sufficiently miscellaneous, included many individuals of rank and station, with whose names I was already familiar through the medium of the Carrabas chartulary. There was the great mining proprietor, Gibson of Slag, of whom it was commonly reported that he was begotten in the bowels of the earth by his father, who followed the humble calling of a collier, but who rose to be a master and lessee, and by skill, industry, and a double share of shrewdness, had laid the foundation of a princely fortune. There was Alexander Phin, Esq. of Phinstown, famed all over the west for the amplitude of his hospitality and the excellence of his cheer, who began life as a simple snuff-merchant at the corner of the Saltmarket. Then there was Jamie Pitlearie, the noted wag and song-writer, whose facetiæ in those days kept Renfrewshire in a roar, and contributed not a little towards the compilation of that excellent jest-book and treasury of wit ycleped *The Laird of Logan*, which by many is held in even greater repute than the well-known work to which the honoured but apocryphal name of Joseph Miller is prefixed. These were some of the *Dii minorum gentium*; but we were not without a sprinkling of the higher aristocracy, for besides the Honourable Sholto Linklater and Sir Gilbert Mounthooly, we had two peers' sons, a leash of baronets, an admiral, and a Highland laird, who considered himself incomparably the most important man in the assemblage. Other lairds of the Lowland breed we had in tolerable profusion, from the freeholder of ten thousand a-year, who visited at Carrabas Castle, down to the bonnet-laird of one hundred and fifty, who caroused with the gamekeeper of the Marquis. But the bulk of the party consisted of writers, accountants, and subordinates, pure paper fictions, as landless as Gregalach, and, in some things, quite as unscrupulous. Our chairman was the great Sir Gilbert, who did the honours with diplomatic suavity, duly drinking wine with those who sat below the salt, and dispensing his courtesies on all hands as beseemed a veteran intriguer.

So soon as the sacred rage of hunger was appeased, Sir Gilbert, after

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cantering lightly through the ordinary toasts, for political reasons which at that time were pretty well understood, delivered himself of a couple of short orations as prefaces to the respective sentiments of "The Rights of the People!—may they never be trampled down by the iron heel of tyranny!" and "The cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world." These toasts having been duly acknowledged by the editor of the Radical newspaper, who had been incarcerated on a charge of sedition, and by a gentleman who, anticipating the Mormon revelation, had taken unto himself the wife of another man, Sir Gilbert again rose, and with a graceful wave of his hand, and a premonitory "hem," ushered in the toast of the evening.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it is now my duty—I ought rather to say my high privilege—diverging from the more general sentiments of enlightened patriotic policy, which have already this evening been expressed in language more or less glowing and appropriate, and responded to by you with that cordial unanimity which shows how thoroughly your hearts are saturated—if I may be permitted to use the term—with adhesion to those liberal principles which the great Charles James Fox, whose private virtues and Spartan rectitude were only equalled by his public courage and rigid abnegation, vindicated on the scaffold—I mean those principles, liberal, as I said before, which the great Hampden, whose private virtues were only equalled by his public courage, vindicated on the scaffold—which the gallant Sydney consecrated with his blood on the field of battle—and which the great Charles James Fox, of whom it may truly be said, in the inspired language of the poet,

> 'First to the lists the mighty Trojan came,
> And always was the last to leave the same'—

fulminated in the senate, striking terror into the bosoms, and confusion into the councils, of a corrupt and a time-serving ministry. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I repeat that it is now my duty—and duty has always been to me the polar star of conduct, 'the fixed aurora of the northern sky' (applause)—to introduce to you a gentleman, in whom we may fondly hope, if hope can be said to exist, or rather coincide in combination with absolute certainty and most entire assurance—in whom we may fondly hope, I say, to find united all that tends to the culture of the intellect, to the development of the understanding, to the formation of the scholar, the gentleman, the senator, the patriot, and the statesman. In the Honourable Sholto Linklater—(immense cheering, the whole company rising up)—in Sholto Linklater—to whom the prefix of 'honourable' is most appropriately applied, both on account of self-earned merit, and from ancient hereditary descent—in Sholto Linklater we recognise the champion of our cause, the vindicator of our independence, the patriotic barrier against the threatened encroachments of an unscrupulous and tyrannical faction, whose efforts, as sure as to-morrow's sun shall set in a panoply of golden clouds, will be crowned with unspeakable confusion and inexpiable disgrace. (Loud cheers.) In proposing this toast, gentlemen, one regret alone distils a drop of bitterness into the full cup of enthusiasm, confidence, and joy. I regret that the laws of the country, and the fundamental constitution of the realm, which, though reformers, it is our earnest wish to preserve intact in their entirety, sacred in their inviolability, and pure in their original complexion—I say, gentlemen, I regret that those laws and that constitution have rendered it inevitable that the presidency of this distinguished company, and the task of introducing to you our honourable and honoured candidate, should devolve upon an individual whose claims to your attention are, I am well aware, so limited and attenuated as my own. (Cries of No! no! and applause.) I can easily perceive, with the eye of fancy and imagination, what would be your delight, what would be your rapture, what would be your absolute delirium, if the chair which I now so unworthily occupy could be filled by that mirror of all that is great, gifted, and good, the Most Noble the Marquis of Carrabas. (Tremendous cheering.) Gen-

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tlemen, this is a topic which can only be touched by the pencil of discretion, when pointed with extremest delicacy. I approach it, I own, with superlative misgiving, lest, in the inspired language of the gifted Swan of Avon—

> 'One of two bad things you should esteem me—
> Either a coward or a flatterer.'

For, gentlemen, I shall not disguise from you my conviction that I would justly incur the infamous imputation of being a coward, were I, through dread of misconstruction or fear of calumny, to suppress the utterance of my fixed, formed, and deliberate opinion, that Scotland cannot boast a nobler name than that of Carrabas (loud cheers); while I should equally be liable to the charge of flattery, were I to say that within the boundary of Scotland, from Coldstream to John o' Groats, from Peterhead to Portree, you could find a single individual comparable to the noble Marquis, who is also Lord-Lieutenant of the county, for high intellectual accomplishment, profound political wisdom, determined fixity of purpose, and bland urbanity of condescension. With these few remarks, gentlemen, wrung from me by the exigency of the moment, and the irresistible impulses of a heart which is sometimes too full for utterance, I withdraw from this subject, feeling that, like Phaeton—who, you may remember, attempted to drive the figurative horses of the sun—I may perhaps have aspired too high, and have become partially blinded by the brilliancy of the light upon which it was necessary to gaze. Reverting again to the more immediate subject of my toast, and anticipating your impatience to do honour to the selected candidate for the county, the stanch friend of the people, and the future Phœnix of our hopes, I propose, with no ordinary exultation, the health of the Honourable Sholto Linklater."

If my readers should deem me tedious for having thus minutely reported the speech of the rhetorical baronet, they will no doubt be relieved by the assurance that I have preserved no authentic record of the reply of the Honourable Sholto. Indeed, Œdipus himself could hardly have resolved the incoherent gobbling of our accomplished candidate into a discourse; but that was of little consequence, as the great majority of the company seemed to care less for oratory than for the more substantial and exhilarating joys of the decanter. Then there were clamorous calls for a song, which were responded to by the wag of the West, Jamie Pitlearie, who favoured us with a ditty in honour of St Rollox, one of the tutelary guardians of Glasgow, attributing to that inspired divine most of the modern mechanical inventions. The greater part of this effort of genius, which, however, I think I have seen somewhere in print, has escaped from my memory, but the concluding verse was something like this—

> "He kenn'd fu' weel to wind and reel,
> Invented cambric collars;
> He was the first that ever durst
> Singe muslin wi' het rollers.
> He searched the land, and fand black-band,
> Made het the bellows' noses,
> And frae his ain lang chimney-tap
> Made his apotheosis!
>
> *Chorus.*
>
> Then, brithers, join your sangs wi' mine—
> Let's spend the nicht in frolics;
> We'll never want a patron saunt,
> Sae lang's we've gude St Rollox!"

After this, oratory was at a discount. The admiral and the Highland laird, indeed, being under the impression that their dignity would be seriously compromised if they did not address the audience, successively got upon their legs and began to revile their political opponents; but by this time "the maut had fairly got aboon the meal," and the company testified their impatience by shuffling of the feet, imitations of chanticleer, and ironical applause, under cover of which the disappointed orators sat down. Even Sir Gilbert Mounthooly could no longer command attention. The eloquence of Ulysses was vain against the Circæan influence of the liquor, which was rapidly transforming his companions into swine; and just as the Laird of Stoupiewa's was clearing his throat for a flood of melody, Bailie M'Chappie, faithful to his promise, carried me off to an upper apartment, where, in a few minutes, I was fast asleep.

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CHAPTER IX.—THE ELECTION.

Day dawned upon Slockendrouth as it dawns upon the quiet isles of the ocean, dissipating the clouds and drawing up the fogs, and calling men from needful slumber to the renewal of that labour which is their heritage. But the call to labour in that equivocal burgh was, on this occasion at least, unheeded; for although it contained many an artisan who could ill afford a holiday, work was out of the question during the dependence of that election, men's blood being heated to the very fever-point by political excitement and exasperation. It is difficult even for those who witnessed the extraordinary and disgraceful scenes of that momentous period, to recall them now with all their ferocity and license. They appear rather like the impressions of a distempered dream, than real memories of the past. As the period to which I refer is now somewhat remote, it is perhaps fitting that I should state, very briefly, the circumstances which gave far more than usual importance to this and other elections.

When, after the rash declaration of the Duke of Wellington, that no practical reform of the representation was required, the Whigs came into office, parties were very nearly balanced in the House of Commons. The second reading of the famous Bill introduced by Lord John Russell was carried only by a majority of one, and in a subsequent division upon the motion that the House should go into committee, the Whig Ministry were left in a minority of eight. This led to the dissolution of Parliament, a step which was literally forced upon William the Fourth by his Ministry; therefore the fate of the Bill depended upon the character and complexion of the new Parliament. The middle classes, especially in the towns, were of course strenuous supporters of the Bill as it stood, and dreaded lest any alteration should be made in its provisions. They were shrewd enough to perceive that it was calculated to give them political preponderancy for the future, and that consideration, independent of ulterior objects, was sufficient to insure their support. The working classes again, though still excluded from the franchise, had been so wrought upon by unscrupulous demagogues and hireling agitators, that they believed that parliamentary reform would immediately be followed by measures for doubling the rate of wages, and halving the price of provisions. There were no limits to the extravagance of expectation. "All young ladies," wrote Sydney Smith, himself a partisan of reform, "imagine that, as soon as this Bill is carried, they will be instantly married; schoolboys believe that gerunds and supines will be abolished, and that currant tarts must ultimately come down in price; the corporal and sergeant are sure of double pay; bad poets expect a demand for their epics; and fools will be disappointed, as they always are."

Notwithstanding this unanimity among the classes that were not yet represented, it was questionable whether the existing electoral body would return to the new Parliament a majority of members pledged to support the Bill. No one doubted that some measure of reform would be carried; but measures are of divers capacities, and the ten-pounders having once obtained a glimpse of the bushel which exactly suited them, would not suffer it to be diminished. Hence arose the cry of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," which resounded from every platform in the United Kingdom; and had the agitation been confined to mere expression of opinion, however strong, no one could have challenged it as unconstitutional. But it was by no means certain that the existing electors would defer to public opinion. They had certain privileges, if not rights, to maintain, and they showed symptoms of obstinacy; whereupon the character of the agitation was changed, and, after an interval of a century and a half, REVOLUTION again became rampant.

I use the term, God knows, in no

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offensive sense. I make every allowance for the state of the country at the time, and for the eagerness of the desire, which I admit to be a laudable one, that existing abuses should be reformed. All I mean to assert is, that this was a revolution, if revolution means a public measure which is carried through in defiance of existing laws. For, in order that the result of the general election might be favourable to the progress of the Reform Bill in the Parliament about to assemble, coercion was not only preached up, but practised. The use of the bludgeon and the brickbat was openly recommended by the press; threats of the most atrocious description were levelled against all who dared to oppose the popular voice; mobs were organised and paraded; and that without the slightest remonstrance being made by the Government, or any steps being taken by the law authorities for the preservation of the public peace. Under such circumstances of frightful intimidation, the electors for each county and burgh were called upon to make their several returns.

At a very early hour, according to appointment, I repaired to the room of Mr Shearaway, whom I found already occupied with his papers. However prolonged may have been the orgies that followed the vocal exertions of the Laird of Stoupiewa's, it was evident that my employer had not participated therein, for his eye was clear, his hand steady, and no huskiness in his tone.

"You may copy that list, Norman," he said. "It's best to have it, though it may not be of much use.—Hang the fellows!" he continued, as if to himself, "I think they will beat us; but I don't know, after all, that it's worse than a victory."

The last observation, though probably intended for a soliloquy, excited my curiosity greatly; and as Mr Shearaway was always very friendly, I ventured to ask—

"Do you think, sir, there is danger of our losing the election?"

"Between you and me, Norman—but on no account breathe a syllable of this," replied Mr Shearaway, "I suspect we shall lose it by three. I thought otherwise last night, but since eleven they have brought up seven men, whereas we have only two additional, and I cannot count on any more. I must do Butt and Benn the justice to say that they have managed very cleverly. Not that I was jockeyed, mark ye, but they made capital play with their reserve. Yes—I think I would take an even bet that they have a majority of three."

"What a sad disappointment!" said I, with the zeal of the office upon me.

"Disappointment? Yes—no doubt old Carrabas will be disappointed. He's always wretched if he cannot work the county, like putty, between his finger and his thumb. But it's his own fault. I wanted to split twelve superiorities for last head-court, which would have made everything secure; but the Marquis, as usual, boggled about the expense. Penny wise and pound foolish! He's an obstinate old ram; but that's neither here nor there. Egad! if it were not for the discredit of the thing, I can't say that I shall be sorry if we lose the election."

I suppose that my countenance betrayed some surprise at this frank admission, for Mr Shearaway continued—

"The fact is, Norman, that this is no ordinary time. You young lads never look to consequences; but I can see with half an eye that if this Bill is carried there will be an end of our profession. Conveyancing will be knocked up altogether, and we shall lose those pretty pickings that make up, as I can tell ye, the best half of the profits of the business. You may call that a selfish view if you please; but I am much of the same mind as Demetrius the silversmith, who stood up for his craft; ay, and would have carried the day too, if that gowk the town-clerk of Ephesus had not interfered. But get on with your list, for I hear somebody coming."

There was a knock at the door; and a tall gentleman, muffled in a greatcoat and comforter, entered.

"I daresay you did not expect to see me here, Shearaway," said the visitor, with a familiar nod. "But who is this swankie?"

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"My clerk—all right; he's close as wax. Faith, Butt! I did not expect that you would venture into the lions' den."

"Call it den of thieves, Shearaway," replied the Tory agent, "for hang me if ever thieves' house presented such a spectacle in the morning as your public room below. Why, the fellows are absolutely lying in layers, not to say heads and thraws!"

"Were your men much more discreet!" said Shearaway.

"Why, yes. We flatter ourselves that we can carry our liquor like gentlemen. But to the point. I suppose you know pretty well by this time how the election will go!"

"I have my own notions, certainly. But come—what's the use of fencing! Tell me honestly, Butt—are you on the square!"

"Yes, upon my honour. We carry the day by either three or four."

"I will not contradict you," said Shearaway.

"Well, then, I have not the slightest doubt that there will be an awful row. The mob here are the worst in Scotland; and I have received a broad hint that they intend to attack us after the election. There has been wild work elsewhere—little short of murder, I am told."

"Confound liberalism!" said Shearaway.

"Amen!" said Butt; "I believe you are no more a liberal than myself. Now, you know very well that not a man of us will be deterred from voting by any amount of intimidation; but I confess the look-out afterwards is anything but pleasant."

"There can be no doubt about the pluck of your party," replied Shearaway. "I believe they would go through fire and brimstone rather than give in. But how can I help you!"

"In this way. After the election is over, try to keep the crowd from leaving the court-house until we get to the hotel. After that we shall do well enough. What I want to guard against is an attack in the street; so, like a good fellow, get somebody to address the mob—some one who can humbug them, you know, for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour."

"That's easy said, Mr Butt," replied Shearaway, "and I think your notion is by no means a bad one, if we could only find an orator. But the fact is that most of our men who can speak at all are such bletherers that they would clear a kirk in no time. There's old Sir Gilbert Mountblooly would have no objection to try it, for he likes nothing better than to hear his own voice; but the body is so wearisome with his pompous twists and twirls, that before he got through half a sentence the mob would be upon you, like a pack of terriers after a cat. As for Sholto Linklater, between you and me, he's little better than a born idiot. Jamie Pitlearie might do; but no—though he can write a funny song, he's but a haveril when he tries to speak. Hang me, if I can think of any one likely to answer the purpose!"

"Why, you have half-a-dozen advocates with you, at least. There's Jawbone."

"Jawbone! It's little you know Jawbone! He'll not speak a word without a fee. And, to tell you the truth, I don't think any advocate from the Parliament House would be listened to. Since they began attempting to speak fine English, it's difficult to make head or tail of what they say. Jeffrey has been the ruin of them. They keep snipping and snapping at their words like a pair of tailor's shears."

"Well; but, really, Shearaway, you must help me at this pinch. Surely you must know some fellow who is accustomed to address a mob."

"Egad! I think I have hit upon the man at last. There's George Gash, him that was editor of the *Renfrew Regenerator*—he's a first-rate hand at a harangue; but then he's a dour Radical, and has small love for your party; and no wonder, for he has been pulled over the coals before now. But Gash is not a bad fellow after all, and he owes me a day in harvest. I'll try what I can do, Butt; I will indeed—for, hang me, if I like this rising of the mob. I say—if the worst comes to the worst, I suppose you know where the sheriff is to be found!"

"Trust me for that, old boy!" replied Butt. "And now it's time I

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should be off. Many thanks, Shearaway; you have behaved as you always do, like a perfect gentleman, and I won't forget it." So saying, he muffled himself in his coat and comforter, and took his departure.

"Three or four?" said Mr Shearaway, musingly; "humph—I reckoned on three, but who can the fourth be? Some stray liferenter, I suppose. But what is the use of bothering about it? One is as good as a dozen for a majority. You may tie up the papers, Norman, and go down-stairs. Remember, mum's the word. Breakfast will be ready presently for those who can eat any; but, my word! if I had sat like some of them till three o'clock this morning, I should be sorry to look a beefsteak in the countenance."

The greater part of our friends, however, being accustomed to copious potations, falsified Mr Shearaway's prognostic, by displaying much aptitude in the use of the knife and fork; but I observed that each man, before applying himself to the discussion of the solid delicacies with which the board was spread, fortified his stomach with a large glass either of bitters or brandy.

Meanwhile the hour appointed for the election drew nigh, and we proceeded in long column to the courthouse, Sir Gilbert Mounthooly leading the way, with our hopeful candidate on his arm.

It was so arranged that we should arrive before our rivals, in order, I suppose, to lessen the chance of a collision; and I must admit that a glance at the crowd, which already thronged the galleries, amply justified the precaution. Never had I set eyes upon such a collection of ruffians as roared, whistled, whooped, and yelled above our heads. There were colliers from the mines, carters from the villages, weavers from the streets, and cobblers from their stalls, all in their working clothes, swarthy and begrimed, gesticulating like madmen, wrestling for the foremost seats, and uttering diabolical howls for no apparent reason except the exercise of their hideous voices. Nothing like it was ever witnessed within the walls of a lunatic asylum—it was a frightful hall of Abaddon.

Our men were impressed with the notion that they were very popular; and Sir Gilbert, as our ostensible chief, thought it his duty on entering to make one of his most elaborate bows, by way of homage to the majesty of the people. A hoarse bray of scorn was the reward of his politeness.

"Tak' aff yer hat, auld Mounthooly!" "Gosh! is that him they ca' Sir Gilbert? What a fushionless body he is! What are ye girning for at huz, ye wizened jackanape?" "Wha's that ane wi' the muckle whuskers? Is that Linklater? De'il be in me, if I wadna as soon send a cuddie as that man to Parliament!" "I say, Linklater! gie's a sang!" "Gudesake! there's Gibson o' Slag! Eh, wow, Johnie Gibson, but ye think yoursel' braw amang the gentles!" "What about the wages, Johnie Gibson? Ye'll mind ye are awin' us money!" "Three groans for Slag!" "Huzzay! there's Geordie Gash! Geordie's a kent freend o' the people; huzzay for Geordie!" "Gie him the sow's tail! that will suit him better." "Wha's yon? an admiral, did ye say? Losh keep us, man—he's no fit to steer a barge on the canawl!" "Whigs! Whigs! rotten trash!" "Doon wi' the areestocrats!" "Bide a wee, chields; there's the Tories!"

Such were some of the intelligible fragments that caught my ears amidst the universal din; but when our opponents entered, such a storm arose as utterly baffles description. I have read somewhere the narrative of a traveller, who had the misfortune to encamp for the night in a forest inhabited by howling monkeys; but appalling as was his account of the brutal serenade, I cannot believe that it was half so frightful as the yelling of that excited mob. It was a horrid and a sickening spectacle. Here were gentlemen blameless in their private life, indulgent landlords, liberal in their charities, and just in all their dealings, exposed to the vituperation, insult, and ridicule of an obscene and ignorant rabble; and for what? Simply because they were using, according to the best of their judgment, that privilege which was given to them by the laws of

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the country! Talk of religious intolerance—talk of regal tyranny! There is no tyranny or intolerance like that exercised by a mob.

The business of the day went on in dumb show. A preses was elected, and after calling the roll, with all the necessary formalities, it appeared that there was a majority of three in favour of the Tory candidate, Major Lindores. Then pandemonium opened. The beasts in the gallery—for I will not dignify them by the name of men—spat down indiscriminately upon all below. Missiles were thrown, one of which cut the forehead of Major Lindores to the bone; but the sight of the blood of the veteran, who had fought like a hero at Waterloo, brought no compunction to the miscreants—it rather gave them a thirst for further outrage. I will say this for our party, that they behaved uncommonly well. In the first access of indignation, Sir Gilbert Mounthooly started up, and shook his fist towards that quarter of the gallery from which the stone was thrown; and Sholto Linklater—stupid as he was, no doubt, poor fellow—almost shed tears as he wiped the blood from the brow of his successful antagonist. One might have expected that the rabble would be touched by such an incident. Not they! The infernal clamour was continued; and it became evident that, unless some diversion could be effected, the riot in the street would be terrible.

At this juncture Mr George Gash, prompted by Shearaway, arose. I must confess that I had not the slightest expectation that he would gain a hearing. The attempt seemed utterly hopeless, nevertheless he succeeded. It is wonderful how fond the populace are, even in their most excited moods, of oratory, when it is of a kind that suits their understanding and appeals to their prejudices; and how completely they can be controlled, for a time, by the demagogue who gains possession of their ear. But in order to do this no ordinary talent is required. The best parliamentary speaker, the most subtile logician, and the most expert debater, would probably fail; because none of those could identify themselves with the passion that is surging in the minds of the audience, and so control it that it shall either gradually subside, or expend its violence harmlessly, according to the will of the orator who exercises a magic power. Some men there have been in our day largely endowed with this faculty, among whom the late Daniel O'Connell was certainly the most remarkable, for often did he realise the fable of Orpheus, by restraining brutal nature, and arresting in full flow the torrent of popular frenzy. Though not gifted in the same degree, Mr Gash could exercise a wonderful influence. Tall, burly, and broad-chested, with an expressive countenance and a fine eye, his appearance riveted the attention. His gestures, without being violent, gave the impression of considerable power; and his voice, naturally a deep bass, had been exercised and trained till it was capable of every kind of intonation. Above all, Gash possessed the invaluable secret of appearing thoroughly in earnest, so that his audience never for a single moment doubted of his sincerity. A man so endowed ought unquestionably to have attained a higher position than that of editor of an obscure newspaper; and so he would, had his lot been cast in any other country but Scotland. It is with regret and even shame that I make the avowal, but nevertheless it is true that, in Scotland, apart from the regular professions, talent of any kind, if unsupported by connection, has received neither recognition nor encouragement from the chiefs of parties, who are usually too much occupied in providing for their own relatives and satellites to bestow any attention upon merit, or to enlist it in the public service. This wretched practice forces into Radicalism men who might otherwise have done the State good service; and brings into disrepute administrations that appear to bestow their whole patronage upon imbeciles. Talent, when overlooked, or kept down by those who ought to use and foster it, will break ground in some other direction; and proportionate to the depressing

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weight will be the energy of its new outburst. Neglect is the nursing mother of the Gracchi.

"Men of Slockendrouth!" said Gash, and his voice filled the court-house, like the sudden peal of an organ, enforcing silence where all before had been confusion—"Men of Slockendrouth, listen to me! I take heaven and earth to witness that what we have seen to-day is the last outrage that ever shall be committed in Scotland against the sovereign rights of the people, roused at length to indignation, and determined no longer to submit to the rule of a selfish oligarchy. I tell you this—I who have suffered in the people's cause, I who have been dragged to prison for their sake! I tell you this—but I tell you further, that it is far better for the great cause to which all of us are sworn, that we should sustain a partial defeat to-day, than be lulled into security by a temporary triumph, which, after all, is but of a party nature. Do not deceive yourselves. This is no real battle for you or for your rights. It is but the struggle of two great factions for political power; a struggle which, were it ended now, would leave the working classes no better than they are, would not redeem you from your degrading thraldom, would still leave you in the base condition of serfs, toiling and labouring with your sweat that others may reap the precious harvest of your industry!

"I have voted this day with the Whigs, because I cannot conscientiously set my face against any measure of reform, however limited or poor. I honour the Whigs for having conceded even this little, because I know that they feel it to be a sacrifice. But do you think that this Reform Bill of which we have heard so much, and which I am willing to accept, but only as a mere instalment—do you think that it will give you, the working men of the country—you who are the creators of the wealth which you are not permitted to enjoy—do you think that it will give you that power and predominance which is your birthright, which you must have and shall have if you are only true to yourselves, and sternly refuse to be hoodwinked or cajoled by statesmen who are ready enough now to avail themselves of your might, but who would cast you from them the moment that they could dispense with your aid? Believe it not! This Bill does but palter with the evils that beset and oppress the country—it does not try to cure them. It would leave intact the Church, that monstrous structure of superannuated bigotry, with its brood of sable cormorants preying upon the vitals of the land! It would perpetuate the House of Lords, that nest of a degraded aristocracy, where men too effeminate to labour meet to apportion the taxes wrung from labour among themselves and their children, and to pass laws for riveting more deeply the fetters which bind us to the earth! It would continue to maintain an army levied for no other purpose than to prevent you from asserting your liberties—an army which you must pay for, in order that it may trample and shoot you down, should you dare so much as murmur against the tyranny of your oppressors! And what does it profess to do for you, that you should so clamorously insist upon having it? Which of you men up there in the gallery will have votes should this Bill become law to-morrow? Not one! And who will have votes? Why, the very men who are your immediate pillagers, the detested owners of the truck-shops, the pawnbrokers, and the publicans! I say not that they should be excluded from the franchise, but I say that if the franchise is given to them, you should have it too. It is by your custom, your necessities, your hard-won earnings, that they live. You have to dig in the mine, or swelter at the furnace, or slave at the loom, whilst the shopkeeper sits in his comfortable apartment, weighing out groceries, which is his heaviest toil, and charging you perhaps twice as much for the paltry article as he gave for it himself. The profits wrung from you enable him to pay for that ten-pound house of which we have heard so much; and he, forsooth, is to have a vote for a member of Parliament, while you are utterly unrepresented!

"Men of Slockendrouth! are you

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such fools as to be imposed on by such a phantom of a measure as this? Do you think that if we had carried the election to-day, and returned to Parliament the honourable gentleman beside me, whom I know to have an honest heart, notwithstanding the taint of aristocracy in him, which, however, is less his fault than his misfortune—if every election in Scotland had resulted in the return of members pledged to support this Bill—that you would have been the gainers? I tell you, no! It is not for your advantage, working-men, that the settlement should be made upon such terms. My hope is—and the result of this day's election does but inflame it—that these tyrants may be encouraged to resist even the pitiful instalment of justice contained in this Bill, and that, should it pass the House of Commons, it may be rejected by an immense majority in the Peers. Then indeed shall we hear the roar of an insulted people, more terrible than that of the lion when roused in his hunger and his wrath! Then shall the resistless might of millions of brawny arms, which no hireling soldiery can withstand, be displayed! Crown and coronet, mitre and ermine, shall perish in the conflagration they have provoked; and the rights of the people be established on a surer basis than ever yet was known since this island emerged from the unfathomable depths of the ocean!

"Therefore I say to you, men of Slockendrouth, mourn not for this day's defeat, but rather rejoice that the cup of iniquity, heretofore not full, is now charged and loaded to the brim; and know this, that the first drop which runs over that cup will be the signal for your glorious enfranchisement! As for the men who have defeated us to-day, let them pass unnoticed and unpunished. Fain would they be able to say that, excited by their heartlessness, you had been tempted into a breach of the law. Do not fall into that snare. Sacred be the law, whatever it is, so long as it remains unaltered; but it needs no prophet to foresee that the time is coming, yea, is nigh at hand, when you will be the makers of the laws, and then let our oppressors tremble!"

I have attempted, in so far as I can, to give both the substance and style of this remarkable speech, which was perfectly successful in its object—viz., to give the Tory party the opportunity of slipping away unnoticed during its delivery. It was also very useful for us, for it saved us the necessity of putting up Sholto Linklater to speak; and my private opinion is that both Butt and Shearaway, though of course disapproving of the political sentiments which he enunciated, sent letters of acknowledgment, containing notes of a more satisfactory description, to the gifted and fluent orator. Some of our party, however, were anything but delighted at the tone of this democratical discourse, which utterly denied them all credit for having stood forth as the champions of the public liberty. The fact is, that the Whigs were at that time shaking in their shoes. They had evoked a demon whom they could not lay, and the terrible apprehension that they might ultimately be torn to pieces, made them curse the folly of their leaders in appealing to the masses for support.

"Gey and strang drink that, Bailie!" said Gibson of Slag, near whom I was seated, to Mr M'Chappie. "That chield sticks at naething. It's clear eneuch that if he had it a' his ain way, there wad be naebody in Parliament but landloupers and blackguards like them in the gallery!"

"It's my belief there wad be nae Parliaments ava," replied the Bailie. "It wad just come to ilka man helping himsel' out of his neighbour's kist. Gudesake! just think o' vagabonds like them being makers o' the laws! Their first law wad be for half work and double wages, and then what wad become o' capital? I'm clean sick o' politics, Mr Gibson; and I'm beginning to think that we've gane muckle ower far."

"Troth, sae am I," said Gibson. "Ance let this splore gae by, and ye'll no catch me again meddling wi' Reform. Did ye ever hear sic a din? They've fand out at last that the Tories have given them leg-bail, and now they're off to the Masons' Arms. God kens what may come o't!—maybe murder!"

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And in fact the mob, whose attention had been engrossed by the insidious eloquence of Mr Gash, began to look about them; and seeing that they had missed their prey, thronged out with yells of execration. Somewhat crestfallen—for even the most stolid of our party was conscious that we cut but a sorry figure—we drew off our forces, and returned to our hotel without molestation. There a splendid banquet awaited us, but there was a total absence of that hilarity which had characterised the repast of the previous day. It was not the bitterness of defeat that rankled in the minds of the company—for I believe few of them cared in reality about the issue of the election—but it seemed as if their eyes had been suddenly opened to the extreme gravity of the crisis, and as if a sudden dread of impending revolution had come upon them with the effect of a moral ague.

In previous years county elections afforded rather a pleasurable excitement. The holder of a vote was, in virtue thereof, a man of some little consequence, and was naturally desirous that his party should succeed, because, when they were in power, he was entitled to expect that certain small crumbs of patronage would fall to his share. But, beyond that, he had no particular reason for feeling agitated on such occasions. He was always sure of one or two excellent dinners, with abundance of wine, at the cost of the magnate whose servitor he was. Victory did not excite him beyond bounds, nor did defeat prostrate his spirits. As for the interests of the non-electors, such a notion as that had never crossed his mind. But now, all of a sudden, it became evident that this blissful state of matters would not be allowed to last. The blood of the people was fairly up. Reform had become a universal cry, and violence was already used for the purpose of extorting its concession. Should this Bill be carried, farewell to the privileges of the freeholders! No more turtle and venison, no more champagne and claret, no more chance of official preferment in return for the fidelity of their votes! They would be utterly swamped by the extension of the franchise—lost to view and barely recognisable among the thousands that would be added to the register!

Such, I conjecture, was the nature of the thoughts that coursed like dark shadows over the minds of the majority of the guests, strangling their mirth, and making them appear as lugubrious as mourners at a funeral feast. But I suspect that the chagrin of the more prominent members of the party was even greater. Sir Gilbert Mounthooly was one of a small knot of baronets and landed proprietors, who, at the beginning of the Reform movement, had entered into it with much zest and zeal, being under the unfortunate delusion that the people, impressed with a due sense of their dignity and condescension, would adopt them as leaders, and implicitly defer to their suggestions. Accordingly, Sir Gilbert went about from meeting to meeting, wherever there was a gathering to promote the cause of Reform, enunciating his interminable and inextricable periods, from which no proper meaning could be gathered, until he became an absolute laughing-stock and object of scorn. The people are remarkably quick in their appreciation of the real merit of public speakers. They may be deluded by flashy talent, but they will not put up with a proser. Also they viewed with some suspicion the sudden conversion of the Baronet to democratic opinions. He had long been known as a pompous and haughty man, ridiculously proud of the antiquity of his family (which was a heraldic mistake), a notorious stickler for etiquette, and, moreover, a most abject worshipper of the nobility. These were, to say the least of it, strange antecedents for a personage who was now attempting, however impotently, to assume the character of a popular champion. In consequence, though he was allowed to speak—indeed he would not be denied—he was never taken into the confidence of the real leaders of the movement; and the applause with which his first appearances were greeted, and of which he was vain beyond measure, soon ceased to regale his ears. The occurrences of that day had mortified him greatly. The contemptuous reception vouch-

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safed him by the rabble showed how little influence he possessed; and it was gall and wormwood to him to have it practically demonstrated that he, the great Sir Gilbert Mounthooly of that Ilk—baronet, diplomatist, and rhetorician—was a person of much less consequence in the eyes of the commonalty than a low plebeian who edited a country newspaper. Therefore the proud heart of the Mounthooly was cast down if not humbled; and he applied himself to his victuals with the air of an injured Aristides.

The happiest man at the table undoubtedly was Sholto Linklater. Honest Sholto had been badgered into standing for the county—a position which he did not covet, and for which he was utterly unfit; and it was an immense relief to him to know that, instead of being packed off to London, which he considered a monstrous bore, he might remain at home and give himself up entirely to golf and coursing, the only occupations for which he cared. Therefore the face of Sholto was glad: he rallied Sir Gilbert on his despondency, shouted for champagne, and, like Bitias at the banquet of Queen Dido,

"Impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro."

But the cloth had not been yet removed, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a gentleman, pale with agitation or rather terror, entered. We saw instantly that he was charged with tidings of some catastrophe, and there was breathless silence while he spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen—the mob have risen. They have smashed the windows of the Masons' Arms. They are breaking into the house; and they swear they will murder the Tories!"

Each man involuntarily looked in his neighbour's face, and saw there nothing but consternation. One man only—and I revere him for it—started instantly to his feet. It was Sholto Linklater, whose brave and manly instinct dictated at once the right course of action.

"So help me God!" he cried, "I shall not sit here while gentlemen are being knocked on the head by cowardly scoundrels like these! Sir Gilbert—Admiral—Benridden—all of you—follow me! Take what weapons you can find—sticks, anything—your bare fists will suffice! Keep close together, and I'll answer for it we beat the blackguards; or if not, better have bloody heads than the eternal shame of deserting our neighbours in such a plight!"

This speech, the longest and by far the best that dear honest Sholto ever uttered, told with electric effect. The company gave a cry of approbation, and rose up unanimously. But they were not called upon to act. Suddenly we heard a dull sound like the surging of the sea, or a river coming down in spate, and then the sharp clattering of horses' hoofs in the street. I rushed to the window, and saw the sheriff of the county galloping past at the head of a detachment of dragoons with their swords drawn. We knew that all was safe.

"Weel is it for me," said Mr M'Chappie, wiping the perspiration from his forehead—"Weel is it for me that the sodgers cam' up in the nick o' time! For ye see, Maister Sinclair, my blude was raised, and I wad hae grippit haud o' the biggest chield amang them a'. But, Lordsake, there were some deevils yonder in the gallery the day, that were twice as strang as Jean that I forgathered wi' in Paris; and I'll no say but that I might hae had the warst o't. Sae it's maybe just as weel that the dragoons have the settling o' the job. They'll clear the causeway in nae time; but wha wad hae thought that Sholto Linklater had such spunk in him? I had nae great notion o' the creature, but I think muckle mair of him now. Yon was really grand—no havering or nonsense, but a bauld manly spirit. What for is he no a colonel o' dragoons? It's a vera queer thing, but there's mair smeddum in the auld blude than folks nowadays are willing to allow."

The conflict ended, I believe, without any serious consequences; for the mob, though bent on mischief, dispersed before the charge of the cavalry. But the annals of that year are full of instances of popular outrage and incendiarism, which prove how narrow was the escape from violent revolution. It is not my

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wish to make commentaries on public events. My object is to restrict myself as much as possible to the narrative of facts and impressions. I shall therefore abstain from sermonising; but I must be allowed to say that, having once witnessed a civil commotion of this kind, I most devoutly trust that I shall never be spectator of another.

CHAPTER X.—WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF?

In a rising commercial country the acquisition of wealth is uniformly considered as the chief object of existence. In vain do preachers insist (though for the most part not very earnestly), that happiness does not depend upon the heaping up of riches, or the multiplying of possessions, and appeal in corroboration of their doctrine to the inspired authority of Scripture. They are not met with a broad denial, but they are listened to with perfect indifference. The tendency of parental instinct, in the case of sons at least, is to place them as early as possible in situations where they must work hard and incessantly in order to lay the foundation of their future fortune; and as instinct is rarely wrong in its general direction, I am not disposed to challenge, on broad grounds, the wisdom of an arrangement which is almost universal. But I must needs say that, in Scotland, too much eagerness is shown, on the part of the wealthier classes, to abridge the educational period for the sake of early initiation into practical life. They hurry their sons through the universities, sending them for the most part to such classes only as are rudimentary; and then place them in the office or counting-house, where they are expected to abandon all other pursuits, to forget by degrees the little learning they have acquired, and to devote the whole of their energies thereafter to the prosecution of their worldly calling. That, assuredly, is not the proper way to elevate the middle classes, which, taken in the aggregate, must be considered as the most important division of the community. At school, the educationary process is rather coercive than voluntary. Few boys take kindly to Latin, Greek, or Mathematics,—for this reason, that they are kept painfully grubbing at roots, struggling with grammatical difficulties, and solving bitter problems, without any scope being given to the imagination, or any real interest created in the subject of their studies. One principle alone, emulation—the desire of being uppermost, or the disgrace of being lowest—stimulates them at that period of life. But as the intellect widens and expands, as the boy advances towards manhood, he begins vividly to appreciate the charms and fascinations of learning. No longer tortured by aorists, or perplexed by the intricacies of quantity, he can derive a deep enjoyment from the magnificent strains of Homer, or the placid majesty of Virgil. What formerly was a task becomes a source of sincere delight. He passes from the masters of antiquity to those of modern thought, and is never weary of the contrast. The vast domain of science opens out before him, and he luxuriates in the thought of being able to wander over it at will. Yet it is precisely at this point that parental thrift too often interferes with the generous aspirations of youth. All at once it flashes upon Senex that Juvenis is in the fair way of becoming a scholar and a man of letters—a result which Senex by no means contemplated when he sent Juvenis to school. Senex has not much faith in the power of books or of book-learning to advance a man in the world. He has never troubled himself much with books, but he has contrived to make his way notwithstanding. He is estimated on 'Change as good for twenty thousand pounds at the least; whereas many a fellow whom he remembers above him at school, has barely salt for his porridge. The best book in the world, Senex is willing to allow, is the Bible, which he opens once a-week; but the next best is his ledger, which he studies every day, Sundays of course excepted, when he merely calculates profits when the sermon is unusually

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tiresome. Juvenis, if he wishes to succeed, must do the same. There is a desk and a three-legged stool provided for him, which he is expected to occupy from nine in the morning till eight at night, with a proper interval for meals. That is the true way to make a fortune. But as Juvenis really seems to have a kind of turn for reading, Senex won't be hard upon him. After eight P.M. his time shall be at his own disposal. Let him read, then, from eight to eleven.

Alas, Senex! Has age so chilled your blood as to have obliterated all memory of the way in which your youthful evenings, after office hours, were spent? Was your own palate innocent of the flavour of ale and oysters, and did you never wash away the cobwebs of business with potations of a stronger kind? Respectable as you are now, were you always in bed by eleven? No, Senex!—you dare not aver that upon your oath; nor shall I judge you harshly on account of your individual transgressions, for well I know that the bow cannot always be bent, nor the sociality of youth restrained. You are sorry for these things now, I doubt not — but can you fail to perceive that, if you shut up Juvenis in the counting-house precisely as you were shut up, the latter end of his day will be spent precisely as was yours? As you drank and dissipated with Willie Dalgleish forty years ago, so will he drink and dissipate this self-same evening with Charlie Dalgleish, who is the exact counterpart of his father. There is but one way to prevent that. Do not transform him all at once into a beast of burden. Encourage him to cultivate his mind — let him have reasonable time for study—thwart him not in his desire to educate himself to a higher point—so shall you most effectually keep him from the tavern and other haunts, wherein, as your own experience assures you, he is not likely to acquire any wholesome lessons of morality.

There is only one really liberal profession that I know of, and that is the medical one. A physician (so that he does not countenance innovations in practice) may study as much as he pleases; and the more that he reads and knows, the higher is the estimation in which he is held. A divine can hardly, even if he were so inclined, apply himself to anything else than the strict duties of his profession. Wonderfully sharp-sighted are the jackdaws in detecting even a particoloured feather in the tail of one of their tribe. They resent its exhibition as a reflection upon their sable uniform, and never cease pecking, scolding, and chattering, until they have it out. Worthy John Home, as good a soul and devout a minister as ever put on the bands, committed the awful sin of writing a tragedy, *Douglas;* and straightway such a din, clamour, and shout of execration arose from the Church, that he was fain to throw off his gown, abandon his living, and thenceforward herd with the laity. As for the law, it is notorious that a young barrister has no chance of attaining to practice, if he is even suspected of pursuing any other studies than those which are dictated by Themis. Social irregularities may be forgiven him, but flirtation with the muses is a crime beyond the reach of absolution. He may fearlessly addict himself to claret; but, if he prefers the waters of Hippocrene, he is for aye forsaken by the solicitors.

Many a young fellow have I known, with natural abilities above the average, who, in consequence of this absurd and pernicious prejudice, has lapsed into sottishness and ruin. About the time when I entered Mr Shearaway's office, there was a regular mania in Scotland for the legal profession. Almost every young man you met with in Edinburgh was destined to be an Advocate or a Writer to the Signet. The Scottish gentry being generally poor, held their heads proportionably high, and sneered at mercantile pursuits as unbecoming the dignity of their blood. Nominations to India could only be procured through high influence; and commissions in the army were no longer gratuitous as in the time of war. Colonisation had not begun to attract the sons of the gentry; though some of the more robust and enterprising had visions of the backwoods of Canada, and talked incoherently of sledges and of bears. As for New

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Zealand and Australia, in those days one would as soon have thought of emigrating to Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla. The Law, as I have said, was the favourite profession; and so overstocked was it in every branch, that had the people of Scotland been fifty times more litigious than they were, there was no danger of their suffering detriment for lack of advice or advocacy. I suspect that the principles enunciated in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* were then but imperfectly understood. It never seems to have struck any one that the legal profession, however necessary and useful, is merely parasitical—that it adds nothing to production, but derives all its nutriment from the body politic round which it is twined. That was an axiom of political economy too deep for the comprehension of the lairds, who, while groaning over the accounts yearly rendered them by their agents, simply took note of this—that the lawyers necessarily must be very thriving people, since they contrived, one way or another, to appropriate so considerable a proportion of their rents. Then, by a process of intuitive logic, they arrived at the conclusion that if they bred one son a writer, and another an advocate, the money which was now passing into the pockets of strangers might be made to circulate in the family. There was no flaw so far in their reasoning; but the misfortune was that hundreds of them reasoned alike and simultaneously; and the necessary result was a glut in the juridical market.

Many of my old friends and compatriots have long since vanished from the scene. After spending some of their best years in idleness, and contracting those miserable habits which idleness rarely fails to induce—after lingering on in the vain hope that they might yet find an opening, but constantly doomed to disappointment — they have taken flight, like migratory birds that have tarried too long, and been wafted, God knows whither, by the four winds of heaven. Most of them, I fear, are in their graves. Some of them, I am glad to know from report, have lighted in the colonies, and done well or poorly according to the proportion of energy they retained. Some have retired into the country, their once high ambition now satisfied with some small situation from which they derive a competence; and their favourite recreation, when they meet with an old crony, is to recall the memory of those days which were the most unfortunate of their existence. Well—I need not vaunt. All of us are, more or less, slaves of circumstance. Our highest aspirations—such as we conceive when we look to the world before us—are very rarely fulfilled. We aspire to fame; and some of us reach it by devious paths, which we had not originally contemplated. We desire wealth; and it flows in upon us from a quarter which we never had anticipated. Those whom we had regarded as our friends, often turn out to be our secret enemies; and, on the other hand, supposed enemies sometimes become our benefactors. If I have been more fortunate than some of my old friends, I can hardly take credit for that. I know well that many a country doctor, whose annual revenue is not sufficient to bring him within reach of the income-tax, does more good, with far greater labour, than I am able to accomplish. I hazard these remarks in no spirit of self-glorification — which is seldom true, and always contemptible—but merely by way of protest against professional illiberality, and in denunciation of a system that I wish were utterly at an end.

As I was not "articled" in the office of Messrs Meiklecry, Littlewoo, and Shearaway, I had of course the disposal of my own time in so far as was consistent with the wishes of my employers. After the memorable election at Slockendrouth, Mr Shearaway had treated me with marked kindness and consideration; and on my expressing a desire to attend certain advanced classes in the University, at hours which were rather inconsistent with office regulations, he at once gave his consent.

"I wish you to understand, Norman," said he, "that so long as you choose to remain here, you are quite free to study as you like. I knew your uncle from a boy. He was a

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devilish clever fellow, but somehow or other he never could contrive to bring his pigs to the right market. I hope you will have better luck. As to giving you advice about these matters, I really do not feel myself competent to do it. If I were sure that you intended to enter the profession, I would tell you at once to stick to the desk, and attend to nothing else; but I have a kind of notion—for I've watched you, my lad, more closely than you may think—that such is not your destiny. Norman Sinclair — tell me truly; have you any deliberate plan for the future?"

"As yet, none, Mr Shearaway."

Shearaway had recourse to his snuff-box. "No plan for the future, Norman? Well—that puzzles me more and more. I know that you have poetry notions; though, to do you justice, you don't bring them forward, or talk nonsense about the claims of genius, like some young jackasses, who think because they can make two words clink together at the end of lines, that they are heaven-born poets. Poetry, *when it pays*, is no doubt a most excellent thing. Walter Scott might have written off his fingers at law-papers before he would have made half as much as he cleared by the *Lady of the Lake;* and, questionless, the world has been the gainer thereby. But, Norman, more than half the brains of the nation were stowed in that grand auld head of his! We may have to wait a long while before we look on his like again."

I assured Mr Shearaway, most emphatically, that I had not the slightest intention of cultivating poetry, or indeed any kind of literature, as a profession; and that my only object was to acquire information on certain subjects of which I was at present profoundly ignorant. I ventured to think, I said, that whatever might be my ultimate destination, such studies could hardly fail to be of advantage.

"Right, Norman, right!" said Mr Shearaway; "it's a true proverb that a man is never too old to learn. And you need not mind about attending the office so closely as you used to do; for, between you and me, this Reform Bill has made a sad hole in our business. We could do with half the staff of clerks we used to have. Heigho! I suppose the next thing they will do will be to cut down the forms of process."

Profiting by this permission, I attended during two winter sessions the lectures of some of the most renowned professors in the University of Edinburgh, a high privilege which, by the Scottish system, is open to every one, who chooses to avail himself of it, without the necessity of entering into an exclusively academical career, as is the case at the great English universities. And when summer came — for in Scotland, alas! there is no spring, winter rolling itself remorselessly, like a huge polar bear, over what should be the beds of the early flowers, and crushing them ere they are developed—when summer came, and the trees put on their pale-green liveries, and the brakes were blue with the wood-hyacinth, and the ferns unfolded their curl, what ecstasy it was to steal an occasional holiday, and wander, rod in hand, by some quiet stream up in the moorlands, inhaling health from every breeze, nor seeking shelter from the gentle shower as it dropped its manna from the heavens! And then the long holidays, when the town was utterly deserted, and but one or two of those singularly stolid beings, whom nature seems to have endowed with such dense organs of locality that it is a positive pain to them to wander a mile beyond their home, remain as recipients of the post—how I did enjoy these, as they can only be enjoyed by the possessors of the double talisman of strength and youth! No more care—no more trouble — no more task-work — no thought even of the graver themes suggested by my later studies! Look —standing on the Calton Hill, behold yon blue range of mountains to the west — cannot you name each far pinnacle from its form? Benledi, Benvoirlich, Benlomond! O the beautiful land, the elysium that lies round the base of those distant giants! The forest of Glenfinlas, Loch Achray with its weeping birches, the grand defiles of the Trosachs, and Ellen's Isle, the pearl

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of the one lake that genius has for ever hallowed? Up, sluggard! Place your knapsack on your back; but stow it not with unnecessary gear, for you have still further to go, and your rod also must be your companion, if you mean to penetrate the region beyond. Money? Little money suffices him who travels on foot, who can bring his own fare to the shepherd's bothy where he is to sleep, and who sleeps there better and sounder than the tourist who rolls from station to station in his barouche, grumbling because the hotels are overcrowded, and miserable about the airing of his sheets. Money? You would laugh if you heard me mention the sum which has sufficed for my expenditure during a long summer month; for the pedestrian, humble though he be, has his own especial privileges, and not the least of these is that he is exempted from all extortion. Donald—God bless him!—has a knack of putting on the prices; and when an English family comes posting up to the door of his inn, clamorously demanding every sort of accommodation which a metropolitan hotel could afford, grumbling at the lack of attendance, sneering at the quality of the food, and turning the whole establishment upside down for their own selfish gratification, he not unreasonably determines that the extra trouble shall be paid for in that gold which rarely crosses his fingers except during the short season when tourists and sportsmen abound. But Donald, who is descended from the M'Gregor, does not make spoil of the poor. The sketcher or the angler who come to his door, with the sweat upon their brow, and the dust of the highway or the pollen of the heather on their feet, meet with a hearty welcome; and though the room in which their meals are served is but low in the roof, and the floor strewn with sand, and the attic wherein they lie is garnished with two beds and a shake-down, yet are the viands wholesome, the sheets clean, and the tariff so undeniably moderate that even parsimony cannot complain. So up in the morning early, so soon as the first beams of the sun slant into the chamber—down to the loch or river, and with a headlong plunge scrape acquaintance with the pebbles at the bottom; then rising with a hearty gasp, strike out for the islet or the further bank, to the astonishment of the otter, who, thief that he is, is skulking back to his hole below the old saugh-tree, from a midnight foray up the burns. Huzza! The mallard, dozing among the reeds, has taken fright, and, tucking up his legs under his round fat rump, flies quacking to a remoter marsh.

> "By the pricking of my thumbs,
> Something wicked this way comes,"

and lo! Dugald the keeper, on his way to the hill, is arrested by the aquatic phenomenon, and half believes that he is witnessing the frolics of an Urisk! Then make your toilet on the greensward, swing your knapsack over your shoulders, and cover ten good miles of road before you halt for breakfast with more than the appetite of an ogre.

Happy, happy days!—happy even now, though only recalled by memory! For although age has not yet clawed me in its clutch, and my strength and power of endurance remain unimpaired, though my elasticity may be somewhat lessened, I opine that a man on the steady side of forty does, somehow or other, cut a ridiculous figure in a knapsack and blouse, and ought to conform to the more luxurious habits which are expected from an individual of his standing. We must all of us adapt our habits and our pastimes to our age. We cannot hunt for eggs, break into orchards, or fish for minnows at twenty as we did at fifteen. We cannot run races, pull boats, or indulge in such boisterous hilarity at thirty as we did at twenty; and when we have reached the maturity of forty, we must perforce submit to whatever restrictions tyrant custom imposes, and be as cautious of shocking the prejudices of that starched old dame Respectability, as though she were a maiden aunt to whose accumulations we expected to succeed.

In this way I made the circuit of well-nigh the whole of the Scottish Highlands, penetrating as far as Cape Wrath and the wild district of Edder-

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achylis, nor leaving unvisited the grand scenery of Loch Corruisk, and the stormy peaks of Skye. Nor did I forget the scenes of my childhood, for the Osetts still lived at the Birkenshaws, and more than one delightful week did I spend there each summer, exploring Gameshope, or the Linns of Talla, where the Covenanters of old held their gathering; or clambering up the steep ascent by the Grey Mare's Tail to lonely and lovely Loch Skene, or casting for trout in the silver waters of St Mary's. Old Jamie—I should rather say Mr Osett—had by this time become a patriarch, and, as a ruling elder of the kirk, exercised no slight degree of spiritual jurisdiction in the vale of Yarrow. Bonny May Osett had, I must needs admit, lost all fairyness of form; and, though still comely, had become, like most rustic beauties, somewhat stout and clumsy. Nevertheless I had good reason to believe that her charms had subdued the heart of at least one devoted swain, for the son of a farmer, who lived over the hill upon Manor Water, contrived to find his way to the Birkenshaws at hours which hardly could have suited his pastoral occupation; and at his appearance I observed that May's rosy cheeks flushed up to the colour of the peony. Davie, my ancient playfellow, had shot from a chubby boy into a tall, thin, and somewhat gawky lad; shy, bashful, yet withal endowed with mother wit, and a strong sense of the humorous; and rather desirous, being somewhat affected by the epidemic of the times, to try his fortune beyond the limits of his native valley. These aspirations he imparted to me, as I well remember, one fine summer day, when we were sitting beneath an old thorn-bush near the mouth of the Meggat, known to all good anglers as "The Trysting Tree;" but as I may have occasion hereafter to introduce Davie Osett more circumstantially to the reader, I shall not now violate the secresy of our confidential communication.

I had stated to Mr Shearaway that I had formed no plan for my future line of life; and therein I spoke the truth. But that uncertainty, for I will not call it irresolution, was not generated by indolence, nor did it arise from constitutional carelessness. I knew quite well that I had my own way to make in the world, and that I could not safely calculate upon any assistance. I knew to a penny the whole amount of my worldly possessions, which would not have sufficed to stock the most wretched farm, and on the interest of which I could not possibly live. It might suffice to pay my entry fees to any one of the learned professions, but, having taken a deliberate survey of them all, I could not, by inclination, impulse, or attraction, specify any as my appointed Land of Goshen. The agency business was overdone—I had not in me enough of the bully to bluster my way at the bar, which is the secret of early, though not of enduring, success—I felt no attraction to medicine—I had no call to divinity. A father whose son was impregnated with such ideas, would have torn his hair with anguish—I, who was forced to be father to myself, experienced no such paroxysm. I had a firm faith that, some day or other, perhaps when I least expected it, I should find my proper occupation; but in the mean time I thought it exceedingly unwise to make a sacrifice of my youth, and to deprive myself of the opportunity of learning much more than could be acquired at any seat of academical education. I longed to see something more of the great world than Edinburgh could present to my view. I had an ambition to study the languages and literature, and behold the customs and manners of foreign nations; and to visit places of which I had read and dreamed, until they had assumed a palpable form in my imagination. If travel was considered advantageous to the young patrician or wealthy heir, was it not likely to be of even more benefit to me, already trained to habits of application and economy, and not liable to be assailed by those temptations, which, in spite of the vigilant care of tutors, beset the path of the young Englishman of fortune? As for the means, they were quite within my power. I knew that, with proper care and caution, money would go a long way on the Continent; and, on making a calculation,

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I found that I had quite enough money to enable me to travel and study, in the humble manner which I had proposed to myself, for at least five years to come. Nay, even that would not have exhausted my capital; but I had a duty to perform to my best and earliest friend; and I determined to leave untouched, in the hands of my guardian, a sum sufficient, when divided into annual payments, to secure some of the comforts which old age requires, for my own and my mother's nurse. At the Birkenshaws, Eppie Osett would again find a home; but I could not allow her to go there as a dependant on the charity of her relations. All this I had revolved and matured in my own mind, before I opened the subject to any one; for I had already contracted the habit of thinking and acting for myself—a habit which, I resolutely maintain, in the teeth of a thousand proverbs to the contrary, to be the secret of all success. God knows that advice, being a cheap article, can be had in plenty for the mere asking! No man so unfriended but he can find ten or a dozen elderly or aged gentlemen who will act as gratuitous Mentors if he chooses to apply to them, for nothing is so gratifying to human vanity as implicit deference to opinion. But what is the result? Simply this, that each sage, after giving you a prolix account of his own career, interspersed with interminable anecdotes of his ingenuity and forethought, ends by advising you to follow his example. I have often had advice tendered me, in the way of suasion or otherwise, though I have rarely asked it; and I vow to heaven that I can hardly recall an instance, bearing on any matter of importance affecting my progress in life, in which I would not have committed a serious error by departing from my own conviction. Our thoughts, aspirations, tendencies, idiosyncrasies, and instincts can only be known to ourselves—these, in their general combination, are our motive powers; and by them we must act, and progress, and be practically influenced—but Mentor, when you go to him for advice, wise as he may look when tapping his snuff-box, regards all that as pure delusion and folly, or rather never takes it into account, because he supposes, and not without reason, that you wish to have a peep through his spectacles, instead of using your natural vision.

My guardian, or rather trustee, dear Ned Mather, with whom I had hitherto effected no settlement, did not pretend to be a Mentor. He merely opened his eyes under the bushy brows a little more widely than was his wont when I told him my determination; but did all that was necessary in the way of pecuniary arrangement. Mr Shearaway hemmed and hawed, but made no active opposition.

"Ye may be right, and ye may be wrong, Norman; it's not easy to say which. I've been myself so long in the harness, that I can think of nothing but the usual jog-trot—two stages *per diem*, forward and back, like the old horse in the mail-coach—but—God go wi'ye, lad! and if you should want a friend at home—for though you are not likely to get into scrapes, it's aye of use to have a reference—write to Walter Shearaway."

Amidst universal expressions of good-will, I took leave of my old associates in the office; and when I was about to embark in the steamer for London, Ned Mather, who had accompanied me on board, and taken infinite trouble in seeing my luggage disposed of, whispered to me this, affectionately wringing my hand,

"If ye hear of any grand fishing, Norman, where the trout average three pound, write to me, and, as sure as the yellow hackle beats the red in the beginning of May, I'll be with you in less than a fortnight!"

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NELSON AND CARACCIOLO.

In an article upon Mr Ruskin's *Elements of Drawing* in our January Number, we had occasion to refer to the transactions that took place in the Bay of Naples in the year 1799, upon which Mr Ruskin had grounded a malignant insinuation against the character of Nelson. We expressed the surprise we undoubtedly felt, and still feel, that any one should be found to repeat the slanders we allude to since the publication of Sir Harris Nicolas's *Nelson Despatches*. It appears, however, that we had assumed too much. A highly respectable journal challenges us to proof of the grounds of our belief, and assures us that "those slanders" are "still regarded by many as indisputable truths, — amongst others, by the editor of Rose's *Diaries and Correspondence*." *

We feel obliged to the *Spectator* for having directed our attention to this passage in so recent a work. It contains a *réchauffé* of all the exploded calumnies against Nelson, proving both that the writer is in utter ignorance of such a book as the *Nelson Despatches* ever having issued from the press, and that the roots of the calumny have struck deeper than we had supposed. The Reverend editor of the Correspondence is not nice as to his language. He sums up half-a-dozen pages of pharisaical slip-slop with the following words :—

"On his return to Naples, Nelson dishonoured his character and sullied his glory by listening to the violent counsels of a woman whose passionate zeal for her friends overleaped all the boundaries, not only of discretion, but of justice. *He became her accomplice in perfidy and murder.*" †

Perfidy and murder!—"By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words." If true, Nelson should have been hanged at the yardarm of his own ship; and instead of feeling a thrill of pride and exultation, we ought to bow our heads in deep abasement when his name is mentioned. If false, every man who repeats the slander incurs a deep responsibility. The character of her heroes is the most precious heritage of a nation; and, of all the sons of England, not one is so dear to noble and generous spirits as he who fell at Trafalgar. The glory of Wellington may command a deeper reverence, the genius of Marlborough a more profound admiration, but our hearts are given to Nelson. We therefore readily adopt the suggestion of the writer in the *Spectator*, that we should "devote a special paper to the establishment of a fact which all Englishmen would so gladly believe if they could;" and as the only sure ground for such belief, we shall proceed to lay before our readers as concise a statement as possible of the facts of the case, and of the position of affairs in the Bay of Naples in the month of June 1799.

The king had fled to Palermo. It is hardly possible to say that any government at all existed at Naples. The French had evacuated the city. The Republican insurgents had been defeated. The castles of St Elmo, Uovo, and Nuovo were, however, still garrisoned by the French, and many of the principal Neapolitan insurgents had taken refuge within their walls. The Royalist forces, under the command of Cardinal Ruffo, *whose orders from the King were express not to treat with rebels*,‡ were engaged in an attempt to reduce those castles. Nelson, with the English squadron, was at sea on the look-out for the French fleet. One frigate (the Seahorse) and a bomb were left in the Bay of Naples under the command of Captain Foote, with orders to co-operate with the land forces. § On the 19th of June, Captain Foote, to his great surprise, received a letter from Cardinal Ruffo, requesting him to suspend hostilities against the castles, as a

* *Spectator*, January 7, 1860.

† *Nelson Despatches*, vol. iii. p. 493.

‡ Vol. i. p. 218. Clarke and M'Arthur, vol. ii. p. 175.

§ *Nelson Despatches*, vol. iii., App. C.

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negotiation had taken place. After some remonstrance on the part of Captain Foote, and correspondence with Cardinal Ruffo, whose fidelity was, to say the least, gravely suspected, Captain Foote received from the Cardinal the plan of a capitulation already signed by him, with a request to the Captain that he would also affix his name. This he did, returning it to the Cardinal with a protest.* A formal capitulation was signed in a similar manner on the 23d.† It was in direct contravention of the orders Cardinal Ruffo had received. It provided, in substance, that the garrisons should march out with all the honours of war, and that all persons in the forts, and all prisoners taken by the King's troops, should remain unmolested at Naples, or, if they preferred it, should be freely conveyed in vessels, to be provided by the King, to Toulon, and there landed and set at liberty. It was also provided expressly that the evacuation of the forts "should not take place until the moment of embarkation."‡

On the next day, the 24th, *before any step had been taken to carry the capitulation into effect*,§ Nelson, with a powerful squadron, entered the bay. He instantly signalled the Seahorse to haul down the flag of truce.‖ On the following day, the 25th, Nelson sent the following declaration to the garrisons of the two castles :—

"Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, K.B., commander of his Britannic Majesty's fleet in the Bay of Naples, acquaints the rebellious subjects of his Sicilian Majesty in the castles of Uovo and Nuovo, that he will not permit them to embark or quit those places. They must surrender themselves to his Majesty's royal mercy. NELSON."

On the 26th Nelson took possession of the castles of Uovo and Nuovo, "*the garrisons and other persons quitting them with full knowledge that the terms of the capitulation would not be carried into execution.*"¶ They were detained as prisoners until the arrival of the King on the 10th of July, when they were given up to the Neapolitan government.

Such are the facts with regard to the surrender of the castles of Uovo and Nuovo — the transaction on which the charge of "perfidy" against Nelson has been grounded. Upon these facts two questions arise—

I. Was Nelson justified by the laws of war and nations in annulling the capitulation entered into by Ruffo, and signed by Captain Foote?

II. Assuming that he was entitled by law to set that capitulation aside, was he justified in honour and morality in doing so?

Nelson cannot be acquitted of blame, unless both these questions are answered in the affirmative.

The first is purely technical, and must be decided by the authority of jurists, and by the precedents that have been acted upon in other cases.

"Capitulations," says Martens, "are obligatory, *unless the party by whom they are executed has exceeded the limits of the power with which he was intrusted.*"**

Klüber says—

"Capitulations are obligatory without acceptance or ratification by the respective sovereigns, *provided that the commanding officers by whom they are signed have acted* bona fide, *and not exceeded their instructions, or acted beyond their powers.*"††

Nothing can be plainer than the rule thus laid down, and we shall see that it has been repeatedly acted upon. After the battle of Leipzig, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr was blockaded in Dresden by forces under the command of Count Klenau. After an unsuccessful attempt to cut his way through the enemy, a capitulation was signed, under which the

* *Nelson Despatches*, vol. iii. p. 479. † Ibid., p. 480. ‡ Ibid., p. 487.
§ Ibid., p. 495. ‖ Ibid., p. 494. ¶ Ibid., p. [illegible]
** *Précis du droit des gens*, liv. ii. C. ii. § 48; cited *Nelson Despatches* [illegible] p. 496.
†† *Droit des gens moderne de l'Europe*, vol. ii. p. 75, § 276; *Nelson* [illegible] vol. iii. p. 496.

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French garrison of Dresden laid down their arms, and set out on their way to France, on parole not to serve against the allies for six months. After proceeding on their route as far as Altenburg, the Marshal was informed that Prince Schwarzenberg *refused to ratify the capitulation, because General Klenau had no authority to grant conditions so unfavourable to the allies.* "In such a case," says the historian, "the law of nations requires that everything should be restored to the state in which it was at the time of the signature of the capitulation." An offer was consequently made to the Marshal to replace him with his troops, arms, and munitions of war, in Dresden; but he preferred to surrender the advantageous stipulations he had obtained under the capitulation, and to remain with his army prisoners of war.* A similar instance occurred in the year 1813, at the blockade of Dantzig.

Here, then, we find distinct authority that Nelson was justified by the law of nations in the course he adopted. Ruffo, if not a traitor to the cause of his sovereign, which there is much reason to believe, and which Nelson certainly suspected, had unquestionably exceeded his authority. His instructions were express not to treat with rebels.† Nelson, therefore, who held at this time supreme command, was fully justified by law in setting the capitulation aside. The case of Dresden goes much further than is necessary for his justification. There, the capitulation had been acted upon. Here, before any step whatever had been taken towards carrying it into effect —before the *status quo* had been in any way disturbed—it was notified to the garrison that the capitulation was annulled. They surrendered with full knowledge that it would not be carried into execution.

We may, therefore, confidently answer the first question in the affirmative.

We now come to the consideration of the second question; and to form a correct judgment, we must keep in mind what the precise position of Nelson was. It was not for him to determine whether the course adopted by the Government at home was wise or not. To him the French were enemies, and the insurgent Neapolitans traitors and rebels. The King was an ally to be faithfully served—a guest to be loyally protected. The Queen was the sister of the murdered Marie Antoinette, to whose service he was bound by all the laws of chivalry and honour. With these feelings, can we be surprised that when he learned that Ruffo, in direct violation of the orders of his sovereign, had granted favourable terms to the traitors with whom he was expressly forbidden to treat, and that a British officer had unwillingly affixed his name to what he felt to be an "infamous" capitulation, he instantly exercised his powers as Commander-in-chief and annulled the disgraceful instrument? It unhappily suited the purposes of a party at home to make these occurrences the occasion of attacks upon the Government of the day. On the 3d of February 1800, Fox, during the debate on the Address, brought charges of the foulest description, not against Nelson by name, but against the officers of the British fleet generally. Immediately upon the news of this attack reaching Nelson, he wrote the following letter, addressed to Mr Davison:—

"MALTA, *May 9th*, 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mr Fox having, in the House of Commons, in February, made an accusation against somebody, for what he calls a breach of a treaty with rebels, which had been entered into by a British officer, and having used language unbecoming either the wisdom of a senator or the politeness of a gentleman, or an Englishman, who ought ever to suppose that his Majesty's officers would always act with honour and openness in all their transactions; and as the whole affairs of the Kingdom of Naples were at the time alluded to absolutely placed in my hands, it is *I* who am called upon to explain my conduct, and therefore send you my

* *Histoire abrigée des Traités de Paix, par Köch*, vol. ix. p. 310; *Nelson Despatches*, vol. iii. 493.

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observations on the infamous armistice entered into by the Cardinal; and on his refusal to send in a joint declaration to the French and rebels, I sent in my note, and on which the rebels came out of the castles, *as they ought*, and as I hope all those who are false to their king and country will, to be hanged, or otherwise disposed of, as their sovereign thought proper. *The terms granted by Captain Foote, of the Seahorse, at Castel-à-Mare, were all strictly complied with—the rebels having surrendered before my arrival.* There has been nothing promised by a British officer that his Sicilian Majesty has not complied with, even in disobedience to his orders to the Cardinal.—I am, &c.

"BRONTE NELSON OF THE NILE.

"Show these papers to Mr Rose, or some other, and if thought right, you will put them in the papers."

This letter was immediately communicated by Mr Davison to the Ministry.*

There is one, and, as far as we know, one only, other letter from Nelson himself, with regard to these transactions. It is addressed to Mr Alexander Stephens, Author of *The History of the Wars of the French Revolution*, in reply to his application for information.

"23 PICCADILLY, *Feb.* 10, 1803.

"SIR,—By your letter, I believe you wish to be correct in your history, and therefore wish to be informed of a transaction relative to Naples. I cannot enter at large into the subject to which you allude. I shall briefly say that neither Cardinal Ruffo, or Captain Foote, or any other person, had any power to enter into any treaty with the rebels—*that even the paper which they signed was not acted upon*, as I very happily arrived at Naples, and prevented such an infamous transaction from taking place; therefore, when the rebels surrendered, they came out of the castles as they ought, without any honours of war, and trusting to the judgment of their sovereign. *I put aside, and sent them notice of it, the infamous treaty*—and the rebels surrendered, as I have before said. If you attend to that Mrs Williams's book, I can assure you that nearly all relative to Naples is either destitute of foundation or falsely represented.—I am, Sir, &c.

"NELSON."

These two short letters contain, we believe, all that exists from the pen of Nelson on the subject. They are highly characteristic of his mind. We see how manfully he assumes the whole responsibility of the act; how indignantly he repels the imputation upon the honour of the British flag; with what clearness he seizes at once on the real and important points.

Ruffo and Foote had exceeded their authority. He therefore was entitled to annul their act. But that was not enough to satisfy Nelson. Had the capitulation been acted upon before his arrival, he would have felt himself bound by it, as he did in the case of the surrender of Castel-à-Mare. He therefore states the only fact necessary for his justification—namely, that no step whatever had been taken towards carrying the capitulation into effect, when he arrived in the bay and annulled it. This is no doubt the important point; happily it is one on which the evidence is conclusive.

Upon the copy of the capitulation, which is printed in Miss Williams's very apocryphal *Sketches*, Nelson wrote, "Never executed, and therefore no capitulation."† In the two letters we have just cited, written at considerable intervals, he expressly asserts the fact; and, as if to put the seal of confirmation upon it, he refers to his observance of similar terms at Castel-à-Mare, where he arrived too late to prevent the inception of the execution of the capitulation. If proof of Nelson's good faith were needed, it would be furnished in the most conclusive way by this fact.

The capitulation was signed by Captain Foote on the 23d of June.‡ It was not, however, complete until it had been approved by the Commandant of Fort St Elmo, who, it appears, did not affix his signature until the following day, the same day that Nelson entered the bay. The flag of truce, which had been

* CLARK and M'ARTHUR, vol. ii. p. 182, note.

† *Nelson Despatches*, vol. iii. p. 495.

‡ See his letter to Chev. Micheroux—*Nelson Despatches*, iii. p. 486.

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flying on the Seahorse, was instantly hauled down, and this, even without the formal notification which immediately followed, was sufficient intimation to the garrisons of the forts that the treaty was at an end. The statement furnished by Captain Foote to Lord Nelson shows that nothing had been done previously to the 24th; for, writing on the morning of that day, he speaks of sending the polacres, which were to receive the garrison, as an act which was to be performed at a future time. This was prevented by Nelson entering the bay. The forts were not surrendered until the 26th,* the day after Nelson's formal notification that the capitulation was annulled, and two days after the flag of truce had been hauled down.

It is difficult to say how the groundless charge that the garrisons had been induced to quit the forts under the supposition that the capitulation was still in force first arose, but unquestionably it owed the general currency which it has obtained to Southey. The author of the most popular biography of Nelson, instead of investigating the truth of the facts he was narrating, unhappily contented himself with the far easier task of composing eloquent and indignant moral reflections. Still more unhappily, the wide popularity of the book, and the reputation of its author for learning and research, have induced successive historians and biographers to adopt the statement without inquiry, until, by constant repetition, it became almost an article of popular belief. Happily the facts are now fully before the world in the Appendix to the third volume of Sir Harris Nicholas's *Nelson Despatches*, and we shall truly rejoice if we are the means of directing the attention of our readers to the valuable and conclusive evidence which they will there find, that the conduct of Nelson in regard to the capitulation of the castles of Uovo and Nuovo was in keeping with the rest of his noble and humane character.

We now come to the second part of the charge—namely, that which relates to the death of Caracciolo.

In 1801 a book appeared, entitled "Sketches of the State of Manners, &c., in the French Republic," in which the principles of a "poissarde" are set forth with the rancour of an old maid, and in the style of the Minerva press. One of the heroes of the authoress is Prince Caracciolo, and her attempts to excite sympathy with, and compassion for, that very worthless person, have, unhappily for the cause of truth, been but too successful. Caracciolo has consequently been very generally considered an object, if not of respect and admiration, at any rate of pity. A very few facts will show that he was neither the one nor the other, and that few men who have passed under the hands of the hangman ever better deserved that fate.

Caracciolo was a cadet of a noble family; he held a commission as Commodore in the Neapolitan navy, and had served with credit against the French; he thus became acquainted with Nelson and other officers of the English fleet. In December 1798, when the royal family left Naples, Caracciolo commanded one of the vessels which conveyed their suite to Palermo,† and remained there in the service of the King, and holding his commission as Commodore, until the new Parthenopeian Republic published an edict that the estates of all such persons as did not return to Naples should be forfeited: upon this Caracciolo solicited, and obtained, the King's permission to return, for the purpose of avoiding the confiscation of his property. Immediately upon his arrival at Naples, he committed the treason to which his life was ultimately forfeited. His eulogist, Miss Williams, narrates this infamous act in the following words:—

"The Republic, proud of so illustrious an adherent, named him at once general and chief of the Neapolitan marine when it should be established. *Religiously tenacious of the sacred obligations he had*

* Log of the Seahorse—*Nelson Despatches*, vol. iii. p. 494.

† Pettigrewe's *Life of Nelson*, vol. i. p. 185.

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contracted with his country, he rejected with disdain the offers made him by the Court of Naples, *and was one of those who opposed with the most success the English arms.* This was principally the *pretended* crime which led him to the gallows. Of exemplary courage through the whole of his life, he died like a hero, after having tinged with shame the countenances of his military judges, before whom he pleaded his own cause with all the calm and dignity of virtue." *

This kind of language, applied to as gross a case of treachery as can be found in history, reminds one of Canning's celebrated sonnet on Eliza Brownrigg—

"Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes,
Such as Lycurgus taught . . .
For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws!
But time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed."

Trowbridge, who was the very soul of truth, honour, and fidelity, refused for a long time to believe that one with whom he had served could be guilty of such baseness. He clung to the belief that Caracciolo was acting under compulsion; but even Trowbridge was compelled at last to give up this supposition. On the 1st of May he writes: "Caracciolo, I am now satisfied, is a Jacobin. He came in the gunboats to Castel-à-Mare himself, and spirited up the Jacobins."† Captain Foote, on the 26th of May, says—"Caracciolo threatens a second attack, with a considerable addition of force;"‡ and on the 11th June he says, "Caracciolo's gunboats have for some time been firing at the town of Annunciata and the adjacent houses."§ Of the guilt of Caracciolo no impartial person can entertain a doubt. His crime was one which the laws of all civilised nations visit with death. But, however well deserved his fate might be, we are bound to see that the execution of the sentence which was passed upon him was no act of wild or irregular justice, but was sanctioned by the solemnities of law. We must therefore inquire how the traitor was brought to trial, by whom he was judged, and by what authority he was executed.

Upon the advance of the Royalist troops towards Naples, Caracciolo took refuge in one of the castles, Uovo or Nuovo, but quitted it and fled to the mountains before the surrender. Here he found himself exposed to a double danger. On the one hand, his life was in immediate peril from the brigands; and, on the other, he could expect little mercy from the master whom he had betrayed. A reward was offered for his apprehension. His retreat, a cave amongst the mountains of Calabria,‖ was discovered, and on the 29th of June he was brought a prisoner on board the Foudroyant. He was placed under charge of the late Lieutenant Parsons, who was at that time signal-mate to Nelson, who describes him as "a short thickset man, of apparent strength, but haggard with misery and want."¶ Captain Hardy, who was on deck at the time, immediately ordered his arms to be unbound, and food to be offered to him. As soon as Nelson was informed of his apprehension, he issued the following order, addressed—

"To Count Thurn, Commodore and Commander of his Sicilian Majesty's frigate La Minerva:

"Whereas Francisco Caracciolo, a Commodore in the service of his Sicilian Majesty, has been taken, and stands accused of rebellion against his lawful sovereign, and for firing at his colours hoisted on board his frigate the Minerva, under your command;—

"You are, therefore, hereby required and directed to assemble five of the senior officers under your command, yourself presiding, and proceed to inquire whether the crime with which the said Francisco Carac-

* *Sketches, &c.*, i. 211. † *Nelson Despatches*, iii. 358. ‡ *Ibid.* 499.
§ *Nelson Despatches*, iii. 499. ‖ Parsons' *Nelsonian Reminiscences*, p. 2.
¶ Parsons' *Nelsonian Reminiscences*, p. 2.

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ciolo stands charged can be proved against him; and if the charge is proved, you are to report to me what punishment he ought to suffer.

"Given on board the Foudroyant, Naples Bay, the 29th June 1799.
"NELSON."

The court met forthwith on board the Foudroyant. There is nothing to show that the trial was not conducted with perfect fairness. There are two accounts of the defence attempted by the prisoner, which are inconsistent with each other, but both of which admit his guilt. According to Clarke and M'Arthur, he insisted that "he had been compelled to perform the duty of a common soldier for a considerable time, when he was offered the command of the Republican Neapolitan navy, which necessity alone had at length compelled him to accept."*

It is also stated by the same authority, that it was clearly proved that he had repeated opportunities of escaping, of none of which had he attempted to avail himself.

Lieutenant Parsons states that his defence consisted of a recriminatory attack upon the King, and that he excused himself on the ground that, had he not succumbed to the ruling powers, his patrimonial possessions would have been forfeited, and his children reduced to beggary.† It was impossible for the court to come to any conclusion but that the crime was proved. The sentence followed, of course. Caracciolo was condemned to die the death of a traitor. The court reported their decision to Nelson, and by him, as superior in command, the sentence was confirmed, and orders given that it should be carried into immediate execution.

Such are the simple and indisputable facts of the case; and upon these facts it is difficult to see how Nelson could have acted otherwise than he did, without a gross dereliction of duty.

If the treachery and desertion of an officer, followed by active hostility against the sovereign whose commission he holds, is not an offence deserving of the most severe punishment that the laws of war allow, it appears impossible to say what crime can be so.

That Caracciolo had been guilty of this offence does not admit of a doubt. It has been urged with some inconsistency, that he ought not to have been tried by Sicilian officers, and that the court should not have been held on board an English ship. To the first objection it may be answered, that a court of officers of his own service is the only tribunal provided by law for the trial of such a charge, and it may be asked what would have been said had Caracciolo been tried and condemned by a court composed of English officers? As to the second objection, the circumstance that the trial took place on board an English ship, if material at all, could only be favourable to the prisoner. That the condemnation to an ignominious death of a man whom he had known and respected in other days, was an act of stern duty, which Nelson only performed after a painful struggle, is abundantly proved. But on this as on all other occasions, the principle of duty which is linked eternally with the life and death of Nelson prevailed. To the officer who was the bearer of the wretched prisoner's supplications, if not for life, at any rate that he might die a death fitted not to his crimes, but to his rank and profession, Nelson, after much agitation, replied, "Caracciolo has been fairly tried by the officers of his own country. I cannot interfere; go, sir, and attend to your duty."‡ Caracciolo was hanged at the yardarm of the Neapolitan ship, the Minerva; the ship he had himself commanded, the ship he had treacherously fired upon, when his sovereign's colours were flying at her mast-head. To bestow upon this wretched traitor the name of a patriot, a hero, an "honoured shade," and illustrious martyr of liberty,"§ is a gross and ridiculous perversion of language. The best that can be said of him is, that he was no worse than the rest of his countrymen. He was but one of a

* *Nelson Despatches*, iii. 503.
‡ *Nelson Despatches*, iii. 503.
† PARSONS' *Nelson's Reminiscences*, p. 3.
§ *Sketches*, &c., v. i. p. 222.

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nation in which the court was profligate and corrupt, the nobility licentious and treacherous, and the people debased, slavish, and bloodthirsty.

Such are the simple and plain facts; such are the grounds upon which we feel ourselves entitled to denounce the charges brought against Nelson in respect to the transactions which took place in the Bay of Naples in the year 1799, as infamous and groundless calumnies. We have confined ourselves to the plainest and simplest statement of facts. Those of our readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, will find a mass of evidence of the most conclusive kind in the appendix to the third volume of Sir Harris Nicolas's *Nelson Despatches*. This valuable publication has now been before the public for fifteen years, and it is the duty of every one who desires to write or speak truly of the character and acts of Nelson, to make himself acquainted with its contents.

Some of our readers will no doubt be surprised to find no allusion to Lady Hamilton in the narrative we have given of these transactions. The simple fact is, that notwithstanding all the obloquy which has been heaped upon her name, she had no share whatever in the trial or execution of Caracciolo, and the only part she took in the affair of the Castles of Uovo and Nuovo consisted in the assistance she gave to Sir William Hamilton in interpreting between Ruffo and Nelson, whose knowledge of the Italian language was very imperfect. Our present limits are far too short to permit us to enter upon the history of one of the most extraordinary women that the world has produced. We reserve this for a future paper.

It was long the fashion to palliate what was supposed to be the guilt of Nelson, by urging that he acted under the fatal fascination of Lady Hamilton, and the English language was ransacked for the foulest terms of abuse, which were showered in abundance on her head. Nelson needs no such excuse. He acted as his duty to his country, to her allies, and to himself, required him to do.

BETSY BROWN.

A TRUE STORY.*

ALL must have heard of MRS BROWN,
  Who kept the old "Cod's Head Hotel,"
Close to tide-mark in TANGLETOWN,
  Where brightest sea-nymphs love to dwell:
For in her house, time out of mind,
Men fond of fish and frolic dined.

And no one, surely, can forget
  How fishes there of every fin,
Rushing to table from the net,
  Strove, in all shapes, our smiles to win;
Some holding in strange mouths strange tails,
Like minnows some, and some like whales.

But 'tis not of the fishes there
  That we would speak—my muse and I;

---

* This story, in all essential points, is, we believe, strictly and literally true; and it will probably be thought by most of our readers that it affords a confirmation of the common saying, that "truth is stranger than fiction." It may perhaps be proper to add, for the sake of some of our readers, that Tangletown has probably taken its name from the abundance on its shore of that kind of sea-weed often called Tangle.—ED. B. M.

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For *them* we have no time to spare—
In fact, we've "other fish to fry:"
We've doings there most strange to show
Of him of ever-bended bow.

Good Mrs Brown had daughters twain—
Such daughters as you oft may see,
At least may look for not in vain,
At bar of thriving hostelry:
Fine rosy women—rather stout—
Better with head-gear than without.

Were we to say they were not young,
More than was meant we might express:
They were—in a politer tongue—
Not in their *première jeunesse;*
Yet buxom, blooming women still,
Killing all round, but hard to kill.

Betsy, the eldest—and of her
It is that we are now to speak—
Was, if we do not greatly err,
Not of a temper the most meek:
This was, perhaps, the reason why
She had not brook'd the marriage-tie.

But now at last arrived a day,
When, after some few perverse years,
Our honest Betsy meant to pay
The minister all her arrears:
For from a neighb'ring town there came
A gallant sergeant, Jones by name.

A likely fellow was this Jones—
Six foot and more without his shoes:
Not with the rugged high cheek-bones
Of sergeant of the kilt or trews,
But with the round and ruddy face
That speaks of well-breech'd Saxon race.

He looked on Betsy—she on him—
And the thing was as good as done:
He, with such length and strength of limb,
She, the whole reg'ment fit to stun:
Ere word was spoken you might swear
That words were not much needed there.

It was the oyster-time, and oft
To "The Cod's Head" Jones found his way;
And there he loved with sawder soft
And shell-fish to beguile the day:
Dando himself had hid his head,
To see the life the sergeant led.

It no doubt always seem'd most strange
To those who saw him in the bar,
That worthy Mrs Brown should change,
After the thing had gone so far;
But, though the reason still is hid,
Change she unquestionably did.

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And Betsy scarce believes her ears,
When, just as Jones has "left" one day,
She, without word of warning, hears
Her mother in a mark'd tone say,
"Betsy, no child of *his* and mine
Shall marry sergeant of the Line."

Says Betsy, "This is rather late—
We've fix'd the day for Monday next."
But Mrs Brown was stern as fate,
Still holding to the self-same text:
No daughter of the old "Cod's Head"
Should ever with a sergeant wed!

And when the sergeant came next day,
Instead of oysters, as before,
He found, to his no small dismay,
Only the outside of the door:
For Mrs Brown, who "knew her place,"
Shut the old "Cod's Head" in his face.

Fish is but fish, and flesh but flesh—
And some things *neither* well can bear:
Jones, while "The Cod's Head" wound was fresh,
Lost something of his jaunty air;
But after season due of grief,
He look'd around, and found relief.

For at "The Soldier's Joy" there dwelt
A maiden like "the unsunn'd snow;"
And Jones now look'd on *her*, and felt
What only men like Jones can know:
He look'd on her by morning sun,
And in the ev'ning they were ONE.

Swift the next morning speeds the news
To "The Cod's Head"—and all that day,
Though food she might not quite refuse,
Betsy was in a dreadful way;
And oft she cried, and stoutly too,
"Oh, mother, mother, this is *you!*"

Good Mrs Brown, what could she say?
No doubt she was right glad at heart,
Yet she spoke little through the day,
And doubly plied each household art;
But evening came, and then she said,
"Oh, Betsy, Betsy, go to bed!"

These were the words the mother said:
And now mark Betsy's, in reply—
"My bed to-night will be a bed
That none among you need en*vy!*"
They thought she spoke of broken rest;
But Betsy knew her meaning best.

The morning dawns—and what a scene!
What clothes are these all strew'd about?

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They're Betsy's clothes—what does it mean?
Naked by night, she has gone out—
She has gone out—it is too clear—
And thrown herself from off the pier!

And well may some folks now recall
Those words of hers the night before:
For now, of course, to one and all
Their real, dreadful sense they bore:
The bed that was her bed to be,
Was at the bottom of the sea!

Hard things are said of Mrs Brown,
Ev'n by her sister, MRS SNODY:
But the chief thought throughout the town,
Is now the finding of THE BODY:
And boats are searching all around,
And no doubt it will soon be found.

For days they search, both far and near,
But still the search is all in vain:
"No-BODY," boatmen say, "is here,
'Tis useless quite to search again:
The tide was strong, and it may be,
Many and many a mile at sea."

But now a certain SIMON SNIPE
Call'd to inquire for Mrs Brown:
A little man, of judgment ripe,
The oracle of Tangletown:
A man who might be said to bring
His beak to bear on *ev'rything*.

Snipe with the little servant-maid
Of "The Cod's Head" some converse had;
And she, poor SUSAN, sobbing, said,
"Oh, Mr Snipe, it's very sad!
It really oversets me quite—
I saw Miss Betsy's *ghost* last night!"

Simon a ghost had never seen—
But thought, in his peculiar way,
"If through the night it here has been,
It can't be far off through the day:"
And then he sniff'd about, and said,
"Have you look'd into *that press-bed?*"

Behind the mangle was that bed—
Behind the mangle, in the wall;
And it had enter'd no one's head
Ever to think of it at all;
But there seem'd something in the air
That said to Snipe, "The ghost is *there*."

And now, who will believe my tale?
Snipe opens wide the press-bed door,
And forth there comes, of cheese and ale,
Fragrance that bed ne'er knew before;
And there is Betsy, safe and sound—
There, there she is—the body's found!

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And what said Betsy? nothing more
Than we are now to tell to you:
She look'd out at the press-bed door,
And said to Snipe and little Sue,
"Have I not served my mother right?
Have I not given her a fright?"

Yet afterwards 'twas her delight,
Among her chosen friends, to tell
About *the ghost* that walk'd at night,
And stored its press-bed pantry well,
And saw the boats at break of day
Seeking its body in the bay!

Years now have pass'd; and many a change
We all have seen in all around;
But amidst things both new and strange,
The old "Cod's Head" may still be found:
Old—and *old-fashion'd*, if you will—
But there it is—"The Cod's Head" still.

And still, when passing by its door,
We sometimes feel as if the breeze
Upon its waving pinions bore
A SOMETHING as of ale and cheese,
Still speaking of the old renown
Of THE PRESS-BED and BETSY BROWN!

A WORD ABOUT TOM JONES.

Is there truth, or only a vast exaggeration, in the almost unanimous verdict of modern critics respecting the supreme excellence of *Tom Jones*, as a work of art? We say, as a work of art, because that is the only ground for serious discussion. Whether the book be, or be not, supremely amusing, is a matter of individual taste, which it would be idle to question; those whom it amuses *are* amused, and those whom it fails to interest throw it aside, and there's an end of the matter. But it is a fitting subject for inquiry whether the work deserves its reputation as a masterpiece of comic fiction, a model which may be cited to abash the pretensions of succeeding writers, a standard of comparison which is to give law in art. A recent writer has said of it, that "as a work of art it is absolutely perfect." Did he really mean this? He neither explained what were his views of art, nor whether he thought the book imperfect as a novel, but perfect as art; so that the sentence leaves us wholly unenlightened.

We are ungracious enough to hold a very different opinion concerning *Tom Jones;* yet we are so fully aware of the array of eminent authorities which can be cited against us—authorities deserving and receiving our cordial respect—that we should certainly not think of setting up our *dictum* in opposition; and were the question one purely of taste, we should be silent. But it is not so. Beside the question of taste, there is a question of criticism. Above all individual likings, there are certain definite principles; and criticism is, or ought to be, the application of principles.

Before entering on this application, it is right that we should frankly confess that we ourselves long shared, and on more than one occasion

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have very emphatically expressed, the current opinion. If we have now to recall those expressions, and contradict ourselves, the explanation is very simple: formerly we spoke of "Tom Jones" *from memory*, stimulated by the exaggerated respect given to a classic writer; and we are now to speak of it after an attentive re-reading. So ardent was memory, and so cold is actual experience, that we are tempted to generalise from our own case, and to suspect that those who extol the work loudly have not read it since their sallet days, or have read it only in a listless mood. They remember the impression it produced on their youthful minds, when its knowledge of human nature seemed, to their inexperience and youthful knowingness, wonderfully varied and profound; they remember how to their keen appetite its humour seemed hearty and rare; they remember its rapid succession of adventures and pictures of life; while its characters —Blifil, Thwackum, Square, Molly Seagrim, Squire Western, and Partridge—are so constantly used as illustrations, that it is not wonderful if a general sense of *Tom Jones* being a masterpiece should become part of traditional culture. Aiding this, there is the fact of a great fame, and the unconscious tendency in most minds to exalt the writers of the past over those of the present—a tendency which renders freedom of judgment somewhat difficult. Every one, even the most independent of critics, unconsciously magnifies an excellence in an artist of renown; and many a trait which would pass unregarded in a modern work, will become a stock quotation, if repeated from an ancient. Reverence is a good and noble attitude; there is strength as well as generosity in admiration; but the admiration should be universal, and given as freely to the brother fighting by our side, as to the statue on its pedestal in Westminster Abbey. It is a painful fact that many men who are unstinting in their praises of the dead, have scarcely a kind word to bestow on the living; and much of the laudation with which our books and journals resound is only the obverse of a reluctance to admire the men of our own day. Something of this is envy and pettiness, but more is ignorance and timidity—ignorance of what really constitutes greatness in art; and timidity in expressing an opinion which may not be ratified by others. It is safe to praise one whom the world has long agreed to praise; but to anticipate the world may compromise the critic's sagacity; and it is noticeable that men are much more ashamed of having admired in the wrong place, than of having blamed in the wrong place.

We will endeavour to disengage our minds from all trammels of prejudice, and criticise *Tom Jones* as if it had been written by Bulwer or Thackeray, Balzac or Dickens. In the first place, we have to note the fact of an immense success. This of itself always implies positive merit of some kind; and when the success has not been limited to the passing hour, but has become fame, from the verdict of posterity, it implies that the merit is either too great or too peculiar to be altogether imitable. If, then, we were insensible to the great merits of *Tom Jones*—and in the course of our remarks it will appear that we cordially admire them —we should assume the fault to lie in us, since positive merit is demonstrated by success. This position will be disputed by some critics who, having never written books themselves, or having failed to secure success by them, are unwilling to acknowledge the consecration of success. To believe them, a work which is popular must necessarily be poor. It is, however, pretty evident, that although every age sees abundance of "popular trash," there is no passport to popularity in trash itself; on the contrary, there is so much trash which cannot become popular, that we are forced to recognise something else in popularity. To touch the feelings or to move the laughter of thousands, is yearly attempted by hundreds; and the one who succeeds does so in virtue of some genuine sympathy, or genuine talent, no matter what defects we may discover in him.

The positive merits of *Tom Jones* seem to us to explain its popular-

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ity: they are a certain humour, a real talent for story-telling—for presenting the various elements of the story in an animated succession of illustrative scenes—an eye for characteristics in person, manner, and speech, and a style easy, idiomatic, and vigorous. And because these qualities are exhibited in the delineation of real life, the book will always be amusing, and, to the historian, valuable, as a picture of some parts of English life in the eighteenth century. But these merits, exaggerate them as we may, do not suffice for a masterpiece. They are none of them high or rare merits. Indeed, in the high and highest qualities of a novelist, Fielding seems to us quite unworthy to rank beside Scott or Miss Austen (we purposely abstain from naming any contemporary writer, because we desire our criticism to be disengaged from all extraneous influences). Fielding is assuredly far below Scott in invention, imagination, humour, and sympathy; he is also, we think, many degrees below Miss Austen as an artist and a painter of character (not of characteristics), and even in humour of the finer sort.

Let us proceed to show this in detail. A great deal is said about the "construction" of *Tom Jones*. In this quality it is declared to surpass all other novels. This is a statement which admits of very definite argument; the quality can be tested as accurately as the perspective of a picture, or the proportions of a statue; it is one which may be placed beyond dispute. We very much fear that the critics who have lavished their praises on the construction of *Tom Jones* would, for the most part, be totally unable to say *in what* construction consists; at any rate, they might as well eulogise the perspective of the early painters, and expect us to acquiesce. There *are* certain principles of construction, and we will take the liberty of stating the leading ones, as we understand them, that we may be corrected if our application turn out erroneous.

The construction of a novel or a drama may be simple or complex, according to the nature of the story to be constructed, or the scenes and characters exhibited: the *Antigone* will be simpler than *Othello;* the *Vicar of Wakefield* will be simpler than *Ivanhoe;* but whether simple or complex, the principles are the same. The object of construction is to free the story from all superfluity. Whatever is superfluous—whatever lies *outside* the real feeling and purpose of the work, either in incident, dialogue, description, or character—whatever may be omitted without in any degree lessening the effect—is a defect in construction. The drama is more rigid in its requirements than the novel, simply because in the drama there is less time to tell the story in, and three hours must comprise what the novelist may spread over three volumes; moreover, spectators are necessarily less patient than readers. But although a drama is more rigid than a novel in its requirements as to construction, its requirements are the same in principle. Now, in the drama, a purposeless scene, one which does not directly tend to forward or elucidate the action, may be beautifully written, but it is a serious mistake; not only does it occupy part of the small allotted time, and thereby cause the dramatist to omit or hurry over other scenes, which are essential; but it helps to weary the spectator, by calling his attention away from the action, and by starting new expectations, which will not be fulfilled. The scene in a drama which can be cut out without rendering the story less intelligible, less effective, is an absolute defect, let it be never so splendidly written. That which is true of whole scenes, is also true of parts of scenes, and of speeches. If the *dramatis personæ* make remarks *away* from the immediate business of the scene—remarks which neither help the elucidation and culmination of the action, nor the elucidation and presentation of the characters—such remarks are faults: they may be beautiful, they may be witty, they may be wise, but they are out of place; and the art of the dramatist consists in having everything in its proper place. The same principle extends to the clauses and epithets in every speech: the clause or word

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which is superfluous, which obstructs the rapid progress of expression, or which carries the hearer's mind away from the immediate feeling or idea to be expressed—the word, in short, which might be omitted—is a defect. We have known speeches at rehearsal fall quite flat, yet become greatly effective after the removal of a clause which had retarded the delivery; and we have known a fine sentiment completely ruined in effect because the rhythm and the cadence were burthened with superfluous epithets, which had the fault of retarding the apprehension of the sentiment, and thus allowing it to fall on the *subsiding* emotion, instead of on the *culminating* emotion of the audience. A single instance will illustrate the marring of even grand effects by retarding epithets: the sublime sentence, "God said, Let there be light! and there was light" would be greatly lowered if, instead of the second clause, with its lightning-like rapidity, the words were, "and lo! immediately there was light;" still worse would be the amplification, "and at that very instant the whole universe was lighted up."

The principle we have just instanced may be called the principle of Economy. It will be found in every detail of art. All-important as it is, it needs to be reconciled with the ease and variety of the art which conceals its art. The laws of economy are rigid, but the public must never feel the rigidity. The construction must not seem mechanical, but natural, organical. Hence, in scenes and in speeches there must be an easy play and fluctuation of various elements, all *secretly* and inevitably tending towards the one point, but never *ostentatiously* tending towards it. The artist must be careful in his selection, yet never suffer us to feel that there has been a selection; he must not permit us to see the strings and pulleys of his puppets; he must not betray his intention. Directly the machine creaks, our illusion vanishes. Here comes the great difficulty. It is in the Principle of Selection that the triumph of art consists; and accordingly we shall find it oftener violated than the Principle of Economy. It is violated when "coincidences" and situations are introduced which, although in themselves, perhaps, probable enough, are felt to be introduced for the sake of helping the author out of a difficulty. It is violated when things are said by the characters which we feel *not* to spring from their minds, but from the author speaking through them, making them his mouthpieces for the nonce. Shakespeare—the greatest of all dramatists, and consequently the great exemplar of construction—often violates the principle of economy, introducing speeches and scenes which are wholly superfluous or misplaced; but in his finest plays, notably in Othello, economy is wonderfully observed. He is far seldomer guilty of violating the principle of selection; and his persons generally speak from themselves with singular effect. As a masterpiece of construction in all respects, we may cite the Third Act of *Othello*, every word of which *tells;* and as a brief specimen of the easy, rapid, culminating construction in speeches, read this of Shylock to Antonio, and note how, by simple enumeration of bygone and existing conditions, the whole passion of the situation is brought out.

"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my aid:
Go to, then; you come to me and you say,
'Shylock, we would have monies'—You say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my head,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? should I not say
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

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Say this—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog—and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.'"

These principles of Economy and Selection—and, in the drama, the further principle of Climax in speech, scene, and act—regulate the whole art of construction; and they are as valid in the novel as in the drama; although, from the great differences introduced by the form of the narrative, they are less rigorously demanded in the novel. The mere fact that a reader is more patient than a spectator, and that the novelist has a much greater space at his disposal than the dramatist, renders the construction of a novel necessarily freer than that of a drama. And the fact that in the novel the persons are *described* instead of being *seen*, renders it necessary that the author should supplement as far as possible this inferior vividness of presentation, by a more minute detail, both physical and moral. He must describe the tones and looks of his characters; on the stage these would be represented. He must make up for this inferiority of presentation by telling us more accurately the mental condition of his characters. Hence it is that the comments and reflections of the novelist are real aids to his effect, and become part of his construction. Where, however, as is too often the case, he wanders into mere reflection and digression, suggested by, but not elucidating his characters and situations, he is guilty of a fault in construction; the reader omits the passage for him, by skipping it.

If the foregoing brief account of construction is correct, it will not be difficult to show that *Tom Jones*, so far from being a masterpiece of construction, is, in truth, a very ill-constructed novel. *Pride and Prejudice* is a finely-constructed work, and shows what a fine artistic sense Miss Austen had. The ease and naturalness of the evolution of the story are so perfect, that only very critical readers are aware of its skill in selection. Take it to pieces, examine the characters, scenes, and dialogues, in relation to each other and to the story, and you will find that there is nothing superfluous—that all this variety is secretly tending to one centre; that all this ease of nature, which looks so like the ordinary life of every day, is subordinate to the principles of Economy and Selection; and that nothing is dragged in, nothing is superfluous. Then turn to *Tom Jones*, and remember that while scarcely any one has insisted on Miss Austen's construction, every one insists on the excellence of Fielding.

What the critics probably meant to convey, was their sense that in *Tom Jones* a great variety of characters are brought together, and that the scenes succeed each other with great rapidity and animation: new adventures always springing up, and yet with a certain unity of story linking them all together. Expectation is always on the alert. The story seldom flags. But while we admit the great variety and unflagging animation of the story, we are compelled to say that the art by which these are attained is of a very vulgar kind, and quite unable to withstand serious examination. It is no great feat to achieve variety, when the hero is sent forth on his adventures; and in passing from place to place, and inn to inn, every person he meets on the road is made to sit for his portrait, and vanish, or to be used up afterwards, at any point of the story where his introduction may be convenient. It is no feat to weave a number of figures on the tapestry, when the new threads may be introduced at any moment, and left broken, or taken up again at any moment. To crowd coincidences of the most improbable kinds; to bring to every spot the *very* persons needed at the very time; to make every adventure link itself on to the story by the simple method of making the persons, hitherto unmentioned, related to the actors in the story;—to do this may give variety and animation, and with uncritical readers may look like skilful story-telling; but it is the vulgar art of inferior writers; and Fielding is not content with even this waiving of all claim to higher rank. A Dumas will employ this method of exciting

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curiosity, but he will respect the principle of Economy, even when violating that of Selection: he will not add superfluity to improbability. But Fielding's boasted construction has not even this merit. An immense proportion of *Tom Jones* is episodical. It is a poor excuse to say that these episodes give variety to the work: a collection of separate tales, not professing to be a whole, but only professing to depict various aspects of life, would not form a well-constructed novel; and if Fielding is episodical, it is simply because he wanted to produce the effect of variety, and was not artist enough to make the variety spring from and tend to unity.

A glance at the succession of the scenes will best display the construction of *Tom Jones*. Up to the time when Jones is dismissed from home the construction has been on the whole excellent. One of the first persons Jones meets is Partridge,—the first of a series of coincidences which are inartistically brought about. Then follows the rescue of the Man of the Hill, and his tedious story—six chapters of episode which have not the slightest bearing on the action! No sooner have we escaped this episode than another rescue awaits us: the screams of a woman call Jones to the rescue; the woman turns out to be Lucy Waters, of whom we have heard nothing since Allworthy dismissed her years ago with a good counsel; and the man turns out to be Ensign Brotherton, who two days ago made his escape from confinement, and having the fear of the charge of murder hanging over him, would have made all haste to quit this part of the country; but the author wanted the rogue to be Ensign Brotherton, and so the double coincidence was invented. Not very subtle art this. Jones then conducts Mrs Waters to the inn at Upton; upon which there follows another episode—the fight between the landlord and Jones, Susan and Partridge —wholly superfluous,—interrupted by another coincidence, the arrival of the troop to which Captain Waters belongs, and the recognition of Mrs Waters by the sergeant.

Sophia and Mrs Honor, by the usual trick, arrive at the very same inn at Upton; and Squire Western, of course, follows. In scampering over the country every one is brought into the required place, and at the precise time. Sophia quits the inn and encounters her cousin, Mrs Fitzpatrick,—a relationship never hinted at before,—and the two proceed together to London; which, besides being another clumsy coincidence, leads to a further superfluity in the digression occupied by Mrs Fitzpatrick's story, which has nothing whatever to do with the action. Sophia, when thrown from her horse, loses her pocket-book; and, of course, the beggar who subsequently finds it carries it to Jones—he being the person whom the author wants to possess it. Jones and Partridge pursue their journey; and at the inn come upon a puppet-show, which not only gives occasion to a description of the performance and a digression on puppet-shows; but to the usual scenes of quarrel and uproar which constitute the uniform variety of this work: without the discovery of two persons breaking the seventh commandment, and the cheap humour of a bloody nose, Fielding would often be put to it to raise a laugh. To point out the utter superfluity of such scenes would, in Johnson's phrase, be to waste words on "unresisting imbecility, on faults too gross for observation, too obvious for detection." Yet no sooner are these scenes terminated than the scene with the gypsies is dragged in, and *again* we have the old machinery of Partridge breaking the seventh commandment, and being detected in the fact! We need not weary the reader by enumerating the rest of the superfluous scenes which violate the most elementary rules of construction. Enough has already been said to show, that when critics have been unanimous in pronouncing *Tom Jones* a masterpiece of construction, they have been echoing a statement which, on examination, the slightest knowledge of art would have enabled them to refute.

The only detail in construction which we remember to have seen in-

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sisted on, is the skill with which the secret of Jones's parentage is kept. Without retorting, as we certainly might, that the secret itself excites no interest at all, after the first chapters, we will merely point out the extreme clumsiness of its disclosure. How *could* the reader form any guess as to Tom's father, when the very existence of that person is never even dimly alluded to, until the disclosure takes place? We soon make up our minds that Bridget Allworthy is the mother; but as no mention whatever is made of Mr Summer, until we hear that he was Tom's father, and as we are not even led to suspect that there was any one holding the place of that curate, the skill with which the secret is kept is surely not of a very admirable kind.

The question of construction being one which admits of definite argument, we have been induced to dwell on it. If the critics are found to be so hopelessly wrong on this point, there is more justification in our suspicion that they may be equally wrong on others less susceptible of demonstration.

We hear much of Fielding's profound knowledge of human nature, and his Shakespearean insight into character. Are these also exaggerated? Hazlitt says that Fielding's novels "are not most remarkable for sentiment, imagination, nor wit, nor even humour, but for profound knowledge of human nature. . . . As a mere observer of human nature he was little inferior to Shakespeare, though without any of the genius and poetical qualities of his mind." To be candid, this sentence is almost startling to us, from the excess of its exaggeration. We find it impossible to ascribe a profound knowledge of human nature to one so utterly without seriousness, so ludicrously incompetent to portray any of the deeper emotional and intellectual forms of life. Knowledge of human nature is not to be attained through observation, but through sympathy. Where the sympathy is extensive and profound, the knowledge may be various and deep; where the sympathy is narrow, the knowledge will necessarily be superficial. No acuteness of the observing faculties will enable a man to know aspects of human nature with which he does not sympathise to some extent. The artist is like Ulysses, who learns from what he has *experienced*: ἐμαθεν ἐφ' ὧν ἐπαθε. He may depict what he can see and hear—the sallow complexion and the snuffling drawl of a puritan; but, to depict the puritan's feelings he must have the germ of religious enthusiasm. He may depict the pedantry, the oddities, and the abstractedness of the scholar, but he must have the scholar's love and enthusiasm before he can portray the scholar's character. He may describe the generous acts of a generous man, but he will fall into the mawkish unreality of a Mr Allworthy, if he attempt to portray moral purity and elevation, without himself possessing real elevation of mind; and we shall feel that the character is elevated because it is on stilts, not because its proportions are lofty. Fielding seems to have been a man of acute observation, of hearty kindliness, and generous impulse, but of a nature neither deep nor many-sided. He was immensely clever, without a spark of poetical genius. To admit that he had none of Shakespeare's genius and poetical quality, is to admit that there were vast blanks in his mind. He was superior to all his contemporaries within the range of his own tether; but that range was not wide. His knowledge is knowingness. He was familiar with country squires, innkeepers, sharpers, sluts, pettifoggers, waiting-women, and ignorant parsons; his familiarity with them has enabled him to paint them in vivid and enduring colours. This is not slight praise. Of the thousands who have attempted fiction, it can be said of only some half-dozen. But it is not the praise we bestow on Shakespeare or Scott. Even Fielding's most admired and most exquisite creation, Parson Adams, who has immortalised a very poor work, is painted entirely from the outside, and is an exquisite conception rather than an admirable portrait. The most complete character he has drawn is, in our opinion, Squire Western, who is painted to the life, who never loses his indivi-

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duality, and is indeed worthy a place in Shakespeare's gallery; where also we may place Blifil, the best villain ever drawn, although we only know him in his villany. The attempts at character in Thwackum, Square, Supple, and Partridge, rise no higher than caricatures. Partridge does not even retain the small individuality of a caricature—he is introduced as a sort of Sancho uttering proverbs, but soon drops them; and remains one of those comic persons whose drollery we are to take on trust: we are *told* he is comical, but we never laugh at what he says.

Hazlitt further remarks that "the extreme subtlety of observation on the springs of human conduct in ordinary characters is only equalled by the ingenuity of the contrivances in bringing those springs into play in such a manner as to lay open their smallest irregularity." Of Blifil this is truly said; but with regard to all the other characters, we think that there is not only a deficiency of subtlety, but that the contrivances are of the most stagey and inartistic kind. Fielding makes his characters disclose their motives and insincerities by those sudden changes of tone and manner which have from time immemorial been the refuge of weak writers: profuse civility is suddenly changed into insolence, directly the poverty of the person so treated is discovered. This is not Nature's method; nor is it the method of good art. Characters do not betray themselves antithetically and transparently, but incidentally and involuntarily. Fielding had a keen eye, and a large experience of everyday life and everyday people; his appreciation of characteristics, and his great dramatic ventriloquism (admirable qualities) make you believe in his persons as actual existences; but you see and hear his persons, you do not know them. Often you do not believe in them. One cannot believe in Allworthy, in Mrs Miller, in the virtuous highwayman, or in Dr Blifil. This last-named person is a striking failure. The scheming scoundrel, having succeeded in his schemes to get his brother married to Bridget, is disgusted with that brother's coldness. "The Doctor remonstrated with him privately concerning this behaviour, but could obtain no other satisfaction than the following plain declaration: 'If you dislike anything in my brother's house, sir, you know you are at liberty to quit it.' This strange, cruel, and almost unaccountable ingratitude in the Captain absolutely broke the poor Doctor's heart. . . . He went directly to London, where he died soon after of a broken heart—a distemper which kills many more than is generally imagined." Had this been written by a modern author, we know some critics who would have made not a little merry with the knowledge of human nature implied. Nor would they fail to remark that Mr Fitzpatrick, after pulling out a handful of guineas to bribe the chambermaid, is said, half-a-dozen pages further on, to have been so poor that he was forced to share his friend's bed, not being able to pay for one. There are many readers to whom such venial errors are of no moment. If the book amuses them, they are indifferent whether it be true or false, carefully or carelessly written. To these we have nothing to say. Our protest is against those who hold up *Tom Jones* as a work of art, and Fielding as a great painter of character. A painter of manners, and an amusing story-teller, is a valuable possession for any literature; and we do not remember any one whom we should place above Fielding as a painter of manners; but we must burn our pens, and abdicate the judgment-seat altogether, if we are to pronounce him a great artist, or a great painter of human nature.

"As a picture of manners," says one who has surely a right to be heard, but whose strange and somewhat wilful exaggerations of eulogy render his criticisms less acceptable than they would otherwise be, "the novel of *Tom Jones* is indeed exquisite—as a work of construction quite a wonder: the by-play of wisdom, the power of observation, the multiplied felicitous turn of thoughts, the varied character of the great comic epic, keep the reader in a per-

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petual admiration and curiosity;"* and a little further on a string of eulogistic apostrophes contains such sentences as these: "What *a vast sympathy!* what a cheerfulness, what a manly relish of life! *what a love of humankind! what a poet is here!*—watching, meditating, brooding, creating! *what multitudes of truths has that man left behind him!*" Thackeray is a master of grave irony, and it is not impossible that these eulogies may be, like his damnatory praise of Addison, a satire on the nonsense which is current about Fielding. It is difficult to suppose him serious in attributing poetical and philosophical genius to the author of *Tom Jones;* difficult to imagine what can be meant by the "truths" that writer has left. But, if he is serious, we must assume that he is speaking of Fielding from his youthful recollection; in which case, in all modesty, we beg him to take *Tom Jones* down from his shelves, and look into it for the evidence of poetry, sympathy, and insight.

The deadness to Nature which Fielding exhibits is rather characteristic of the eighteenth century, and must not be made a special reproach to him; but it is very significant of his intensely unpoetical mind, that when he has to describe natural phenomena, he takes refuge from his incompetence by treating the subject as matter for burlesque. This, you will say, was the comic turn he wished to give it. Perhaps so; the comedy is very dreary, yet we will accept the excuse. But, unhappily for his pretensions as a poet, he is not always burlesque; and when he intends to be poetical, this is the sort of maudlin he produces.

"It was now a pleasant evening in the latter end of June, when our hero was walking in a most delicious grove, where the gentle breezes fanning the leaves, together with the sweet trilling of a murmuring stream, and the melodious notes of nightingales, formed altogether the most enchanting harmony. In this scene, so sweetly accommodated to love, he meditated on his dear Sophia. While his wanton fancy roved unbounded over all her beauties, and his lively imagination painted the charming maid in various ravishing forms, his warm heart melted with tenderness; and at length, throwing himself on the ground by the side of a gently murmuring brook, he broke forth into the following ejaculation:

"'O Sophia, would Heaven give thee to my arms, how blest would be my condition! Curst be that fortune which sets a distance between us! Was I but possessed of thee, one only suit of rags thy whole estate, is there a man on earth whom I would envy! How contemptible would the brightest Circassian beauty, dressed in all the jewels of the Indies, appear to my eyes! But why do I mention another woman? Could I think my eyes capable of looking at any other with tenderness, these hands should tear them from my head. No, my Sophia, if cruel fortune separates us for ever, my soul shall dote on thee alone. The chastest constancy will I ever preserve to thy image. Though I should never have possession of thy charming person, still shalt thou alone have possession of all my thoughts, my love, my soul. Oh! my fond heart is so wrapped up in that tender bosom, that the brightest beauties would for me have no charms. Sophia, Sophia alone shall be mine! What raptures are in that name! I will engrave it on every tree!'"

Now, we appeal to the reader's candour to say, if such a passage were quoted from a modern novel by some contemptuous critic, whether that novel would be "asked for at the libraries?" It is a sample of much of the serious writing to be found in Fielding; but, if it stood alone, it would be enough to give us the *measure* of his claims as a serious writer. We will not insult the reader by more citations. That one shall suffice.

Indeed, it is to the utter absence of anything like poetry or sentiment that we must ascribe the failure of Fielding to interest women and foreigners. It is not his coarseness alone which keeps Fielding out of the hands of women; certainly it is not that which keeps him out of the hands of foreigners; it is the clumsy incompetence with which he treats every serious scene. In France and Germany we find men ready enough to welcome Goldsmith, Sterne, Richardson—but they have never at any time

* THACKERAY: *Lectures on the English Humourists*, p. 259.

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welcomed Fielding; which would be almost inconceivable if Fielding really had that Shakespearean knowledge and insight with which he is so liberally credited.

Of the humour in *Tom Jones* there will necessarily be different opinions. We do not ourselves esteem it of a high kind, but there is abundance of it. It seems to us much lower in quality than that of *Uncle Toby* or *Walter Shandy*, for instance—depending, as it mostly does, on physical rather than on mental incongruities, and dealing somewhat too profusely in what may be called practical joking. There is great vivacity, and a constant strain of irony; but there is little of that quiet humour which, without extorting a positive laugh, deliciously titillates the mind, and constantly recurs like a pleasant tune. The best touch we remember is where Mrs Western says to her niece, "I was never so handsome as you, Sophy; yet I had something of you formerly. *I was called the cruel Parthenissa.* Kingdoms and states, as Tully Cicero says, undergo alteration, and so must the human form." We should describe *Tom Jones* as abounding in liveliness, coarse fun, and irony, but not in fine humour. There is much invention of comic situation, such as extorts the ready laughter of youth, and such as one may find in still greater abundance in Paul de Kock. The irony is sometimes very good, as where, after Mrs Partridge has unmercifully belaboured her husband, the parish rings with the report that the schoolmaster has killed his wife; and where Allworthy is described as having done so much good in the country that he had made every one in it his *enemy;* again, the talk of the parish respecting his behaviour in receiving the child and not punishing its mother; and where the same people are in arms about Tom's dismissal; "nay, the very persons who had before censured this good man for the kindness and tenderness shown to a bastard (his own, according to the general opinion), now cried out as loudly against turning his own child out of doors. One thing must not be omitted, that, in their censures on this occasion, none ever mentioned the sum contained in the paper which Allworthy gave Jones, which was no less than five hundred pounds; but all agreed that he was sent away penniless, and some said naked, from his father's house." We will also give a specimen of this irony, which is amusing enough, though somewhat artificial. It is in the kitchen of the inn where the landlord,

"Who had been called out by the arrival of a horseman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance cried out, 'What do you think, gentlemen? The rebels have given the Duke the slip, and have almost got to London. It is certainly true, for a man on horseback told me just now.'

"'I am glad of it with all my heart,' cries Partridge; 'then there will be no fighting in these parts.'

"'I am glad,' cries the clerk, 'for a better reason; for I would always have right take place.'

"'Ay, but,' said the landlord, 'I have heard some people say this man hath no right.'

"'I will prove the contrary in a moment,' cries the clerk, 'if my father dies seized of a right—do you mind me, seized of a right, I say—doth not that right descend to his son as well as another?'

"'But how can he have any right to make us papishes?' says the landlord.

"'Never fear that,' cries Partridge. 'As to matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved it clear as the sun; and as to the matter of religion, it's quite out of the case. The papists themselves don't expect any such thing. A popish priest, whom I know very well, and who is a very honest man, told me, upon his word and honour, they had no such design.'

"'And another priest of my acquaintance,' said the landlady, 'told me the same thing. But my husband is always so afraid of papishes. I know a great many papishes that are very honest sort of people, and spend their money very freely; and it's always a maxim with me that one man's money is as good as another's.'

"'Very true, mistress,' said the puppet-showman. 'I don't care what religion comes, provided the Presbyterians are not uppermost; for they are enemies to puppet-shows.'"

On the question of the morality of *Tom Jones* we will not dwell, because we suppose that there can really be very little difference of

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opinion as to the insensibility of the author to the disgracefulness of Tom's relation to Lady Bellaston.

To sum up the points we have endeavoured to establish, it appears that, with many admirable merits, *Tom Jones* has not one surpassing excellence. Its construction we have proved to be essentially bad of its kind, and the kind very low; so far from there being any consummate art, such as delicate instinct or steady reflection would have suggested, there is only the vulgar artifice of the ordinary novelist, rendered more effective than usual by an unusual audacity and animation. Its character-painting is admirable of its kind, but the kind is not high. It admirably represents characteristics and idioms. It fails in portraying characters of any depth or variety, although successful in sharply defining and sustaining the types chosen, in spite of an occasional failure here and there. Its knowledge of human nature is by no means subtle or profound. Its humour is coarse, but abundant. Its irony and animal spirits keep the reader in a state of uninterrupted amusement. Its merit as a picture of manners is unsurpassed. On these several points we may expect that various readers will raise various pleas. To some, the judgment we have given will seem as harsh as the judgment habitually given seems to us exaggerated. The humour will be estimated more highly, the characters will be thought more subtle and profound, the knowledge of life more searching, than we are able to admit. On such points it would be vain to expect that all men should agree; or that those who have felt and expressed a long-cherished preference should be willing to give it up. Without any such expectation, we simply suggest to all really independent critics, that, instead of echoing their own or other men's verdicts on *Tom Jones*, they should take the volumes from their shelves, and try to read them with the impartiality they would show to Balzac. The only point which admits of something like demonstration is that on which the critics have hitherto been most nearly unanimous—namely, the construction of *Tom Jones;* and on this point we believe it may be said that we have *proved* them to be wrong.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.—PART THE LAST.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE RIDE FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

THE attack on the day following was rather harassing to the defenders of Rivelsby, than such as to cause them any imminent present alarm. The enemy's archers, posted under cover of the ditch banks which crossed the abbey meadows in every direction, kept up a discharge which, though not very fatal in its effects, reduced the little garrison to keep as much as possible within shelter. The greatest difficulty which Foliot experienced in carrying out the superior's orders for the defence, was to prevent the Brabanters from returning it. The attacking party were too well protected for this to be done with any great effect; and since it was important above all things to economise both lives and ammunition in case they should have to sustain a siege of many days, it was only when some party, more daring than the rest, attempted to form a lodgment for themselves nearer the abbey walls that the legate's impatient mercenaries were allowed to ply their trade in return, which they did with such fatal good-will that their enemies were soon fain to content themselves at a safer distance. Sir Godfrey himself showed boldly in the front, cheering and encouraging his men, and more than once a shaft from the walls had narrowly missed him; but he was soldier enough to recognise, however unwillingly, the fact that no assault could be made with any hope of success, until the arrival of de Lacy with his siege-engines; and had sent messenger after messenger, and even

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ridden himself, to the rising-ground that fronted Ladysmede on the opposite side of the river, which commanded the line of his ally's expected approach.

With even more anxiety did those at Rivelsby look for the coming of Longchamp. The abbot, when the first alarm of Sir Godfrey's movement had been brought by Picot, had despatched Gaston on the road towards Ely, in the hope of being able to communicate by some means to the legate their urgent need of his assistance. But the final result of the deep-laid conspiracy which had for its object to raise Prince John into the legate's place was yet uncertain; and although Longchamp himself had felt confident of crushing it at once, Abbot Martin, naturally less sanguine, and hemmed in by enemies at a distance from the scene of the struggle, could not repress a strong misgiving as to his success. The helpless guests who were now dependent on his protection only added to his own anxieties, while he strove, by cheerful looks and words, to calm theirs.

Gladice had sat at the window of her turret watching with a morbid fascination the movements in the attacking forces below. Had Abbot Martin known the terrible attraction which the scene had for those gentle eyes, he would, of very charity, have changed her quarters even to some place that was considered less secure; or at least have blocked up that narrow oylet in the little oratory, which was the only one that faced the outer walls; Gladice had no need, it was true, to visit it so often as she did, if she consulted her own safety, though it could have been only a chance bolt that could have entered there; but it was there that she spent many of her hours.

And now, as she looked towards the low hill which Sir Godfrey had watched so impatiently, she saw it suddenly crowned with a clump of spears. They soon increased in numbers, and began to stream down the slope towards the monastery.

"It is the legate!" she almost shrieked with joy, as she rushed into the adjoining chamber to tell her kinswoman what she saw.

Dame Elfhild, who had been solacing her weary hours with the companionship of Giulio, rose and looked out towards the hill; and though, less excited than her niece, she gently warned her against overconfidence, she too thought she saw deliverance at hand.

Wild with hope, as she had before been patient and silent in her almost despair, Gladice could hardly restrain herself from rushing in person to the abbot, to be the first, as was probable, to bear him the joyful tidings. No time was lost, however, in the communication; and finding that no other locality in the abbey afforded so good a view of the distant hill, he repaired at once to the garden turret. He looked for some moments in the direction of the advancing force, but made scarce any reply to Gladice's eager observations.

"My eyes are nought," he said, as he turned from the window. "I made bold, under your fair pardon, Dame Elfhild, to bid my son Waryn follow me hither for that reason; he will tell us what he makes of these new-comers."

Hurried steps came up the turret stairs, and Waryn stood at the open door. Dame Elfhild was self-possessed enough for a word of gracious welcome; but Gladice, with a painful eagerness that was all unconscious of proprieties, grasped his arm breathlessly, and led him to the narrow loophole.

He gazed for a few seconds, which seemed to her like hours; and still he, too, said nothing.

"It is the good bishop, surely, at last?—yonder are friends come to help us?—Oh heaven! say it is so!"

Waryn looked for an instant into the beautiful face that met his own glance—only too truthful—with one of agony, as she would have sunk at his feet, it seemed to him, but for the arm which he cast for an instant round her. Then he looked towards the abbot, and shook his head.

"It is not the legate, my child," said Abbot Martin, quietly.

"No," replied Foliot, as he gently released Gladice to her kinswoman, who sought to soothe and calm her.

"Are yon de Lacy's men, think you?" said the abbot to Waryn,

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whom he had drawn apart. He had heard from Picot that it was on him that the confederates depended for the assault.

"It may be," replied Foliot—"they come at least from his quarter. It can scarce be any of the legate's following."

Poor Gladice, alas! had forgotten that Ely, from whence they expected help, lay on the other side.

"Go look again, Waryn," said the superior, "you have keen eyes."

The slope of the hill was by this time covered with the new-comers, and they were even spreading over the lower ground.

"They have engines with them," said Foliot, after watching for a while, "and they move but slowly."

The abbot, without replying to Foliot, was turning to say such words of comfort to the others as he could, when a voice was heard at the door, inquiring for the superior. Waryn came forward, and found Raoul there, eager and almost breathless.

"Andrew the sacrist hath sent me," said he: "that heathen de Lacy is coming down over the Esel-dyke with his heavy rams and war-wolves, and I know not what devilries."

"Softly," said Waryn; "the lord abbot knows—go down again."

"Nay, but Andrew saith that if word could be but sent to his brother Ulph at the mill-head there, they could cut the dam in less time than one could say a paternoster, and lay the Wastel-mead under water, so that they should scarce get such heavy commodities across—but it must be on the instant, if it be done."

"By my faith, it might be done!" said the abbot, coming forward; "a shrewd wit hath brother Andrew at all times—and Ulph may be depended on—but how to let him know? Nay," he continued, in a tone of disappointment,—"it is not possible; it were but throwing a life away to try."

"It shall be tried, nevertheless," said Waryn. "Listen, Raoul, if you love me. Saddle me the chestnut which you profanely call the Legate; have him ready for me at the east postern; I will ride along the ditch till I get straight for the dyke-head," he said, turning to the abbot in explanation; "and when I strike across, I will have gained half a bow-shot on them before a man among them shall have thought enough to fix an arrow."

"It is but waste of life, Waryn," said the abbot,—"it shall not be."

"Bethink you, my lord," said Foliot, "if we could but stay de Lacy and his train even for a day, it were all the odds between life and death—and more than life or death—for those at Rivelsby."

"If it offered but reasonable chance, son Waryn, I were not the man to say you nay. I reck not overmuch of life, even for thee—it is but dross, if it be hoarded; it is gold when it is nobly spent. But it may not be lavished wantonly. No man could hope to pass through yon leaguer alive."

Raoul had stopped, as he was rushing to do Foliot's bidding, to hear what the abbot said. He came boldly into the chamber now, his face flushing red and pale by turns.

"Let me go, my lord abbot," he said—"my life will make none rich or poor, whether it be spent or hoarded."

"You!" said the abbot and Foliot in the same breath—"and we to suffer it?—never!"

"Hear me," said the young esquire, earnestly, laying his hand on Foliot's arm. "Sir Godfrey's own men are posted between the east gate and the dyke-head. They know me well; and there is scarce one among them, I think, would lift a hand against me willingly, if but for old acquaintance sake. I may pass them safely—they may think, if they will, that I bear some word of parley. When once past them, I will ride for life. The Legate," he said, smiling, "will soon bear me out of bow-shot—and, as I tell you, the men of Ladysmede's hands will be slow—the rest are far enough."

There was show of reason in what Raoul said. Still the abbot hesitated, and Foliot even more. It seemed selfish to let the boy risk even the lesser danger. He only became the more eager in his entreaties for permission.

"I will ride on for Swinford Bridge," he said, "and shall be safe on my road to Ely while you are cooped up here. Plead for me, fair lady," he said, turning suddenly as he caught

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Gladice's eye; "I will bear a message for you to your noble kinsman of Ely."

"He says but too true, it may be," said the superior to Foliot in a low voice; "he may have full as much chance of safety as those who bide behind, when all is said."

Raoul took their hesitation for assent. Giulio was sitting on the floor, turning his open blue eyes from one to the other, and gathering from their words more of the real peril of the situation than his elders were aware. He was twisting thoughtfully in his fingers a crimson ribbon which had been either given to him, or he had stolen, from Gladice's hair. Even Raoul's jealous dignity had condescended sometimes to be his playfellow, and the boy considered the young esquire as one of his especial friends: he had crept towards him now, and held his hand as if in mute protest against his going away. Raoul stooped and took his plaything from him.

"Give me this, Giulio," he said. "I will bear it to my lord of Ely as a token that a fair lady prays him to make no delay. Farewell; we will have merry days yet, when we are rid of our ill neighbours."

There was not a moment to be lost; briefly, but not without strong emotion, the abbot bid him God speed upon his errand, and Waryn accompanied him down to the postern-gate. In haste the good chestnut was saddled, and Raoul mounted and rode gaily forth. They watched him from the abbey walls as he made straight towards the spot where the banner of Sir Godfrey was planted. The besiegers probably thought that he brought some message from the defenders of the monastery, and though he bore no token of peace or parley, none offered to molest him as he rode out. When he was near enough for his person to be recognised by some of his old comrades of Ladysmede, they were more likely to be confirmed in this persuasion. He had reached the point at which his intention of passing them must become manifest, when he put his horse to his full speed, and dashed forwards through their line. De Burgh himself had watched him, and thought for the moment that his errant follower was either coming back to his allegiance, or had been chosen as the bearer of terms of surrender. Great was his wrath when he saw the esquire gallop on, it could no longer be doubted on some other errand than that of truce. Had he been mounted at the moment, he would have pursued him in person. As it was, Raoul had left his enemies some paces already in his rear, before the knight's wrathful orders to shoot him down could be put into execution, even had they fallen upon more willing ears. He was in more peril from outlying parties further on, who aimed at him as he flashed by, with more or less precision. But let no reader marvel if bolt and arrow flew harmless past him, though they rained about him from a score of enemies. The plume was cut from his cap, the light lance in his hand was dinted, but Raoul rode on untouched. The hero never falls until his work is done.

The anxious eyes at Rivelsby could follow his movements no longer. But he had reached the cottage where the sacrist's brother lived, and half-a-dozen stout arms had broken down the sluice before the two or three riders who had been distanced by the chestnut's fleetness could come up, and Ulph and his brave sons had effected their escape into the thicket. The waters came pouring in upon the low ground, which the new reinforcements had by this time reached, and, filling the intersecting ditches, made the whole for miles present the appearance of a vast lake. It was almost impossible for de Lacy's heavy engines to make way at all. Even the horsemen were already fast becoming embarrassed by the impossibility of advancing safely over such treacherous ground.

Meanwhile Raoul rode on along the embankment itself, in the direction of Swinford. His movements became again visible to the watchers on the abbey walls. He passed the bridge, and though some horsemen of Lord de Lacy's company had taken up the pursuit, the speed of the noble animal he rode was fast leaving them in the distance. A shout of irrepressible exultation from Waryn, a murmured thanksgiving from the abbot, clasped

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hands from Gladice, told that he was safe. Why did he turn after he had crossed the river, and ride back along the other bank at full speed for Rivelsby?

"God in heaven!" cried Waryn, "the boy is mad!"

There were but few of the besiegers posted on the opposite side of the river, except a strong party who had it in charge to watch the approach to the water-gate. Towards that, it was evident, Raoul was now fast galloping. It was even possible he might reach the bank opposite, sheltered as he was from their view as yet by the low alder-thickets, before they were aware of his approach. But how to cross the stream, even then, in the full face and sight of his enemies?

With a hasty word to the abbot, Waryn leapt rather than ran down the turret stair into the abbey court. Calling to three or four whom he met to follow him, he gave a hasty order to man the wall towards the river in strong force, while he rushed down himself to the little door that opened into the boat-house. He found Picot there before him, with the miller and two others. They were seated in a small flat boat, with oars in readiness, and the hunter was watching with ears and eyes through the low archway into which the water flowed. It was he who first replied to Waryn's question of astonishment.

"He told me, when I was saddling for him, he would make a shift to be back this way, if he swam for it. 'Twas of no use to speak reasonably to him—he was ever a headstrong boy. But we will give him a chance for it."

They had not waited long, though Waryn felt his heart throb almost to bursting, when they could see Raoul galloping along the bank almost within a stone's throw. The enemy on the other side had by this time seen him too. For a moment they gazed in startled amazement at the solitary rider as he flashed upon their sight; but as Waryn and his companions pushed the boat out into the stream, bows were bent, and a score of foes started forwards to bar his passage. He hurled out of his path, by the mere force of his career, the first two or three who threw themselves upon him; but before the boat had reached mid-stream, one arrow at least had found its mark, for Raoul was reeling in his saddle. Still he rode on. With loud shouts of encouragement, the party in the boat pulled near the bank, themselves the mark for the enemy's archers, whilst Dannequin and his cross-bowmen did their part gallantly from the walls, and their every shot told well. Panting heavily, and bleeding from more than one wound, the steed which carried the young esquire, as if it knew instinctively that there only could safety lie, sprang with him into the river—for his rider hung helpless on his neck. In another instant the stout miller had Raoul in his grasp, and lifted him by main strength into the boat; while the noble chestnut, as if proudly conscious that his work was done, gave one loud snort, and, rolling over, floated dying down the stream.

The water-gate was opened, and, covered by a storm of missiles from their friends above, a strong party of the defenders sallied out, and bore Raoul and more than one wounded comrade safe within the walls. They laid the young esquire down on the stone pathway—for he was pale and bleeding fast—while one of the Benedictines sought to stanch his wound. Waryn stooped over him, and gently called his name. For an instant the bloodless lips parted, the blue eyes opened, and a faint smile, as Waryn thought, played over the features as a floating robe swept up, and Gladice once more knelt beside him—this time in vain. Then he shivered, and lay still. In mute sorrow Foliot watched him; and tearing open his throat-lace to aid his breathing, he saw a bit of crimson silk. Gladice had hid her face. When it was too plain that all was over, Waryn stooped and kissed the boy's fair forehead, closed the blue eyes that had lost all their light, half moved the ribbon that lay there on his breast, touched it with his lips, and carefully replaced it; then, casting one irresolute look upon Gladice weeping on the abbot's shoulder, signed to the Benedictines to bear away the dead.

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CHAPTER XL.—THE ASSAULT.

Twelve days already the siege had lasted, the besiegers daily gathering strength. With difficulty, when the inundation had in great degree subsided, some of the smaller engines had been brought up against the walls. Nothing but the strong defences of the monastery and the gallant spirit of its garrison could have enabled them to hold out against such overwhelming numbers. But they were hard beset. Unprepared for such a close leaguer, the stores of the brotherhood were fast being exhausted by the daily demands of the garrison, although the poor Brabanters were much diminished in numbers, and none grudged them now the rations which they earned so well. If Foliot had hitherto learnt little of a soldier's trade, he was now, at all events, fast acquiring it. Though indebted to the abbot and others for many instructions in the detail of defence, he showed, in his power of quick intelligence and rapid combination, all the best qualities of a commander. The quiet firmness, too, with which he issued his commands, and his constant presence where most needed, soon gave both the retainers of the abbey and their foreign allies implicit confidence in their new commander.

The besiegers were known to be now mining the eastern wall. A side-gate, long disused, and a small tower above it, were ascertained to be the point of their operations. The abbey garrison were too weak in force either to make a sally to destroy the mine and its workmen, or to countermine with any hope of success. A hasty fortification was thrown up, by pulling down some stabling hard by, so as to form an inner line of defence which might still hold the enemy at bay, in case the original wall were destroyed by the springing of the mine. In this operation the brethren themselves had been employed by relays day and night, under the active superintendence of the sacrist, aided silently by the zeal and energy of their guest of the black vizard, who not only wielded his mattock with a skill and strength which won the brawny sacrist's admiration, but showed a practical acquaintance with the arts of fortification which the churchman could not boast. More than one of the Benedictines lost their lives while thus engaged, although means had been taken to protect them as far as possible from the missiles of the besiegers, and a cover had been formed under the direction of the pilgrim (whose signs the party had learned to understand and obey far more readily than the orders of the sacrist), which saved many a life and limb.

Paler and more anxious day by day grew the abbot's countenance, as every hour, in reply to his restless inquiries, some new casualty was reported to him, or some new movement in advance was observed on the part of the besiegers. For the first two or three days of the siege, while Sir Godfrey contented himself with a close investment of the abbey, and the attack was comparatively feeble and distant, Abbot Martin's eye had lighted up with an unusual fire, and his step had carried him with almost the elasticity of youth. Those who had seen him then might better have remembered the Guy Fitzwaryn who had fought in Brittany, than brother Martin, the quiet monk of Evesham, or the lord abbot of Rivelsby. But as the leaguer went on, and the aged monks in the infirmary were crowded out of their pallets by wounded defenders, and the funeral mass, said perhaps some once or twice a-year, became a daily service, and the north corner of their burying-ground, where lay the few graves of the stranger and the wayfarer who had died within their hospitable gates, became crowded with the little black crosses which marked the resting-place of the slain Brabanters—and he grew sick with the long-delayed hope of succour from Longchamp—then the superior became again an altered man. Still, with his armour on under the vestments of his rank, he went from post to post, careless of danger as before, and striving to

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speak a cheerful word to each and all at their duties; but it was evidently with a painful effort. That very morning he had met the body of one of his monks, just struck down at the new works, which was being carried to the chamber where the dead were laid to wait their burial. The face was decently covered; but the abbot stopped and raised the covering, and recognised the features of one whom he had seen cause to rebuke the previous evening for some expression of discontent. He turned aside, and dropped his head on his breast with a bitter groan. He retired at once to his chamber, and when he summoned Wolfert to his presence, after a space of two hours, it was to issue orders for a solemn service of special prayer and humiliation before Heaven. None, save blind old Tobias, whose presence the abbot had probably disregarded, but who contrived in a wonderful manner to supply by his ears and fingers the place of his lost eyes, knew that, in the interval, he had put on a shirt of coarsest hair under his body-armour. It was a superstition of those dark times; let us be content to rejoice in our own illumination, and let the good abbot pass.

When the special service in the abbey church was over, Shoshannim again rang out his deep booming notes, which a favouring wind had been known to carry over the flats even as far as Huntingdon; it had been resolved to bear in procession round the beleaguered ramparts some of their holiest relics, with solemn chant and invocation. It was at the very moment when the attack at the east gate was hottest, and the weakened garrison of Rivelsby were almost despairing of maintaining longer the unequal combat against a foe whose numbers seemed to increase as their own diminished, that the procession moved slowly from the church doors through the cloister, and came into the view of the combatants. The tall silver cross, the precious gift of Queen Etheldreda, was borne in front, and all the chief officials of the house, except the sacrist and others who were doing good service on the walls, followed in their robes of state; for though, in some sort, a penitential progress, the abbot rightly judged that it was no time to discourage the brave hearts who were shedding their blood in the church's cause by any show of mourning emblems. All solemn pomp and pageant, all the outward glories of a church which could not be other than triumphant, were there to-day. Censers waved and banners flew, as though it had been some high religious festival. Besides the great standard of the Virgin, the great protectress of their house, they bore displayed the saltire of St Andrew, the double cross of St Philip, the dove of St Oswald, the book and crosier of St Bride, and the emblems of many a saint besides who was thought to have a special care of Rivelsby. Last of the dignitaries, immediately before the gilded shrine which held the precious relics, came the lord abbot himself, in a cope of violet silk, flashing with gold and gems. They walked in imminent personal peril at every step; for though few even among the reckless band whom Sir Godfrey led in person cared to aim where the holy banners flew, yet stones and bolts discharged at random whistled round them as they moved. But if any heart amongst them faltered, it hid its fears for very shame. The soldiers of the church showed as bold a front as if every man had been a mail-clad knight. With clear, deep, unfaltering voices, and in unbroken harmony, the Benedictine brothers lifted their chant as they marched:—

"Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam."

And before the last notes were fully enunciated, the semi-choir took up the answering verse—

"Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam."

Full and clear the melody swelled out above the din of battle, nay, even seemed to still it for a while, for many both within and without the walls paused for some few instants by an involuntary impulse to listen. The Brabanters heard it, and, godless reprobates as most of them were, Dannequin and his diminished band clenched their battle-axes with a sterner grip, or drew their arrows to

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the head with weary arms once more. They could fight better—so they felt or fancied—with the holy words, of whose very sense they were ignorant, ringing like a charm about them. In the beleaguering host the sound was heard, and many a stubborn conscience amongst the riders of Ladysmede was pricked with a strange remorse. The Crusader heard it, and turned pale. Only Sir Godfrey grasped his lance with redoubled fury, and, shouting curses on his priestly foes, dismounted and led his men-at-arms with taunts to a fresh assault.

The priest who carried the heavy silver cross staggered before he had made many steps across the open space, for a cross-bow quarrel had struck him in the brain, and his life-blood spirted on the holy symbol; but the strong arm of Wolfert the chaplain caught it before it fell, and while some of those who were nearest ceased their chant involuntarily from a natural horror, and remarked to each other in awestruck whispers on what seemed so terrible an omen, the young monk's voice took up the broken verse loudly and distinctly, as he rested the drooping head upon his shoulder, and chanted what might well have sounded a triumphant requiem in the dying Benedictine's ear—

"Ita dederit dilectis suis somnum."

—"*So He giveth His beloved sleep!*" His fellows moved the body aside, and the solemn march passed on.

It was full time for some interposition from heaven or earth, if the fortunes of Rivelsby were to survive the day. One heavy battering-ram had with great difficulty been brought up against the walls, and under its terrible shocks a portion of the wall was tottering. Just as the procession reached the spot, it fell. Like hounds from the leash, a body of picked men from Ladysmede, Sir Godfrey and Gundred at their head, rushed in upon the breach. But Rivelsby was not yet won. Rather, for the moment, the assailants were trapped themselves. Ranged in close order on the new-built wall within, the defenders of the monastery, cool and prepared, showered down upon their advancing foes as they climbed hastily over the broken wall, thrusting each other, and stumbling in their eagerness, a sustained volley of missiles at close distance, under which they dropped fast. Many a man amongst them rued the over-boldness which had tempted him to cast aside his heavy pavise, and mount to the attack, assured of an easy prey. Nor was this all; a desperate band from amongst the garrison had scorned to give an inch of ground, even when the wall fell almost from their feet, and unheeding the shouts and outstretched arms of their companions, who would have helped them up into a place of safety, fought hand to hand upon the breach itself. There stood Dannequin, the Brabant captain, wielding his two-handed weapon lightly round him in all the pride of a swordsman's skill, and sweeping a foe before him at every stroke. There, too, fought the sacrist, his scapulary girt close about him, his head and huge arms bare, pursuing his new vocation with all the zest of novelty. Whether Gundred remembered the author of his late discomfiture or not, he had singled out brother Andrew for his personal antagonist, and made at the stout monk, before whom two of his comrades had dropped already, axe in hand. But the sacrist had another weapon now. Once the good cudgel which he wielded parried the blow which his assailant aimed at him, and then descended, with the full swing of an arm whose strength the brethren held to be almost miraculous, right upon Gundred's temples. When the men of Ladysmede were hurled back, in spite of their desperate onslaught, they left Gundred dead where he fell. Last of all, and even then unwillingly, almost forced back by Baldwin his body-squire, de Burgh himself, sore wounded, staggered down the breach, and for a while there ensued a breathing-space for Rivelsby. Dannequin, the sacrist, and the brave few who had stood by them, climbed over the inner wall, and were welcomed with shouts and embraces by their comrades.

"Pardieu, brother," said the Brabanter, as he unfastened his steel cap to cool his brow, and drew a long sigh after his exertions, "I think I

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did never see a man deal such blows! and with such a tool, forsooth!" He touched the sacrist's cudgel as he spoke with some contempt.

"Every man to his craft," said Andrew. "This is a spiritual weapon, and demands wary handling."

"'Tis woundily heavy," remarked Dannequin, who had got it partly into his hand.

"It hath a modicum of lead in it, friend, like other heads I wot of," replied Andrew.

The respite granted to the besieged was but short. Again the trumpets of the enemy sounded for the attack, and under cover of repeated flights of arrows, shot well together, de Lacy's men, reinforcing those of Ladysmede, rushed up to the walls in overwhelming numbers. When within a few paces of the gateway, they halted as if by signal. Waryn Foliot, taking this for hesitation, stepped forward to cheer his party to bring every available missile to bear upon them where they stood, when he was drawn back suddenly by the pilgrim monk, who stood behind him. The stranger was making impatient signs at the same time to some of the Brabanters who were occupying the gateway tower. After the surprise of an instant, Foliot caught his meaning.

"Down, down at once!" he shouted to the men above; "they are going to spring the mine under us!"

There was a low rumbling sound under their feet, and even before the last of the unfortunate Brabanters could make their hurried descent, crashing down amidst clouds of dust and flying stones came the gateway tower.

All felt half-stunned and blinded for a moment; and before the dust cleared away, a bugle-call—a few notes only, but wondrously clear and of peculiar accentuation—rang amidst the ruins, and almost ere it ceased, there rose close, as it seemed, to where they stood, Sir Godfrey's war-cry—"Our Lady for Ladysmede!"

"By heaven," cried Foliot, "they are in amongst us now!"

But it was not so. Tearing the vizard from his face, the silent monk stood upon the fallen ruins, up which de Lacy and his men were rushing furiously. His pilgrim's frock had been thrown aside, and a close shirt of mail showed the tall limbs to full advantage. The long white beard was gone, and the grizzled hair and keen black eyes, as he stood there bareheaded, were recognised at once by more than one amongst friends and foes. He waved a mace which he had caught up from the ground, and shouted aloud once more his battle-cry.

"Our Lady for Ladysmede and Rivelsby! Ralph de Lacy, stand back! I would not have a kinsman's blood upon my hand. Nick Boteler, I spared you once—a step farther, and I will rid the country-side of you for once and all!"

Lord de Lacy lowered his weapon, and the lips that had smiled at death a dozen times that day turned white. He was not sure any earthly warrior stood before him. Boteler swore an oath, but recoiled a pace or two, for he knew, and feared more than spirit or devil, the hand that held the uplifted mace. The miller of Swinford had rushed forward, and throwing his battle-axe upon the ground, doffed his bonnet, and dropped on one knee before his well-remembered lord and foster-brother.

"Holy St Mary!" exclaimed Abbot Martin, as he heard the voice, and caught a side-glance at the face, "yon should be Miles de Burgh!"

"It is, it is! lord abbot," cried Picot, wild with delighted excitement; "St Mary be praised that he hath had the grace at last to break his vow!"

It was indeed the good knight who was thought to have died in Palestine. Had a legion of angels been vouchsafed in reply to the pious brethren's prayers, it might scarcely have surprised the abbot more, or produced more consternation amongst some of the enemy. All the older retainers of Ladysmede knew the features and the voice, and gathered into knots upon the breach in hesitation and astonishment. Some came more boldly forward, and knelt to renew their fealty to their true lord. De Lacy waved his own men back, and the tide of battle stood still in its full flow over the walls of Rivelsby.

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Sir Godfrey himself, hurt in the thigh, had been carried in a litter to this last assault. He had sworn to enter through the breach, living or dead, and his men only waited for the first rush of the assailants to pour in, to enable him thus to feast his eyes on the slaughter and the pillage which were sure to follow. He had heard Sir Miles's trumpet-call, and started uneasily as he caught the note.

"Who blew that blast?" he asked fiercely of those about him. "I did not think there was one amongst ye who could sound a recheat so like mine own."

None answered him; for all eyes were fixed on the assault, checked as it was thus suddenly at its hottest. Three or four of the men of Ladysmede came leaping down the ruins; and the wounded knight's indignant questions were met by a running whisper which none dared to speak out, but which made him spring upright in his litter, forgetful of his wounded limb.

"Who?—what?" he shrieked, the spasm of bodily agony giving a fearful shrillness to his voice—"Miles?—Miles de Burgh?—Fools! liars! Can yon psalm-singing jugglers raise the dead?"

They could, it was believed by some. Giacomo had taken little active part in the defence until this last day. He had seemed, since his last interview with the abbot, to shrink from all converse and observation. But when the peril became imminent, he too had armed himself, and had thrown himself into the front of danger with a cool determination, which not even the Brabant captain could have exceeded. He had sprung almost at the same moment as the pilgrim monk himself upon the ruins of the tower before they had well settled from their fall, and had been one of the first to catch sight of the uncovered features, and hear the sound of his voice. He had stood, fixed as a statue, his own face white, at first with horror; now, there had gradually stolen over it a different expression, and with a sound like laughter, he sank down at de Burgh's knees.

The assault was at an end, for the present at least. De Lacy, after exchanging a hasty and embarrassed greeting with his new-found kinsman, drew off his men, and retired to a scarcely less embarrassing consultation with his ally, Sir Godfrey. The news of Sir Miles's reappearance amongst them had spread fast through the force which had followed the actual holder of Ladysmede into the field; and few, except those of his own personal suite who had known no other master, were prepared any longer to risk life or future advancement under the doubtful fortunes of Sir Godfrey, even for the rich promise of booty which was offered by the open walls of Rivelsby. They stood in whispering groups apart, or crowded round their new-found leader. Boteler, and others like him, who had joined the banner of de Burgh while its recognised chief was a kindred spirit, now drew off silently to the different quarters of the besiegers' camp where their own men kept ward, and waited the issue of this new aspect of affairs.

They had not long to wait. While Abbot Martin was yet eagerly questioning the friend who had been given back from the dead, a messenger came breathless towards him.

"My lord, there are horsemen in sight on the road from Ely."

"Now St Mary be praised!" exclaimed the abbot, joyfully; "neither Heaven nor man has failed us!"

At last, then, aid must be at hand. Giving Waryn charge to slack no care for the defence, in case their enemies should yet be tempted to renew the assault, he hastened to ascertain the truth of these last tidings, and to make such preparation as he might for the reception of the legate, if indeed he were on the road in person.

Full confirmation of the close neighbourhood of the long-expected succour might soon be gathered from the movements in the hostile camp, as well as from the shouts which rose from the abbey walls as the line of horsemen, spurring hard with lances in rest, broke over the level meads towards the monastery. The scouts of Sir Godfrey's and de Lacy's force had brought the intelligence to them also. They could no longer

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have depended on their own men for battle, even had they been so disposed themselves. For still as the line of the advancing force opened and extended as the ground allowed, fresh troops filled the winding road by the wood-side as far as eye could reach. De Lacy called off his followers and took horse at once, and the besieging force melted away even more rapidly than it had formed.

The great gates of the abbey were thrown open, the drawbridge lowered, and the legate, in full armour, reined his horse, streaming with sweat from the speed at which he had ridden, under the lofty archway where the abbot stood to welcome him.

"In time, my good lord, in time," said Longchamp, as he grasped the superior's offered hand—"always in time! but, by St Luke, not a whit too soon, I reckon!"

"It had been all too late, my lord," replied the abbot, gravely, "had Heaven not sent us a champion in our greatest need."

"How?" said the legate, who had more faith in steel than prayer.

The abbot led Miles de Burgh forward. "Doth your holiness remember the Knight of Ladysmede?"

"Of Ladysmede?" asked the prelate, puzzled for an instant—"Yea, on my soul I do!—Miles de Burgh, or Satanas!—But, sir knight, we heard that the Paynims had buried you long since—I am right glad to find they do their work so ill!"

Rough as Longchamp's greeting was, there was heart and truth in it. Sir Miles received it more warmly than the courtlier congratulations of de Lacy.

There was much on all sides to hear and to tell. The skill and care of an Arab physician had recovered Sir Miles after Giacomo had left him, against all hope. He had carried him from the lazar-house to his own dwelling, while the careless answer of the attendants to the inquiry set on foot by his friends in the royal camp had led them to believe he had been buried with the rest. But the pagan kept as a prisoner, for his own base purposes, the Christian knight whose life he had saved. He had permitted him only so far to communicate with those in King Richard's army as to send them information of his existence, and of the sum demanded for his ransom. It was to his old comrade Sir Nicholas le Hardi that the unfortunate prisoner, unaware of his previous falsehood, had addressed his message,—informing him at the same time of a store of coin which before his departure from England he had bestowed in a secret place at Ladysmede, and desiring that it might be now employed for his deliverance. That Le Hardi had ever informed Sir Godfrey of his kinsman's being still alive, seemed improbable; but there was no doubt that the gold had been found and shared between them, and that Sir Nicholas's silence as to the boy Giulio's real history, and the attempt to falsify it by claiming him as the child who had been born to himself and Isola, had been purchased by a promise from de Burgh of the hand and broad manors of his ward the Lady Gladice. But Miles de Burgh had made a vow in his captivity, and, with a faith that was better than wisdom, he kept it when he afterwards found opportunity to escape. He had entered upon its performance, it might be, in a humbler spirit, because he hoped, when it was completed, to gain tidings of his lost child. His last pilgrimage was to St Mary's at Rivelsby, before he was free to claim his own again at Ladysmede. But already, before that morning, his vow had been broken in the letter, though not in intention. Seeking to cross at night where he thought to find the old footbridge by the mill-dam, he had cried out almost involuntarily for help to a figure which he saw on the bank, and thus had made known to Picot the secret which the hunter had kept so well. So long as any hope had remained of succour from Ely, hard as the trial was, he had persevered in his self-imposed penance of silence; but flesh and blood might not endure to see the enemy gain a footing in the walls of Rivelsby.

"I shall have to crave absolution of your holiness," said he, as he concluded his tale; "such penance as Holy Church shall enjoin in expiation——"

"Nay, Miles de Burgh," replied

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Longchamp, hurriedly, and in a tone of more reverence than his wont — "This goes beyond mine office, I think; in such a need, you stand absolved by One higher than I."

"Heaven has been already merciful in one respect, de Burgh. This is an hour for thanksgiving rather than for penance," said Abbot Martin, as Giulio, for whom he had sent, entered their presence, led by Gladice.

There was little need for the abbot's further explanation. Miles de Burgh knew at once that he had found his son; and Nature, true to her instincts, told the boy that it was not the embrace of a stranger.

"I have other matters to deal with ere supper-time—though I care not how soon that be," said Longchamp, in reply to the abbot's offered hospitalities. "There is a prisoner here, my good lord, on whom, in these slippery times, I would see justice done while daylight serves us. Where have ye carried him?" he asked, turning to one of his esquires.

"He waits your holiness's pleasure in the hall below."

"Will it please you to give us your company, my lord abbot? You have some concern with him as well as myself."

Pale, unhelmeted, his hands fettered behind his back, Sir Nicholas le Hardi stood there before the indignant legate. The knight was well aware that he had little indulgence to expect from Longchamp, if he were taken in arms against the abbot. He was already too deeply compromised by other acts of his; and the legate did not use to spare when once he was in the mood to strike. No sooner had he ascertained that the legate was approaching in person with a strong force, than he had galloped off alone by a bypath that led in the direction of the bridge at Michamstede; but Ulph the miller knew him, and the bridge had been already occupied by Longchamp's foresight, and a price had been set upon his head. His capture had been reported while the prelate yet stood in the abbey quadrangle.

Sullenly bending his eyes, now upon his judges and now upon the ground, Le Hardi answered no word to Longchamp's stern questioning or the abbot's more temperate expostulations. He knew it would be of no avail. He was detected, and he saw in every line of the legate's face the history of his guilt written, and his doom. The forged letters, bearing the king's name, which were to have replaced Longchamp himself in the vice-royalty of England by a commission of Prince John's own naming — the pretended royal rescript, by virtue of which he had exacted the contributions from Rivelsby and elsewhere—the attempt on the Lady Gladice's person, both at the tower and at the monastery—had all been traced to him. Dubois had known more of his master's secrets than even Sir Nicholas was aware, and William of Ely had been the purchaser. It did not even need the abbot's confirmation, from the Gascon's dying confession, to prove Sir Nicholas a traitor in act, and an assassin in intention; for the legate had found Isola, too, at Michamstede (where she had taken refuge when she found her husband denounced as a traitor), and had heard her story from her own lips.

He stood there, sullen and speechless, awaiting the doom that he felt was sure to come.

For a few moments Longchamp preserved an ominous silence after the long catalogue of Le Hardi's crimes had been produced against him. He kept his eyes fixed on the knight's face, but Sir Nicholas would not meet his glance. At last the prelate turned to the knights who stood behind him.

"Is all ready?" he asked.

He was answered in the affirmative.

"Lead him forth." He rose from his seat as he spoke, and then, for the first time, Le Hardi broke his silence.

"Let me die free," he said, fiercely; "bid them unbind my hands, lord legate, for the honour of the cross."

"Honour!" echoed the prelate; "what has honour to do with thee?"

Short as the time had been, to the abbot's horror, there was a tall gibbet already erected close without the postern-gate. They led the traitor forth, and while the wall was crowded thick with knights and nobles, they

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placed him under the beam, to which a long halter had been already attached, and a groom proceeded to strike the spurs from his heels.

After what seemed some vain attempt at intercession, Abbot Martin had quitted the scene.

"Croquard! where is Croquard?" said Longchamp, looking round for the dwarf who usually served him as executioner. Whether the abbey cheer had beguiled him—for Croquard had sensual propensities—or whether he had been left a space behind on their hurried march, the dwarf could not be found.

"Have ye never a scullion about your house," said Longchamp to one of the Benedictines, "that will serve this noble knight for his last apparelling? I promised him this service, I do remember!"

One of the legate's knights led forth a squalid figure, with long red hair, from which a pair of keen animal eyes looked out, whom he had found creeping under the ruined wall, actuated probably by the same curiosity as his betters. Cuthwin, still a pensioner of Rivelsby, had relapsed into something like his natural self during the siege—even his food had been dealt out but sparingly in those days of scarcity.

"Lo! the very man! A dainty page indeed! Teach him his work, some of ye, and despatch."

With ready hands the Saxon, who showed a very apt intelligence as to the duties expected of him, made fast the rope. The Crusader shuddered with a new horror, when he saw the malice in those twinkling eyes that peered into his own.

Again, when all was ready, and even the careless jesters in the crowd, to whom such scenes were but a passing excitement, were hushed into expectation as they watched Longchamp's stern face, the prelate kept silence for a space before he spoke.

"Nicholas le Hardi," he said at last, "your hour is not yet come. I promised but this forenoon to a woman's tears and prayers—and for a woman's sake—a life which otherwise I had not spared to take, if I knew I were to stand at Heaven's bar myself to-morrow. I promised, gallant knights and gentlemen," he continued, turning to the listeners, "blame me those that choose—that if, by Mary's grace, I reached Rivelsby in time to save my kinswoman from that polluting touch, I would, for her sake, do what I do now. Go, Nicholas le Hardi—live! live, shamed and dishonoured; let life be your punishment.—Turn him loose."

Cuthwin did but half understand that his work was over, and still kept his grasp fixed tenaciously on the noose round Le Hardi's throat, from which he had to be driven by force, howling like some baffled beast of prey, whilst others, in obedience to the legate's order, cut the prisoner free. The crowd made way for him; and amidst the jeers and mocking laughter of the grooms and ruder bystanders, and muttered curses and glances of scorn from those of higher degree, the disgraced knight, with features in which a hell of bitter passions was already working, hurried forth into the gathering darkness.

There was a murmur, half of applause, half of disappointment, at the sentence. The legate cared for neither. He spoke no more of the criminal whom he had just dismissed; except that when he again greeted Gladice in the abbot's presence, he said to her—"Fair kinswoman, you have cost me dear!"

Sad and hurried was the repast which the besieged of Rivelsby spread that evening for their deliverers. Joy and gratitude had enough of sorrow there to temper them. There was no need of the warning skeleton at that banquet; gallant friends and brethren, who should have shared the joy of rescue and safety, lay yet unburied round them. Already the superior had issued orders for a solemn litany at midnight, when prayer and incense should rise to heaven—not unaccepted, if it was the sacrifice of pious and loving hearts—for those who had died in their defence. Not the humblest mercenary but should be remembered by name in the grateful devotions of those whom he had served at Rivelsby. It was with these, rather than with the living who sat at table round him, that Abbot Martin's thoughts were busy:

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he was very silent and still, now that the first emotions of joy were over. Gladice, though she could not refuse the presence which her princely kinsman, with a playful courtesy, almost insisted on as the reward of his exertions in her cause, had little heart to reply either to jest or compliment; at the lightest question her eyes filled with tears. The spirit which had borne up through all the perils of those last days, sank now under the consciousness of safety. Even the legate himself, after a while, became thoughtful. Though he ate and drank like one who had ridden hard and fasted long, there was a deep shadow on that bold front which was not often seen there. Save that he swore an oath scarce seemly on a churchman's lips, when the abbot told him how his name had been made use of to decoy their fair guest from her sanctuary, he showed that evening little of his usual buoyant spirit and fiery temper.

"That minds me," said the abbot, as they spoke of the Gascon esquire's share in this last outrage, "that I have a token here which the unhappy man we speak of, in his last hour, charged me to deliver to your holiness."

He produced, as he spoke, a small gold piece, which appeared to be bent and disfigured.

Longchamp examined it with some curiosity.

"The Gascon Dubois gave you this, you say?"

"Even so," replied the abbot; "I received his confession personally, and shrived him by his own desire. I may not say," continued the churchman, with something like a shudder, "that I found him so much of a penitent as I might have desired. He had a belt fairly filled with coin, which he gave me freely enough, to bestow in charity on the poor; but this piece he held long and fingered in strange fashion, while I urged him, in such poor words as I had, to make Heaven an offering of greater worth—to die in peace with all men; for he had spoken bitter words to the last against this Sir Nicholas, and against your holiness, under your favour. At last he put it into my hands: 'I give you this, father,' he said; 'it is the last thing that I had thought to part with; but I have no use for it now; tell the lord legate I am gone where all debts are paid. Tell him,' he said (I mind his broken words)—'tell him he taunted me, and I had sworn to have his life; but had I found such an one for my master, I had done him true service.'"

"Ha!" said the legate, "the miscreant had his form of conscience, then? Most of us have, abbot; but, by my faith, it is hard enough to discover it in some men. Certes, it is a gift of very diverse quality. Here do I loth and scorn the knave whose treacherous services I have bought; I boast myself that my own hands are clean; I would not stir a hair's-breadth, if I know myself, from what I hold to be right and justice, for all the gold in England; and yet, without scruple, I proffer to others that which I abhor as poison for myself! Resolve us now, good lord abbot — what *is* truth—or honour?"

If Abbot Martin knew, it existed in his mind as an instinct, not as a definition. He was no casuist; and his only reply to the legate's question was a look of puzzled distress.

"Your holiness will honour our poor house to-night?" said the abbot to his noble guest as he rose to take his leave; "we are but in sorrowful case, yet we will make shift to lodge at least some portion of your company."

"No, my good abbot," said the legate—"I must hasten back again. The snake is scotched, not killed. For aught I know, this may be my last hour of power, and my last act of grace. The England that I love is jealous of me. King Richard is far away. To-day I am England's viceroy — and by heaven, some shall feel it!—to-morrow I may be a landless exile. Fare you well, Abbot Martin—farewell, for the present, Waryn — braver and truer hearts I shall hardly find! With such a stout friend once more at Ladysmede, you shall hardly suffer loss here at St Mary's, come what will—for all of us, *le bon temps viendra!*"

"Your holiness's pardon," said

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Waryn, quietly—"our roads hence lie together."

"What!" said the legate, with his heartiest smile—"*you* leave our good friends here so soon! Nay, nay, young friend, I will not tax your loyalty so hard. *You* will scarce find the world of men—or of women—ungrateful. Not yet—you have not served them so long. No, Waryn—my lord abbot cannot spare his son. And are there no bright eyes"—he added in a pretended whisper that was only the more audible, as he sought to catch his kinswoman's averted face—"that could chain you here even for a day?"

"I have nothing that binds me here," replied Foliot, colouring, and avoiding Longchamp's questioning eye—"nothing. You will not refuse me, my lord, to be of your company. I have served you in your prosperity—have had more honour at your hands than my deserts—if times should change, you will not think so meanly of me as to bid me leave you now?"

"No," said Longchamp, looking from him to Gladice with a puzzled expression, but speaking with some tremor in his voice—"No, be it so; for the present, our fortunes lie together. But courage! *le bon temps viendra!*"

That night, as Giulio afterwards remembered, whilst he lay half-asleep after the terrors of that eventful day, a figure had stooped over him, and hot lips had pressed his forehead. If it was Giacomo, as he thought, it was the Italian's last farewell. He was seen never again in England, and was believed to have entered a house of strict recluses in his own country. It was said that Abbot Martin knew his after history; if he did, he kept the secret faithfully.

For many years afterwards, a crippled and broken man, in the lay habit of the Benedictines, might be seen slowly and painfully traversing the cloisters with the help of his staff, or sunning himself, in summer, on the stone benches on the river-walk that looked towards Ladysmede. A settled gloom was on his brow—the uncharitable among the brotherhood called it sullenness—the gentler said it was remorse. He conversed with few, and was sadly irregular in his devotions; but he spent many hours in Abbot Martin's chamber, and the superior ever treated him with kindness and respect. Within those quiet walls, where they who entered left even the names that they had borne in the world behind them, it was soon scarcely remembered that Brother Wilfred had been Sir Godfrey de Burgh.

There is no record that the Lady Gladice ever took the veil. The chronicles of Ladysmede and Rivelsby henceforth are few and scanty. But Sir Jules de Burgh of Ladysmede will be found to have married a Gladys Foliot; and while the antiquarian spells their names out from the old Lombardic characters, the reader of our tale may rejoice, like us, to think he lights upon a hint of the future fortunes of "The Luck of Ladysmede."

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THE "FOREIGN CONNECTION" OF THE HOUSE OF BULL.

It is not an unfrequent occurrence in the mercantile world, during a period of general commercial prosperity, and when no monetary crisis can be alleged to account for the catastrophe, that an old-established and highly respected house, doing business upon a scale which places it foremost in the rank of the great firms in this country—with a vast connection, unlimited credit, a stability based upon the traditions of years, and a reputation which has never been impugned—should suddenly fail, and we are startled to read in the *Times* that the fabric which had been reared and sustained by a combination of caution, industry, and enterprise, has come to the ground with a crash, and buried in its ruins a host of unsuspecting victims. If we examine into the cause of the disaster, we may usually trace it either to the rashness or the incapacity of those partners who were intrusted with the management of the concern. Probably they had been induced, by some specious adventurer, to embark largely in speculations in which he had everything to gain and nothing to lose, but which were altogether out of the line of their ordinary business; dazzled by the prospect of enormous but visionary profits, and so little skilled in human nature as to be unable to detect the true character of him in whom they place an implicit confidence, they have swallowed with simple gullibility the bait with which he dexterously allured them to their own destruction. It may seem strange that the sleeping partners should have intrusted the business to such incompetent hands; but, by the original constitution of the firm, it sometimes happens that its management necessarily devolves upon those members of it who were distinguished either by reckless imprudence, crotchety and impracticable obstinacy, or imbecile credulity. It does, indeed, not unfrequently occur in these cases, that one or two of the active partners will tell you afterwards that they had never been taken in by the impostor in whose plausible schemes they so eagerly joined—that they only pretended to believe in him for their own purposes—and now and then they absolutely venture to allege motives of pure philanthropy. They will endeavour to defend the imprudence of the speculation by denying altogether that it ever had for its object the realisation of capital. Their misfortunes are attributed to a good-natured endeavour to help another house out of difficulties in which it had become involved; and they considered themselves justified in co-operating for this purpose with one whom they knew to be thoroughly dishonest, and to have private objects of his own to serve diametrically opposed to the interests of their own house. Whether this plea will be held valid by the wretched victims of so much disinterested philanthropy, is questionable; it is just possible that they may consider that the first duty of those who had important interests confided to their charge was to protect them, and under no circumstances to combine with men notoriously bankrupt alike in character and resources for the accomplishment of an object, even although it might in their opinion be desirable in the abstract. It is always disagreeable to be personal in alluding to topics of so painful a nature, but there are occasions upon which any feeling of delicacy should give way to graver considerations, and if by timely warnings these lamentable catastrophes can be avoided, no person sensible of the importance of the crisis should hesitate to give them. Any one conversant with the principles upon which the well-known house of Bull is at this moment endeavouring to keep up its "foreign connection," must feel anxious for its stability, and painfully conscious that

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the present managers are pursuing a course which is likely, if persisted in, seriously to damage the reputation and embarrass the affairs of that old and hitherto eminently successful establishment.

There is a good old maxim, not very much attended to, but very widely applicable,—that charity begins at home. The "Borrioboola Gha" tendency, whether developed in families, firms, or governments, is decidedly to be deprecated; let us darn the clothes of our ragged children before we send flannel waistcoats to the West Coast of Africa; let us pay our debts before we amiably enter into mercantile engagements involving large advances on no security to bankrupt houses, and reform the abuses of our own administrative system before we devote our money and our energies to the introduction of free institutions into Italy; at all events, if we are bent upon clothing negroes in warm comfortable flannel, when our own families are half-naked, don't let us employ slave-dealers. If we must effect unprofitable commercial transactions, don't let us willingly select a swindler as the contracting party on the other side; and if it is absolutely necessary to our happiness that Italy should be liberated from the thraldom of one despot, don't let us trust her destinies in the hands of another.

One would suppose that these were propositions so self-evident, that the very suggestion of them might be considered an insult or impertinence. We have not the slightest fear of such being the case. They will no doubt present themselves to those for whom they are intended with all the charm of novelty, and may perhaps be of some little service. It is a lamentable fact that the education and training of our statesmen is, as a general rule, of a nature that totally disqualifies them for a certain class of responsibilities which they are frequently called upon to exercise. Eloquent in oratory, subtle in debate, accomplished in scholastic acquirements, deeply versed in political economy, and well acquainted with "the ways of the House," they have never had an opportunity of knowing much of the ways of the world. Composed for the most part of men of the same class, they have gone through an identical educational process and parliamentary training. Their world has been a public school, a university, and a very minute section of the population of London; their experience of human nature limited to a class where a certain standard of conventional morality, a recognised code of honour, and forms of etiquette, obtain, and by these they suppose that societies all over the world are governed. There is probably not a single member of the Cabinet who could play a game of "poker" or cook a chop. How many are there to whom a mercantile company would intrust the negotiation of a delicate transaction in a railway or steam company with our Transatlantic cousins? Knowing the West End of London is not knowing the world; this knowledge is acquired not merely by visiting other countries as a traveller, but by mixing in a great variety of different grades in the society of one's own. A man who takes a plunge and gets to the bottom may perhaps stick his head in the mud, and come up very dirty and out of breath, but he has learnt something by his dive, which may be of use to him ever after. There is rather a good specimen of this description of person just now occupying an exalted position in a neighbouring country. His is the morality of a class with whom, in all probability, our statesmen have not mixed. For instance, it may be assumed that much association with conspirators and carbonari in early youth, is calculated to engender peculiar views upon the subject of homicide, under circumstances which we, with our bigoted notions, do not consider altogether justifiable. The "Morals of Mayfair" may not be much to boast of, but they are in some respects of a higher tone than those of Leicester Square; and if it were possible for our Ministers of Foreign Affairs to plunge into the Foreign Society of that district for a short time, they would in all probability acquire information and experience which would be useful to them in their diplomatic inter-

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course with those who at former periods may have found temporary home in those purlieus.

Unfortunately this ignorance of the world is not confined to the highest functionaries at home. Those emissaries upon whom they depend for their information from foreign capitals, are seldom cognisant of the political views of any other section of society than the limited one in which they move officially, and which is therefore the very last to which any one would resort who was desirous of arriving at the public opinion of the masses upon important questions of home or foreign policy. It is only due to the members of our diplomatic service to say that they are, as a general rule, men possessing considerable ability and intelligence—of cultivated minds and refined tastes; but if they would occasionally manifest a little more enterprise and vigour in the exploration of the public mind, and, descending from their official stilts, devote themselves to what is really the most interesting part of their profession, our Government at home would not be so grievously misinformed upon points on which the national policy often turns. It would be well to impress upon those young gentlemen who are scattered broad-cast over the Continent as attachés, that their success in their profession will depend, not so much upon their preserving a frigid official dignity, the manners and habits of their ancestors, a contempt for everything un-English, and an attitude of lofty isolation, as upon the accuracy and extent of the information they can acquire in the countries to which they have been sent, upon all matters social, political, statistical, religious, moral, or the reverse; and this can only be done by an intimate knowledge of the language, and a thorough *exploration* of society from its cream to its dregs. It is more creditable to our intelligence to be called "perfide Albion" than "stupide Albion." There is no reason why we should be called either.

We have been led into the foregoing train of reflections by a consideration more especially of the present state of our relations with France. We should have supposed that it did not require any very profound knowledge of human nature, or any philosophical analysis of the motives by which it is usually influenced, to enable us to appreciate the character and fathom the designs of the only individual in Europe who occupies a position with reference to this country which renders it of vital importance that we should not remain in the dark upon these essential points. It is not our purpose here to follow in detail the checkered and extraordinary career of our Imperial ally. His public acts are well known; and it is not permitted us to pry into his private history, though it is to be hoped that those whose duty it is to transact important affairs of state with him have made this their careful study. It is at home that a man's real character, whether for good or bad, reveals itself to the attentive observer, and it is by a shrewd and perpetual examination of his inner life, present and past, that we arrive at the knowledge of those secret springs which, though concealed from the superficial eye, are in truth the impulses which govern his every act in the greatest interests of life; and which afford us the safest clue by which to unravel the tangled mesh of a subtle and involved policy.

We do not mean that our diplomatists are to play the part of spies, though it is to be assumed that a certain amount of secret-service money is spent upon agents of this description; but all information, from whatever sources it may have been gained, should be critically examined, tested as to its value, and put by for future use.

The importance of this description of knowledge to the Foreign Department of a country like England, governed upon constitutional principles, in its relations to despotic powers, is obvious. The peculiar form of our government necessarily places us at a great disadvantage in dealing with absolute monarchs. It is impossible for this country to carry out a really great European policy, simply because there are two

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conditions essential to its ultimate success, which from the constitution of our government cannot be obtained. One is, that those who initiate it should remain in office to carry it through; and the other, that absolute secresy should be preserved during the earlier stages of its development. It is manifest, that with cabinets constantly changing, and always averse to adopting the views of their predecessors, the first of these conditions can never be realised; while with two houses of Parliament perpetually asking for information, and calling for papers, any attempt at secresy is out of the question. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the members of our Government, with whom retention of office is naturally the first consideration, should adapt their foreign policy to the public opinion of the day, which is called upon to approve or condemn it, but which, denied all authentic sources of secret information, is clearly disqualified from doing either.

The effect is, that canvassed in Parliament, commented on in the press, and constantly changing, the Foreign policy of Great Britain is generally shallow and always transparent. The Foreign policy of a country governed by an autocrat, with vast resources at his command, and accountable to no one, is very different, more especially if the individual so situated be a man of talent, not to say genius. If he is fired with that desire for territorial aggrandisement, which among those who have wielded absolute power has ever been considered a loftier object of ambition than the development of the moral or material resources of their empires, he may go secretly and skilfully to work, and dig trenches and lay trains beneath surrounding countries unquestioned and unsuspected, until, perhaps, on some auspicious new-year's day he flings the spark with fatal precision into a mine that blows up an empire. It is evident that autocrats should be objects of especial interest to constitutional governments. It is very difficult to play a game of *ecarté* with a man who sees into your hand as well as his own, and a code of telegraphic signals established with a friend at the other end of the room may, under these adverse circumstances, be excused.

There is a moral arising out of all this which should not be lost sight of, to wit, that it is quite trouble enough to play one's own game, without offering to help other people to play theirs. In other words, the only duty of a British statesman is to watch over the interests of his country. The freedom which should be dearest to him should be British freedom. The only liberties for which he should feel active sympathy should be the liberties of his compatriots. The notion of freedom is an abstraction, it is only as applied to different countries that it becomes real. For instance, there is the freedom of the United States, in which a man is free to use his revolver; there is not much sympathy felt in this country for that description of freedom. And there is the freedom of the Central American Republics, in which any man is free to rebel against the constituted authority, and seize by force of arms the presidential chair; that development of the principle has not received any warm sympathies from this country. But the notion of freedom in Italy kindles a fire of sympathetic enthusiasm amongst us, because we have a very faint notion of what Italian freedom is going to be like, and we have fallen in love with the abstraction. No man whose experience of life has taught him the value of self-control ever acts from impulse; in a nation it is folly.

Posterity will look back on this episode of our foreign policy, and wonder what motives could have prompted it. The delusion will be past then; we shall be paying the penalty of having engaged in a diplomatic game with a partner who had previously blindfolded us, and with a deliberate foreknowledge that, though *he* might, under no circumstances could *we*, share in the winnings.

It is singular that the class of politicians who have ever been loudest in their outcry for a policy of non-interference in foreign affairs are those who are now espousing most

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warmly the cause of the Italians; just as, with a like inconsistency, one of the most prominent members of the Peace party has recently succeeded in committing this country more entirely to the aggressive policy of the most warlike monarch in Europe. The only occasions upon which we should interfere in European quarrels are when our own interests are either directly or indirectly affected. At the present juncture there is only one man by whom these interests can be seriously menaced; the government have acknowledged, and do acknowledge this to be the case. Upon that assumption they are levying taxes on the necessaries of life, for the erection of defences, to protect our shores against invasion; while, with a strange fatuity, they are removing taxes upon luxuries, in order to support the home policy and strengthen the hands of the invader. No man or nation can ever adopt a false position with impunity. Like a house built upon the sand, a policy based upon bad logic and glaring inconsistencies will fall by reason of the rottenness of the foundation.

Either our ally is to be trusted, in which case the present enormous expenditure upon the national defences is a disgraceful waste of public money; or else he is to be feared, in which case, to sacrifice revenue in order to supply him with coal and iron, to be used against us when his preparations are completed, and in the mean time, to allow him to lean upon the prestige and moral influence of England for assistance, is suicidal.

You don't first bar your door because you suspect a man to be a burglar, and then lend him money to buy crowbars with, because he may be an honest man. So it is by no means a kind act if you are afraid to admit a man into your own house, to send him with a letter of introduction to a friend. We doubt whether, by helping to double the French army in Italy, we shall, in the long run, incur a debt of gratitude from the people of that country. Nor is it evident how our own position in the Mediterranean is to be improved by such a contingency. Yet it is not very difficult to perceive that the result of the present policy of France in that quarter must be not merely to insure her a permanent dominant influence in Italy, but to enable her to support that influence by a material force at pleasure. It is only due to that extreme section of politicians whose sympathies with the cause of liberty, love of free-trade, and hatred of war, lead them to select and cherish the Emperor of the French as a valuable and congenial ally, to say, that they are so far true to their convictions in his favour, as to deprecate all measures of national defence, or volunteer movements, as manifesting an insulting distrust of this liberal monarch, enlightened political economist, and peace-loving Commander-in-chief; and they seem so far to have infected with this view the Cabinet Minister whose duty it is to be conversant with the real fact of the case, that, in answer to a question by Mr Kinglake, relative to the naval and military preparations in France, he said, "that, as for the statement of the 600,000 men being in readiness to take the field in the spring, there was nothing to corroborate it;" and this in the very face of a speech by the Emperor to the French Chamber in 1857, in which he openly says, "according to the system which I have adopted, and to which I attach great importance, about two-thirds of these conscripts will remain but two years in the ranks, and will then form a reserve which will furnish to the country, at the first appearance of danger, an army of more than 600,000 exercised men!" Lord John Russell then goes on to account for those still more formidable indications presented by the French dockyards and arsenals at the present moment, by the comforting doctrine that "France has endeavoured to be strong at sea, not with a view to any rivalry, but from a belief that she ought to maintain her ancient character. I cannot say, therefore, that her naval preparations ought to be matter of jealousy to us. While France determines to make herself strong at

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sea, we like to have a strong navy also. I do not think there is any reason why the two nations should have any dispute with each other."

There is a charming *naïveté* about this reply of our Foreign Minister, which would almost tempt one to believe (did we not know that this honour belongs to our most celebrated political economist), that he was *the* Englishman whose conversation with the Emperor of the French upon his warlike preparations evinced an equal simplicity. If four Liverpool merchants are equal in shrewdness to one Manchester cotton-spinner, it would be interesting to calculate how many of this acute class of our society it would take to make one tolerably wide-awake foreign Minister.

Does Lord John Russell actually believe that the enormous naval preparations now in progress in France are absolutely objectless; or is he as ignorant of their existence as our Manchester diplomatist, when he had no reply to make to the denial of "the Frenchman," that any such maritime armaments were in progress? Perhaps a few facts, which we found no difficulty in obtaining when in Paris a week ago, may be new to the Foreign Office. In addition to a million and a quarter sterling, by which the budget of the French marine for 1859 exceeds that of 1854, there has been an increase of four millions sterling last year appropriated to the marine department, making altogether the estimates for the year equal to ten millions sterling. The sum expended by this country, in the same department, was thirteen millions: taking our superior maladministration into account, on the one hand, and the sums applied by the French Government to naval purposes, which do not appear in their public accounts, and have not therefore been included, on the other, there is no great difference between the naval expenditure of the two countries. With an enormous colonial and Indian empire to defend, and a standing army which does not exceed one-sixth of that which the Emperor has at his disposal, we can scarcely regard with complacency the formation of a navy equal to our own. In the conversation already alluded to, "the Frenchman" stated, with reference to the increase in the fleet, that there were only twenty-seven vessels of the line and fifteen frigates in the French navy. The numbers actually are thirty-two vessels of the line and twenty-five frigates; but it is not to this description of craft that the attention of the naval department in France has been specially directed, *Vaisseaux blindées*, or iron gunboats, and transports, are being built with all despatch at the arsenals. Already the French Government has purchased, from contractors in this country, a larger quantity of iron plates for the first description of craft than has been used in our dockyards during the last three years. With reference to the transports, the story is now stale, of how Lord Cowley asked for information upon the subject, and how he was informed that only sixty were being constructed for the very peaceable purpose of carrying coal from the Loire to Brest upon the internal canals, and how it has since transpired that eighty have already been built, and that two hundred have been ordered, and that they are being fitted with movable keels, so as to render them sea-going boats should occasion require, and that each could convey from five hundred to six hundred men.

The experience which was supplied by a former inquiry made by our Ambassador in Paris ought to avail us now. A month or so before the pregnant words uttered by the Emperor to the Austrian Minister at the commencement of last year, information reached our Government that gunboats, upon a principle rendering them available for land transport, were being constructed at one of the French arsenals. Inquiries were made, and the explanation given was to the effect that these were merely as experiments, and were not constructed with a view to any service then in prospect; but a few weeks only elapsed when they were crossing France and the north of Italy in railways, and were ultimately launched on Lake Garda, where, doubtless, had the war con-

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tinued, they would have rendered good service.

We have no wish to be considered alarmists. We merely state facts, the public may draw its own inferences. It may be that these preparations are being made for the invasion of America or China; they cannot be necessary for the protection of France. A closer examination, however, into the recent policy of the Emperor may enable us to gain some insight into his designs for the future. We will only allude to the facts which are patent to any one who has followed the course of political events on the Continent since the peace of Villafranca.

Immediately after that singular and abrupt termination of a war, which was to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, but which left Venetia enclosed more firmly than ever in the iron grasp of Austria, a close and very suspicious intimacy sprang up between Louis Napoleon and his late antagonist. This *rapprochement* was the more unlooked for, as the Emperor had failed to fulfil his liberal programme, and it might have been expected that under these circumstances he would have avoided contracting a friendship with a power whose policy towards Italy had been the excuse for the war, and whose determination to restore the Grand Dukes could not be considered favourable to the introduction of a more liberal *régime*. The effect of this movement on the part of France was to create the greatest dissatisfaction in Sardinia, to cause the retirement of Cavour and Garibaldi, and to raise a feeling of profound suspicion in the mind of the Italians towards their recent friend. Deep were the curses muttered from one end of the Peninsula to the other. His quondam Carbonari associates vowed the death of the traitor, and Cipriani himself came to Paris animated by no very amicable sentiments towards "the liberator of Italy."

Simultaneously with this new move in the game, came an outburst of hostility towards this country on the part of the French press, as unlooked for as it was sudden, and which contrasts curiously with the affectionate tone which it has recently displayed towards us. The national characteristic of fickleness will scarcely account for the change. However volatile our lively neighbours may be, there is one sentiment which has remained unaltered for half a century at least. We were vilified for putting a lighthouse on a sandbank at the entrance to the Red Sea. The bubble of the Suez Canal once more swelled into gigantic proportions, and threatened to become an actual cause of quarrel. The Spaniards were urged to engage in a war under circumstances which seemed to threaten a British fortress, and a congress was to be summoned, the inevitable result of which was to array the despotic against the liberal governments of Europe, and place the latter in a minority. Fortunately these indications were not lost upon the British public. The widespread feeling of distrust which the policy of our ally produced in England is the best proof of the change in his behaviour towards us at this juncture, and which was so marked that nearly seventy thousand volunteers enrolled themselves for the defence of their country. Never since 1804 was the military spirit of Englishmen evoked so effectually. Nor does any rifleman doubt still, while perfecting himself in the use of his weapon, against whom, and whom alone, that weapon is ever likely to be used.

The effect of this spontaneous movement upon the views of the Emperor, was sudden and decided; though, doubtless, many other causes operated to induce him, with versatility characteristic of his peculiar genius, to change the whole scheme of his policy. The desperate financial condition of Austria, the weakness and folly of her Emperor, the firm and united attitude which extreme pressure had enabled the Italians to maintain, contrary to expectation, the threatening tone of those more violent spirits among them who proclaimed publicly that the life of the French Emperor could alone expiate his treachery, doubtless combined with the posture of defence assumed by this country to

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create that entire revolution in the plans of the Emperor. He abandoned the idea of restoring the Grand Dukes, and thus acquiring a dominant influence in Italy by retaining them as his puppets; he postponed the annexation of the Rhenish-Prussian provinces until a more convenient season; flung his engagements to the luckless Austrian Emperor to the winds; nearly kicked the papal stool from beneath its pontifical occupant; patted Sardinia on the back, and reminded her of a little arrangement to take place at a future period with reference to Savoy; apologised to the whole of Italy; and embraced the British nation generally, and Cobden in particular. We might do a little quiet annexation during this lull, and the French Press would applaud us. The Suez Canal is put away, not to be reproduced for some months; the Spaniards are left to finish the Morocco war as they please; but we are to be gratified as Protestants by seeing the Pope ill-used, and as free-traders by seeing the French people adopt enlightened commercial principles, to their intense disgust and our serious detriment. The only practical result of our interference in Italian politics up to this point, has been to furnish the Emperor with a plausible pretext for the annexation of Savoy and Nice, the precursor of a pleasant little arrangement which the altered aspect of affairs renders necessary with reference to Central Italy, and which it would be impertinent in us now to pry into. We may, however, be permitted to express our admiration of the ingenuous simplicity which led our Government to propose to the Emperor a settlement of the question, containing as one of the conditions the withdrawal of all French troops from the Peninsula.

Mr Bright and his friends say that the Emperor has always behaved very honestly to us, and that, therefore, we have no reason to distrust him. In the first place, we do not distrust him more than we should Mr Bright himself in the same position, and with the same vast resources at his command. Mr Bright's ambition, probably, equals that of the Emperor. His animosities are even stronger; hatred and ambition, combined with immense power, do not make a man a pleasant neighbour. In the second place, we have every reason to distrust him. His refusal to allow the Turkish army to leave the Crimea to go to the relief of Kars lost that fortress, and was the only episode in the war which affected British interests in the East. His conclusion of a peace at a time when both in the Baltic and Black Seas we were best able to bring the war to a successful issue, damaged our prestige throughout Europe as seriously as if we had sustained a defeat from French arms. The institution of the St Helena medal was not calculated to create a warm feeling in his army towards us, or the Colonels' letters to increase that feeling. We can judge by the present tone of the French Press how skilfully he plays through its keys upon the wires which vibrate through France.* Austria and the Pope are qualified to speak as to his sincerity, and we are fairly enabled to judge of a man's probable conduct towards ourselves by his behaviour to our neighbour. By those pamphlets with which he feels the pulse of Europe, and which he repudiates or homologates at pleasure; by that press which may be considered a Department of the Government; by those ministers who are themselves misled in order that they may mislead others, and then kicked out of office with large retiring pensions; by the complicated machinery of his police department, and by means of a Chamber of Deputies practically chosen by himself, he is enabled to di-

* See *Times* Paris Correspondent, February 13th. — "Orders were given yesterday morning to the Paris papers not to allude any more to the annexation of Savoy to France; and in the afternoon counter orders were given, and the papers instructed to write it up as before.

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rect with peculiar nicety the intricate details of his foreign policy, and at the same time to conceive and carry into effect those measures best calculated to insure the stability of his throne.

This leads us to another class of considerations highly important when taken in connection with his foreign policy—namely, the internal condition of France, the sentiments of her population towards their Emperor, and the effects of the present system of administration upon the country generally. It is not easy to realise the extraordinary difficulties of a man in the position occupied by the present ruler of the French nation, the opposing interests which have to be consulted, the impossibility of retaining friends, conciliating enemies, and making head against the tremendous under-current of opposition which is threatening soon to show itself in whirling eddies upon the surface of society, and is now only gathering force with which to sweep away the barriers that have hitherto stemmed the torrent. It is worth while glancing at the present state of popular feeling in France, for without the insight which this affords us into the domestic troubles of the Emperor, we can scarcely appreciate the necessities which force upon him a foreign policy that harmonises perfectly with his natural ambition and the traditions of his dynasty. The visitor in Paris, gazing at the imposing edifices and magnificent streets which have risen into being under the magic touch of Louis Napoleon—who mixes with the gay crowds that throng those splendid thoroughfares—who dines in cafés, attends theatres, and rides in the Bois de Bologne, little dreams of the volcano, pent up under the thin crust of all this gaiety and splendour. As a spendthrift when he is keeping up appearances upon a visionary income is reduced to the most desperate straits to maintain the requisite display, and who, as his fortunes become more desperate, grows himself more reckless, so Louis Napoleon, bankrupt in the affections of his subjects, binds with difficulty the hollow mask of content and satisfaction upon the public countenance. It is chiefly by diverting the attention of the most volatile people in the world from a consideration of their own wrongs that he succeeds in postponing the evil day, when that mask will be violently flung aside. Sometimes the complications of the situation are increased by the danger from without being greater than that from within; and a foreign policy becomes necessary, which is unpopular with large sections of society at home. This can only be counterbalanced by some happy stroke of audacity, which appeals to a great national sentiment, such as the extension of the French frontiers, or a popular war. To prove that we are not making random assertions, with reference to the general state of feeling throughout France, we shall specify some of the causes which have operated to estrange from him various sections of society in the country. The classes which are most decidedly and violently opposed to the Emperor are the clergy, the bar, the liberals (or constitutionalists), the obscurantists, and ultra-royalists, the educated and actively intelligent, and nearly the whole of what is called *La Société*. The influence and importance of the first of these classes in a Roman Catholic country is well understood; it may not, however, be so well known by whom that influence was fostered and cherished, or under what conditions, and under whose auspices, the ecclesiastical party in France acquired its present character and position. In 1848–49, the French clergy went with the Liberal movement, and was popular. The Church of France, properly so called, was in a flourishing condition, and likely to be reconciled to the *école des philosophes*. There were Liberal priests and pious Liberals, or Liberals really desiring to live on good terms with religion. This was the moment when Rossi, Louis Philippe's great thinking friend, could contemplate saving the popedom as a grand component part of Italian freedom and power; and when the Gallican Archbishop of Paris died in the Barricades, and was looked up to by the people as a martyr. When Louis Napoleon per-

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petrated his *coup-d'état*, there was not a Jesuit in the whole of France. He was himself without friends; but he looked forward to reigning ultimately in some other way than by having every citizen watched over by a sentinel. In this emergency, the Jesuits seemed to him the most available instruments. He recalled them to France: at this present moment there is not a village in which, from cradle to deathbed, the Jesuits have not gradually crushed out the enlightened Gallican priest. They are everywhere; in the *Salles d'Asile* (where go the babies from two to seven); in the communal schools, where they are educated from seven to fourteen; in the seminaries, where young men are brought up—not only for the Church—in the "direction," as it is called, of convents, as confessors for both sexes; and in the councils of the episcopacy, where, though they cannot attain to any high rank themselves, they exercise an important influence as spies and tale-bearers to Rome. In return for furthering Jesuit interests in France, the Emperor has received good service at their hands; without them he could not have made his journey into Brittany; while even so recently as two months since, on the occasion of an election to the Legislative Chamber in Anjou, he could not have secured his candidate without the clergy: through them the *curés* received the large sums as bribes which ultimately carried the election. Thus has the Emperor, and he alone, made these men powerful for his own ends. They will now undermine him for theirs. Still the Jesuits have more to hope from the present ruler of France than from any other form of government in the country. The Comte de Chambord, following the old Bourbon tradition, would bow them out; the Orleanists would turn them out; and the Republicans would kick them out of France. But they have no choice; if the Empire be anti-papal, the Jesuits *must* undermine it; and it will be a serious matter for Louis Napoleon to ward off the blow now impending from the sword which he has himself so carefully sharpened. We can best judge of the desperate nature of his situation by the consideration that the danger of making these men his enemies was a less one than that which threatened from other quarters. Of the evils presented to him, he chose the least, and was forced into a step which arrayed against him the whole power of the clergy.

But if he has thus made himself unpopular with the Church, he certainly can count as little on the affections of the Bar. From the very origin, nature, and *modus operandi* of his administration, the present Emperor of France has never had the lawyers with him. They have now rallied in obstinate opposition under the two cries, "Right of Petition," "Freedom of Defence." With reference to the first of these rights, it is scarcely necessary to allude to the proceedings in the case of Mons. d'Haussonville, or to his "Consultation des Bâtonnières." The case has now been judged, and it is the decision of the tribunals which invests it with significance. It is now settled that a document that is warned by the minister in a newspaper may be published separately in a pamphlet. The government may seize that pamphlet, if they are prepared to incur the vexations of a trial, and the crucifying speeches of men like Berryer, Jules Favre, Hébert, and others.

As the case upon which "the freedom of defence" is founded has not yet been decided, and involves a principle of importance, we may be permitted to state it more fully. About two months ago, Emile Olivier, the republican deputy, and a very rising barrister, defended the cause of Mons. Vacherot, author of a pamphlet entitled "La Democratie," before the 6me Chamber, when he had occasion very justly to say that the Bench "was not impartial, and that it appealed to the worst party-spirit and passions." The consequence of this reflection upon it was that the Bench, in virtue of its "discretionary power," suspended Mons. Olivier on the spot from the exercise of his functions as a barrister for three months. The next day the Council of the Order of Barristers met and decided to appeal from the sentence,

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after much discussion; for, in spite of the "beautiful simplicity" of the Code Napoleon, their course of action was not very clear. Under the circumstances, it was ultimately resolved to have the appeal, if it were feasible, brought before the court called *Toutes Chambres Réunies* — because this reverend assembly *might* abolish the sentence, which the mere *Court of Appeal* they knew would not, being composed of men *picked* from the Imperialist party. It was therefore determined to plead upon certain technical grounds the incompetency of the *Court of Appeal* before the *Toutes Chambres Réunies*, the disadvantage attending this latter court being that it is a "uniclos," whereas the former implies publicity. The *Court of Appeal*, however, asserts its competency, and now the affair lies before the *Cour de Cassation*. If this court decides in favour of the competency of the *Court of Appeal*, there will be a public trial, and Olivier will come into court attended by all the *bâtonnières* past and present, and two or three hundred barristers, all members of the Council of the Order. Such a demonstration made by a body of men comprising some of the most influential and talented men in France, can scarcely be an agreeable prospect for our Imperial friend. It will, of course, be sympathised in by the third class to which we have alluded — viz. the whole Liberal party in France. It is scarcely necessary to say that this is the bitterest section of politicians, so far as hostility to the present ruler is concerned; and we have succeeded in utterly estranging them from their natural sympathy towards this country, by assisting a despot, whom they hate, to place his heel more firmly on their necks. The complaint of these men — who, though they are Liberals in the French sense, are not free-traders — against us is, that we, a constitutional nation, are enabling an absolute monarch to force a measure upon the country unpopular, that without our support he could not have ventured to, and only dares to make [illegible] because we give [illegible] commercial treaty, eighth [illegible] into his subjects. If ever there was an act of tyranny perpetrated in an oppressed country, it is the Treaty of Commerce, of which Mr Cobden is the author. The sentiments of the Liberal party in France, with reference to Italy, may be gathered from the pamphlets of Mons. de Villemain and others, and from the writings of Messrs Forcade de Falloux, Albert de Broglie, and scores of independent spirited men, who are writhing under the lash of despotism, and look across the Channel in vain for sympathy. These men, who are scarcely ever good Catholics, seldom Catholics at all, are driven into espousing the cause of the Pope, not by their love of him, but by their hatred to the Emperor. Another very different class from the above, but one no less important, are the Ultra-royalists. This party, like the Jesuits, would prefer Louis Napoleon to any other of the probable alternatives of government in France, if circumstances would allow him to stand by them; but whilst he finds himself, on the one hand, forced, for the safety of his throne, to offend the Constitutionalists by despotic practices, he is, on the other, compelled, for the safety of his life, to disgust the Absolutists by his revolutionary principles. When a Carbonaro becomes a despot, he must have some inconvenient acquaintances, and find himself occasionally on the horns of a very disagreeable dilemma.

We now come to the actively intelligent classes of France. These hate the Emperor because his government is an obstacle to all healthy action — to all public life. Freedom of speech and pen cannot coexist with Imperialism, and the youth of the schools, for instance, aspire to freedom of tongue and pen. These young men know that any one who is not too conspicuous to make such a proceeding safe, can be made away with secretly, and got rid of. It would not be difficult to adduce numerous instances to prove the truth of this. Three years ago at the Odéon a young student, seeing the Empress enter her box alone, sang in a loud tone a verse of the popular song, "Le Sire de Framboisie," applying it to her. He was seized, and is in prison still.

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Two months ago, a man of the middle classes named Herbin, "talked" of the details of a scandalous affair that had taken place at Orleans, and in which young Magne, the finance-minister's son, had thrashed his new-married wife, who deserted him in consequence. M. Herbin was quietly seized and spirited off to *La Prison Mazas*, where he still is, and will probably remain.

Nor is there anything the least illegal in this mode of proceeding. There is a whole arsenal full of laws expressly framed to cover these arbitrary acts. The Deputies, a collection of weak instruments in his hands, chiefly employ themselves passing laws, in virtue of which it would be perfectly competent to the Emperor to transport them all to Cayenne. There are, for instance, certain laws defining publicity, under which any interchange of ideas with a friend becomes criminal, if so it please the police. Others legislate for "the protection of the public conscience against false reports," and you may find yourself imprisoned for having listened to the unfounded gossip of your washerwoman. A hostile court would have no difficulty in making anything out to be a "false report." Every Frenchman is living under a Damocles' sword, and is conscious of it. How can he feel friendly towards the man who suspends it above him?

The only remaining class to which we have adverted, is society of the higher stamp. Those who have resided in Paris know how completely isolated the Court stands with reference to society at large. Whatever may be the fact with reference to the moral tone which pervades it, it is studiously and ostentatiously shunned by the more respectable part of society.

Hitherto our attention has been more especially turned to those classes of whose sentiments the visitor to Paris is able more especially to judge; but if we look into the provinces, we find the same widespread feeling of disaffection existing towards the present *régime*. The tendency to centralisation and arbitrary enactments which characterises the Imperial administration, has at last stirred the sluggish blood of the provincials; and in the south of France especially a considerable agitation has been the consequence. The alteration which took place in 1855 in the laws regulating municipal elections, has been one prime cause of this dissatisfaction. Formerly the *préfet* and *sous-préfet* represented the central and executive authority. The *conseils généraux* and the mayors and municipal councils represented the local element, and were invested with a fair share of importance, having it in their power to make themselves, when occasion required, tolerably disagreeable to the Home Office delegate. In May 1853 this last vestige of local liberty was extinguished by a law by which the mayor and president of the council-general, the only checks on the *préfet*, were to be named by the Government, and the central and local authorities henceforth emanated from one and the same source. After a violent but futile struggle to regain their rights, the municipalities succumbed to the central pressure, and have only now been once more roused into action by the abuses which have taken place in the administration of the local revenues. The central authority has persisted in converting the departmental or municipal funds to its own purposes, until the departmental or municipal mind has become thoroughly exasperated, and the souls of mayors and councillors-general have become fired with a flame of zeal, that neither insulted personal dignity nor outraged political rights have ever been able to light up; and so just now, notwithstanding "the advance of the age," with its railroads and electric wires, the provincial spirit is awakened, and the unhappy Mons. Billault is kept in a perpetual state of hot water by the turbulent citizens of Bordeaux, Marseilles, Pau, and other important towns, whom he vainly endeavours to appease by alternate threats and promises. Nor in this emergency can the Government depend for any effective support upon that pillar of despotism, the standing army. The army does not like to feel that it exists only to keep down the intelli-

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gent part of the population; while the intelligent part of the population dislikes the army which mounts guard over it. Hence the necessity of a fresh war for the conquest of the *natural frontier*. In the turmoil of such a war it is hoped that all other feelings would be merged in that of national vainglory.

It is only by a consideration of such facts as these that we can obtain an insight into the motives which actuate the French Emperor in his foreign policy. He is perpetually engaged in playing off the complications which arise abroad, against the troubles which meet him from within. When, therefore, we ridicule the chances of a rupture with this country, we must satisfy ourselves that no domestic difficulty could possibly arise which should force him into choosing the alternative of hostilities with England, as a less evil than those with which he has to contend at home, and as possibly the only escape from a fatal dilemma. How it can ever be to our advantage to assist and support him in the prosecution either of his home or foreign policy, it is difficult to discover. In the pursuit of abstract economical theories, and the application of those enlightened commercial principles which characterise a certain class of politicians, we run the risk of overlooking the practical view of the question, and allow our political judgment to be warped by our mercantile sympathies. Thus, by means of the Treaty recently concluded with France, we have succeeded in alienating from us the only class in the Empire who have ever really been our friends, not from any love to England, but because it was their interest to maintain peaceful relations with this country. All those manufacturing and producing bodies, whose petitions against the Treaty have been pouring in to the Government, since the announcement of the alteration of the Tariff, are become bitter enemies to their rivals here, and a long time must elapse before the masses benefit sufficiently to give a preponderating weight of opinion in favour of free trade. Meantime, the resource of the sufferers lies in a war with England, and the consequent high prices. They who always deprecated such an event as a serious injury to their manufacturing and commercial prosperity, now hail it as their only chance of salvation from utter ruin; and when, eighteen months hence, the obnoxious reductions of duty are made, and a widespread feeling of discontent swells into a murmur of active opposition, our faithful ally will point across the Channel to the authors of the mischief; and should the silvery accents with which he responded to the axioms of Mr Cobden be then changed to a tone of defiance, it will find its readiest echo in the breasts of those among the French people who have always hitherto been our stanchest friends.

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DIES IRÆ.

[THE "Dies Iræ" is perhaps better known than anything else within the whole range of mediæval literature. Its author was probably Thomas of Celano, a small town near the lake Fucino. The grand and terrible effect with which in Goethe's *Faust* certain stanzas of this poem are made to fall like thunder on the ear of poor guilty Margaret, who has come, alone and friendless, among worshippers purer than herself, is familiar to almost every one.

The translation now offered was written under the impression that all existing English versions deviated more or less from the metre of the original. This impression was not quite correct. There is a version by Dr Norris, with which, however, the present translator is unacquainted, which is metrically faithful. It is with no desire to compete with this, but from a conviction that where the end to be attained is so high, every conscientious effort has its value, that the following attempt is published.]

DAY of anger, day of wonder,
When the world shall roll asunder,
Quenched in fire and smoke and thunder!

O vast terror, wild heart-rending,
Of that hour when Earth is ending,
And her jealous Judge descending;

When the trumpet's voice astoundeth,
Through earth's sepulchres reboundeth,
Summons universal soundeth!

Death astonied, Nature shaken,
Sees all creatures, as they waken,
To that dire tribunal taken.

Lo! the Book, where all is hoarded,
Not a secret unrecorded:
Every doom is thence awarded.

So the Judge, when He arraigneth,
Every hidden thing explaineth:
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

In that fiery revelation
Where shall I make supplication,
When the just hath scarce salvation?

Fount of Love, dread King supernal,
Freely giving life eternal,
Save me from the pains infernal!

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This forget not, sweet Life-giver,
Me thou camest to deliver:
Cast me not away for ever!

Seeking me thy sad life lasted,
On the cross death's pains were tasted;
Let not toil like this be wasted!

God of righteous retribution,
Grant my sins full absolution
Ere thy wrath's last execution!

Lo, I stand with face suffusèd,
Groaning, in my guilt accusèd;
Spare my soul, with sorrow bruisèd!

By the Magdalene forgiven,
By the dying robber shriven,
I too cherish hope of heaven.

Though my prayers are full of failing,
Save me, of Thy grace availing,
From the pit of endless wailing!

On thy right a place provide me,
With thy chosen sheep beside me:
From the goats, good Lord, divide me!

When to penal fire are driven
Those who would not be forgiven,
Call me with thy saints to heaven!

Kneeling, crushed in heart, before thee,
Sad and suppliant I adore thee:
Hear me, save me, I implore thee!

P. S. Worsley.

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VOLUNTEER CAVALRY MOVEMENTS.

"WHEN Right is in front, Left is the Pivot." This is the first thing taught to the cornet; and, if constant repetition can impress such a formula deeply on his brain, it may well be the last thing that haunts his dying thoughts when he departs this life an ancient colonel.

This, the ruling principle of all our cavalry movements,—the source of all regularity and precision, according to the advocates of one side; the source of a more than counterbalancing intricacy and slowness, according to the advocates of the other,—is now attacked. Not for the first time. Nolan, in his work on Cavalry, mentions (if I am not mistaken) more than one scheme, and gives one of his own as well, for dispensing with it; and now Colonel Conolly, Assistant Adjutant-General at Portsmouth, in a recent number of a military paper, brings forward with a similar object a system which, he tells us, was originally imported into England by Colonel Ainslie, late of the 7th Dragoon Guards; who in the year 1848 had seen it in operation (by way of experiment I presume) amongst a body of French cuirassiers.

The innovation is one that will be attacked in many ways. Unless my brethren in arms are changed of late, a proposal to tear away from us our pivots will give rise to as much "scorn in capital letters and sarcasm in italics"—to as much employment of notes of admiration and inverted commas—to as many appeals to Mr Editor of the Military Fogies' Journal to "use his powerful pen"—as any proposition I can think of, unless it were one for taking the gold stripes off our trousers. And not altogether without reason. For if ever there were a case which admitted of a more than commonly safe application of that safe proposition "that there is much to be said on both sides," this is it.

"But, to begin with;" a civilian may ask, "What does your formula mean?" As many of our Volunteers, or intending Volunteers, the men most immediately interested in the question, must at this moment be in a state of pure civilianism, it may be useful if I try to answer the question.

Let the inquirer take two dinner-knives—if no better they are no worse than anything else that suggests itself to me—and place them in one straight line: the edge of each facing in the same direction. These we will suppose to be two troops in line; the edge representing the front of the troops, and the two troops constituting one squadron. Now, taking the right-hand extremity of each as pivot, let him wheel each to the right to the extent of a quarter circle, so that the two shall form parallel lines at right angles to the front of their former position. Now we say the troops are in open column, Right in front—so said, because that troop which was on the right of the line, now leads. Again, let him take the right extremity of each as pivot, and again wheel each one a quadrant to the right, so that they may again fall into line. Now let him observe—is the knife which originally held the right of the line, still on the right of its companion? No: it is on the left. But if, instead of executing this last-described wheel into line to the right, he exactly reverses the proceeding: if he takes the left extremity of each for pivot, and, from column, wheels them into line to the left, he will find that the knife which originally held the right, holds it still. And this last order of knives is what our military system calls the "natural order." When the knives are in the position produced by the wheel from column into line to the right, they are said to be "inverted." And if from the original line the experimenter chooses to bring them into column by a wheel to the left, he will find that a wheel into line to the *Right* restores the natural order, while a wheel to the left inverts it. And this is the explanation of the formula, "when Right is in front, Left is the Pivot: when Left is in front, Right is the Pivot:"—one

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which I have known cornets obliged to receive, chiefly on the ground that "ung homme de bien, ung homme de bon sens croit tousiours ce qu'on luy dict, et qu'il trouue par escript."

As regards squadrons, the system now in use admits of inversion. A regiment in column of squadrons is allowed to wheel them into line either to the right or to the left, though one of these movements must necessarily invert them. But as regards the component parts of each squadron, from the troop down to the individual horseman, all inversion is prohibited. Whatever relative order has, on first formation, been assumed by the men in the troop, or the troops in the squadron, that is to be retained through all the chances and the changes of manœuvre; an object which is attained by the help of a series of movements contrived with a special reference to it.

It is likely enough that, upon reading this, the first impulse of many an unprofessional man will be to cry out "Pedantry" and "Red Tape;" and, reverting to my illustration of the knives, to ask whether they are the less knives because a given one holds the left instead of the right. Perhaps not. But yet — as is the case in many instances where similar cries are raised—the apparent pedantry has its reasons: it is the result of an attempt to preserve, at the expense of some slowness, a regularity whose loss has been proved by experience to entail a tenfold slowness.

Take some thirty or forty horsemen, and place them in rank side by side, and then give them the word to "advance by single files" (it may make it more intelligible to unprofessional people if I say in the words of a captain of the City Light-Horse, to "make a string of ones"*) from the right flank. It is easy enough to suppose that they have done it, and have established their string of ones, forty long: —now give them the word to form parties of, say, three abreast. This would be easy too, if a whisper from heaven would come to each man saying, "such and such other two are the men that you are to form with;" but as since the days of Socrates there has been no well-authenticated instance of a supernatural communication having been made to any individual trooper, let alone to every man of a whole squadron, we may dismiss this supposition, and assume that, as no man can tell with whom he is to form, it could only be after a terrible amount of shuffling and after great loss of time that the formation could be effected at all. The natural mode of removing this source of confusion is to "tell off by threes," that is, to arrange the rank, on its first formation, into groups of three. This done, so long as the members of each group do not forget their companions, they can "form threes."

Now, let your string of "ones," which has advanced from the right, ride up into line with the leading horseman; and do it by the process of each successive man riding upon the *right* of his predecessor. It is not difficult to see that the relative position of the individuals in the line so produced is, speaking with reference to their position in the original line, inverted. The "three" which held the right of the first line, holds the left of the second; and the man who held the right of each three, holds the left. And if you follow up this new formation by another advance by single files from the right, it follows that the new column, as compared with the old one, is also inverted as regards the relative order of the individuals composing it, and that he who once rode at the head of a "three" now rides at the tail. If under these new circumstances any reminiscence of his old position come over him to the exclusion of a sense of his new one,—and instances of such a loss of wits are nowise rare on the part of horse-

* It was told me as a fact, that in the old days of the French war a captain of the City Light-Horse, wishing to effect the passage of Temple Bar, advanced his men in "single files" by this word of command. I feel a great respect for him. If his professional knowledge was small, his presence of mind and power of expression were great.

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men flurried and distracted by the clatter of a squadron and the nervousness engendered by the consciousness of emergency—he will inevitably, on any attempt to form, or work by, threes, create confusion; and if there should be a widely-spread tendency on the part of the whole body to lapse into similar forgetfulness, of course the whole body reverts to a state of chaos.

And now a still further complication comes into play. You are not only to suppose your one rank to have advanced from the right and to stand in column of single files; but you are to suppose that a second line immediately in rear of the first—the rear rank—has advanced from the right in similar column, which now stands side by side with the first one, in close contact on its right flank. Now require your first, or front-rank column, to form line to the right of its head. It is physically impossible, for the rear-rank column is in its way. But, you may say, if you allow the rear-rank column to become the front rank in the new formation, the thing becomes possible. So it does; but if either rank may be in front, may not men in column of single files (which is formed by the advance of a man of each rank alternately) forget on re-formation whether it is as front or rear rank that they have to form? Then why use two ranks? That is a well-debated question. Many men have advocated the abolition of the double rank; more have advocated its retention. My own opinion leans towards the latter. Till the advantages of change are clearly proved, a "liberal conservatism" dictates, I think, the retention of an institution which works with, as Carlyle would describe it, a supportable, not an *in*supportable, approximation to perfection.

It is in order to lessen these chances of confusion that our system decrees that the natural order is never to be abandoned, and that one rank alone is to assume the place of front rank. Once grant these two positions, and the result is that no man, in the process of re-forming, can mistake the rank to which he belongs; and that the two variations of which the relative position of the members of a three-in-column admits—namely, that produced by the right-hand man leading, or that produced by the left—are inseparably united with the fact of the column having advanced from the right or the left of the line. If the column has advanced from the right, the right-hand man of threes leads; if the column has advanced from left, the left-hand man leads: and not only are the variations of position which a man may hold with reference to his comrades limited, but, to help him to remember them, he is furnished with a good catch-word—the formula with which I commenced this paper—"Right in Front, Left the Pivot."

Now this same line of argument may be brought to bear, and with great force, in defence of the whole series of manœuvres sanctioned by our present regulations. I shall here however make no addition to the demonstration, already too long, with which I have troubled the reader, but shall ask him to take the part as a specimen of the whole, and to believe that sources of confusion will spring up to the grievous perplexing of any attempt to introduce a system of "inversion" into those movements, from which our present system has thought fit to expunge it;—to believe that to place on the right of a troop a "three" which has hitherto held the left, or to place on the left a troop which has hitherto ridden on the right of a squadron, will be attended by inconveniences similar to those which have attended the attempt to dispense with the "natural order" in the case of "Threes;"—and finally, if he declines to accept my statement on this head with that "par-faiete foy" with which Rabelais, taking high moral ground, exhorts you to believe everything that you don't understand, to take pencil and paper, and to try honestly to work out, through the whole range of cavalry manœuvres, any system of "Inversion" which may suggest itself to him. If he will try this, he will find himself at the conclusion of a labour of months' duration, possibly with a system of his own; very possibly with a conviction that the present system had better be

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left untouched; certainly with a great deal less conceit on the subject than he was in the enjoyment of when he sat down to the work. Take the word of one who has tried it.

This is the system which it is now proposed to overthrow. The slowness of movement produced by its operation is weighed, by the advocates of change, against the precision, and is pronounced more than counterbalancing.

The rapid and irregular evolutions of Mamlouks, of ancient Turks, of modern Bashi-Bazouks — of wild geese on the wing for anything I know—are contrasted with the sober movements of the fine old British Plunger, much to the disadvantage of the latter;—and in many respects, with undoubted truth. But truths lie on both sides of the question. Let me give some of those which support our present system.

"It is undeniable that nations much inferior in point of what is called discipline, often contrive to do things in a way which our discipline cannot equal. But then it is to be borne in mind that they are to the manner born, and were doing it all their lives; and that we have to do with men taken from the plough or the loom, and made to learn soldiering as a thing which is new to them. Another element is, that if nations without our tactics do a number of things as well or better than our people, it is because they have a vast store of good-will, and wait for nothing but a rude and general signal, to rush on and make the best of their way to paradise. European soldiery in general have it not, or have it in an inferior degree. They are, moreover, accustomed to put great trust in discipline and the visible existence of a machinery. When they lose this they have the feelings and action of a mob.

"I remember my brother telling me that he saw a line of some thousands of the Pasha of Egypt's cavalry, with no squadron intervals or other aids of that kind, face about and go to the rear, going neither by threes nor by fours, but as they best might. And, so far as I could collect, they rode some to the rear and some to the front, till they made themselves *sparse* enough (as the Americans say) to turn their horses round, and then they got into line again by something like the process by which quicksilver unites its globules.* But then, as I said before, they had been doing this from the time they had noses on their faces, and attached no idea of disorder to it, but considered it excellent tactics. Which is very different from what would be the case with our dragoons, if they found themselves compelled to resort to such a manœuvre.

"The case is somewhat of the same kind with respect to overlooking distinctions of right and left, and front and rear. I daresay the Pasha's men would fight just as well, whichever way they got into line, if only they got there. But it may be doubtful whether our men and our officers would; at all events it would be after a long time, and after a great deal of unteaching, that they would do it.

"There are undoubtedly, and particularly for cavalry, occasions where resort must be had to what I believe the Germans call the 'schwarme' attack; and I have known officers who desired to see this brought more generally into use. But I cannot help thinking that if you are to have a 'swarm' you must have the swarmers there; and the most effective way we know for this is, having the men, as long as you can, in squads and divisions small and great, so that many men shall be moved on one man's will and direction. A 'swarm' attack may be very good when you can get nothing else, and circumstances may be continually happening that will reduce you to this condition. It is therefore well to be prepared for it, and not, either yourself or your men, be afraid with any amazement because you see yourselves reduced to it. But I have always seen great value attached to the habitude of dragoons getting together under sergeants or corporals or any kind of hierarchy that may present itself, and so returning as fast as possible towards being an organised body.

"The question now raised—as to whether increased speed may not advantageously be attained by a greater looseness of movement—is one which has occurred, at some time or other, to most of the concerned. And I surmise that in general the conclusion has been, to leave things nearly as they are."

So writes to me an officer who has served in actual warfare both in horse

* This refers to some fifty years ago.

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and foot, and who has moreover held irregular cavalry under his orders. On many of the points of his argument, answers seem to suggest themselves to me. If they did so on all, I should not consider it conclusive as to the soundness of my own views, for truths in a debated question like this generally lie in pretty equal proportion on the two sides, and assume, in the eyes of the individual inquirer, a value which depends rather on their affinity with the hidden constitution of his mind than upon their intrinsic weight.

I think that the arguments to be urged in favour of the old system range themselves under the following heads:—The moral effect produced by discipline. This is of two kinds. One kind is the result of education, as where Tom is trained to connect the idea of order with the fact of being on the right of Jack, and of disorder with being on his left; and this kind may be dismissed from further consideration: for feelings engendered by education alone will disappear with the education that produced them. The other kind has its sources in feelings natural to the heart of man. If you allow your soldiers to work with perfect looseness—no line, no order, no knowing where any individual is or ought to be, and nobody to the front but those who like it—you open a door by which every "shirker" will get to the rear; and the tendency of such a system to produce such an effect is one which may be modified and counteracted by education, but which still must continue to exist. As far as the new systems can be shown to fall into looseness of this nature, so far they may fairly be declared inferior to the old one.—Difficulty of *unteaching* soldiers what they have once learned. But nobody wants to unteach; not at least till the merits of a new system have been proved by a practical and undeniable test. What is proposed is, to try the experiment on a new body of men—*in corpore vili*, if Lord Melville is to be believed.—The fact that our men are not born soldiers, but are tinkers and tailors caught and trained full-grown; and that they have not the *animus* which sometimes leads irregulars to victory. True of a large portion of our army; scarcely so of those of whom the question now is. Mounted Volunteers would consist of gentlemen and yeomen; trained from youth to self-respect, and therefore unlikely to show want of courage; practised horsemen; and certain, under the only circumstances which could bring them into action—invasion—to carry that "spur in the head" which sends a charge home.—Precision, regularity, and the material causes which tend to the avoidance of confusion. How far the old system is superior in these respects, to the new ones which claim to supersede it, can only be ascertained by examining one of the latter. I will trot one out presently; *comme de raison*, my own.

But first, to give it fair play, I should give some sketch of the imperfections of the old system, which afford the excuse for proposing to change it. Ask any soldier whether or no the following scene is of frequent occurrence.—Scene, a field-day ground. Enter Regiment at a trot, in Open Column of Troops, Left in Front. Said regiment supposed to have been executing a few movements rather fast, and the Squadron Leaders' brains to be pretty well addled. Colonel, addressing regiment—"Halt. Form Line to the Rear on the Leading Troop." Leader of Third Squadron, internally and rapidly—"Left in Front, Right's the Pivot—Troops Half Right—no, that will form us to the Front. Right in Front, Left's the—no, we're not Right in Front. Left in Front, Right's the—yes, Three Quarters Right About—psha, that will take me to the rear, clean out of sight. Right's in—*are* we Right or Left in Front?—to form to the Front or the Rear?—am I on my head or my heels?—Here's a mess. I *am* making a spectacle of myself.—D——n it ——." Colonel gazes at the Third Squadron for a time, dropping his reins on his horse's neck and sitting immovable with an air that seems to say, "You see I am calm under all this:" but shortly explodes with a "What *is* the Third Squadron doing?" delivered with a grand simplicity that implies, "I put this my just question to men and gods, and

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abstain from comment." Squadron Leader has not known for some time what the Third Squadron *is* doing, and his perverse faculties retreating clean out of sight like the horns of a frightened snail, refuse obstinately to assist him in discovering; so he sits cursing and perspiring with vexation, acutely alive to the annoyance of his position, but obtusely stupid to everything which can bear on the matter in hand. Then he hears the gallop of the Colonel's horse approaching; then comes the Colonel's harangue, delivered sometimes like the harangue of a gentleman, sometimes not altogether so, according to the nature of the individual Colonel; but always conveying the sting which must lie in the oration of a man justly enraged with a muddle-headed donkey. —A painful scene, over which we drop the curtain.

This, according to my experience, is so common a case that I cannot but attribute it to the system rather than to any peculiar stupidity on the part of the squadron leader. In fact, the system is intricate and cumbrous; full of movements, of which each one is applicable only to some one particular circumstance, and which, applied to any other, produces confusion; full of prohibitions against doing what appears the natural thing at the moment, and of permission to do something else. It does not prescribe a single manœuvre which is not within the comprehension of the meanest capacity. There is not a thing which you cannot do by its help—if you know how. Not a position can be conceived which you cannot attain, if not by the most obvious movement, at all events by the substitution of an expedient which the least "little reflection" can't fail to suggest. But the little reflection is the bane of the system. It is like rust; nothing, when it is confined to a speck; but ruinous when it pervades the whole machine. Cavalry movements, like those by which a cat drops on her legs, should be prompted by instinct, not reflection.

The system of which I am going to give the outlines, is one which has been suggested to me partly by my observation of the Bashi-Bazouks; troops whom I have seen in actual action (which, with them, means running away hard), and whose movements, although diminished somewhat in practical utility by the strong tendency to the rear which they manifest, are yet valuable as giving an indication of the tactics which rendered the old Turkish horse so formidable in the eyes of their Christian antagonists, and which, so late even as the commencement of this century, reduced the regular Russian cavalry, when in their presence, to a state of paralysis which—if we may take the Lieutenant-General Baron de Valentini's account of the matter as exact—can only be described as absolutely degrading. But the field in which I have chiefly gathered the ideas which I now bring forward, is identically the same with that which could be offered to cavalry engaged in war on English ground—the hunting-field. And it is with especial reference to their execution in an enclosed English country, amongst those narrow, stiffly fenced lanes which, as every hunting man knows, form the chief channels of communication between cover and cover, and which in like manner would constitute the chief routes of any cavalry which possessed and exerted the powers of fox-hunters, that I have calculated the movements, whose general principle I shall now lay before the reader.

When a column of fox-hunters, streaming up a ride in cover, debouches on the open, and every man at once presses to the front, is there any hesitation as to whether it shall be to the right or the left of the leading horseman that he shall press up? If the ground does not admit of his riding out to the left, does not every man instinctively ride out to the right, and *vice versâ*? And does the fact of thus riding to the right or left in the least affect the fact that there, in bodily presence, are a hundred and fifty good horsemen? If the same column, hampered in a lane, hears a "holla back," is not every horse's head round, and the column in full swing to the rear, in less time than it would take an able commanding officer to revolve in his mind the process by which he could effect a similar

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reversion without throwing his troops into confusion?

What prevents cavalry from moving in precisely the same way? Chiefly, to my apprehension, this fact: A horse wedged in a crowd is incapacitated by his form from turning round. Any perfectly undisciplined body of horse wishing to retain the power of "going about," must ride with a looseness of order inconvenient for the purposes of cavalry.

This inability to turn about in close order has, as every dragoon knows, been removed by an invention which in the English service appears under the form of "Threes;" in the French and Austrian, it takes the form of "Fours." To explain this to an unprofessional, I must fall back on my illustration of the knives. Range a score of dinner-knives "all of a row" in parallel lines at an interval of an inch or two. Try to "spin" one on its centre:—the resistance offered by those on both sides renders it impossible. Still less can you spin all at once; the least interval which would enable you to do it is one whole knife's length. But, count off a group of such a nature that the width from one to the other of the outside knives shall be pretty much equal to a knife's length; imagine this group (whose general outline will be a square) connected by some bond of union into one mass, and set spinning on its centre; and you will see that such a mass would require but an inconsiderable interval to enable it to spin without collision. This is what is done with horses in rank. The English service takes three horses, the French takes four; either group presents a front in some degree approximating to a horse's length. When a line has to show front to its rear, the groups are set spinning on their centres; that is, with us, the centre horse turns on his centre, while, in unison with his motions, one flank horse circles round with him, and the other reins back.—Once let a body of horse acquire the power of going about by Threes or Fours, and there is no reason, that I see, why their further movements should not retain a very close similarity to those of fox-hunters.

But to insure the working of the Threes or Fours, it is essential that each man should know at all moments the companion members with whom he is to work, and this under every variation of relative position which the chance of the moment may induce. This end, as I have attempted to show, is attained in the English service of the present day by a system which, while it limits the movements which a body of cavalry is permitted to make, at the same time brings the variations which can affect the relative position of the members of a Three within limits so very narrow that it would take no great effort of intelligence and memory to enable a man, totally devoid of personal acquaintance with his comrades, to say at any given moment precisely what position he holds with regard to them. I propose to reject these limitations and their attendant advantages, and to depend, for insuring the recognition of his comrades by each member of a Three (or rather of a Four, for that is the section which I prefer to adopt), upon a principle ignored by our authorised system—that of *personal* recognition.

My proposal is this: Let a division consist of, say twenty-four men in single rank. Let these men be told off, once for all, into parties of Four; let each Four be again subdivided into two parties of Two, and let the horsemen thus told off to a Four or a Two remain permanently associated. Let each man by this process become thoroughly acquainted with the companion member of his Two and with the members of the companion Two completing his Four; and let him be impressed with the conviction that the chief end of his military existence is, under all circumstances, to recognise and to stick close to those three companions. This constitutes about the chief exertion of intelligence which my system will demand from him.

Now suppose that, my division being thus formed, I give the words "Fours Right." The line breaks into column of fours heading to its former right. I now wish to form to the front, on the left of the head of the column—I give the word "By the Left, Front Form." But suppose

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that I wish to form to the front, on the *right* of the head of the column; then I give the word "By the Right, Front Form." The one movement is as easy as the other; but the latter entails this result, or disadvantage as it is considered by the advocates of our present cavalry system, that all the fours have been shuffled from Right to Left; that which stood on the right flank now holding the left, and all the others being proportionately transposed. But, why not? So long as men and horses are there, what does it matter in what relative position they stand? So, if I give my line the word "Fours Left," I form the resulting column with equal indifference to the right or the left of its former head; and so too, from a column of Fours formed no matter how, I form to a flank by the word "Fours Right" or "Fours Left," as the exigency of the moment may require.

With reference to the diminution of Front from Fours to Files and single Files (or, as I prefer to call them, Twos and Ones—for the word *File* has become complicated with the idea of a front-rank man and his rear-rank follower), and from Twos to Ones, I establish this rule. Whether the column be Right or Left in front, the advance is made from the right of the section to be diminished. At the word "Advance by Twos," that which happens to find itself the right-hand Two of each Four advances, followed by the left-hand Two; so, on the word "Advance by Ones," the right-hand man advances. To effect the corresponding increase of front I should teach the rearward members of each Two or Four to incline, in ordinary cases, to the left of their leader, but not to fear, when circumstances demanded it, to form to his right. If from a column of—no matter what—I wish to form to the front direct, I give to the sections composing it the same words which I have indicated in the case of Fours; if I wish to show front to a flank, I give the word "Right Form" or "Left Form," as the nature of the case may dictate; and if, marching through narrow ways, I hear a "holla back," I give the word "About"—each section, be it Four, Two, or single horsemen, scrambles round on its own centre as best it may, and on reaching open ground I form my line direct by such of the above-mentioned processes as seems most convenient to me.

It will be observed that, in the course of these movements, the order of the several Fours is constantly being transposed, from Right to Left of the line and back again; and that the Twos composing each Four, and the individuals composing each Two, are perpetually being similarly shuffled. But the members of no Two are ever *separated*, nor the Twos composing any one Four. So long as this is the case I say—there are the men and the horses; the Fours are together, the Twos together; they can go about, or break to a flank by Fours, Twos, Ones; and if they can do this, who cares whether Tom rides on the right of Jack or *vice versâ*?

Now I take two divisions, which I designate the First and Second, and place one behind the other at half a horse's length distance; and this I call a Troop. If I give my troop the word "Fours Right" or "Fours Left," each division breaks to the indicated flank by Fours, and the two move off side by side in parallel columns; altogether, upon a front of eight. At the word "Fours Right" or "Fours Left" addressed to this column, each division fronts to the flank indicated, and the line is restored,—with such division to the front as chance may direct. If from the same double column of Fours I wish to form line to the Front, I give the same command which I would address to a division acting singly. If the word is "To the Right," the division which finds itself to the right forms as front rank, and at the same time moves slightly up (as in the "Formation to the Front" of the Cavalry Regulations) to clear the head of the other division; the latter forms as rear rank. If the word is "To the Left," the process is reversed. The principle guiding this movement is not, I think, complicated. It simply comes to this—that division which *can* forms first; that which can't, forms last.

I allow diminution of front from

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such a double column to be effected in one way only. The Commanding-officer gives the word "Single Rank." The leader of that division which finds itself forming the right-hand one of the two columns of Fours, gives the word "—th Division advance," and leads it forward. The left column stands fast; and when its head is at a distance from the rear of the other column sufficient to prevent amalgamation, follows. Further diminution of front may now be effected as from a division acting singly. But this rule is to be observed. When once disunited as above shown, the two divisions become distinct bodies, and are to be handled as independent troops. Nothing unites them again but the Commanding-officer's word to "Double the Ranks," which order, if addressed to divisions marching by twos or ones, is to be preceded by an increase of front to Fours; on the receipt of which command the leader of the rearmost division leads up his column on the left of its predecessor.

Squadrons, *i. e.* two troops united and without interval, I propose to abolish altogether. It is not necessary to go into further detail. If the unit of the system—the troop—will work, it is an easy matter to combine several units into a whole. I should propose to form a regiment of three troops of about fifty men each; and to distinguish the troops by giving to them respectively a Red, a White, and a Black flag like a lance-pennon, carried on an ordinary lance slung to the left arm of the horseman.

This system, if it worked in the field as it does on paper, would give the power of acting either in single or double rank. To encounter a hostile cavalry on an open plain, I should form double rank. But in an enclosed country I should use the single rank, closed up in compact order where the ground permitted, but otherwise riding with any amount of looseness consistent with keeping the members of each Four within hail of each other, and the whole within hail of the Division Leader. Under the latter circumstances my ideal regiment should resolve itself into six clumps of five-and-twenty fox-hunters a-piece; each clump under the guidance of a division leader, each two division leaders receiving the directions of a troop leader, and the whole under the brigadiership of the Commanding-officer. And if said fox-hunters would dress and ride like fox-hunters, and not like bad imitations of an original which, for the purposes we are now treating of, is the worst conceivable—the regular dragoon,—and if they would carry a firearm capable of coping in point of range with the infantry weapon,—I think they might tie regular cavalry to the apron-strings of its infantry, and constitute themselves a thorn in the side of even the latter.

Everything has its weak side, and even my parental eye cannot be blind to the weak side of mine. How would it work in action, when men are falling out of the ranks, and the Fours find themselves reduced to Threes, Twos, or Ones?

I attack this difficulty as follows: whether with prospect of success or not, others may decide. I forbid that any unbroken Four or Two should be disintegrated to supply the deficiencies of others; and leave the broken ones to hold as far as possible the place of the original sections which they represent. A Four reduced to a number not less than Three can "go about" as well as ever. When reduced to a Two or One, it no longer has this power; therefore, when the line goes about, it must ride to the Front clear of the line (or rein back, if belonging to the rear rank), turn to the right-about, and resume its place:—as prescribed for the Standard and his Coverer, p. 116 of the Cavalry Regulations. I should permit men of their own accord to amalgamate broken sections which find themselves in immediate proximity; and when at last reduced to a rearrangement, should effect it as follows:—"Twos to the front." Each Two belonging to an incomplete Four rides to the Front, leaving, if it be part of a "Three," the "odd" man behind, and forms on the right flank of the division. The moment the Twos have cleared the front, the word is given "Ones to the Front." Each solitary One rides out and forms on the right again of

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the re-formed Twos. The line effaces gaps by closing in on its left flank. A "telling off by Fours" from the left, confined to the broken fragments on the right flank, completes the operation. No intact Four is broken, nor any intact Two. To effect the same purpose the broken parts of the Rear-rank rein back.

I began this paper with mention of Colonel Conolly's system. I may finish with it. His general object, like mine, is to render Inversion more generally the rule of movement than it is at present. He forms his squadron (for he adheres to that body) in single rank; tells it off into four divisions, and tells off the men of each division *by Files alone*,—thereby relinquishing the power of moving by Threes or Fours. I have been unable to gather from the necessarily brief details furnished by him whether he permits Inversion to be practised with regard to bodies smaller than the division. However this may be, there are features in the system admitting of no misapprehension, against which, I think, serious objections may be urged.

Having no movements by Threes—I use the word Three as a generic term including Fours as well—Colonel Conolly's squadron, if desirous of moving to a flank or a front smaller than a division, can do it by no process but that of trailing itself out by Files, thereby covering an extent greater than its front in line, and consequently entailing loss of time in re-forming. It can reverse its front on no ground which is not spacious enough to admit of the wheel of a division of, we may suppose, nine or twelve men. Imagine such a squadron drawn up in a narrow lane, and required suddenly to show a front to its former rear: how would it do it? These objections might be trifling in the estimation of a French cuirassier, who never contemplated moving on ground which did not admit of the wheel of a division; but they are not trifling when considered with reference to their effect on the movements of cavalry through the narrow roads and lanes of England.

Finally, Colonel Conolly's squadron is to be formed in single rank. This formation, I grant, is the right one, as regards the attack upon Infantry or Artillery. A front-rank horse shot in a charge probably trips up his rear-rank follower; and the fear inspired on the part of the rear-rank of being thrown down, and on the part of the front rank of being tumbled over, can in no wise contribute to the energy of either. But when the question regards the encounter of cavalry with cavalry, the case in my opinion is different. The loose, broken appearance which a single rank assumes under slight disorder inevitably induced by an advance at speed, would afford a strong encouragement to its densely-massed opponents to push—if at nothing else—at all events at the gaps in the array; and a sharp dash at a gap, even though prompted by motives the reverse of valorous, might by the influence of example draw on the body of a squadron into a rush which it would be difficult to withstand.

I must request the reader to take notice that I lay no sort of claim to infallibility; that I do not even assert that I feel assured in my own mind that my own views are right. I confine myself to the statement that they seem to me to contain in principle an approach to what is right. As for any desire to see them rashly put into practice, I can safely say that if Heaven were so far to dement the Horse-Guards as to lead them straightway to reorganise the British Cavalry on my system, and make me Inspector-General, the most frightened man in the British service would be myself.

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THE ANGLO-GALLICAN BUDGET.

PLAUSIBILITY is a wonderful and valuable gift. For immediate effect it is almost as powerful as truth, which it always attempts to simulate—as cogent as sound reason, of which it is a clever imitation. It does not, indeed, impose upon us for any long period, because, like other shams, it is certain to be detected at last; but it may be so employed as to produce a favourable impression, and even lead to momentary conviction. Which of us has not been victimised, more than once, by some cunning and seemingly artless tale of distress, so plausibly narrated that our bowels of compassion were stirred within us, and our purse-strings readily unloosed? Yet let that tale which, when poured into our ears, seemed so utterly beyond the taint of suspicion, be recalled to memory and leisurely considered—the probability is that we shall then detect in it some inconsistency or contradiction, quite sufficient to throw great doubt upon the veracity of the narrator, but unmarked by us while under the influence of the pathetic spell. Also, if a stranger should happen to go into a court of law when a pleader of renown is opening a case divested of technicalities, the chances are that he will be won over by the eloquence, art, and ingenuity of the speaker; and, if he does not think fit to tarry for the reply, will return home fully impressed with the notion that the arguments which he has just heard are so convincing and conclusive that there is actually no room for refutation.

The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Gladstone, is a consummate master of plausibility. His financial speeches are really wonderful efforts of rhetoric. He arranges his matter so dexterously, he shifts so deftly from subject to subject, and interlards his discourse with so many axioms apparently sound and solid, riveting the attention of the audience as much by his manner as his matter, that immediate discussion of any of his schemes is felt to be profitless and absurd. With the voice of the declaimer sounding in our ears, we cannot duly weigh the accuracy of his facts, or test the solidity of his arguments. The music of the rhapsody must die away before we can give proper attention to the meaning and construction of the words. But Mr Gladstone is plausible even beyond this mark, which, had he been an orator of ancient times, would have made him the pride of the agora or the forum. His speeches are so well contrived, that even to the second audience—that is, the reading public—they convey some idea of his wonderful power, and exercise that degree of influence towards effecting persuasion which none but great orators can attain. We use no fantastic simile when we liken one of his financial speeches to a sheet of frozen water. Look at it well, survey it round the margin, and there is not visible a single crack or fissure. But, for all that, you will do well to pause, and consider, and feel your way, before you venture on the ice. It is not all of the same thickness. There are many parts of that seemingly solid, but really treacherous surface, which will not bear the weight of so substantial a personage as our worthy father, Mr Bull.

It is our purpose, in the present paper, to follow Mr Gladstone through some of his plausibilities, with the view of demonstrating that his present financial scheme, taken in connection with the French commercial treaty (from which it is inseparable), is not only unwise and unfair, but in some respects very injurious to the general interests of the country. The opinions which we have formed, upon an attentive perusal and reperusal of his speech—which we admit to be a masterpiece of art—are clear and decided. In this matter we are not influenced, in the slightest degree, by party considerations. We do not wish to see the present Ministry displaced. We are content with the knowledge that the Opposition is so strong that the Palmerston Cabinet dare not deviate much from the path of duty and

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sound British policy without experiencing a fatal reverse; and had Mr Gladstone presented us with another budget, the details of which he has more than shadowed out—evidently denoting that at one time he contemplated its adoption—we should have been content, under the circumstances, to have acceded to it, even though it involved further augmentation of that grievous impost the income-tax, of the ultimate extinction of which there seems no likelihood whatever. But this Budget differs, in one remarkable respect, from any other which has ever yet been brought forward by a British minister of finance. It is based on, and tabled along with, a Treaty of Commerce with France, a power of whose pacific intentions we have so little certainty, that the great deficit apparent on the estimated revenue of the approaching financial year, as compared with the expenditure, is solely owing to the necessity of increasing our armaments for simple purposes of defence. Now, we say that, however sincere may be the desire of the Emperor of the French for the adoption of a new and improved commercial system within his own dominions, it it not for the honour of this country to be entering into treaties, or to be making concessions, at such a time. We have the misfortune—if misfortune it be—to repose no faith in his sincerity. We regard this Treaty as an attempt to strike up a political, not a commercial alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and Britain, or at least to have the Treaty paraded as such before the eyes of the rest of Europe. We believe that the Emperor thinks, probably on the assurance of Mr Cobden, that if he can but entangle us in a commercial treaty, so framed that the income-tax shall be maintained at a war rate in time of peace, owing to concessions of revenue made for his especial advantage, the "nation of shopkeepers" will consent to his extension of the boundaries of France, to the absorption this year of Savoy, with the possible addition of a descent on Central Italy, and other slight contingent spoliations of duchies, provinces, and so forth, adjacent to his present eastern frontier, about which there is no immediate hurry. We desire to guard ourselves against the imputation of being opposed to friendly relations with France. We are fully impressed with the conviction that nothing could be more desirable for the peace of Europe, and for the interests of civilisation, than a cordial understanding and frank interchange between the two great powers of the West. But the antecedent conditions to that should have been—which, we are sorry to say, the present Ministry have neither the discernment, the courage, nor the patriotism to require—that France, whose real rights and territory are menaced by no European power, must renounce all schemes of conquest or aggrandisement, respect boundaries and treaties, abandon "ideas" and "inexorable logic of facts," and give a pledge to that effect by such a sweeping reduction of her armament by sea and land, already too great for her resources, as may convince us that she is thoroughly in earnest. It was in the power of the Palmerston Ministry to have insisted upon such conditions as an indispensable preliminary to entering into any treaty. They had not the courage to do so; and the consequence is, that while we are compelled to keep up a war establishment, we are asked, in an oleaginous way, to sacrifice a large portion of our ordinary customs' revenue in favour of France, and, besides that, to pay a larger amount of income-tax than before! And that in a year when, by the lapsing of the long annuities, no less a sum than two millions and upwards was taken from the public expenditure!

We wish to argue this matter quietly, and without any degree of excitement; but we must needs say, that, supposing it possible that old Noll Cromwell (whose British spirit we revere, whatever we may think of his behaviour in other respects) could have been present at the Cabinet meeting when such a degradation was proposed, the chances are that he would have cleared the apartment in as summary a manner as he once dispersed the House of Commons.

But—degradation or not—let us

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see how the balance stands. The first thing, of course, to be considered is the anticipated expenditure of the year, compared with the anticipated revenue. The statement of the expenditure we accept at once, without the slightest carping or criticism. It is stated at £70,100,000—a very large sum, no doubt, when we consider that the expenditure of the year ending 31st March 1859 was only £64,663,882. But to the gross amount we take no objection: we shall assume that it is necessary under existing circumstances. Turning to the revenue, we are told that, as the law presently stands, it may be estimated at £60,700,000, thus leaving a deficit of £9,400,000, for which Parliament must provide by taxation. This deficit seems a formidable one; but it must be remembered that it is caused by the subtraction from the revenue, first, of the income-tax, which, at the rate of ninepence in the pound, would yield £7,672,000; and, secondly, of the war-duties on tea and sugar, calculated at £2,100,000, together £9,772,000. Therefore, by continuing to levy, during next year, the same taxes which the nation has been paying for the last twelvemonth, the deficit would disappear, and we should have a surplus revenue of £372,000. This is the scheme which probably would have recommended itself to a Chancellor of the Exchequer who set less store upon the display of his genius than on the performance of a practical duty; and it might very well be vindicated on the ground that, although we are nominally at peace, we are still compelled to continue an expenditure as large as in the time of war. Many of us, however, think—and we confess that we are among the number—that it is of the utmost importance that the duties on tea and sugar, articles of such general consumption by the working classes, should be reduced to the *minimum;* and though there might have been a practical difficulty in effecting that immediately, the reduction of these duties ought undoubtedly to have preceded any other branch of fiscal relaxation. As for the income-tax, Mr Gladstone knows by long experience that, since there is no help for it, men will simply grumble and pay. The nation has been wonderfully docile and good-natured in submitting so long to an impost which is inquisitorial without being equal; and we were certainly entitled to expect that, if the deficit could in any way be made good without increasing the rate of income-tax, that method should have been adopted.

Having thus shown, from Mr Gladstone's own figures, that by the simple expedient of leaving intact the taxation of last year, or rather by passing an Act to legalise the continuance of the duties, the deficit would have been transformed into a surplus, let us see what our brilliant schemer actually proposes to do. In the first place, the tea and sugar duties are to be continued at the present high rate; in the second place, the income-tax is to be raised from ninepence to tenpence in the pound.

And is this all? By no manner of means. If you will have men of genius, brilliant schemers, and lovers of startling effects, to conduct the financial business of the nation, you must naturally expect some exhibitions of dexterity, we might almost say recklessness — some eccentric schemes, which hardly would have occurred to men of a more practical turn. There is to be a reduction of indirect taxation to the amount of £4,000,000, to be supplied partly by the additional income-tax penny, and partly by the imposition of some new taxes of inconsiderable amount, and savings expected to be made in the departments of customs and excise.

Now, as we are anxious to pursue this inquiry fairly and deliberately, we shall first record our general objection to remissions of taxation when there is no surplus available revenue. The shifting of burdens from the shoulders of one class of the community to those of another is at all times an invidious and detested operation, and never should be attempted except under very special circumstances indeed. It was, we know, a favourite resource of the late Sir Robert Peel, to whose traditions Mr Gladstone, who invariably prefers tradition to gospel, obstinately adheres; and the Whigs adopted it for the purpose of buying political sup-

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port. But it is really, if we calmly consider it, an indefensible system, and we feel its effects to the present day in the continuance of the income-tax. We cannot forget the insidious way in which this impost was resuscitated in 1842, when manufactures were in an extraordinary state of depression, and when, as Sir Robert Peel truly enough asserted, we had reached the limits of indirect taxation. The adoption of the income-tax under such circumstances was a wise, creditable, and perhaps inevitable concession; but it was expressly stated and understood that its operation should only be temporary, and that it should be taken off as soon as returning prosperity would allow. Whereas, notwithstanding all the prosperity which we have since enjoyed, and which has been so loudly vaunted, the income-tax remains, and at one time was actually doubled, while Ministers have gone on steadily proposing and carrying further measures for remitting indirect taxation. Her Majesty, in her Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament, congratulated herself and the country on the unusual state of prosperity which prevailed at home. The practical sequel of that congratulation is the proposal to increase the income-tax in order to proceed with further remissions of duty. Mr Gladstone may possibly think that he is following on the footsteps of his master. Not so. There is a marked difference between the two cases. Sir Robert Peel proposed an income-tax of sevenpence, expressly because manufactures were depressed—Mr Gladstone proposes to raise it to tenpence, *because manufactures are buoyant and prosperous!*

We repeat, therefore, that we have to record our dissent from all remissions of taxation, when there is no available surplus of revenue; and we next maintain that, supposing that good cause could be shown for making any reductions, considering the state of our finance—and Mr Gladstone has as yet shown none—the consumers of tea and sugar were primarily entitled to that benefit. Passing from these, let us look to the kind of reductions which he has propounded for our acceptance.

These we must divide, for the sake of perspicuity, into two classes—first, those which have little or no connection with the French treaty of commerce; and, secondly, those which are expressly included in its stipulations. It is necessary to discriminate between what are matters of gratuity and what are matters of special bargain.

The first great financial sacrifice, and undoubtedly as regards amount the most important, is the total abolition of the paper-duties, which lops from the revenue a million. Against these duties a very loud but not general clamour has been raised. That circumstance may be easily explained. Besides papermakers—publishers, authors, and proprietors of newspapers, were the parties chiefly interested in their removal; and as they had the command of the whole press, a constant clamour was kept up by the journals. We shall not affect to deny that we have a considerable interest in this matter, for the abolition of the paper-duty would be so much absolute gain both to publishers and authors; but we have never joined in the outcry against it, because we are not satisfied that any appreciable benefit would accrue to the purchasers. We consider this, in so far as regards the consumer, a very reasonable and unoppressive tax, certainly not one which ought to be removed at a period of financial derangement. We observe also that Mr Gladstone has stated reasons for the removal of the duty which are purely fanciful. He said: "Above all, let me say the great advantage of this change, in my opinion, and in the opinion of her Majesty's Government, is, that you will promote a diffused demand, and a demand for rural labour; that you will not merely stimulate the process of massing people in great centres of industry, but the demand for labour all over the country. Where there are streams, where there are villages, where there is pure and good air and tolerable access, these are the places where the paper manufacture delights to rest itself." It is amusing to note the sly commentary of the *Times* on this burst of philanthropic enthusiasm, even when the writer is acknowledging his satis-

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faction with the proffered measure. "We admire Mr Gladstone's enthusiasm. We have no objection to his making coaches, and pipes, and dolls, and teapots, and artificial arms, as he professes that he and his friends are about to do, out of paper. We smile indulgently at his romantic and Arcadian scheme of rearing mills in every rural valley, whither the villagers will flock to make the paper of their village journal, and linger as they return in the evening to watch the angler casting his fly over the mill-tail. We desire the realisation of his dream, that by means of this paper manufacture wages will become plentiful and poor-rates unknown. But this is the enthusiasm of a recent convert, who is imagining arguments to convince his hearers, rather than expounding those by which he was himself convinced. Alas! no village mills will ever again arise. These were all destroyed, not by the paper-duty, but by Fourdrinier's paper-making machine, which rendered papermaking, like cotton-spinning, an affair of capital and machinery and great establishments. When handloom-weaving again becomes a flourishing trade, and the distaff and spindle are seen in every cottage, then we shall have again the village paper-mill, and not before."

The truth is, that Mr Gladstone, like other men, when they expatiate on a subject which they do not understand, talked a great deal of nonsense. A stuff which by courtesy may be denominated paper, can be manufactured out of almost any kind of fibrous substance; but good paper for literary use can only be made from rags. Now in England there is a great deficiency of rags, which materially affects the price of paper, and we are fenced by prohibitory duties from the reliques of Continental scarecrows. We are not permitted to trade unreservedly with the foreign chiffonier. Is it by accident or design that the word "paper" has not been inserted in the list of articles specified in the treaty of commerce with France, to be hereafter imported free of duty? We looked for it there, but, finding it not, concluded that it was still to enjoy the considerable protective duty of 2½d. to 3d. per lb. We find, however, on reference to another part of Mr Gladstone's speech, that the duties on imported paper are to cease. We recommend that fact to the attention of our friends, the papermakers, both of the ordinary and artistical kind. French writing and printing paper is very fine, and comparatively very cheap, for our neighbours are fortunate in a large command of rags in proportion to the paper they use. Their flock papers for decoration are generally admitted to be much more beautiful than ours, and will get the preference in the market. We question, therefore, whether our papermakers will accept Mr Gladstone's boon with that gratitude which he evidently expects.

The next reduction of importance is the lowering of the timber-duties from 7s. 6d. and 15s. to the colonial rate of 1s. and 2s. As this is a matter affecting colonial interests, there may possibly be objections to it, of which we are not aware. Saving these, we should have approved of the measure, provided it had been proposed at a time when there was an available surplus revenue.

It would appear, however, that Mr Gladstone is determined to throw away revenue, not only for the alleged benefit of the consumer, which carries with it some show of reason, but in some cases for no more practical object than promoting what he calls "that most desired consummation of all reformers—a simplification of the customs' tariff of the country!" Most earnestly and emphatically do we protest against the utter recklessness and folly of sacrificing certain duties which do not affect the consumer, for no other end than a diminution in the number of articles to stand in our future tariff. Let us see what these proposed abolitions are. "We propose," said Mr Gladstone, "to abolish entirely and immediately the duty on butter, which yields £95,000; the duty on tallow, which yields £87,000; the duty on cheese, which yields £44,000; on oranges and lemons, yielding £32,000; on eggs, £22,000; on nuts, £12,000; on nutmegs, £11,000; paper, £10,000; liquorice, £9000; dates, £7000; and various other

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minor articles, the total of these abolitions amounting to £382,000." Some of these are doubtless articles of general consumption; but the abolition of the duties upon them will in no wise benefit the consumer —it is a mere waste of valuable revenue. Let us explain this.

We first point to three articles which are staples of British produce; butter, cheese, and eggs. At present we derive £161,000 of revenue from such articles imported. That is not, however, a protective duty, for if it were abolished to-morrow, the market price of butter, cheese, and eggs would not be affected in the least. The great mass of these agricultural products is, and ever must be, raised within this country, and the prices are such as barely leave a profitable margin. Some people prefer Parmesan and Gruyere cheese to Stilton and Dunlop, and some consider the salted butter of Holstein or Holland as better cured than our own; but that is simply a matter of taste, not one of cheapness. Generally speaking, the market rule will be fixed by our own producers; and the only appreciable consequence of the abolition of the duties will be the loss to the revenue. But it may be asked, who will profit by the remission? We answer, in this case, the foreign producer. There are, correctly speaking, only three parties who can derive any benefit from a remission of duty; and these are the producer, the retailer, and the consumer. In this case it is the producer—that is, the Dutchman, Dane, or whatever else he may be, that must be the gainer. He will not lower the price of his cheese or butter, because he knows it commands a certain price in the British market as a special article. Like a wise man, he will pocket the difference, and snigger at the simplicity of the pudding-headed English who have given him a bonus which he certainly had no reason to expect.

We might have included tallow in the above list, which would have swelled the pure squandering of revenue, as uselessly as if so many gold sovereigns were annually to be tossed into the sea, from £161,000 to £248,000; but though we are convinced that neither the consumer nor the retailer can profit anything (for the duty on tallow is only 1s. 6d. per cwt.) by the abolition, we have placed it by itself.

As for oranges, lemons, nuts, dates, liquorice, and the like, it may be possible that the remission of duties may give a very small additional profit to the retailer; but assuredly there will be no lowering of price to the consumer, for the duties are at present so low on articles which the consumer purchases only in quantities which are infinitesimal, that there is no margin for reduction. The profit to the retailer, if any, would be hardly worth taking into account; but the loss to the revenue would amount to £154,000.

As to paper, which is modestly put down at £10,000, we have already spoken. If our papermakers and paper-stainers like this proposition, let them by all means accept it. If a million of revenue is to disappear with the removal of the excise duty, of course we cannot, in decency, tax foreign paper. Whether or no they will be able to persuade the Lazzaroni of Europe to favour them with their rags, is a question upon which we shall not enter. It is more complicated than the notion of Mr Gladstone, who thinks it quite possible that champagne may be fabricated out of rhubarb stalks, and that the residuary fibre may be afterwards converted into beautiful paper, which may possibly be enriched by a reprint of his valuable treatise upon Homer.

So far regarding articles upon which Mr Gladstone proposes the total abolition of duties. But there are some others which he proposes only to reduce. These are—currants, from 16s. 9d. to 7s. per cwt.; raisins, from 10s. to 7s.; figs, from 10s. to 7s.; hops, from 45s. to 14s. The total amount of these reductions, including the timber-duty, Mr Gladstone estimates at £650,000.

The only reduction to which we can honestly give our assent is that upon currants. This proposal is probably the only beneficial result of Mr Gladstone's mission to the Ionian Islands; for we cannot regard his recorded genuflexions to a frowsy

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Greek patriarch as either rational or orthodox. We admit the currants as a benefit to the consumer. The reduction on figs and raisins may benefit the retailer, but not the consumer; and the reduction of the duty on foreign hops is equivalent to the destruction of a considerable, though precarious branch of British agriculture. It is well known that, except in Kent and the southern counties of England, we cannot grow hops profitably. The culture of that plant is confined to a limited zone; but it is one of all others in which we are interested. To throw the English hop-grounds out of operation and production, would be pauperism to many thousands of souls who depend upon hop-picking for their existence. The British hop, moreover, makes the very best kind of beer. There is nothing equal to it; but it seems advisable now, in order that our people may be persuaded to drink thin claret — which we firmly believe they will not do, under any amount of coercion—to smash the hop-growers; and accordingly, they are to have an excise relief of three shillings, whereas the foreign competitor comes in with the full advantage of thirty-one shillings of bonus. This, however, will make no perceptible difference to the consumer; the only parties likely to benefit by the reduction are the brewers.

These fiscal changes, along with the reduction of the timber-duties, will occasion a loss to the revenue of £650,000; so that, before we proceed to the consideration of the treaty of commerce with France, we find that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has gratuitously and voluntarily abandoned duties to the extent of £2,032,000, he starting with an acknowledged deficit of £9,400,000! Really it would seem impossible, on calm reflection, to sanction such recklessness—for, observe, in return for all these concessions to the consumer, we are to receive no appreciable benefit in supplying the wants of the Exchequer. It is not the case of a diminished duty recruiting itself by augmented consumption—it is simple abolition of duties, the sacrificed money to be found elsewhere. Mr Gladstone, being M.P. for Oxford, ought to know something of the habits of the young men there. Did he never hear the story of the youth of some pretension, who, having been sent to the University, was unfortunately munimented by a bachelor uncle with more cash than was altogether prudent; and who, adopting the system of "tick" with his tradesmen, lent his money on I. O. U.'s to a set of deliberate sharpers? The tradesmen, after a certain period, became clamorous for payment of their bills, which might easily have been arranged had the ungenerous youth chosen to coerce his debtors. But that, in his opinion, was not the gentlemanly course. When urged to do so, he thrust his hands into the pockets of his peg-tops, and exclaimed, "Don't bother! Let my old uncle stand Sam." By this mystical phrase he intended to convey his notion that his respected relative was bound, without any investigation into his circumstances or engagements, to free him from all responsibility—and if Mr Gladstone cannot understand this apologue or parable, we shall explain it. The young man typifies the Chancellor of the Exchequer; the uncle is the contributor to the income-tax; the actual debtors are those who, not paying income-tax, are to be relieved from indirect taxation. Gladstone, as a rhetorician, is much superior to Peel, but he is not nearly so wary or guarded. It was always difficult to upset Peel. You have merely to allow Gladstone possession of the reins; and before he has driven a single stage, he is certain to upset himself.

But of greater importance than even these reductions of duties, are the provisions and stipulations contained in the treaty of commerce with France. We cannot help regretting that Ministers should have compromised us by entering into any treaty of the kind; for surely it is more desirable that a country should be left free to alter or modify its financial arrangements, than that it should be bound for a long tract of time by engagements to another. At all events, such a treaty can only be vindicated on the ground that it

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offers to us very great advantages. Whether that be so, or no, it is now our business to inquire.

First, let us remark that the treaty is to last for ten years, during which time the hands of the official successors of Mr Gladstone are tied up. That may not be an exorbitant period for the endurance of a treaty, but it may be productive of serious consequences to some important interests, and furnishes a strong argument against entering into absolute engagements. Now then let us see what advantages are held out.

France is ready to receive our staple articles of manufacture of almost every kind, after 1st October 1861, at a maximum duty of thirty per cent, *ad valorem*, to be subsequently reduced to twenty-five per cent. It is expressly stipulated, however, that this part of the treaty is not to come into operation until 1st October 1861, so that *for nineteen months* from the present date there will be no alteration in the French tariff as regards the admission of British staple manufactures. But there are important exceptions in favour of other articles. British coal and coke will be received in France at the low duty of fifteen centimes for the hundred kilogrammes (it being expressly stipulated that no export duty is to be charged), on the 1st of July 1860. Bar and pig iron and steel will be taken from 1st October, and machinery and tools from the 31st December, in the present year. Yarns and manufactures in flax and hemp will be admitted from 1st June 1861.

France, therefore, when the treaty on her part comes into operation, is to levy a protective or revenue duty—for the terms may be held as synonymous—of 30 to 25 per cent *ad valorem* on all articles of British manufacture. We apprehend that even Mr Cobden would hardly venture to denominate this arrangement an approximation to free-trade. Neither is it reciprocity, for we engage to admit most kinds of French manufactures free altogether from duty. This is a question eminently for the consideration of our manufacturers. In France they will have to contend against a 30 per cent duty; while at home they must meet the foreign manufacturer on equal terms. It is precisely analogous to the case of granting a bill for £100 and receiving only £70. How this can be made matter of general congratulation we are really puzzled to conceive, and we doubt whether Mr Gladstone himself thoroughly understands the question. It appears to us incomprehensible why the removal of duties on French manufactures should take place immediately, instead of being made simultaneous with the operation of the new tariff in France. We cannot regard this as other than a bad bargain, in which the British Ministry and Plenipotentiaries have been grossly outwitted; and we decidedly object to the loss of £432,000 of revenue presently levied on goods of foreign manufacture.

But a much more serious question presents itself when we consider the stipulations of the treaty in regard to the export of coal. That this is the article most eagerly coveted by France is evident both from the early period fixed for its admission, and from the low rate of duty which is to be levied upon it. We can easily understand this. A large supply, and even accumulated store of coal, which France has not the means of raising from beneath her own soil, is absolutely necessary in order to complete the efficiency of her immense steam war-navy. France is already provided with ships, with machinery, and with men. Give her coal also, and you give her the means of putting that navy into motion.

But there is a consideration paramount to all others, which does not seem even to have occurred to our Ministers. Coal is not of the nature of manufactures or produce. It is part of the *solum* of the country which we occupy, and so valuable a part, that from it we have derived more wealth than from any other source. Without it we should be nothing. It is the foundation of all our manufactures; and in parting with it, we are parting with the real capital of the nation. It is quite different from iron, which is a manufacture expressed from ores, the supply of which is inexhaustible. Coal, once used, cannot be replaced. The

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British coal-beds, though undoubtedly large, must in process of time be exhausted; and when they are exhausted, our supremacy in manufactures must cease; for we have no other kind of fuel which can adequately supply its place. Scientific men have come to the conclusion, after considering all the available data and information, that there is not more coal in Britain than will supply our own wants, even at the present rate of consumption, for more than 250 or 300 years; and clearly we must make allowance for a very large increased consumption in coming years. It may therefore happen that at a future period of time, not remoter from the present, and perhaps nearer, than is the union of the crowns of England and Scotland under James I., the whole of our coal-seams may be exhausted. Under these circumstances, and with such a prospect, are we entitled, setting immediate political considerations altogether apart, to alienate this valuable possession? That was not the opinion of the late Sir Robert Peel, who, in his celebrated financial measure of 1842, laid a duty of four shillings a ton on *exported coals*, calculating the revenue to be derived from that source at £200,000. That is not the opinion of Mr M'Culloch, who would not object to an eight-shilling export duty.

This is a subject which has not yet been properly considered by writers on political economy. None of them, of course, can be blind to the enormous advantage which England possesses in her coal-fields, and Mr Porter thus expatiates upon it: "The value of the mineral products of England would be greatly inferior to what it actually is, were it not for the abundant supply of good coal found in various districts of the kingdom. It cannot here be necessary to point out the many advantages which we derive from the possession of our coal-mines, the sources of greater riches than ever issued from the mines of Peru, or from the diamond grounds at the base of the Neela Mulla mountains. But for our command of fuel, the inventions of Watt and Arkwright would have been of small account; our iron mines must long since have ceased to be worked, and nearly every important branch of manufacture which we now possess must have been rendered impracticable, or, at best, have been conducted upon a comparatively insignificant scale." So far well; but, on examining the analytical index to the volume, we find the following reference,—"Coal, English, jealous and erroneous exclusion of, from France." We turn to the text; and there we find that Mr Porter's remarks apply exclusively to iron, and not in any degree to coal!

In truth, to supply France with coal, is to strike a blow at our iron home manufacture. Let France by all means have iron, which is the product of British industry; but do not let us commit the suicidal folly of parting with our coal, which is the great source of all our wealth; which smelts our iron, sets our machinery in motion, lights and warms our homes; but which, alas! we know must one day disappear. It is far too valuable to be wasted or given away to other people. It is the proper and peculiar heritage of the nation, and such unquestionably it ought to remain.

But, apart from the general principle, there are, we apprehend, immediate grounds for objecting to that part of the treaty which would prevent us from regulating the foreign consumption of our coal. The eleventh article is as follows:—"The two high contracting powers engage not to prohibit the exportation of coal, and to levy no duty upon such exportation." This sounds fair enough; but let it be observed that, in so far as regards coal, *the treaty is entirely one-sided*. We neither expect nor wish to receive coal from France. The effect, therefore, of that article of treaty is simply to deprive us of the power of regulating the British coal-trade. Its insertion is a strong proof of the far-seeing sagacity of the Emperor of the French, and his superior astuteness to those with whom he has been dealing; for we cannot doubt that he is fully aware of what must be the immediate consequence here of a large export of coal to France.

The internal demand for coal is at

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present so great, that our manufacturers have much difficulty in procuring enough for their own immediate use. Besides the smelting-furnaces, which consume vast heaps of that noble mineral, coal must be found for the railways, engine-works, gas-works, and the general fuel of the nation. We have made anxious inquiry into the subject, and we are assured by those who are best competent to form an opinion, that a new demand of magnitude, such as would be occasioned by the appearance of France as a consumer, would have the immediate and permanent effect of raising the price of coal *by at least twenty-five per cent.* Mr Gladstone's tendency, if we are to believe his own account of himself, is to sacrifice everything for the consumer—in a word, to promote cheapness. Now, if there should be a rise to the extent we have mentioned in the price of coal —which, be it marked, is the estimated *minimum*, for it may possibly be greater—the cost of production throughout Great Britain will be increased, and there will be an augmentation in the price of all articles of manufacture which depend upon the use of coal. Iron, which is a grand staple, and which is used for countless purposes, will become proportionally dearer; because the main cost of producing iron, independent of works and wages, is the price of the coal. But let us put the simpler case of the consumers of coal for household purposes, which applies to the very poorest of the population. Coal varies in price, not only as regards quality, but according to the distance from the pit-mouth where it is put out. In Edinburgh a fair coal for domestic purposes can be procured, under ordinary circumstances, for 12s. a-ton. The export to France will immediately raise the price to 15s. Is *that* of no importance to the British consumer? Are the many thousands of the poor and unemployed labouring men, who huddle round the handful of embers on the dreary winter-nights, to be compensated for the restriction of that fuel which is as necessary to their existence as food, by importations of cheap gloves, thin claret, and bronze articles of Parisian manufacture? We have a better opinion of Mr Gladstone's heart than of his head (apart, we mean, from all matters connected with scholarship and speechification; for it is no unusual thing to find genius combined with an utter lack of judgment and forethought); and we do not believe that he contemplated any such result, when he gave way to this ill-omened treaty. In fact, we do not impute the blame to him. We impute it to Lord Palmerston, who, for the double purpose of serving his friend the Emperor of the French, and of conciliating the Manchester school, selected Mr Cobden as the proper person to negotiate this treaty of commerce. We have not always spoken of Mr Cobden in the most laudatory terms; neither shall we do so now. We hold him to be a man possessed by but one idea, which he is resolute to carry out, regardless of reason and of sense—admitting of no exceptions—careless of individual or of class suffering—blind to political combinations—contemptuous of the lessons of experience, for which he is perhaps the less to be blamed because he is utterly ignorant of history—very vain—very dogmatic—and by no means remarkable for business talents or ability. To have intrusted such a man with the negotiation of a treaty in which the welfare of Britain was concerned, argues a degree of recklessness of which we hardly could have supposed even Lord Palmerston to have been guilty. It is curious to remark that Mr Cobden now stands in the same relation to Lord Palmerston, as the late John M'Gregor did to Sir Robert Peel. Both veteran statesmen were of opinion that they had discovered oracles; but, as the dream of the one was dissipated, so assuredly will be the hallucination of the other. Mr Cobden, in the hands of Louis Napoleon, was more helpless than the merest baby. Rather than not conclude the treaty, he would have conceded anything; and his colleague plenipotentiary, Lord Cowley, a diplomatist of the antique school, has about as much knowledge of commercial details and policy, as a Caffre has of the mysteries of horse-racing.

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It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this point as regards the treaty of commerce. On the French side it has been weighed, enforced, fenced, guarded; and, in fact, is their main object in making the treaty. They want our coal for warlike purposes—they desire to accumulate a stock of it—and therefore they have got an article inserted, which, if assented to by the British Parliament, prevents us, under any circumstances, from controlling the export. France may go to war with our allies; but, if not absolutely at war with us, we cannot refuse to supply her with the chief muniment of maritime enterprise, and we can neither prohibit nor lay on an export duty. Is that a position in which this country should voluntarily agree to place itself, considering the experience of the last year, and in the face of the undenied design of the annexation of Savoy to France? Should we, under any circumstances, commit ourselves to this—that, in the event of a Continental war, waged by France for extension of her frontier, or for any other purpose of which we may disapprove, our mineral resources shall be available to France, and beyond our control, for the suppression of the very cause which has engaged the heart of the nation? That is the effect of the present treaty. If France chooses to make war with Prussia, we are bound by this compact to furnish France with coal to smite our ally. We may even give France eleemosynary coal-heaps, to try the strength of Malta. But far beyond any other consideration, is the sacrifice of our national fuel—the *solum* of our land—to the Frenchman; who, taking it for war purposes, will raise the price of that commodity so high as to distress the British artisan.

The more we study this treaty, the more egregiously one-sided do its provisions appear. For example, the 3d Article, referring to importations of British goods into France, is as follows:—"It is understood that the rates of duty mentioned in the preceding articles are independent of the differential duties in favour of French shipping, with which duties they shall not interfere." There is free-trade for you with a vengeance! What was Mr Cobden thinking of when he allowed that clause to be inserted? Why, if it was deemed advisable that there should be any treaty of commerce, the abolition of those differential duties ought to have been insisted on as a *sine qua non*—as the proper subject for the first and fundamentary Article. Their maintenance is simply a further advantage to France of 30 per cent. Nay, if we are right in our construction of this treaty, it would appear that Mr Gladstone, in the plenitude of his generosity (a virtue which it is easy to practise when payment has to be made from the pockets of other people) has given greater advantages to France than were either stipulated or required. The 8th Article of the treaty contains the following provision:—"Her Britannic Majesty undertakes to recommend to Parliament *the admission of paper-hangings* imported from France at a duty *equal to the Excise-tax*,—that is to say, at 14s. per hundredweight; and card-board of the same origin at a duty which shall not exceed 15s. per hundredweight." The treaty bears the date of 23d January last; and the above-quoted clause is a pretty sure indication that Mr Gladstone did not *then* intend to remove the excise duty upon paper. This is a curious fact in the natural history of budgets. Can it be that financial schemes are sometimes improvised? Can it be that the delay in producing the Budget was attributable less to a catarrhal affection than to want of due preparation? Or can it be that Louis Napoleon, on looking over the treaty after it was signed, found that he had omitted to get the paperhangings of France included in the list of articles which are hereafter to be imported free of duty, and sent over an intimation to that effect, suggesting that by the total abolition of the British excise-duty on paper the difficulty would at once be solved? The last supposition appears to us, on the whole, the most probable: if it should prove to be the fact, what other conclusion can we form, than that a million of British revenue has been

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sacrificed in order to let in French fancy paper duty-free?

But we are to get cheap wine and brandy from France. True; but let us reckon the cost. Mr Gladstone says that the reduction of the duty upon wine from 5s. 10d. to 3s. will entail upon the revenue, *after allowing for an increase of consumption to the extent of* 35 *per cent*, a loss of £515,000—that the reduction of the duty upon brandy from 15s. to 8s. 2d. a gallon, will, also on the assumption of a larger quantity being consumed, imply a sacrifice of £225,000. So that for this vinous and alcoholic experiment we must pay £740,000 yearly at the very least, and probably much more, for we cannot reckon on an immediate increased consumption to the extent of 35 per cent.

It is really amusing to note the sudden enthusiasm of Ministers for the introduction of *vin ordinaire*. Not many years ago, Mr Oliveira, a former member of the House of Commons, made a pet question of the reduction of the wine-duties, but he could persuade nobody to listen to him. He was snubbed at all hands, and was nicknamed by facetious underlings of the Treasury, the "Friend of the Cholera." But now the note is altered. "Fill up your glasses, brave boys! Circulate the rosy! Here's to jolly Bacchus! Confound the expense!" are the cries proceeding from the Treasury bench; and Mr Gladstone, who used to be esteemed a kind of anchorite, expatiates upon the advantages of tipple with the unction of a veteran toper. Yet, after all, it is but a dreary affectation of jollity. His sentences do not reel properly, and he has evidently qualms when recommending to the public the substitution of thin potations for the more nutritious and comfortable malt. So he presently drops the semblance of hilarity; and feeling, no doubt, like Mr Sergeant Buzfuz, that "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart—it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened," he falls back upon the pathetic, and dilutes the liquor with his tears. "There is a time which comes to all of us—the time, I mean, of sickness—when wine becomes a common necessary. What kind of wine is administered to the poor man in this country? You have got a law which makes it impossible for the poor man, when he is sick, to obtain the comfort and support derived from good wine, unless he is fortunate enough to live in the neighbourhood of some charitable and rich friend. Consult the medical profession; ask what sort of wine is supplied to boards of guardians in this country; go on board the Queen's ships, and see the wine supplied there." We are sorry that Mr Gladstone should have condescended to such palpable slip-slop as this. In the first place, the class of cases of sickness in which wine is medically prescribed is a very limited one. In the second place, no medical practitioner in his senses would think of prescribing thin claret to a patient. Reduce the duty to nothing, and you will find that the wine taken by boards for the relief of the poor will still be adulterated; for the system of adulteration in this country is unfortunately general, and is applied to most articles of consumption, as has been made very clear by recent investigation and analysis. If the wine supplied to her Majesty's ships is so bad as Mr Gladstone represents it, let the Admiralty see to that, for the wine so supplied is taken out of bond, and pays no duty whatever. Nor is he one whit more happy or cogent in his argument when he refers to the national taste. He says *now*: "Taste is mutable. It is idle to talk of the taste for port and sherry, and the highly-brandied wines, as fixed and unchangeable. There is a power of unbounded supply of wine if you will only alter your law, and there is a power, I won't say of unbounded demand, but of an enormously increased demand, for this most useful and valuable commodity." But we turn to the debate of 5th April 1853, on the motion of Mr Oliveira for the reduction of the wine-duty, and there we find Mr Gladstone, in his capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer, maintaining that "he did not think that the taste with respect to wine, or any other article, was to be revolutionised or materially modified in a day. The

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present state of the taste for wine in this country he considered to be the result of the long prevalence of the existing financial system; but he held that you could not alter it essentially, except in the course of years." Mr Gladstone then objected to any reduction of the wine-duty: 1st, Because it would occasion a loss to the revenue which could not for a long time be compensated by increased consumption; and, 2d, Because the advocates of the reduction of the wine-duties were "competitors with a host of persons recommending reduction upon other articles as important—nay, *in some cases more important*—upon the whole, to the comfort of the community. If you said we must sacrifice £1,000,000 for some years upon wine, you must be prepared to confront those who told you—and told you truly—that with that £1,000,000 a-year *you might effect a great reform in the duties upon tea;* you might effect something very near a reconstruction of your Customs' tariff generally." Accordingly, in bringing forward his budget on 18th April 1853, Mr Gladstone declined making any reduction on the wine-duties, but proposed an immediate reduction on tea, from 2s. 2½d. to 1s. 10d., with a prospective reduction, making the duty, from and after April 1856, 1s. on the pound of tea.

Now, lest it should be said that Mr Gladstone's objections to the scheme of Mr Oliveira were mainly directed against the proposal of the latter, that the wine-duty should be reduced to 1s. per gallon, and that he might have been more favourably disposed if a lesser reduction had been suggested, let us quote his own words from the financial statement of the year. Having announced generally that the Government had determined to make no change in those duties, he said that one plan which might have been adopted but for the conviction of the Ministry that the existing duties should be retained, would be "to reduce the duty to a low uniform duty of 1s. 6d. or 2s., or, at most, say 2s. 6d. the gallon. Now, you cannot do that unless you are prepared to sacrifice an amount of revenue for the first year of at the very least £700,000, besides an additional difficulty in regard to the drawback on stocks in hand, with respect to which it is possible that the Government might form a sturdy resolution, in which the House of Commons might afterwards be induced not to concur. But, whether that be so or not, a loss to the revenue of £700,000 more on the article of wine is very serious; and the importance of the change in connection with its cost will not, we think, advantageously bear a comparison with other objects that the Government have in view."

It is worth noting that Mr Oliveira distinctly expressed his opinion that it should be "a *sine quâ non*, in granting the reduction of duty on foreign wines, that the countries so favoured should, *at the same time*, admit British manufactured goods at a corresponding low duty;" but that view was sternly repudiated by the Chamber of Commerce of Manchester, who held it to be a violation of the principles of free-trade; and also by the late Mr Porter, who gave his opinion thus:—"In dealing with our own tariff, I would never ask if a foreign Government would do it. I would do that which I thought for the best interests of this country, and have them do the best they could for the interests of their own country." That is unquestionably the cardinal doctrine of free-trade, from which this treaty of commerce with France is a gross departure; and Mr Cobden, who negotiated it, the Ministry who have adopted it, and the members of the Manchester Chamber who have approved of it, are, one and all, renegades from their political faith, and now fall back upon the reciprocity doctrine, which was that maintained by the Protectionists. The doctrine, however, is one thing, the practical application is another; and in making this bargain with France, we must needs say that our neophytes have exhibited much more zeal than discretion. That the conversion is of recent date the following extracts will show. In July last Lord John Russell was pleased to observe, in his own sententious way:—"I should be very loth to enter into any sort of correspondence which

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[illegible] Times

[illegible] Mr Gladstone [illegible] Mr Cobden [illegible] Mr Bright [illegible] Mr Milner Gibson [illegible] Mr Villiers [illegible] Mr Lowe [illegible] Mr Roebuck [illegible] Mr Ayrton [illegible] Mr Layard [illegible] Mr Horsman [illegible] Mr Fawcett [illegible] Mr Forster [illegible] Mr Goschen [illegible] Mr Lowe [

upon wine. Now, we consider that the Government is in some degree pledged to reduce the duties on tea and sugar, by removing the additional tax on those articles which was levied on account of the war, before it makes any other kind of remission; and no member of the Government is so strongly bound, in honour and on principle, to adhere to that pledge as Mr Gladstone, who, in 1853, proposed that after April 1856 the duty upon tea should be 1s. per lb. In his Budget of that year he gave tea the decided preference to wine—in his present Budget he takes exactly the opposite view. Plausible as he is, he cannot invent arguments to excuse this change of opinion. Why should he? We all know perfectly well how the matter stands. Let him face the difficulty like a man, and plead the *sic volo sic jubeo* of our guileless and disinterested ally.

One other observation we must make before we conclude. The Budget, taken as a whole, is defective; for it does not provide for the raising of sufficient revenue to meet the expenditure. This is a point of real importance; for, if the estimated expenditure for the following year should happen to be as large as that of 1860, there will be a new deficit which can only be met by a further augmentation of the income-tax. Mr Gladstone has included in his revenue account a quarter of a million received from Spain, being payment of an old debt, and also takes as revenue £1,400,000 of malt and hop credits which are to be called up. Further, he has thrown into the revenue of the year no less than three millions of income-tax, which, by existing arrangements, would form part of the revenue of the succeeding year. Moreover, he has postponed payment of £1,000,000 of Exchequer bonds. Therefore, in 1861, Mr Gladstone, or whoever may be then Chancellor of the Exchequer, must, supposing that our expenditure is not materially lessened, be prepared to face an additional deficit of more than five millions and a half. Can there be any stronger argument than this against the proposed remissions of excise and customs' duties?

We are told that, the treaty having been concluded, though subject to the approval of Parliament, we should allow it to come into operation, even though we may object to its details, lest we should rouse an angry feeling among our neighbours. We protest against any such doctrine as unconstitutional and unworthy; for if that were once accepted, Ministers would be omnipotent, and the functions of a free Parliament curtailed. But have the men who hold this language really considered what are the true sentiments of the French people; or, rather, that most important section of them, the manufacturers, in regard to this treaty? If the newspaper accounts are to be trusted, they are vehemently opposed to its tendency and its provisions. They prophesy that the introduction of British manufactures into France, even though fenced by an import duty of 30 and 25 per cent, will be their ruin; and they have even gone the length of representing to their Emperor that the inevitable result of this treaty must be a war, for the purpose of relieving them from their engagements. Whether they are right or wrong in their anticipations of the effect which this treaty will have upon the industrial interests of France, we cannot take upon us to say; but there can be no doubt that the treaty, as a whole, is hateful to the French manufacturers, the only class who sincerely desire—or hitherto have done so—to cultivate friendly relations with this country. It is on account of the intensity of that feeling that the introduction of British manufactures into France has been postponed for nineteen months—at least such is the reason assigned by the French diplomatists, who, it may be, are secretly of opinion that, if they contrive to get a sufficient supply of our coal, especially of that kind which is adapted for purposes of naval warfare, in the *interim*, there is not much likelihood that France will be inundated by British manufactures. In our relations with foreign states, we

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have now recognised the principle of taking into account the will of the nations, as well as the wish of their rulers. From all we can see or learn, the will of the French nation is against this treaty. No doubt there have been pamphlets issued by economical writers in its support; but these meet with no attention, and make no proselytes. The grand fact remains that the French manufacturers loathe the treaty, and say that they would rather risk a war with Great Britain than see it brought into full operation.

This appears to us to be a very serious matter indeed. The French are a jealous and highly irritable people; and it is a vast misfortune that their present constitution is such, that we have no means of ascertaining what is the aggregate general opinion. Had there been a free Chamber of Deputies, representing agricultural, manufacturing, and trading interests, their resolutions would have been an excellent guide. But there is nothing of the kind. We have to deal solely with a dark inscrutable man, upon whose good faith it is impossible to place any reliance. Mr Bright and his disciples profess to have the utmost confidence in his probity; but, on the contrary, the transactions of the last twelve months bear damning evidence to the contrary. What have become of the stipulations of Villafranca?—where is the Treaty of Zurich?—what is this we hear about the bargain for the cession of Savoy, in case Sardinia should acquire Lombardy, and the annexation of Nice, if Venetia could be wrested from the Austrians? Let us not be duped. The only great permanent and pacific interest in France is opposed—rightfully or wrongfully, we need not inquire—to this treaty of commerce. It is the commercial voice, in spite of despotism and suppression of journals, which speaks; and we are bound to listen to it. We do not require to push our trade with France in the face of remonstrance; and if we try to do so, we alienate from our side, and from the cause of tranquillity and peace, the only class of Frenchmen who are our real well-wishers, and whose interest is the maintenance of peace. One day or other, the Empire will end—not possibly without convulsion, but end it will. Such a nation as the French will not endure the burden long. But, while the present system lasts, it is of the last importance that we should not mistake the will of the Emperor for the wish of the nation. We must not let it be supposed that, for any political ends, we have ratified a bargain with the Prince, which we would not have submitted to the free discussion of the people. We are against the treaty altogether. We say, Let it die, perish as waste paper, and let each country adjust its own tariff according to its exigencies. If the Free-traders object to this course, we refer them to their own publications.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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WELLINGTON'S CAREER.*

THE generation whose attention was awakened to public events during the second quarter of the present century, beheld a man standing solitary and high above the most eminent of the time. He was not only above rivalry, but above envy. His fame, not associated with any party nor any measure, was the common property of Englishmen. His words on grave or on light matters were received like the utterances of an oracle. He lived altogether in public, yet familiarity with his presence seemed to increase instead of diminishing the respect of the multitude. Leaders of parties about to close in desperate strife, would pause at his word like knights in a tournament obeying the truncheon of their marshal. When there was doubt or change in the councils of the State, his wisdom was the unfailing resort of the Crown. Breathing this atmosphere of deference, which to most men would have been enervating or intoxicating, but was to him healthful as native air, he passed onward through old age to his honoured grave.

The generation that knew him only in this high and unquestioned position was accustomed to consider it as the meed of his military greatness alone. They saw him fill no great political office—they heard his name associated in the politics of the past only with obsolete prejudices, which had yielded to opposition but not to conviction. Even his military greatness they generally took for granted, believing in the glories of Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, but trusting in his fame with a faithful rather than a discriminating spirit. It is the object of these volumes not only to place his claims as a general on a clear and just foundation, but to set forth the opinion firmly held by both his biographers, that he was no less eminent as a statesman than as a soldier, and that the great qualities which carried him so triumphantly through his long and desperate struggle with the armies of France, had likewise conspicuously upheld him in the councils of England and of Europe.

It is not easy to conceive conditions more favourable to the execution of this design than those under

* *Life of the Duke of Wellington* [illegible] Brialmont, Captain on the Staff of the Belgian Ar[illegible]tions. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain-G[illegible] of St Paul's. In Four Volumes. Lo[illegible]

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which the present work has been produced.

The first grand requisite for the biographer of a great soldier is, that he shall be sufficiently acquainted with military science to appreciate rightly the achievements of his hero. It is a common thing for writers of great eminence and ability to enter on the discussion of military questions with no more idea of military science than is supplied by a set of general impressions on the subject, which are common to educated and intelligent men of all professions. It is an equally common thing to find them falling into unfortunate blunders, such as would be generally detected if they related to any science or profession except the military. On the other hand, a large practical acquaintance with war is generally incompatible with the cultivation of literary talent, to the extent requisite for the narration of important events, or the exhibition of remarkable characters. It is only when the union of experienced military judgment with literary power takes place that the achievements of great soldiers are faithfully and enduringly placed on record.

The military part of the present history was first written by a soldier, who gives ample proof that he unites the requisite professional attainments with the large and just views and literary skill of a competent historian. He adds another unusual merit to these. He is a foreigner, and belongs to a nation whose prejudices would impel him neither to exalt nor to disparage the successful general of England. Accordingly we find in the Belgian Captain Brialmont neither the tendency to idolatry which English biographers exhibit, nor the ungenerous depreciation which distinguishes French writers when commenting on the actions and character of the greatest antagonist and only rival of Napoleon.

Still there exist sources of information essential to a perfectly just estimate, which a foreigner might be apt to overlook, or might find not easy of access. The attempt to depict the political and private life of an English statesman must be especially difficult to any one who has not been bred amid our political and social institutions. Fortunately, therefore, the military portion has been translated, and the remainder entirely rewritten, by the Chaplain-general to the forces, who possesses singular qualifications for the task. He served as a regimental officer under the Duke in the latter part of the Peninsular war, and depicted the scenes he witnessed in a book, which at once made him famous, and which received the marked commendation of his illustrious Chief. He followed up that first literary success by numerous works of great and well-deserved popularity, among which are both excellent biographies (that of Sir Thomas Munro for instance) and valuable military chronicles. Of his thorough knowledge of the character of our soldiers no one can doubt who has seen the effect of his eloquent and kindly appeals to a military congregation of Chelsea veterans, or of their successors of the present day. He enjoyed the personal acquaintance and regard of him who is the hero of the work, and whose biography he has, he tells us, all his life anxiously desired to write. Finally, he has had an opportunity of consulting state papers and private documents as yet unpublished, and of quoting from them, so far as a due regard to the feelings of other actors of the time who yet survive would permit. His faithful translation of the military portion of the work is accompanied by valuable comments on dubious or disputed points, or where he conceives the Belgian writer to be in error; these comments are not placed at the end, but interpolated in the text, distinguished by brackets. The reader thus possesses, in the most convenient form, a very careful, impartial, and scientific account of the Duke's career, elucidated and completed by one who possesses peculiar qualifications for the office.

We are glad that M. Brialmont does not think it necessary to reproduce any anecdote of his hero's childhood which might be imagined to foreshadow his coming career. Such tales are mostly apocryphal, and nearly always trivial, wearing the air of being imagined rather than

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recollected by weak-minded admirers. But we wish that he did not, at starting, assert that the Duke's greatness owed "little to nature and nothing to accident;" for he follows up this remark by stating, that the young Wellesley became an Ensign at 17; Captain, M.P., and Aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, at 21; Lieut.-colonel at 24, and Colonel at 26; adding, "it is past dispute that he neither earned, nor had any opportunity of earning, this rapid promotion by the display of conspicuous military talent in the field."

Now, these grades from ensign to colonel are precisely the steps which it is so difficult for ability, unaided by fortune, to surmount. Had Wellesley been the son of an obscure gentleman, he might, and probably would, with all his genius, have served in India as a subaltern, in the Peninsula in various regimental grades, and might have died, perhaps, a barrack-master, or half-pay lieutenant-colonel, with half-a-dozen clasps. But, once above the crowd as a brigadier or major-general, ability has elbow-room, and, backed by youth and ambition, may feel assured of pushing its own way to fame. The most unaccountable part of Napoleon's good fortune has always appeared to us to be his rapid rise through the lower military grades, at a time when his wonderful qualities had never been exhibited, when his name and family were obscure, and when he had no connection nor interest with the chiefs of the revolutionary government. And the best arguments that can be adduced in favour of a system of promotion in the army by money or interest are—first, that amid a thousand ordinary or inferior men who have thus a field opened for them, while still young enough to traverse it, there may be one Wellesley; and, secondly, that amid a crowd of subordinate officers, whose duties demand only ordinary capacity and attention, it is next to impossible to devise means by which pre-eminent merit of a different and higher kind shall be recognised.

Fortune, then, who had launched Napoleon into Italy a general of twenty-seven, with a career open which he was to follow with such giant strides, placed Wellesley on the theatre of war in India, young, confident, of high rank, full of knowledge of his profession, and devoted to it, with energies yet unabated by neglect or disappointment, and free from that fear of responsibility which long service in subordinate positions is sure to entail. Nor did fortune cease her favours here. His brother became Governor-General, and took his opinion on important questions of administration. His remarkable talents for finance, and his clear views of the civil as well as the military policy of India, thus had scope for exhibition; and beside him, "to give effect to his claims, and bring his brilliant qualities to light," was his brother, "without the support of whose fraternal hand," says M. Brialmont, "he would probably have risen neither so quickly nor so high." To note this is not to disparage Wellington, for none could have turned fortune's favours to better account than he did. We point it out because his greatness is such, that it can gain nothing by depriving fortune of her due, and she compensated for a host of blind mistakes when, with her eyes for once unbandaged, she befriended Wellesley. Henceforward, however, he owed to his genius alone his steady rise to the pinnacle of solid and enduring fame, and the steps by which he attained to it we shall now review. And in doing so we shall attempt to give an essential outline of Wellington's career, which those who wish to enter on the subject more fully can fill up, to great advantage, with the assistance of M. Brialmont and Mr Gleig.

Wellesley entered upon the management of important affairs as a man enters the sphere he is born for. The largeness of his mind was shown by the easy power with which he dealt at once with matters of great moment. Papers on the management of troops on ship-board—on the military occupation and fortification of Pulo Penang—on the alliance with the Nizam—on the assembling and provisioning of an army in a district of southern India—on a plan of campaign against Tippoo—on the system of the Company's army—and on the defences of Oude—all marked by the

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clear strong sense which distinguished everything that he subsequently wrote, and all showing an easy grasp of the subjects, notably attest the mature thoughtfulness of so young a man not bred to diplomacy or statesmanship, and who had not till then given attention to the complicated politics, the novel difficulties, and the peculiar resources of the vast countries into which British interests had spread. At the same time he was employed in collecting the means for the campaign in Mysore which events showed to be impending. In that campaign, though he held a subordinate command, his abilities were so conspicuous, and his was so manifestly the directing spirit, that upon the fall of Seringapatam he was made commandant of the place, to the exclusion and extreme chagrin of his senior, Baird; and on the withdrawal of General Harris to the Carnatic, he succeeded to the command of the Mysorean army just in time to direct the operations against Dhoondiah which ended in the destruction of that formidable freebooter.

But it was his next employment as a commander in the Mahratta war which afforded him the means of giving the world assurance of his genius, for in it he won the battle of Assaye. Moreover, it contributed in another way to the establishment of his fame, for, as his historian well remarks, "the innumerable opportunities with which these wars supplied him of combating the bad faith of the native princes, and of counteracting the corruption of their ministers, the barbarism of the people, and the hatred, sometimes open, sometimes concealed, which provoked the rapid development of the English power, served as an admirable preparation for the difficult part which he had afterwards to play in the Spanish peninsula."

Nine years were spent by Wellesley in India. He went out a colonel, having learned nothing practically of war except what the disasters of the expedition to Holland might have taught him, and having taken no part in the administration of public affairs. He returned home a practical general, familiar with the details of the supply of armies in circumstances of exceptional difficulty, accustomed to reconcile conflicting interests among his subordinates and his allies, and to treat of great affairs with powerful potentates as an equal, sometimes as a dictator. He had been the confidant and adviser of one of the greatest of Indian pro-consuls in a time which brought the politics of India, the devices of statecraft, and the principles of statesmanship, into varied and critical action. He had learned to legislate for kingdoms, to negotiate with the craftiest diplomatists, and to conciliate the most arbitrary rulers. Such a training could not but augment his firmness, temper his sagacity, and confirm his self-confidence. He must, therefore, have felt himself capable of conducting enterprises of the greatest magnitude. But by the English nation and government of that day the full extent of his capacity was not recognised, as we recognise it now from a study of his conduct in India. Victories, even the most splendid, over the troops of Tippoo or Scindiah, were considered to afford no measure of military talent by which to compare the victor with the practised and scientific generals of Europe. A knighthood of the Bath at a time when, from the restricted limits of the order, the distinction was greater than it now is, was considered a sufficient acknowledgment of his services; and, certainly, very few of that time suspected that here was a man capable, both in the extent and the diverse nature of his capacity, of opposing the insatiable, unscrupulous, and subversive genius of Napoleon.

While Wellesley had been making himself known as an able man in India, his great contemporary and future antagonist had achieved fame as much more brilliant as the theatre he figured on was more conspicuous. He had employed his youth in the most stupendous and fabulous achievements. He had twice conquered Italy by the wise and daring application of new principles of war. He had first controlled the violence, and then directed the energies, of the French Revolution. He had been chosen First Consul, and had made himself

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Emperor. He had overthrown Austria by the single blow of Austerlitz, and was then preparing the strokes which were to lay Prussia prostrate at Jena, and to compel the concurrence of Russia at Tilsit. The man of such deeds and destinies could certainly detect no dangerous rival in the commandant of Seringapatam, the adviser on Indian affairs, the general of sepoys, or even in the conqueror of the Mahrattas. But the gradual expansion of Wellington's sphere of activity promised more solidity and balance to his genius than the sudden outburst of Napoleon, whose ambition was from the first so largely fed by fame and success that it outgrew even his vast talents and capacious judgment.

Wellesley, soon after his return from India, became Secretary for Ireland. His professional prospects were, however, too full of promise to be sacrificed for any amount of success in civil life, and he entered on his office only with the condition that it was not to preclude him from any military service that might offer. Accordingly he was employed in the strong and decided precautionary measure of seizing the Danish fleet, which excited so much discussion at the time, and which M. Brialmont severely reprobates. Solicitous to preserve his hero's character for strict rectitude, he laments that Wellesley has expressed no opinion on the abstract morality of that enterprise. He says, too, that "Sir Arthur was called upon to take part in this unjust and deplorable expedition." But Sir Arthur himself says that he solicited the command, and that he expresses no opinion on the propriety of the measure may be owing to the fact that he was too well satisfied about it to entertain any doubt. His mode of alluding to the matter will certainly bear that construction. We think the step perfectly justifiable. It was not that England wanted the Danish fleet for her own ends. She was then the sole opponent of Napoleon's encroachments — the sole assertor of established law and order—and her struggle was for existence. The abject state of Austria and Prussia, since Austerlitz and Jena, and the treaty made with Alexander at Tilsit, deprived her of all hope of allies on the Continent. The French were in Holstein, and might be at Copenhagen before us. In that case there was no doubt that the Danish fleet would be turned against us, for Napoleon had never scrupled to make the active assistance of a conquered or menaced nation one of the conditions of peace. We might thus have had to contend with the fleets of France, Russia, and Denmark. It would have been small consolation to us, or to Europe, under the heel of Napoleon, to think that, from consideration for an abstract principle, we had abstained from depriving our enemy of one of the weapons that had disabled us. No doubt it was a violation of the law of property. The law which protects property is to be respected, but the law which protects life supersedes it. The sentiment of *fiat justitia ruat cœlum* in such circumstances, bears the same relation to justice that obstinacy bears to firmness, or bigotry to religion.

Sir Arthur was thanked in parliament for his services in Denmark. His division had been sent on shore to attack the army of the Crown Prince, which did not, Wellesley says, fight very well. His dispositions for engaging seem to have been marked by his usual prudence and skill.

The decision of the English Cabinet respecting the seizure of the Danish fleet has been quoted in justification of Napoleon's *coup d'état* against the Peninsula. Portugal was closely allied by ancient ties of interest with England. Spain had concerted an offensive alliance against Napoleon, which had been hastily abandoned after the victory of Jena. He had reason, therefore, to be suspicious of both. He affected to fear the consequence of leaving these possible enemies on his flank, while the bulk of his armies should be engaged on the opposite side of Europe. In reality, his primary object was to procure treasure for the payment of his troops, and his ultimate aim to place another of his family on a European throne; and in executing the plan he had long resolved on, he adhered strictly to these as the essential points. First, he moved a force under Junot openly on Portugal, the weaker state; and the advice which Falstaff gave

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to Prince Henry in jest, Napoleon gave to Junot in earnest. "Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest!" which was accordingly done. He proceeded rather differently against Spain, which was not to be so easily coerced. The king, queen, and heir-apparent were all so despicable in the eyes of the nation, that he believed any government would be more acceptable to the people than that of the existing rulers or of their destined successor. As to the morality of seizing the kingdom for himself, success, while it had enhanced his cupidity and acquisitiveness, had altered the point of view from which he saw such questions; he believed himself a second Providence, and considered the extension of his authority as a benefit to mankind. Taking advantage of the domestic quarrels of the Court of Spain to offer himself as a mediator, he poured a hundred thousand troops into the country, led by Murat. They moved as if in an enemy's country: no military precautions were neglected. The communications with France, both from Madrid and Portugal, were especially exposed to attack from Biscay; therefore the Biscayans were especially propitiated. Fortresses securing the line of march were seized by stratagem; successive points towards Madrid—Vittoria, Burgos, Segovia, and the passes of the Guadarama—were occupied by bodies ready to support each other, till at length the advanced guard reached the capital. Yet, although these preparations could not be necessary for the conquest of Portugal—although no Spaniard living could have invented any hypothesis which should plausibly account for them on peaceable grounds, this nation of brave and patriotic men beheld the movements of the French, not, certainly, without suspicion and agitation, but without the active opposition which it was in their power to offer.

Napoleon having, and with reason, but a slight opinion of the Spanish army, and being spoiled by incessant good fortune, never calculated rightly the nature of the resistance he was about to provoke, or not even for the Spanish crown would he have incurred such hazards, till the completion of his other designs should have enabled him to bring his whole force to bear on the Peninsula. A tenth of the troops expended in the war thus begun would have sufficed to guard the Pyrenees. It never seems to have occurred to him that Spain, though possessing a military organisation insignificant when compared with that of Austria or Prussia, possessed, nevertheless, the means of protracted resistance in a far higher degree than either. The Spaniards, besides being strong, active, and high-spirited, are the most temperate race in Europe. Living in a climate where it is not necessary to provide by domestic comforts against the rigours of the sky, they are not bound like more northern peoples to their homes. Men of high spirit, accustomed to carry arms, to sleep in the open air, to live frugally, to endure fatigue, to care little for their home, are already more than half soldiers. Though the Spanish armies were the worst in Europe, the raw material which composed them had not degenerated in the least from what it was when Cortes led his band through the Mexican swarms—when Ferdinand and Isabella swept the chivalrous Moors into the Alpuxarras—or when, later, the Spanish infantry ranked for valour and steady discipline as the first in Europe. Their country, too, intersected with great ranges of mountains, renders communication difficult, and affords shelter for innumerable irregular bands ready to cut off convoys and detachments, to harass great bodies and to destroy small ones with comparative impunity, and thus reduces greatly the value of discipline as opposed to unorganised patriotism.

At length, then, after an outbreak in the capital, the nation rose, and the whole Peninsula became simultaneously the scene of war. The spectacle alarmed Napoleon, but England beheld it with delight and sympathy, and prepared to give substantial aid. M. Brialmont says that Pitt, after Austerlitz, prophesied that the salvation of Europe from Napoleon would find its origin in the Peninsula. Accordingly an expedition was prepared to feed this new-sprung flame of hope, and Castlereagh selected Wellesley to command it.

Beyond indicating Portugal as the

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theatre of operations, and the Tagus and Cadiz, in a loose and general way, as the points to be especially regarded, the minister gave the General no instructions, and he was left, as he probably would have wished, to the guidance of his own judgment. He landed in Mondego Bay, and, emboldened by the news of Dupont's surrender to Castaños, in Andaluçia, which would set free the English division in Cadiz to reinforce him, he began his advance towards Lisbon, taking the road by the coast in order to preserve the communication with the ships. By his prompt movements he prevented the junction of Loison with Laborde, and at Roliça attacked and defeated the latter, who, with very inferior numbers, but a strong position, made a skilful and honourable resistance. Still advancing along the coast, he halted at Vimeiro, where he made the mistake of taking up a position which uncovered his line of retreat. Junot, having assembled his troops, marched from Torres Vedras to attack him. Sir Arthur stood to receive him with his back to the sea, into which, in case of defeat, the English would have been driven. Of this, however, there was not much risk. His numbers were superior—his position was strong, and the enemy's cavalry, which outnumbered his, could not act from the nature of the ground. Sir Arthur expected them by the direct road from Torres Vedras to Vimeiro, which places are about nine miles apart. Desirous of cutting off his retreat, they, however, advanced from Torres Vedras by another road, which brought them round the other extremity of his line. From his position he saw them advance by this circuitous route, and very skilfully made new dispositions to meet them. They were repulsed at all points in great disorder, and with considerable loss. Their attempt to intercept his line of retreat naturally uncovered, in some degree, their own, and Sir Arthur made preparations for moving his right wing, which had scarcely been engaged, by the direct road upon Torres Vedras, while the other pressed the beaten enemy. He thus expected to cut them off from Lisbon altogether

But on the very day when the English minister had despatched his final instructions to Wellesley, he sent a second despatch informing him that Sir Harry Burrard was appointed to supersede him. Accordingly, the latter appeared on the field towards the close of the battle, and though he did not interfere during the action, prevented the execution of Sir Arthur's design for the completion of the victory. He stopped one brigade which was in the act of cutting off the French right wing from their main body, and he refused to permit either the movement on the French rear, or that upon Torres Vedras, to be made. His decision was, as Sir Arthur afterwards stated, founded upon fair military grounds. He objected to an immediate forward movement, because reinforcements were expected by the English, because the French might rally and give the pursuing wing battle, and because the carts which carried the supplies were unfit for a rapid journey. Nevertheless, Sir Arthur was certainly right. If it once be granted that his fresh right wing could reach Torres Vedras before the French, none of these objections can hold good, for there was provision and ammunition on the men's persons, sufficient for another march and battle.

Sir Harry, a few hours after his arrival, was himself superseded by Sir Hew Dalrymple, lately the Governor of Gibraltar. Thus the want of decision and of judgment shown in depriving of his command an officer who had proved himself so capable as Wellesley, was enhanced to absurdity by bringing on the scene, at a very critical period, two different chiefs, who had had no previous concert, nor even an opportunity of comparing their plans. Whether this is to be charged to the King or the Minister, does not appear. However, Sir Hew Dalrymple, having been enjoined by Lord Castlereagh to confide in Wellesley's judgment, seems to have followed his counsel by preparing, though tardily, to advance. But Junot, alarmed by his defeat, and fearing to be shut up in Lisbon, sent Kellermann to negotiate. An armistice was drawn which Wellington,

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in compliance with the wish of his chief, signed, because Kellermann, who signed for the French, was in a subordinate position—and it was followed by the convention by which the French abandoned Portugal. This was the famous Convention of Cintra, which caused such an outcry in England, and which has been commemorated by Byron in verses not worthy, either in spirit or expression, of a place in *Childe Harold*.

Our free institutions never press so despotically on us as in time of war. Sir Arthur considered the evacuation of Portugal by the French, on those terms, as an advantage to England. So did Napoleon. Many strong positions existed between Vimeiro and Lisbon where they might defend themselves, and by retiring towards the frontiers of Spain they would occupy fortresses from which they could be dislodged only by tedious sieges. But the public, eminently unqualified for the discussion of what was a purely military question, decided on the merits of the case at once. The press teemed with abuse, not only of Dalrymple and Burrard, but of Wellesley. In compliance with the clamours, the Ministry summoned the chiefs of the army before a court of inquiry, composed of veteran officers, who, more cautious than the public, declined, on any evidence, to pronounce a positive opinion—and intimated that there seemed no necessity for further proceedings.

Whatever injustice may have been done to the two senior officers, who were not reappointed to the army, it is impossible to regret any circumstances which cleared the way for the return of Wellesley to the chief command. Of the confidence which, even in that short campaign, he had inspired in those under his orders, a remarkable proof is given. The generals of the army of Portugal presented him with a valuable piece of plate, in token, the inscription said, "of the high respect and esteem they felt for him as a man, and the unbounded confidence they placed in him as an officer."

Up to this time, however, all he had done, learnt, or thought, was merely preparatory and preliminary to the great business of his life. It was in 1809 that the career really began which was to conduct Wellington to his high renown. The battles of Roliça and Vimeiro, though proving ability and conduct, were not without manifest faults, and could not of themselves establish a great reputation. The projected movement on Torres Vedras, after the latter battle, shows more of his true genius than any of the accomplished events of the campaign. But in April 1809 he landed at Lisbon, not again to quit the peninsula till he had pressed the French armies struggling through the passes of the Pyrenees, and fatally wounded the power of Napoleon.

When Louis XVIII. was told that the same year which produced Napoleon also produced Wellington, he said Providence owed mankind that compensation. Kings have seldom infused such deep meaning into their compliments. Both being considered as representatives of the aims of great sections of humanity, the Wellington type is necessary as a counterpoise. To take Napoleon alone as the exemplar of successful action is to degrade humanity. He marshalled on his side license, cupidity, and expediency, and transfigured them with a bright haze of glory. Wellington headed the protest of law against license, of conscience against cupidity, of justice against expediency, and walked in the plain light of duty. And it was in the masquerade of French and English, of blue columns and red lines, of classic regular profile and grey surtout on the one side, and of Roman nose, eagle-eye, and blue-frock on the other, that these principles contended for the mastery of the world on the fields of the Peninsula and of Belgium.

With such vast interests in the balance, the great contests of history are dwarfed in comparison. Whether Alexander or Darius was the victor—Spartan or Athenian—barbarous Hun or degenerate Roman—the Black Prince or the Constable of France—bigoted Spaniard or heathen Moor—Turenne or Montecuculli—Villars or Marlborough—whether Wolfe or Montcalm should remain master of the plains of Abraham—

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whether Burgoyne should surrender to the Americans or the Americans to Burgoyne—were matters of vast importance certainly to considerable sections of the human race, but did not affect mankind like the vital conflict of the last generation.

When Wellesley took the command in Portugal, Napoleon was just crushing Austria in a second invasive campaign. He had separated and beaten her armies in a succession of conflicts, driving the main force under Archduke Charles across the Danube at Ratisbon, while he swept the other from the road to Vienna and entered the capital. No continental troops had, with anything like equal numbers, a chance with the French—while Napoleon took care so to use his profound knowledge of war, that the advantage of numbers at the decisive point should generally be on his side. Under the Imperial system France poured forth army after army, drilled, equipped, and enthusiastic for glory. There seemed no limit to her military resources, and consequently none to her military successes; and her military successes led to vast territorial conquests, for no people had attempted to resist after the defeat of their armies. Thus, that the princes of Europe and their subjects should be the vassals of the French Emperor, seemed to be a calamity without remedy.

This must be remembered in order to estimate the vast design of Wellesley, which was not merely to drive the French out of Portugal or out of Spain, but to sap the whole overshadowing fabric of Napoleon's power. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the only people who had continued to resist after their armies were overthrown and their capitals seized. If their resistance could be protracted till they set the example of a nation gradually organising itself for defence, the other nations of Europe would rise against their enemy with an energy proportioned to the hatred with which he had inspired them. The task, then, which Wellesley set himself was, first to free Portugal; secondly, to free Spain; and thirdly, in concert with the continental powers and the inevitable concurrence of events, to free Europe. He saw his way by his own exertions to the two first steps, and he believed that the third would follow; for, accustomed as he was in his Indian experiences to compare national expenditure with national resources, and to observe the conditions under which rapid conquests are converted into solid power, he had arrived at the conclusion that the Napoleonic system contained the elements of speedy decay. In assailing that system, the Peninsula was to furnish active patriotism and recruits; England fleets, subsidies, and a small but excellent army; while Sir Arthur was himself to contribute generalship, patience, perseverance, and sagacity. A grand scheme, of which, as none knew the genius he felt, none could see the drift or the feasibility as he did, and it was grandly executed. The fortune which Alnaschar promised himself from his basket of glass seems scarcely more visionary than this design, which had, however, the soundest judgment for its basis.

In order to overrun Spain, the main line of French invasion must pass through Madrid towards Andaluçia. Now, to assail the extremity of this line—that is, to act directly against its front in Andaluçia—would be, whatever success might attend the step, to press the most advanced French forces back along a line where they would grow stronger as they retreated. But to act against an intermediate point of the line would be to isolate all the enemy's troops beyond that point, to deprive them of their resources from France, and, unless they could extricate themselves, to ruin them. England held the seas, and had thus the power of selecting any point of the Peninsula for action. It was plain, therefore, that the point selected ought to be one from which to launch out laterally against the enemy's main line, the nearer to the Pyrenees the more destructive to the enemy. But other conditions were essential for the success of such a plan. The district selected must afford secure harbours and defensive points, or a temporary reverse might be fatal. And the force employed must be strong enough to cope with the large corps of the enemy.

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These truths had all been illustrated by the expedition of Sir John Moore, three months before. His advance towards the part of the French communications which Soult guarded, obliged Napoleon to hasten with his troops from Madrid. The English were too few to maintain their offensive movement, and were obliged to make a disordered retreat. They had no secure district to retire upon, and were forced to re-embark, saving themselves from destruction only by their gallant fight at Corunna. It was clear, then, that the north of Spain, though offering the most decisive results, afforded no secure base of operations, and that enterprises made from thence would probably end in disaster. But Portugal afforded all the requisite conditions. There was a defensible frontier, guarded with fortresses on one side—great rivers secured the flanks—a safe harbour existed in the Tagus—the country still possessed considerable resources, especially in means of transport—the materials of an army existed in the population—and, moreover, the occupation of Portugal by an English army placed the French in this predicament: if they advanced against Andaluçia, they exposed a flank to the English in Portugal—if they advanced against the English, they exposed a flank to the Spaniards in Andaluçia.

The first act, then, in the performance of this huge projected drama, was to clear Portugal. That country was occupied on the north by Soult, and was threatened on the east by King Joseph and Victor. The question was, whether it was better, first, to join the Spanish general, Cuesta, in opposing Victor, or to attack Soult. Sir Arthur chose the latter course, because he would thus deliver a fertile part of the country, and the rich town of Oporto, from the French, and because to concert measures with Cuesta would occupy time that might be decisively employed against Soult. He therefore moved on Oporto, sending Beresford, with the Portuguese troops, away on the right to cross the Douro higher up, and cut Soult off from Spain. Wellesley advanced, confident that Soult must retreat before his superior numbers, and secure that he should find some point of the Douro unguarded. A happy accident, improved by a wise audacity, enabled him to effect his passage close to the enemy. While Soult's attention was fixed on the mouth of the river, where he expected the English to cross by means of their transports, a sudden commotion in the town made him aware that he was attacked on the other side. Sallying out in haste, the French found the English Guards established in a large building on the river-bank, on approaching which their ranks were shattered by a battery placed on a commanding eminence on the opposite side of the stream. A small boat had been secured by the English—an officer and a Portuguese priest crossing in it had brought back several barges from the other shore, in which the Guards passed over, and entered the building before the alarm was given. Passing through the fire of the English guns, the French found a face of the building guarded only by the musketry of its defenders, and there they made their main attack. But the English, constantly reinforced, held their footing, till a strong force with cavalry, under General Murray, which had crossed higher up the stream, came down to aid them. Then the French relinquished the attack, and retreated in haste.

Oporto was thus freed; but the reverses of Soult did not end there. The next blow he received was the news that his retreat eastward was barred by Beresford. Behind him were the victorious troops of Wellesley—before him, Beresford closed the road—looking northward, he faced the mountains, whose paths were impassable for artillery. He therefore abandoned his guns, blew up his ammunition, destroyed his baggage, and led his troops over the hill-paths. Four months before, he had followed an English general in a retreat where his fierce pursuit had terribly augmented the disasters produced by indiscipline and the severities of winter. He was now driven before another English general, in a retreat infinitely more disastrous. A vindictive peasantry hung round his march, storms burst upon his

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troops as they toiled barefoot and starving up the rough and perilous way, and at every halt the English guns opened on their rear. Having followed them, as far as an army that preserves its array can follow another that is in headlong flight through such a country, Sir Arthur rode southward at speed to observe Victor.

He did not as yet know the precise nature of the task he had undertaken. In common with all Europe, he estimated the Spanish armies too highly; for though they had sustained some crushing defeats, yet they could quote in their favour the defence of Saragossa, and the surrender of Baylen. Sir Arthur had formed no idea of their actual state. He believed they only wanted experience, and a good military example. He found that, though little better than a rabble, they had all the confidence of troops that had proved themselves invincible. Their talk was like the maddest boasting of Don Quixote; their conduct in action was that of his squire.

Not yet aware of this, and cheered by the hope of freeing the south of Spain, and marching with his allies to Madrid, Wellesley moved to join Cuesta. His primary object was to clear the valley of the Tagus; thus the junction of the Spanish armies, which Victor prevented, would become practicable, and they might together free the capital. He proposed to the Spanish general a choice of plans, each calculated to procure these ends. But he found Cuesta incredibly impracticable; proud, ignorant, ridiculously presumptuous in provoking a battle, and incapable either of sustaining it or of conducting a retreat. This, however, was not the worst. He seems to have been the most suspicious, jealous, and exacting of men. That a plan had emanated from his ally was sufficient reason why he should reject it. Every movement, however judicious, made by the English, seemed to him a betrayal—every demand for necessary subsistence, an attempt to impose on him—every piece of advice, a covert treachery—and this at a time when it was impossible to imagine that the English could have any object but, at great cost to themselves, to succour Spain. With such an ally, Wellesley fought Victor, Jourdan, and the King at Talavera. Lining with his own troops the most exposed part of the position, he met and defeated the attacks of greatly superior numbers in a pitched battle which lasted two days, and with very little assistance from the Spaniards, who ran off in crowds before they were attacked. Their proceedings, most exasperating at the time, are, as seen in Sir Arthur's descriptions, amusing enough at this day. "The cavalry," he says to Lord Castlereagh, "make no scruple of running off, and, after an action, are to be found in every village and shady bottom within fifty miles of the field of battle." Of the infantry he remarks, "The practice of running away, and throwing off arms, accoutrements, and clothing, is fatal to everything *except the reassembling of the men in a state of nature*, who as regularly perform the same manœuvre the next time an occasion offers."

Notwithstanding his victory, he was obliged to retire; for Soult, having reorganised his shattered army, and having been reinforced by Ney, was now coming down upon his left rear, to cut him off from Portugal. The allies, therefore, placed the Tagus between them and their now too-powerful enemy, and several opportunities occurred by which, had Wellesley's army been capable of moving, new names of honour might have been inscribed on the British standards. There might have been a battle of Placencia, or of Oropesa, no less famous than that of Talavera. But, while the Spaniards were well supplied, the English were actually starving. The country was thinly peopled, and nearly exhausted, so that the English commissaries could procure only very trifling supplies; those collected and sent by the Spanish Government were appropriated by Cuesta, and the repeated remonstrances of Wellesley did no good. When he applied to Cuesta for mules to draw his artillery, "he refused," says Sir Arthur, "to give me any, notwithstanding that there were hundreds in his army, employed in drawing carts containing nothing." His men were inefficient from starva-

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tion, which had also destroyed hundreds of cavalry and artillery horses; and at length, finding neither remonstrance nor threats of any avail, he marched back to Portugal, determined to have no further partnership in war with the Spaniards.

To great minds, great misfortunes are seldom unmixed evils. Out of the nettle calamity they pluck the flower wisdom. It is probable that the state to which he had seen his army reduced by the jealous and grudging policy of the Spanish Government and its general, first suggested the idea of sapping the power of the French by forcing them to bear similar privations. Disappointed in his hopes of finding willing and disinterested allies, and a sphere of action in Spain, he was constrained to look to Portugal alone for the means of supporting the cause of Europe. And that any success must be slow, and acquired by patient and long forecast, was now evident. Hitherto the great stream of Napoleon's resources, directed to the swamping of Austria, had left the French armies in Spain stinted in men and material. Even after the occupation of Vienna, it still seemed doubtful whether, with a great Austrian army opposite to him, and the broad Danube between, Napoleon would be able to destroy his enemies before his conquering progress lost that impulsion which is so necessary to power established, like his, on the slippery basis of success. In his first attempt to bring matters to the issue of a battle, the elements were too strong for him. Isolated on the further bank, he had been driven back from Aspern and Essling with horrible slaughter. But that disaster had been brilliantly repaired by Wagram. The Austrian Empire was defenceless, and those negotiations soon began which ended in the marriage with Maria Louisa, and the seeming consolidation of his power; while England had wasted in the Walcheren expedition an army far stronger than Wellesley's.

Sir Arthur, therefore — now Viscount Wellington and Baron Douro —prepared for a long struggle, and aimed at a gradual success.

First, he distributed his troops on the Portuguese frontier, to facilitate their subsistence. Behind the screen of posts thus extended, he began his famous triple lines of Torres Vedras, which, by the people of Lisbon, by the enemy, and even by the British Minister, were regarded merely as a last means of protecting the capital, and of securing an embarkation, though he designed them to fulfil a far more important end. An interval that now ensued, before Portugal was again attacked, he employed in causing the ancient military resources of the kingdom to be appealed to for the raising and organisation of a large native army. And lastly, when Massena, at the head of eighty thousand men, menaced Portugal, he urged the Government to decree the execution of his great design for baffling the enemy. It was nothing less than to lay waste the whole country to within a short distance of Lisbon, and to withdraw the population within the lines he was preparing. All the horrors which Turenne had inflicted on the Palatinate, and Marlborough on Bavaria, were to be not merely submitted to, but enacted by the miserable people on their own country. The decree went forth; but although the policy of destroying or carrying off what would else be consumed by the enemy was evident, an exact compliance was too much to be expected from human nature. A great portion of the land remained undevastated, and the people soon saw reason to repent their imperfect obedience.

On Massena's approach, Wellington began to fall back, uniting his forces, while the peasants fled on all sides, taking with them such effects, money, and chattels, as they could carry. The roads were encumbered with melancholy processions of homeless Portuguese families flying before the dreaded invaders—women, children, the old and sick—even lunatics gave a ghastly grotesqueness to the spectacle. Though the people fled, the destruction of provisions and of mills was imperfectly executed, and the French still found considerable resources in the country. Once Wellington halted. A long retrograde movement before an enemy impairs the confidence of an army in itself

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and its leader; moreover, a check was necessary to enable the necessary ravages to be completed, and to give the people time to escape. Selecting, therefore, the hill-range of Busaco as a suitable position, Wellington drew up his army, and offered battle to the "Spoiled Child of Victory," as Napoleon called Massena, who was one-third superior in numbers. The attack, conducted by Ney, utterly failed, and the spoiled child of victory was defeated with heavy loss. Then the retreat of the English was resumed, and continued till they halted within the famous lines, sweeping the people of Portugal before them, and leaving a desert behind.

Massena, pressing confidently on, was not aware of the true nature of the barrier in his path till he recoiled from it in stunned surprise. His confusion did not diminish as he began to realise his situation. It was not merely that he was foiled in the purpose of the campaign, but he was now in imminent danger. Before him lay a triple line of impregnable defences, occupied by an army which had already proved its superiority in the field—behind and around stretched a wilderness—while his line of communication with Spain was beset by swarms of irregular Portuguese troops, who, worthless in the line of battle, could thus be employed against him with ruinous effect. Compelled to detach on all sides to procure subsistence, he often exposed himself to heavy blows from his powerful antagonist. Had Wellington made glory, as it presented itself to the Napoleonic mind, his chief end, he would have poured down from his intrenchments and swept the invader back in a battle, or series of battles, that might have forestalled his later triumphs. But his far-sighted wisdom, his steadfastness of purpose, and his lofty sense of public duty, were never more conspicuously displayed than at that juncture. The temptation was great, but he resisted it. His was the only army fit to oppose the French in the Peninsula, and his men were therefore too costly to be sacrificed except for a certain advantage. If he sallied out, the winter and privations would press on his troops as they were pressing on the French. Unless he could drive the enemy altogether from the Peninsula, it mattered little whether they remained in Portugal or Spain, now that the former country was a waste,—in fact, every week that the French remained would add to their distresses. For these reasons he remained within his lines, though his officers wondered that the opportunities which offered should be allowed to pass.

While action in the field was suspended, he had plenty of occupation of a kind which turns men grey and breaks their hearts, unless they are of the race of the giants. George III. was again insane, and a powerful opposition was daily attacking an administration that could, it was said, leave an army to starve uselessly in a rocky corner of Portugal. The Government was weak, vacillating, and, in the absence of decisive victories in the field, felt itself incapable of persevering in Wellington's plan for the salvation of the Peninsula. The Minister spoke of the recall of the army as certain—officers coming from England said it was expected home immediately; and to the feeling of his generals on the subject Wellington himself bears testimony in a letter of this period, where he says, "If some of them held the command, the army would long ere now have been in their transports." Thus the threads which he was so patiently disentangling, and so skilfully re-weaving, might at any moment be broken short in his hands.

It was with such encouragement from home that he had to encounter the perplexities which beset him. The more active and influential members of the Portuguese regency were hostile to the English and their general, and displayed their hostility, not in negative hindrances, but in positive opposition, thwarting his measures, and interfering even with the conduct of the campaign. He had therefore to demand fresh powers, and to take on himself to administer the outlay of the English subsidies. The Portuguese troops, neglected by their own Government, were starved, and deserted in thousands, or became a burden on the English magazines;

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while the supplies which, if Wellington's orders had been executed, should have supported them, were feeding the enemy. The populace of Lisbon was in an explosive state, that required strong repressive measures. And close to the frontier on his right was Soult, to prevent whose junction with Massena demanded incessant vigilance. Thus, with powerful enemies in front and on his flank, he had for allies starving recruits, an insurrectionary mob, and a hostile administration. Call you this backing of your friends? he might have asked of the Regency; and indeed he did put such questions in a very urgent and decisive form, and with good effect. Watching Massena, guarding against Soult, administering the finances, counselling Spain, devising new methods of supply, encouraging his own Government, and silencing the opposition of the Regency, he proved himself capable of singly upholding a kingdom, even though divided against itself.

At length Massena gave way. His hardihood and force of character, proved ten years before in his famous defence of Genoa, could no longer sustain him in his advanced position. Gathering up the troops that were spread like locusts over the land, preying on the last remnants of sustenance, he moved towards Spain. He had despatched General Foy to Napoleon, to represent his condition and to demand assistance. The Emperor recognised the necessities of his general, but could not help him, for the causes on which Wellington had counted as accessories in his great plan of resistance to the conqueror were now at work. Napoleon could spare no men for Spain, because he was collecting all his power for the invasion of Russia; in executing which design he even, at a later and very critical period, drew men from the Peninsula. Massena, therefore, with the able stratagems and ready skill of a great master of war, resumed his retreat; Ney, an abler tactician than himself, commanded the rear-guard; and frequently turning at bay, sometimes with a partial success, oftener with a partial discomfiture, they fell back, slowly and grimly, through those wasted lands, with starvation always abreast of them, rapine in their van, and leaving "Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind." Solitude it was of the saddest kind—the solitude of scenes that had lately been populous and fertile. Blazing hamlets lit their march—the vintage of that land of vines had that year been tasted only by the birds, pressed only by the hoof—the track of the baffled invader was marked by the dishonoured corpses of the peasantry—and in the path of the pursuing army knelt shapes which had emerged from caverns and woods, so squalid and spectral that the English soldiers, as they extended food, averted their faces.

Wellington followed, cautiously at first, but soon with an adventurous boldness that left the enemy no rest nor security till they passed the frontier. Then he invested Almeida, and during the siege he hastened to confer with Beresford near Badajos, which fortress had just surrendered to Soult. Massena, collecting his troops, once more advanced, in the hope of attacking the English while their leader was still absent. But Wellington had returned in time, and now took up a position at Fuentes d'Onor to receive him. There ensued a battle the least decisive which Wellington had fought, but which forced his adversary to retreat, Almeida, the prize they disputed, falling into the hands of the English, while the French garrison sallied out and cut its way through. This was the last field of the veteran Massena. His master demanded absolute success from those who served him; and enraged at the protraction of a war in which the French arms constantly suffered defeat, he now forgot in his anger the earlier services of one of the ablest of his officers, and with harsh rebukes deprived the Prince of Essling of his command.

Here ends the first act of the campaign. Portugal was permanently delivered, and the stage was free for the organisation of the native troops, of systems of supply and finance, and of great offensive movements. But before these last could be executed there remained two

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bloody episodes to be accomplished, distinct and isolated as operations, yet on them hinged the entire design.

While Wellington was opposing Massena in Portugal, Soult, advancing southwards from Madrid, had with ease swept the Spaniards from his path, and made himself master of nearly all Andalucia. Thus the main French line, of which his army was the furthest extremity, passed through Madrid, where King Joseph maintained a small army to secure the capital and the communications with France. This line was covered from the Spanish regulars and guerillas, in the northern provinces, by an army under Dorsenne, who was posted about Burgos, and who, besides guarding the communications, was ready to reinforce the baffled army of Portugal. On the east, Suchet's army was spread over Catalonia and Arragon.

Wellington's troops were spread along the eastern frontier of Portugal, and were supplied from the Tagus, the Mondego, and the Douro. Thus he was opposite the centre of the French armies. But they were covered from him by the two fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, close to the Portuguese frontier. These are the doors between Spain and Portugal, giving to the forces possessing them the power of the offensive. Rodrigo would afford a base to Marmont against Wellington, Badajos to Soult. On the other hand, if Wellington were to advance against Soult, holding the garrison of Badajos in check with a portion of his forces, Marmont from Rodrigo would threaten Lisbon; while if he advanced against Marmont, holding Rodrigo in check, Soult from Badajos would threaten his communications with Lisbon. Thus, so long as these fortresses were in the hands of the French he could not move against them, while they possessed terrible advantages for attacking him as soon as they should be able to advance. But they being in a country where the whole population was h[illegible] which afforded the great[illegible] a harassing system [illegible] most of their [illegible] opposing the Spanish chiefs, in maintaining order, in securing their communications with each other, and in drawing their subsistence from the country—and, being maintained entirely by the resources of Spain, they were generally unable to undertake offensive operations till after the harvest. Thus their scattered array prevented them, for the present, from attacking him, and afforded him the opportunity of assailing the fortresses without danger of immediate interruption.

But everything depended on promptitude and secresy—and Wellington proved himself both prompt and secret. Before Marmont could make a movement to its succour, he cast himself on Rodrigo early in January 1812, and took it by assault on the twelfth day, while Marmont was collecting his troops for its relief. For this achievement he was made Earl of Wellington, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Marquis of Torres Vedras. English, Spaniards, and Portuguese, were at length beginning generally to recognise the merit of their champion.

After putting the place in a state of defence, he turned southward to Badajos, which had already been unsuccessfully besieged by Beresford, whom Soult, in aid of the fortress, had attacked at Albuera. It was invested in the middle of March, and while Soult, moving to its aid, was still five marches distant, it fell on that night of horror and carnage which has been so powerfully described by Napier, and which causes the name of Badajos to shed a lurid and bloody glare over that page of the Peninsular annals. That slaughter probably affected Wellington more deeply than any incident of his victorious career. Neither he nor Napoleon were indifferent to suffering—the natures of both suffered violence from such scenes; yet both of them, nevertheless, caused such scenes to be enacted without hesitation, when their plans needed it. Both showed the same resolution to earn victory, even at a frightful expense of blood and judged by their deeds on[illegible] ult to decide between wh[illegible] call the heroism, so[illegible] ss, of the two men.

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But looking below the deeds to the motives, the difference is immeasurably wide. In Napoleon's case, living men became dead corpses merely to prop his throne; in Wellington's, they were sacrificed that mankind might be delivered from an intolerable yoke.

Wellington was now able to launch out either against Soult on the right, the King in the centre, or Marmont on the left. Each, as is known from their correspondence, expected his attack, and all were therefore in suspense. The importance of this result is his justification for the bloody assaults of the fortresses.

But before attacking either, he wished to prevent them from uniting against him. This they could only do at a particular point. Soult was separated from the others by the river Tagus, which, from Toledo down to the Portuguese frontier, runs in a valley lined with rugged mountains, rendering it difficult of access, and the only practicable bridge in their possession was at Almaraz. Against that bridge Wellington directed his next blow. It was strongly fortified and guarded, bodies of French troops were posted all round it, and the only road was very difficult. Hill, however, with a division, was sent against it, surprised its defenders, destroyed it and its defences, and returned through the midst of the closing French corps, without disaster. The result of this operation was that the English corps, separated by the Tagus, were fourteen marches nearer to each other than the French, and could consequently be brought so much sooner than the enemy into united action.

These enterprises were the necessary preliminaries of the campaign of Salamanca, which now commenced. Wellington advanced from Ciudad Rodrigo, intending to attack Marmont if an opportunity offered, and to free Madrid. If no opportunity should be given for a battle, then, at least, he would have obliged the French to draw their armies together, an operation which, from the losses of their detachments in marching through mountains infested by guerillas, and from the difficulty of providing under the French system of war for the subsistence of a large body of troops in a small area, was always grievously detrimental to them.

Marmont, a favourite aide-de-camp of Napoleon, who knew a great deal both of the practice and theory of war, was by no means equal either to Massena or Soult in those natural military qualities which turn knowledge and experience to the best account, and without which all theory is but a body without a soul. He had still a reputation to make, and he no doubt considered that, since he had been thought worthy to replace Massena, great things were expected of him. In the game of movements which now began, there was this essential difference in the conditions under which he and his adversary played, that the French troops, being dependent on no particular line for their supplies, could allow themselves much greater range of manœuvre than the English, who could never uncover the road from Ciudad Rodrigo to Salamanca, without the risk of severe disaster. But this was the only advantage which Marmont possessed, and was balanced by the great superiority of Wellington in means of information; for while he was frequently enabled to anticipate the movements of his adversaries, all concert between them was extremely difficult and uncertain, insomuch that on one occasion an escort of four thousand men was required to insure the delivery of a single despatch.

Marmont fell back, concentrating as Wellington advanced, and then, as he gathered up his forces, again went forward to meet him. The English general certainly missed at this time two very advantageous opportunities of attack which his adversary afforded him—the one when the latter bearded him at Moresco with inferior forces, the other when the French army was for a whole day divided by the river Tormes into two parts. At length Marmont fell back behind the Douro, where Wellington could not cross to attack him, and so remained till he found himself sufficiently strengthened to attempt to cut off Wellington from the road to Portugal. To this end

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he suddenly concentrated on Wellington's left as they fronted each other, and began to cross the river —and then as the English drew together to oppose him, as suddenly retraced his steps and appeared unexpectedly on their right. Both Napier and Brialmont blame him for the latter movement, because his first concentration had actually given him that advantage which he sought again in the second—viz. of turning Wellington's flank. But it is to be observed, that a general must provide for the event of a defeat; and to be defeated after turning his adversary's left, was to be driven apart from the other French armies; whereas to be defeated after turning his right, was to be driven back upon his own supports, where he might recover himself, as actually happened after the battle of Salamanca.

There now ensued those picturesque movements which form so distinct a scene in the war, where the rear of the English columns and the head of the French army marched across the great plains between the Douro and the Tormes for two days nearly, always within sight, and frequently within musket-shot of each other. Wellington had a double defensive object, always a source of perplexity—to cover Salamanca, and to cover also the road to Portugal. On the second day the French outmarched and outflanked him, and reached the Tormes first, while he fell off towards Salamanca. He passed the night in great anxiety, as well he might, for his adversary was now nearer to his communications than he was himself. Change leaders, and the English would be ruined. But the next two days brilliantly retrieved all. Both moved across the river, and fronted each other on the hills south of the Tormes, while on the English right and the French left, and perpendicular to the fronts of both, ran the valley which was to be the amphitheatre of battle. Wellington intended to retreat at night —and to secure his retreat he seized the nearest of the two hills which stand at the entrance of the valley, the since famous Arapiles—but he kept his front, for it was still doubtful whether Marmont meant to aim at Salamanca on the one side, or at the road to Portugal on the other. But when the French seized the other Arapile, thus extending beyond Wellington's right, their aim was no longer doubtful, and he changed front to his right, to meet the expected movement on his flank. This was the decisive moment of the campaign—the crisis of all the manœuvres. Had Wellington delayed for one hour to change front, the enemy would have been on his flank, would have attacked him at a great advantage, and would have cut him off from Portugal. Marmont seeing his adversary's movement but imperfectly, screened as it was by the hills, imagined him to be retreating, and pushed out his own left, aiming to intercept him at the road. Wellington's counter-stroke, delivered instantly with full effect, is so identical with that of Frederick the Great at Rosbach, that it becomes a most interesting question how much was due to the example, how much to intuitive perception. But the great gap in Wellington's biography is that which leaves no record of the studies by which he ripened himself for achievement.

Then followed the rout of Salamanca, where the beaten army fled beyond the Douro, leaving the road to Madrid open, which Wellington followed, driving the King before him, and entering the capital; while the frightened Court fled over the Tagus, a tawdry mob, whom the victor disdained to pursue. Great opportunities were now open to Wellington—he might attack Suchet before Soult could join him, or might attack Soult on his march. But the sinews of war here began to fail—he had neither money nor provisions for either enterprise—and he was forced to relinquish these promising alternatives, and march to Burgos, in order to open, by the capture of that fortress, a northern line of operation. In the siege of that place he failed. Soult and the King, now united, were advancing through Madrid to cut him off; the army he had lately be[illegible] and again[illegible]

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retired into Portugal, narrowly escaping the *contretemps* of finding his road thither barred by Soult.

Though the campaign was thus indecisive, he had achieved great things in it. Besides beating the French and delivering the capital, he had freed the south of Spain from Soult, who had abandoned, in his hurried march to help the King, immense stores and munitions of war. He had given fresh life to the Spanish efforts, which were beginning to flag, and had thrown the enemy back to where they were three campaigns before. But there were other causes, which he could only remotely influence, that were rendering the deliverance of the Peninsula certain.

The night before the battle of Borodino, Napoleon received in his tent the officer who brought him the news of the battle of Salamanca. "We will repair in the action of to-morrow," was his remark, "the faults committed at the Arapiles." But the next day, with its hollow victory, was only the commencement of a series of unparalleled misfortunes. Following the example of Wellington in 1810, the Russians, slowly retreating, devastated their country, ending by the famous burning of Moscow; and when the invader turned to retrace his steps across the waste, two armies, directed long before from the extremities of that vast empire, converged across his path. While Napoleon, flying in gloom from the sight of the ruin of his hosts, was hastening across the snows towards France, Wellington, now generalissimo of the Spanish armies, was organising the resources of the Peninsula for the campaign that was to clear its soil of the invader. The one star was waning as the other brightened, and they were growing more equal in magnitude.

As a great change now took place in the affairs of the Peninsula, it will be well to note it.

If Napoleon's reputation as a statesman rested on his manner of dealing with Spain, it would not be high. Considered only as a theatre of war, his opinions respecting that country were, as always, almost infallible; yet, considered as disaffected territory, to be held in submission, his arrangements for maintaining his grasp on it were marked by fatal errors. The first was, that he pursued here the system of subsisting entirely on the country, which had answered very well in single campaigns elsewhere, but was in this case totally inapplicable. Such a system requires that the troops, in order to subsist, shall be spread over a great extent of country. Thus the whole land was dotted with detachments, and these were of necessity strong, because, if weak, they would have been cut off by the hostile population. Hence the enormous French force was divided and subdivided till its reassembly on particular points became a work not only of difficulty and time, but of danger, because, immediately the detachments began to move, the guerillas beset the defiles and difficult points of the lines of march. The districts occupied by the French were, in course of time, exhausted, and hence it was that Soult, contrary to military principles, which demanded a concentric action at that time, was ordered, in 1811, to occupy Andaluçia for the sake of the provisions, money, and plunder that it would afford.

Another error was, that the Emperor made each marshal's command a separate military government. Thus each regarded himself as an independent ruler, and felt jealous of the others, forgetting the duty of co-operating for a common end. The ill effect of this might have been obviated by appointing one dominant chief. But King Joseph, though a sensible man, was no general, and Napoleon, with an impolicy surprising in one so experienced in government, while he insisted that his brother should remain titular monarch, had deprived him of funds, of authority, even of outward respect and state, and left him a king of shreds and patches. Thus there was no one to reconcile the contending interests of the marshals, who openly defied his authority.

Nevertheless, such was the state of the Spanish government, armies, and people, that in 1812 they were on the point of submitting to Joseph. The government had split into factions, and there was no attempt at

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co-operation. The mobs were dominant in the great cities. The generals and soldiers were alike inefficient and presumptuous, and the armies were insignificant in numbers, as well as in discipline and conduct. There was no concert between them. Each general did what seemed good in his own eyes. The corps assembled, advanced, ran away, and reassembled, in a fashion that defied the discovery of any plan of operation, and deserted or rejoined their colours as the fancy took them, the government never troubling itself with their organisation, supplies, or pay. In the absence of any prospect of a national system of opposition, the Cortes had been about to signify their adhesion to Joseph, when Wellington's advance into Spain, the victory of Salamanca, and the entry into Madrid, had restored the spirit of the government, troops, and people. Again the armies drew together, the guerilla bands swarmed, and the people displayed their inveterate hatred. The French lines of operation had only been so many embankments against insurrection; and, directly the troops retired, the armed population surged over their footsteps. Thus, when Soult had been drawn by Wellington's advance, in 1812, to the common centre of danger, the whole south of Spain was lost to him.

It was plain, in the beginning of 1813, that it could not be recovered; for the balance of the contending powers, hitherto so much against Wellington, was now changing. His British troops, now in good condition, were reinforced by Spanish corps, who, under his system, became effective in the field, while the Portuguese had attained to such soldiership that their battalions were incorporated in the British divisions. On the other hand, the French armies, weakened by drafts for Napoleon's new effort, the Leipsic campaign, took their stand between the Douro and the Pyrenees, no longer thinking of conquest, but solicitous only to guard the approaches to France. It was no wonder that, as Wellington noted their feeble resources, their incapable commander, their shaken confidence, and impaired discipline, he should have felt assured of the speedy accomplishment of his task, and should have uttered, as he crossed the frontier rivulet of Spain, a farewell to Portugal.

His enemies, no longer as heretofore surrounding him, but now all before him, stretched across Spain, from Valencia on the east, to Galicia on the north-west; and that portion of their line with which he had to deal was much scattered, from the necessity of suppressing the insurgent bands on the line of communication with France. The front of that part of the French line nearest to him was protected by the Douro; its right flank by the tributaries which run from the north into the Douro, such as the Esla, Carrion, and Pisuerga. The question for Wellington was, which flank he should turn? Napoleon, in such a case, would probably have chosen the left, as most decisive. Penetrating between the Castilian mountains and the Douro, he would have crossed the river high up its course, and, thus separating Suchet from the other armies, would have cut off from the Pyrenees all the French beyond the Ebro. But reasons connected with the state of the Portuguese and Spanish troops rendered this inexpedient; and another consideration, the importance of which will presently appear, had also great influence in causing the English general to determine to turn their right, while his dispositions were such as to cause them to guard the other flank. Sending Graham with a large force across the Douro, in the Portuguese portion of its course, to make his way by the right bank through the Tras-os-Montes to the Esla, Wellington himself advanced by the left bank. The French assembled on the river were too few effectually to oppose the great force with which the allies threatened them in front and flank, and fell back. The whole army was then assembled under Wellington, on the north side of the Douro, and drove the French from river to river to the Ebro, without any considerable engagement.

Hitherto Wellington had depended for his supplies on the harbours and magazines of Portugal, from whence they reached him by trains of mules and vehicles, which grew of course constantly more lengthy

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cumbrous, and precarious in their operation, the farther he advanced. But his line of march now brought him near the north coast of Spain. The fleet came round from the Portuguese to the Asturian coast, dislodged the French from some of the ports of the Bay of Biscay, transferred thither the line of transports from England, and thus brought his supplies close to him by a new route. This was the reason that induced him to prefer to operate by the French right—and a new advantage of a strategical nature was also conferred by this transfer of his base. The great defensive line of the French was that of the Ebro. While dependent on the road to Portugal he could not have moved far to the right or left for the purpose of turning their front on that river, without uncovering his communications. But from his new base on the Biscayan coast he could not only turn the Ebro, but could move in the country beyond it, in a direction parallel to its course. He was on the flank of the French line of retreat, and his relations with the enemy were totally changed, as was soon experienced in the next encounter.

Proposing plans which his marshals disputed over, taking up positions only to abandon them, and issuing orders which nobody attended to, the unfortunate King Joseph, finding his army in a great degree collected by the process of recoiling on itself, stood at last in the basin of Vittoria to offer battle. He took post on the high bank of the river Zadora, a tributary of the Ebro which covered his front. Its course ran backward at an angle, and his line of battle followed that configuration: he thus presented two fronts, and the front of his right wing was parallel to his main line of retreat. Hence, if his right wing should be defeated, his main line of retreat would be lost. Now, had Wellington continued to base his movements on Portugal, Joseph never need have taken up such a disadvantageous position, but could have always posted himself so as to front Wellington, and to cover, at the same time, his line into France. But the coast of Biscay runs parallel to that line, so that, when Wellington advanced from thence, the King, in order still to front his enemy, must draw up his army with its flank, instead of its rear, towards his point of retreat. This circumstance it was, rather than any brilliant manœuvres of the allies on the field of battle, which rendered the defeat of Vittoria so decisive of the campaign.

Wellington was in the passes of the mountains leading into the basin, his movements screened by the hills. Emerging from the defiles, he directed his main force against the enemy posted at the elbow and lower course of the Zadora; while Graham, on his left, moved away by another pass to cross the river higher up, and seize the great road to Bayonne, which was the main French line of retreat out of Vittoria. Reille defended the bridges valiantly against Graham, but the main French army was driven back at all points, and Reille, too, at last gave way, though still fighting in retreat. Thus the main road was lost, and the French were driven in rout through the one avenue still open to them, that of Pampeluna, along which they fled, destitute of everything. All the roads round Vittoria were blocked up by their carriages, baggage, and plunder, which, with their artillery, fell into the hands of the victors, while the beaten army, amidst all kinds of privations, reached the shelter of the Pyrenees.

As soon as Napoleon heard of this disaster he deprived Joseph of the command (who thenceforth disappears from the scene), and despatched Soult to rally and restore confidence to the army, and to guard the approaches to France.

Thus ended the second part of this great historical play. The main French army was driven back to its own territory. Spain, except Catalonia and Arragon, where the embers of war still glimmered, was free, and the victors could look forward with good hope to entering France. But the remoter consequences of the victory were no less important.

Napoleon, breaking out into Germany, had, during this campaign, gained the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen with the heads of his columns, had secured strong lines of defence fronting the Russians and

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Prussians, and, having negotiated an armistice, was now awaiting the arrival of his levies on the Elbe. The great question for him was, Would Austria remain neutral? If she did, he could dispose of the rest of his enemies. If she were to join them, her position on his flank would render his hold of Germany untenable without miraculous successes. Austria still hung in doubt. Remembrance of former visitations of Napoleon's wrath, terror at his fortune, and consideration for her family alliance with him, made her pause—while the hope of retrieving her losses, and freeing herself from the vassalage in which he held her, urged her to join the ranks of his foes. At this period of doubt the news from Vittoria came to help her decision. Napoleon insanely rejected offers of accommodation which would still have left him the finest empire in the world, with an immense widening of the limits of revolutionary France—he would have all or nothing—he defied Europe, Europe beat him at Leipsic, and the great overrunner of nations was now fighting to preserve his own territory from invasion. The previsions of Wellington were in rapid course of accomplishment.

(To be continued.)

LADY HAMILTON.

On the 26th of April 1764, at Preston, in Lancashire, a girl was born of poor parents, of the name of Lyons. If a fairy had sat by the cradle of that child and promised her matchless beauty and mental endowments of the highest order—had told her that all that wealth could purchase should be lavished upon her; that princes and nobles, poets and painters, should hang upon the tones of her voice and the smiles that played round her lips; that she should go forth to the fairest of lands, whose Queen should select her for her most intimate and cherished friend; that she should reign absolute in the heart of one whose name filled all tongues, and that upon her the destinies of the world should depend;—and if another voice had then whispered, "All this shall be so unto thee, but thy fame shall be blasted; thy name shall be spoken with bated breath as a word of shame; foul crimes shall be falsely charged against thee, and, for thy sake, against him who shall love thee as only hearts as great and generous as his can love; obloquy shall be heaped upon thy head, and thou shalt die an outcast in a foreign land, lonely, forlorn, and deserted;"—such a prophecy would not have equalled in strangeness the real events of the life of that child.

If we desired to write a thesis upon the trite observation, how much stranger truth is than fiction, or a moral essay on the mutability of Fortune, we could not select a more appropriate theme than the life of Emma Lyons. We have, however, neither the wish nor the intention to moralise. The task we propose to ourselves is the humbler but more difficult one of examining the evidence upon which certain well-known stories, once current merely as matter of popular scandal, have gradually been woven into the web of history; of separating what we may fairly accept as facts from what we are entitled to reject as fiction; of gathering up the scattered fragments of truth, and freeing them as far as we are able from the falsehoods in which they have been obscured.

The father of Emma Lyons died whilst she was an infant, and upon his death her mother removed from Preston to the village of Hawarden in Flintshire. Here, at a very early age, she was engaged as a nursery-maid in the family of a Mr Thomas who resided in that village, and who was brother-in-law to the well-known Alderman Boydell. Her next engagement was in a similar capacity in the family of Dr Budd, one of the physicians to St Bartholomew's Hospital, who resided in Chatham Place, Blackfriars. This fact is mentioned

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by Dr Pettigrew in his *Memoirs of Lord Nelson*, and as he was personally acquainted with Dr Budd, the correctness of his information may, no doubt, be relied upon.* She passed from his service into that of a tradesman in St James's Market; and afterwards seems to have resided some time as a kind of humble companion with a lady of fashion, whose attention had been accidentally attracted by her remarkable beauty. It was during her residence with this lady that she appears to have first had the opportunity of acquiring the rudiments of those accomplishments for which she afterwards became so remarkable.

Up to this period Emma Lyons maintained a spotless reputation. Accident and her own kindness of heart now, however, occasioned her introduction to Captain, afterwards Admiral Payne, a distinguished officer.† A relation or acquaintance, a native of Wales, had been impressed in the Thames, and to Captain Payne she applied for his release. The Captain became enamoured, pressed his suit, and prevailed. She became his mistress, and retreat in such a path being next to impossible, she subsequently formed a similar connection with Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh of Up Park in Sussex.‡ We would willingly pass rapidly over this part of her life, but the tale, though sad, must be told. Few who consider what were the temptations to which she must have been exposed, the lax manners of the day, her youth, her wonderful beauty, and the delight which a girl of her mental capacity must have felt in the society of men of intellect and education, will be disposed to pass a severe judgment upon her.

It has been confidently asserted that at this time she became connected with the infamous empiric Dr Graham; that she was the woman who, under the name of "Hebe Vestina," bore a part in his exhibition;§ and that it was to this circumstance that she owed her introduction to Romney, and her employment as a model by Reynolds, Hopner, and other celebrated artists.

The first trace we can find of the story is just thirty-five years after the events are supposed to have occurred. In 1815, immediately after the death of Lady Hamilton, an infamous book professing to contain her memoirs appeared. After narrating the story, the anonymous biographer concludes as follows:—

> "While the fact of this exhibition itself stands uncontradicted, the friends of the female who figured in it have persevered in denying her connection with the same. But their zeal is more gratifying to the feelings than satisfactory to the judgment. *Such a circumstance could not have been related without some foundation*, and the writer of this had the whole history from a person of the highest literary character twenty-five years ago." ‖

A story which rests on the assertion, after the death of the accused person, by the anonymous author of an infamous and scandalous publication, on the pretended authority of another anonymous "literary character," four-and-twenty years before, and five-and-thirty after the supposed event, would hardly deserve notice, had it not obtained very general belief and wide circulation. It is not uncommon to find, when that is the case, that the very illogical course is adopted of requiring the negative to be proved, and, instead of asking on what foundation the story

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* PETTIGREW: *Memoirs of Nelson*, vol. ii. p. 594.

† Admiral Payne represented Huntingdon in Parliament. He was intimate with the Prince of Wales, and appointed comptroller of his household. He commanded the squadron which, in 1795, brought the Princess Caroline of Brunswick to England. After distinguished services under Collingwood, Lord Howe, and Lord Bridport, he was appointed Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, where he died on the 17th November 1802.

‡ Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh died on the 24th October 1846, at the great age of ninety-two years. He married late in life, but left no issue. The title is now extinct.—*Annual Register*, vol. lxxxviii. p. 298.

§ *Kay's Original Portraits*, vol. i. p. 36.

‖ *Memoirs of Lady Hamilton*, p. 43

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rests, it is insisted that it should be proved to be false.

It is seldom, of course, that this can be done, but in the present case we find about as good negative proof as can well be conceived.

Graham's exhibition began in 1780, and finally closed in 1784.* In 1783 this infamous quack made his appearance, and attempted to introduce his exhibition in Edinburgh, where he was most properly committed to the Tolbooth.† The same work which contains the charge contains also the statement that Emma Lyons was sixteen at the time she arrived in London.‡ Pettigrew's statement that she was born in 1764 is confirmed by the official entry of her death in the records at Calais, in which she is stated to have been fifty-one years of age in 1815. It follows that 1780 was the date of her employment as a nursemaid in the family of Dr Budd. How long she remained in that employment is not known, but she subsequently entered the service of a tradesman at the west end of the town; then, as we have seen, became a companion to a lady; after which, she lived successively with Captain Payne and Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh, during her residence with the latter of whom she attained great celebrity for her skill as a horsewoman and her courage in the hunting-field. This is an art not very rapidly acquired, and the fact implies a residence of one winter, at the very least, at Up Park. In the beginning of 1782§ she was brought by the Hon. C. F. Greville, with whom she was then residing, and introduced by him to Romney, who then painted the very beautiful portrait (perhaps the most lovely of all his works), entitled "Nature," which is now in the possession of Mr Fawkes of Farnely. This leaves a period of barely two years between her first coming to London, when she entered the service of Dr Budd, and her being under the protection of Mr Greville,‖—a period short even for the events we have narrated, and which appears to exclude the possibility of there being any foundation for the popular story of her having been reduced to a state of abject misery, to escape from which she is supposed to have acceded to Dr Graham's proposals. We have here, too, the true account of her introduction to Romney; and coupling this positive evidence of the falsehood of a part of the story with the extreme improbability of the rest, arising from the shortness of the time, and the total absence of any evidence whatever in support of it, we consider ourselves entitled to reject the whole as a fabrication.

It is with her introduction to Romney that the public interest of Lady Hamilton's life commences. It is impossible to gaze on the face so familiar to every one, and which owes its immortality to his pencil, without feelings of deep emotion. The charm consists not in beauty of feature, marvellous though that beauty is. There beams in those eyes, and plays around those lips, the power of fascination which, a few years later, brought princes, statesmen, and heroes to worship at her feet.

Marvellous and inscrutable are the ways by which "Providence doth shape our ends!" Had that face been less beautiful, had the heart of its possessor been less brave and faithful, had she lacked courage or promptitude,—or, strange as it may sound, had she been less frail, had she possessed fewer virtues or fewer faults—the whole course of history might have been changed, and the Nile, and even Trafalgar, have had no place in the annals of England.

It has been repeatedly asserted that Emma Harte (for such was the name by which at this time she was known) was the servant, the model, and the mistress of Romney. This story will be found, on investigation, just as groundless as the grosser one of her connection with the quack Graham. At the time of her introduction to Romney, Emma Harte was living with the Honourable C. Gre-

* See ARCHENHOLTZ: *Tableau d'Angleterre*, vol. i. p. 104; and Dr Graham's own abominable pamphlets. † *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. liii. p. 711.

‡ *Memoirs of Lady Hamilton*, p. 24. § *Life of Romney*, by J. ROMNEY, p. 180.

‖ Mr Greville died at Paddington in the month of May 1809.

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ville, a young man of high family and position; she resided with him for six or seven years—his wife in everything except in legal title to the name; and his letters show that, long after the termination of that connection, he retained feelings of warm and respectful affection for her. Romney was, at this time, long past middle life. That he, like his friend Hayley, the biographer of Cowper, conceived a romantic attachment to the beautiful subject of his pencil is abundantly shown by his letters. The morbid tendencies of Romney's mind, which a few years later developed themselves into evident insanity, are well known. "The divine lady," as he calls her, was the object of sentimental and distant adoration, and never did devout worshipper pay more precious homage at the shrine of his idol. He painted as many as twenty-three pictures of her. There is but one of these pictures that even borders upon passing the bounds of modesty, and of that one, the head only was painted from Lady Hamilton. It is the picture of a Bacchante leading a goat. The engraving is lying by us as we write, and gazes upon us with looks of inexpressible loveliness. Many would say that it savoured of prudery when we describe this picture as voluptuous. We notice it for the sake of recording the fact, that the face alone was painted from Lady Hamilton. She was his model in the sense that it was her surpassing beauty that inspired his genius, incorporating itself with his very being, so that he could paint nothing but her, and present or absent her features are to be traced through all his works.*

Before we leave this part of the subject, it may be as well to notice (though rather out of place in point of time) another circumstance which has given rise to many erroneous impressions. During her residence in Italy, a work was published entitled *Lady Hamilton's Attitudes.* This gave occasion to a malicious insinuation in one of Gilray's caricatures. The caricature was far more popular than the original work. The slander survived the circumstance that gave rise to it. The book has become scarce, and is of very little intrinsic value; we have, however, seen a copy, and we can assure our readers that it does not contain a single figure which might not be represented with perfect propriety by the most decorous matron in Edinburgh. The figures are absolutely encumbered with drapery, Lady Hamilton's remarkable skill in arranging which, gave occasion to the work, which was published by the desire of Sir William Hamilton.

From 1782 till 1789, Emma Harte continued to reside under the protection of Mr Greville. In that year he was compelled to break up his establishment, and to make arrangements with his creditors. Sir William Hamilton prevailed upon Emma Harte to accompany him to Naples, where he had long resided as British ambassador. There she remained for two years, and in 1791 returned to Lon-

* The following is a list of the pictures painted by Romney from Lady Hamilton, and given in J. Romney's Life of the painter:—1. "Nature," 1782—now in the possession of Mr Fawkes; 2. Circe, painted about the same time—unfinished; 3. Iphigenia; 4. St Cecilia; 5. Bacchante—sent to Sir Wm. Hamilton at Naples—lost at sea; 6. Alope; 7. The Spinstress; 8. Cassandra—Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery; 9. Three-quarters, Straw-hat, "Emma"—Mr Crawford; 10. Bacchante—Sir J. Leicester—figure painted in afterwards; 11. Half-length, sent to Naples; 12. do. given to her mother; 13, 14. Calypso and Magdalen—Prince of Wales; 15, 16, 17. Joan of Arc, Pythian Priestess, and Cassandra—unfinished; 18. Half-length, Reading, light reflected on the face—Hayley; 19. Three-quarters, 1792; 20, 21, 22. Three-quarters, side face. Two other unfinished heads.

In addition to this list, there is a very beautiful figure called "The Seamstress," which, we believe, was painted from Lady Hamilton. She was also the original of Reynolds' celebrated "Bacchante;" and if our memory serves us correctly, of two remarkably fine full-lengths by Hopner, "The Comic Muse" and "A Magdalen," belonging to the Marquess of Hertford, at Ragley. There is a magnificent full-length, by Lawrence, in the National Gallery of Scotland, and a very lovely chalk head by the same artist, signed "Emma," in the British Museum.

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don with Sir William Hamilton. The accomplishments which she had sedulously cultivated during her residence with Mr Greville, had been brought to perfection during her stay in Italy. In August 1791 Romney writes, "She performed in my house last week, singing and acting before some of the nobility with the most astonishing powers; she is the talk of the whole town, and really surpasses everything, both in singing and acting, that ever appeared. Gallini offered her two thousand pounds a-year and two benefits if she would engage with him; on which Sir William said, pleasantly, that he had engaged her for life."*

On the 6th of September 1791, within a fortnight of the party at Romney's house, Emma Harte became Lady Hamilton, and thus acquired a legal title to the name by which she will be known as long as the history of England lasts.†

This terminates what may be called the first part of her career. It is that over which most doubt and obscurity prevails. We consider, however, that we are entitled, for the reason we have given, to reject altogether, as fabrications, the story of her being reduced "to the extremity of want and misery;" of her having been "a mere outcast in the metropolis;"‡ of her connection with Graham, and of her supposed improper intimacy with Romney. These slanders originate in the abominable pages of an infamous and anonymous publication; they are not supported by one tittle of evidence; the dates show that it was next to impossible that the supposed facts could have occurred; and the charges are met by negative evidence, as far as the circumstances admit of such proof.

Immediately after the marriage, Sir William and Lady Hamilton started for Naples. A letter from the unhappy Marie Antoinette (said to have been the last she addressed to her sister) secured her an introduction to the Queen, who soon admitted her to the closest intimacy and most complete confidence. We find from Lord St Vincent's letters that she employed the influence she thus acquired to promote the interests of Great Britain. He distinguishes her by the title of the "Patroness of the Navy." The letters of Troubridge and Ball, and others of that gallant band who shared the glory of Nelson, show that they entertained a similar feeling. It was not long before she was enabled to perform an important service. The King of Naples had received from the King of Spain a private letter, communicating his determination to desert the cause of the Allies, and to join France against England. Of this letter the Queen obtained possession, and communicated its contents to Lady Hamilton. Sir William was dangerously ill, and unable to attend to his duties; but Lady Hamilton immediately despatched a copy of the letter to Lord Grenville, taking the necessary means for insuring its safety—a precaution which was attended with the expense of about £400, which she paid out of her private purse.§ The

* Hayley's *Life of Romney*, p. 165.

† The marriage is announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1791 as follows: "Sir W. Hamilton, K.C.B., Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Naples, to Miss Harte, a lady much celebrated for her elegant accomplishments and great musical abilities." It is stated in Pettigrew's *Memoirs of Nelson*, that the marriage was solemnised at St George's, Hanover Square. This is a mistake. We have searched the register of that parish without finding any trace of it. The *St James's Chronicle* mentions the marriage as having taken place at Marybone Church. On examining the register of that parish, we found the entry of the marriage. It is somewhat singular that though the name of Harte is used in the *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the newspapers of the day, the name in the register, and by which Lady Hamilton signed that document, is "Amy Lyons," the surname having been originally written "Lions," and the "i" subsequently altered into a "y." The Christian name "Amy" is distinctly written. We are not aware of any other instance in which she used any Christian name but that of Emma. The witnesses to the marriage were the Marquess of Abercorn and the Rev. L. Dutens.

‡ *Memoirs of Lady Hamilton*, p. 39.

§ Pettigrew, vol. ii. p. 610.

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Ministry immediately acted upon this information, and sent orders to Sir John Jarvis to take hostile steps, if opportunity should offer, against Spain.*

Many services were performed for the English navy by Lady Hamilton during this difficult period, when French influence was so powerful at Naples as to render it dangerous for the British Minister even to appear at Court.

It was in the month of June 1798, however, that Lady Hamilton performed the act which entitles her to the lasting gratitude of all who feel pride in the glory of the British navy.

Naples was at peace with France. One of the stipulations of the treaty was, that no more than two English ships-of-war should enter into any of the Neapolitan or Sicilian ports. Nelson was in pursuit of the French fleet, but in urgent want of provisions and water. He despatched Troubridge to Sir William Hamilton, urging upon him to procure permission for the fleet to enter Naples or one of the Sicilian ports, as otherwise he should be compelled to run to Gibraltar for supplies, and to give over all further pursuit of the French fleet. Troubridge arrived at Naples about six o'clock in the morning, and instantly called up Sir William Hamilton. They went to the Neapolitan minister, Acton. A council was summoned, at which the feeble and vacillating king presided. Their deliberations lasted for an hour and a half, and ended in disappointment. The king dared not break with France. The application was refused. But in the mean time a more powerful agent than Sir William Hamilton had been at work, and a more vigorous and bolder mind than that of the king had come to an opposite determination. The little barefooted girl of the Welsh village and the daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria had met. The time which Sir William Hamilton, Troubridge, and Acton had vainly spent in attempting to move the king, had been passed by Lady Hamilton with the queen, who, having given birth to a son, was by the laws of Naples entitled to a voice in the State Council.† By the most vehement entreaties and arguments, she obtained her signature to an order addressed "to all governors of the two Sicilies, to receive with hospitality the British fleet, to water, victual, and aid them." As Lady Hamilton placed this order in the hands of Troubridge, he exclaimed that it would "cheer Nelson to ecstasy!" She begged "that the queen might be as little committed in the use of it as the glory and service of the country would admit of." Nelson, on receiving it, wrote:—

"My Dear Lady Hamilton,—I have kissed the queen's letter. Pray, say I hope for the honour of kissing her hand when no fears will intervene. Assure her majesty that no person has her felicity more at heart than myself, and that the sufferings of her family will be a tower of strength in the day of battle. Fear not the event. God is with us. God bless you and Sir William. Pray, say I cannot stay to answer his letter. Ever yours faithfully,

"Horatio Nelson."

Armed with this authority, Nelson entered the port of Syracuse, victualled and watered his fleet, and fought and won the battle of the Nile.

Few months elapsed before Lady Hamilton was again engaged in an enterprise requiring courage and discretion of the highest order.

The royal family of Naples were in extreme peril. The army had been defeated, though, as Nelson observed, "the Neapolitan officers did not lose much honour, for, God knows, they had not much to lose; but they lost all they had."‡ The court was filled with traitors, the city with ruffians and assassins. "The mind of man could not fancy things worse than they were."§ It was resolved by Nelson, Sir William, and Lady Hamilton, and the Queen, that the only place of safety for the royal family was to be found in Nelson's ship, and that a retreat to Palermo was necessary. Had this design

* Pettigrew's *Life of Nelson*, ii. 518. † Pettigrew, p. 693.
‡ Lord Nelson to Lord Spencer, 11th December. Harrison, i. 378. § Ibid

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been discovered, it would have involved all concerned in certain and immediate destruction. Nelson and Sir William Hamilton kept away from court.

"The whole correspondence (says Nelson in his letter to Lord St Vincent) relative to this important business was carried on with the greatest address by Lady Hamilton and the queen; who being constantly in the habit of correspondence, no one could suspect. It would have been highly imprudent either in Sir William Hamilton or myself to have gone to court, as we knew that all our movements were watched, and that even an idea was entertained by the Jacobins of arresting our persons as a hostage—as they foolishly imagined—against the attack of Naples, should the French get possession of it."*

A subterraneous passage led from the queen's apartments to the shore. This was explored by Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and through this passage, for several nights, the jewels and treasure of the royal family were conveyed. On the 21st of December, at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, three barges, with Nelson and Captain Hope on board, landed at a corner of the arsenal. Leaving Captain Hope in charge of the boats, Nelson went to the palace, brought out the whole of the royal family, placed them in the boats, and within an hour they were in safety on the deck of the Vanguard.†

Lady Hamilton was their only attendant. But even here, though in safety, their distresses did not cease. On the 24th, says Nelson, "it blew harder than I ever experienced since I have been at sea." The next day, shortly after their arrival at Palermo, the youngest child of the queen, a boy of seven years of age, died in Lady Hamilton's arms.‡

We now come to those events with regard to which obloquy has been thrown most abundantly, and most unjustly, upon the memory of Lady Hamilton.

In our last Number we showed what the true character of the occurrences which took place in the Bay of Naples in the month of June 1799 was. With those events, however, whatever judgment may be formed upon them, Lady Hamilton had nothing whatever to do. The vitality of a lie is wonderful. Let the most improbable tale be but told with sufficient confidence, and instead of inquiring whether there is any evidence to support it, nine men out of ten will begin to account for it on some favourite hypothesis. Charles

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* Nelson to Lord St Vincent, 26th December, 1798. The private property of Sir William Hamilton, amounting to between £30,000 and £40,000, was sacrificed to secure secrecy and prevent the alarm which might have been occasioned by its removal.—PETTIGREW, vol. ii. p. 618.

† The following memorandum of the order for this proceeding is interesting: the original remained in the possession of Captain Hope, the words in italics being in Nelson's own handwriting:—*

"*Most secret.* "NAPLES, *Dec.* 20, 1798.

"Three barges and the small cutter of the Alcmena armed with cutlasses only, to be at the Victoria at *half-past seven* o'clock, precisely. Only one barge to be at the wharf, the others to lay on their oars at the outside of the rocks—the small barge of the Vanguard to be at the wharf. The above boats to be on board the Alcmena before seven o'clock, under the direction of Captain Hope. *Grapnells to be in the boats.*

"All the other boats of the Vanguard and Alcmena to be armed with cutlasses, and the launches with carronades, to assemble on board the Vanguard, under the direction of Captain Hardy, and to put off from her at half-past eight o'clock *precisely, to row half-way towards the Mola Figlio. These boats to have 4 or 6 soldiers in them. In case assistance is wanted by me, false fires will be burnt.*

"NELSON.

"*The Alcmena to be ready to slip in the night if necessary.*"

—*Nelson Despatches*, vol. iii. p. 206.

‡ HARRISON'S *Life of Nelson*, vol. i. p. 384—Nelson to Lord St Vincent.

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* NICHOLAS'S *Nelson Despatches*, vol. iii. p. 206.

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the Second and Dean Swift knew this propensity of human nature well, and made themselves merry upon it. Nelson, the most faithful and most humane of men, is charged with perfidy and murder, and thereupon every one, from Dr Southey to Lord Brougham, without the slightest inquiry into the evidence, which would have disproved the charge at once, accepts the position, and begins to account for it. We must refer our readers to our former paper for a narrative of the facts with regard to those transactions. The most definite, the most malignant, and the falsest account will be found in Captain Brenton's *Naval History*. Accusing Nelson of the foulest and basest of crimes ("treachery and murder" are the words freely bandied about among the various slanderers), he charges Lady Hamilton with having been the instigator of his conduct. After describing the execution of Caracciolo, he says:—

> "At the last fatal scene she was present, and seems to have enjoyed the sight. While the body was yet hanging at the yardarm of the frigate, 'Come,' said she—'come, Brontë, let us take the barge and have another look at poor Caracciolo!' The barge was manned, and they rowed round the frigate, and satiated their eyes with the appalling spectacle."*

In his attempt to be circumstantial, Captain Brenton has betrayed himself. Nelson was not Duke of Brontë until the 13th of August following.† But, apart from this, the whole story is proved, by the most conclusive evidence, to be a fabrication.

Immediately upon the appearance of Captain Brenton's work, the scene of rowing round the Minerva was solemnly and indignantly denied by one of the survivors of Nelson's seamates, of the name of John Mitford, in a letter which he addressed to the *Morning Post*.

Captain Brenton attempts, in his second edition, to discredit this man's assertion, upon no better ground than that he "lodged over a coal-shed in some obscure street, near Leicester Square." What there may be in that circumstance that should disentitle him to credit we must leave Captain Brenton to explain. Many a brave fellow has been reduced to a greater extremity, who can still feel his heart swell with indignation at the groundless slanders which have been vented against the hero who led him in the path to glory. But this matter is now set at rest for ever. Commodore Sir Francis Augustus Collier, a most distinguished officer, who was on board the Foudroyant at the time, has in manly and emphatic words denounced the whole story as "*an arrant falsehood.*"‡

As Caracciolo was hanged on the Minerva, and Lady Hamilton remained on board the Foudroyant, we never could understand very clearly what was meant by the assertion, which has been so often repeated, that she was "present at the execution."§ Whatever was meant by this statement, we are happy to have it in our power to contradict it on the best possible authority. The late Lord Northwick, who was in the Bay of Naples at the time in question, told Mr Mulready that he distinctly remembered being at dinner in company with Lady Hamilton in Nelson's cabin, when they heard the gun fired which announced the execution of Caracciolo. We have the authority of Mr Mulready for this anecdote, and we thus destroy the last shred of the calumny.

There does not appear to be the slightest foundation for the assertion, so often repeated, that the queen and Lady Hamilton entertained feelings of personal hostility against Caracciolo. The queen, writing to her a few days after the execution, says: "I have seen also the sad and merited end of the unfortunate and mad-brained Caracciolo. *I am sensible how much your excellent heart must have suffered.*"‖ These are not the expressions of hatred, malignity, or exultation. Nor are we aware of one particle of evidence to show that Lady Hamilton ever used her influence except on the side of humanity and mercy.

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* Brenton's *Naval History*, i. 483. † *Nelson Despatches*, iii. 493.
‡ *Nelson Despatches*, iii. 522. § Southey, p. 201. ‖ July 2, 1799.

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We may therefore leave the malignant slanders of Captain Brenton to the contempt which they deserve. The vapid moralities and turgid periods with which Lord Brougham winds up his sketch of Nelson are unworthy of him. Lord Holland, whose own moral sense was so singularly constituted that he considered adultery committed by a queen "neither scandalous nor degrading!"* has the following passage upon the coldness with which it is said Nelson was received at court:—

"His amour with Lady Hamilton, *if amour it was*, shocked the king's morality; and though the *perfidies and murders* to which it led were perpetrated in the cause of royalty, they" [i. e. *the perfidies and murders!*] "could not wash away the original sin of indecorum in the eye of his majesty." †

Sheridan's fancy never soared so high as this. He would not have dared to put such a sentence into the mouth even of Sir Benjamin Backbite. The "original sin" of indecorum washed away by the baptism of "perfidy and murder!" These are daring metaphors indeed! But we need not waste time upon this unscrupulous and contemptible scandalmonger. The brilliant coterie of Holland House is among the things of the past; and its owner will take his rank with posterity, not as the polished and agreeable host, flattering and flattered, but as the author of three or four of the silliest and most malignant little volumes in the language.

It has been the custom to speak of Lady Hamilton as an "artful" woman. We can find nothing to justify the epithet. On the contrary, we believe that she owed much of the influence she acquired over the minds of such men as Nelson, St Vincent, Troubridge, and Ball, to the very opposite qualities. It was her generous and impulsive nature that charmed them, fully as much as her beauty or her talents.

The nature of her intimacy with Nelson will probably remain for ever an enigma. The more closely the evidence is examined, the more perplexing does the inquiry become. Confident assertion in this, as in most other cases, is confined almost exclusively to those who know least of the subject.

There cannot be a stronger proof of this difficulty than that which is derived from the fact, that the two latest biographers of Nelson, both of whom have devoted infinite labour to the inquiry, have arrived at diametrically opposite conclusions. Dr Pettigrew is convinced that Horatia was the daughter of Lady Hamilton,‡ and Sir Harris Nicholas is equally convinced that she was not.§ Those who were most likely to be well informed upon the subject, Lord St Vincent, Hardy, Dr Scott, his confidential friend and profound adviser Mr Haslewood, and we may add the several members of his own family, seem to have considered Nelson's attachment to Lady Hamilton purely Platonic. The evidence in support of this view of the case is collected in the seventh volume of the *Nelson Despatches*, p. 369 to 396. We confess that, notwithstanding this formidable mass of evidence, and the highly respectable opinions by which it is supported, we feel ourselves compelled reluctantly to express our own opinion that Horatia was the daughter not only of Nelson, of which there appears to be little or no doubt, but of Lady Hamilton also. It is not a little singular that in this case it is the maternity of the child that is disputed, whilst the paternity seems to be admitted on all hands.

We would willingly pass over this portion of the history, avoiding equally, on the one hand, the error of palliating a departure from the strict rules of morality; and, on the other, the assumption of a rigid censorship.

The gentle philosophy of Burns teaches us the truest charity.

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone;
Each spring—its various bias.

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* Lord Holland's *Foreign Reminiscences.*
† *Memoirs of the Whig Party*, vol. ii. p. 30; Rose's *Diary*, vol. i. p. 219.
‡ Vol. ii. p. 655. § *Nelson Despatches*, vol. vii. pp. 369, 393.

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"Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it.
What's done, we partly may compute,
But never what's resisted."

We must pass on to the fatal and glorious day when Nelson, with the strange presentiment which dictated his farewell to Captain Blackwood, retired from the deck of the Victory to commune in silence with his own heart. Not alone, for One, whose "good and faithful servant" he had been, was with him. To Him he poured out his heart, and the prayer of the hero was answered.

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the joint cause which is intrusted to me to defend.—Amen, amen, amen."

Fitting words for one who felt the dark shadow of death drawing closer and closer to him, and becoming more and more distinct in the brilliant light of victory.

In that memorable hour he wrote the following codicil to his will—

"Victory, *October the* 21*st*, 1805, then in sight of the combined Fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

"Whereas, the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Hon. Sir Wm. Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to our King and country, and, to my knowledge, without receiving any reward from either our King or country:

"First, That she obtained the King of Spain's letter in 1796 to his brother the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England, and from which letter the Ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, either against the arsenals of Spain or her fleets: that neither of them was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton—the opportunity might have been offered.

"Secondly, The British fleet under my command would never have returned a second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the Governor of Syracuse that he was to encourage the fleet being supplied with everything, should they put into that port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply, went to Egypt and destroyed the French fleet. Could I have rewarded those services, I would not *now* call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my King and country, that they will give an ample provision to maintain her rank in life.

"I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only. These are the only favours I ask of my King and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle.

"May God bless my King and country, and all those who I loved dear. My relatives it is needless to mention; they will, of course, be amply provided for.

"Nelson & Bronte.

"Witness—Henry Blackwood.
" T. M. Hardy."

When the victory was won, and the victor was dying, the last words he spoke were—

"*Remember* that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country. Never forget Horatia." He became inarticulate. But the one great abiding principle which had dictated the signal that flew from ship to ship on that morning was still there. With much effort he distinctly said—"Thank God, I have done my duty." He closed his eyes—once more opened them—and the mighty and victorious spirit was fled.*

How England has responded to that appeal is but too well known.

The codicil was faithfully delivered by Captain Blackwood to the Rev. William Nelson, who, with his wife and family (one of them a daughter who had been under her exclusive care for six years), was residing with Lady Hamilton. He suppressed it

* *Nelson Despatches*, vol. vii. p. 251.

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until the day when £120,000 was voted in Parliament to uphold the name and title of the hero, when, dining at Lady Hamilton's table, he produced it; and, throwing it to her, coarsely said, she might now do with it as she pleased. Lady Hamilton had it registered in Doctors' Commons the next day.

It is difficult to find words to express the meanness of Nelson's brother. He fawned, he crawled, he grovelled; no flattery was too fulsome, no adulation too abject, to express his devotion to Lady Hamilton so long as she was powerful and prosperous. He intrusted his daughter, from her earliest youth, to be her habitual companion. He sought preferment in the Church through her influence. Writing to her in 1801, he says—

"I am told there are two or three very old lives, prebends of Canterbury, in the Minister's gift—near six hundred pounds a-year, and good houses.

"The deans of Hereford, Exeter, Lichfield and Coventry, York and Winchester, are old men."

But soon afterwards his ambition rose above prebendal stalls and deaneries. In the same year he writes—

"Now we have secured the peerage, we have only *one* thing to ask, and that is, my promotion in the Church, handsomely and honourably, such as becomes Lord Nelson's brother and heir-apparent to the title. *No put-off with small beggarly stalls.* Mr Addington must be kept steady to that point. I am sure Nelson is doing everything for him. But a word is enough for your good sensible heart."

No sooner had he secured for himself the wealth and honours earned by Nelson, than he was the first to betray and desert her.

An avenging Nemesis awaited him. He lived to old age, and saw his only son perish before him.

"For Banquo's issue had he filed his mind."

No drop of the blood of that degenerate brother flows in the veins of the present inheritor of Nelson's honours.

We altogether repudiate the doctrine that there is to be one rule of morality for one man, and a different rule for another. But in forming a judgment upon character, we must take the whole character into account. A man is not poor because his debts are large. His wealth is determined not by the amount of items on the debit side of his account, but by the balance at the end of it. When Mr Peter Perkins abandons his middle-aged, uninteresting, and not very good-tempered wife for society more agreeable to his taste, he becomes bankrupt in morality. He owed to society an observance of its rules, but society owed nothing to him. When some dashing "Lorette" terminates her disreputable career by marrying a foolish young man of fortune or a superannuated millionaire, the world pities the young simpleton, or despises the old one, and troubles itself no more about them. If Lady Hamilton's career had terminated with her marriage, we should by this time only have regarded her with the same kind of interest which induces us to ask, as we gaze on the canvass of Reynolds, who was Nelly O'Brien or Emily Bertie? But with her marriage begins the other side of the account. What does the world owe to Lady Hamilton? England owes her the victory of the Nile. That one item is so large that it leads one to forget the other acts which earned her the gratitude, not of Nelson alone, but of St Vincent, Troubridge, and the other "Lions of the Deep" who shared his glory. The world owes to her that the sister of Marie Antoinette did not share her horrible fate—that another head, as fair as that which fell into the basket of sawdust in front of the Tuileries on the 16th of October 1793, did not roll on the scaffold at Naples in 1799. When we come to take the account, as it stood between the world and Lady Hamilton when it finally closed in 1815, we find it strangely changed since 1791. The balance has turned. It is the world, it is humanity that is the debtor. It is England that is bankrupt, and repudiates her debt.

We know few characters of which it is so difficult to form a just and impartial estimate as that of Lady Hamilton. Happily it is not our

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duty to mete out reward or punishment. Few, if any, have ever been exposed to such dangers and such temptations. The most precious gifts of Providence, bodily and mental, which were lavished upon her in profusion, were but so many additional snares in her path. "With all her faults," says one who was by no means disposed to extenuate these faults, "her goodness of heart is undeniable. She was the frequent intercessor with Nelson for offending sailors; and in every vicissitude of her fortune she manifested the warmest affection for her mother, and showed the greatest kindness to a host of discreditable relations." * Her husband, with his dying breath, bore witness that, during "the ten years of their happy union, she had never, in thought, word, or deed, offended him."

Of her virtues, unhappily, prudence was not one. After the death of Nelson, and the disgraceful disregard of her claims by the Government, her affairs became greatly embarrassed. Those who owed wealth and honour to Nelson, and who had sunned themselves in her prosperity, shrunk away from her. In her distress she wrote a most touching letter to one who had courted her smiles in other days, the Duke of Queensberry, imploring him to buy the little estate at Merton, which had been left to her by Nelson, and thus to relieve her from her most pressing embarrassments. The cold-hearted old profligate turned a deaf ear to the request. In 1813, Emma Hamilton was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench. Deserted by the great, the noble, and the wealthy, abandoned by the heir of his title and the recipient of his hard-earned rewards, she, whom Nelson had left as a legacy to his country, might have died in a jail. From this fate she was saved by one whose name is not to be found in the brilliant circle who surrounded her but a few short years before. Alderman Joshua Jonathan Smith (let all honour be paid to his most plebeian name) redeemed his share of his country's debt, and obtained her release. She fled to Calais, and, soon after her arrival, wrote the following letter to the Right Hon. Geo. Rose, who, most honourably to himself, had been unremitting, though unsuccessful, in his attempts to enforce her claims upon the Government.

"Hotel Dessin, Calais,
"*July* 4, 1813.

"We arrived here safe, my dear sir, after three days' sickness at sea—as, for precaution, we embarked at the Tower. Mr Smith got me the discharge from Lord Ellenborough.

"I then begged Mr Smith to withdraw his bail, for I would have died in prison sooner than that good man should have suffered for me; and I managed so well with Horatia alone, that I was at Calais before any new writs could be issued out against me. I feel so much better from change of climate, food, air, large rooms, and *liberty*, that there is a chance I may live to see my dear Horatia brought up. I am looking out for a lodging. I have an excellent Frenchwoman, who is good at everything; for Horatia and myself, and my old dame who is coming, will be my establishment. Near me is an English lady, who has resided here for twenty-five years; who has a day-school, but not for eating or sleeping. At eight in the morning I take Horatia; fetch her at one; at three we dine; and then in the evening we walk. She learns everything: piano, harp, languages grammatically. She knows French and Italian well, but she will still improve. Not any girls but those of the first families go there. Last evening we walked two miles to a *fête champêtre pour les bourgeois*. Everybody is pleased with Horatia. The General and his good old wife are very good to us; but our little world of happiness is in ourselves. If, my dear sir, Lord Sidmouth would do something for dear Horatia, so that I can be enabled to give her an education, and also for her dress, it would ease me, and make me very happy. Surely he owes this to Nelson. For God's sake do try for me, for you do not know how limited I am. I have left everything to be sold for the creditors, who do not deserve anything; for I have been the victim of artful mercenary wretches, and my too great liberality and open heart has been the dupe of villains. To you, sir, I trust, for my dearest Horatia, to exert yourself for her, and that will be an easy passport for me." †

* *Nelson Despatches*, vol. vii. p. 390.
† *Diary of Right Hon. Geo. Rose*, vol. i. p. 271.

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This letter, it will be observed, is dated the 4th of July 1813. In eighteen months more the strange eventful life of Emma Hamilton was over. She died in a house, now No. 111 Rue Française, a street running parallel with the southern rampart of the town. Calumny has been busy even with her deathbed. It was said that imaginary phantoms haunted her; that Caracciolo was ever before her eyes; that she uttered agonising screams of repentance;* that she could not endure to be in the dark; that she had fallen into intemperate habits, and become a papist!†

There is not one word of truth in any of these assertions.‡ Dr Pettigrew, speaking from information communicated to him by Mrs Hunter of Brighton, says:—

"This excellent lady tells me, that at the time Lady Hamilton was at Calais, she was also there superintending the education of her son at the academy of Mr Mills. She resided in the 'Grande Place,' and became acquainted with Mons. de Rheims, the English interpreter, who persuaded Mrs Hunter to take up her residence with him in his château, which was visited by many English. When Lady Hamilton fled to Calais, Mons. de Rheims gave her one of his small houses to live in. It was very badly furnished. Mrs Hunter was in the habit of ordering meat daily at a butcher's for a favourite little dog, and on one of these occasions was met by Mons. de Rheims, who followed her, exclaiming, 'Ah, Madame! ah, Madame! I know you to be good to the English; there is a lady here that would be glad of the worst bit of meat you provide for your dog.' When questioned as to who the lady was, and promising that she should not want for anything, he declined telling, saying that she was too proud to see any one; besides, he had promised her secresy. Mrs Hunter begged him to provide her with everything she required, wine, &c., as if coming from himself, and she would pay for it. This he did for some time, until she became very ill, when he pressed her to see the lady who had been so kind to her; and upon hearing that her benefactress was not a person of title, she consented, saw her, thanked her, and blessed her. A few days after she ceased to live. This lady describes her to me as exceedingly beautiful even in death. She was anxious to have her interred according to English custom, for which, however, she was only laughed at, and poor Emma was put into a deal box without any inscription. All that this good lady states she was permitted to do, was to make a kind of pall out of her black silk petticoat, stitched on a white curtain."§

Not a Protestant clergyman was to be found in Calais, and the solemn service for the dead was read over her grave by an Irish half-pay officer. Emma Hamilton sleeps in what was once the pleasure-garden of a woman almost equally famous for her personal charms and her strange adventures—the beautiful Elizabeth Chudleigh, better known as Duchess of Kingstown. It was consecrated and used as a cemetery until 1816. It was afterwards converted into a timber-yard, and no trace remains of the grave of her whom Nelson, with his dying voice, bequeathed to the gratitude of his country!

In the office of the Juge de Paix is an inventory of the effects of which she died possessed. They are estimated as of the value of two hundred and twenty-eight francs—about nine pounds sterling. Besides this there were some duplicates for articles of plate and trinkets, which had been pawned at the Mont de Piété.

The Rev. Earl Nelson came over to demand this property! but he declined to pay any expenses that had been incurred.‖ These were discharged by Alderman Smith and Mr Cadogan, by the latter of whom Horatia was taken to Nelson's sister, Mrs Matcham.

In the Records of the Municipality of Calais is the following entry:—

"A. D. 1815. Janvier 15.—Dame Emma Lyons, agée de 51 ans, née à Lancashire en Angleterre; domiciliée à Calais, fille de Henry Lyons, et de Marie Kidd; Veuve de William Hamilton, est decédé le 15 Janvier, 1815, à une heure après midi au domicile du Sieur Damy, Rue Française."¶

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* Brent[illegible] ol. i. p. 484.

‡ *Nelson*[illegible] p. 522.

‖ Petti[illegible]

† *Memoirs of Lady Hamilton*, p. 393.

§ Pettigrew, vo[illegible] 5.

¶ Calton's *Ar*[illegible]s, p. 182.

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OUR POSITION WITH CHINA.

It is difficult to realise our present position with respect to the Chinese Empire. Like everything else connected with that land of grotesque contrarieties, it is a strange fact, whilst we are trading with its citizens, paying export dues to its customhouses, obligingly suppressing native piracy, and our Minister corresponding with its mandarins, with all the charming ceremony and forms that have, in the old day, been laid down by Confucius and Chutze, and are the present delight of our consular dignities—that at the same time we, and "nos chers alliés" on the other side of the Channel, are directing, with "slow and measured footsteps," a huge military and naval expedition against the Emperor and Court.

As far back as the middle of September 1859—six long months since—the sad news of a foul dishonour to our flag reached Great Britain. The blood of four hundred slain and wounded, the honour of a defeated squadron and an insulted Ambassador, called for retribution, and a reassertion of our military prestige, yet nothing has been done to wipe off the sorrow inflicted upon us. It is true, vessels are now tossing off the Cape of Good Hope, laden with munitions of war, and filled with troops—it is true that the Himalaya, artillerymen and Armstrong's guns, have been sent to Alexandria, and that troops from India are slowly finding their way to Canton and Hong-Kong. But, for all this, no decided policy has been adopted. We are waiting to see whether the Emperor of China will not give us a loophole whereby to escape the risk and trouble of redressing our wrongs, and reasserting our dignity. Lord John is expecting Mr Bruce's despatches, and hopes to find reason suddenly displayed in the cunning brain of a Pekinese councillor; whilst, no doubt, Mr Bruce is quite as anxiously waiting for Lord John's policy upon the question to develop itself, and is evidently not going to commit himself to press hostile measures upon a Cabinet which cares little for the points of national honour involved in the question, provided they do not find in the Peiho affair of '59 as great a stumbling-block as the lorcha affair of '56. Lord John is waiting for information; Mr Bruce for instructions. Admiral Hope is getting his squadron ready for action; and the whole available resources of China are being directed to the defence of the capital and of the adjacent province. Vast quantities of arms and powder have been imported into China, and one correspondent tells us "that every Chinaman who can buy a rifle is doing so"—a figure of speech which, though doubtless exaggerated, means much.

It was not for nearly six weeks after the news of the repulse of Admiral Hope's squadron reached England, that naval reinforcements were despatched to him; and they, of course, had a five months' sea-passage before them. It was not until Christmas that the French expedition left the ports of France. It has only been by the last mail that we have distinctly heard of the departure of the Anglo-Indian forces to China.

What can have occasioned this delay? Great Britain, ever ready to cover the seas with her fleets, surely did not require all this time to support a defeated squadron? We may hope that, had our Admiral been repulsed or defeated by a Russian force, instead of Chinese forts, on the 24th June 1859, we should not have had to look in vain, as we did in the last Indian mails, for the intelligence of the arrival of a single naval support. Oh, no! It is evidently a feigned appearance of want of energy and readiness; and woe betide France or Russia if they estimate our preparation by the late display. Unreasonable people might say that, with the steam-navies of England afloat in the East, and in the Mediterranean, as well as idle in our home ports, together with the use of electric telegraphs, which have for ten

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months connected Aden with Downing Street, a better display of energy and combination might have been effected;—one which would have shown Europe, where every nation is closely watching us, and marking how we are likely to come out of the great fight hereafter to be fought for the supremacy of the seas and the commerce of the world—that England's navy can be concentrated with greater rapidity than ever, and protect with overpowering force any point at which her interests or her honour may be threatened. The unreasonable ones might say it was a good opportunity lost of showing what could be done, and that at little cost.

But let us tell these unreasonable people, that, apart from some deep strategical reasons, which, if divulged, would probably be unappreciated, or be incomprehensible to ordinary mortals, there is a wind which blows in the East called a *monsoon!*—it is a terrible wind, one of exceeding force—one to which all seamanship, strategy, and naval combination must give way. Born ashore, as we landsmen are, it is evidently impossible for us to comprehend this great wind. This monsoon has prevented energy and decision being displayed; this monsoon it is which causes us now to send our poor soldiers in sailing-ships to China at the hottest instead of the coolest season of the year. It is indeed a wondrous wind; we have evidently nothing like it in Europe, and God defend us from it.

On inquiring about it at the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company's office, the officials smiled mysteriously, excused themselves from talking too much of the north-east monsoon, as they had a very handsome Government subsidy for carrying the mails, and too much communicativeness upon their part might be objected to; but this they allowed, that two small P. and O. steamers, of no great power, and remarkably aged, did do battle with this monsoon twice a-month during the whole Chinese winter, and seldom if ever failed to make head against it. We must acknowledge that we were only the more puzzled; and that a monsoon is, in our opinion, a terrible bogie, ranking with the mysterious "Tom-tom" of which Charles Dickens tells us in his inimitable sketch of Major Helves. That distinguished individual related to the passengers in a Gravesend boat all the wonders of the East, and of his terrible conflicts with tigers, and other noxious creatures, until having worked them into a state of mystification, he described as a climax, after a severe fray with a perfect "Shitan" of a tiger, how his dear friend, the Rajah Rum-chow-dar, suddenly grasped him by the arm and beat a retreat, muttering, "By the Shastre, Helves, my boy! there is a Tom-tom!" "A Tom-tom!" exclaimed the breathless audience. "*A* Tom-tom!" replied the Major, in still more solemn tones; and leaving the curious equally in the dark as to the nature of this Tom-tom of a wind, we say with the Admiralty, "Sirs, there is a monsoon!" We wonder much, yet opine that the day is not far distant when our seamen will laugh at monsoons; and that it will take a great deal more than that fierce wind to prevent us hereafter retrieving a defeat in something less than a twelvemonth, in a part of the world which the date of letters from Shanghai tells us is only *six weeks* distant from London.

In a military point of view, the delay has been injurious to public interests. We should therefore desire to know whence that delay has arisen, except for the causes we have playfully alluded to. We can perfectly understand that troops could not be spared from India until the campaign in the Terrai was brought to a conclusion. But what prevented half-a-dozen regiments being sent, *viâ* Alexandria and Suez, from the Mediterranean? and why could not the steam-fleet of the Indian navy have carried them to China? It is still puzzling to appreciate the motives which have influenced the Foreign Secretary, who, after all, is the prime mover, and might be supposed to care less about monsoons than those who only associate monsoons with long cruises in sailing-ships.

It is natural to suppose that he (Lord John Russell) believes the Treaty of Tientsin to have been one likely to redound to the interests, commercial if not political, of Great

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Britain, and that he desires to see it ratified. He knew, six months ago, that his subordinate, Mr Bruce, in attempting to obtain that ratification, had been violently and insolently received, and that the Chinese Government did then, and have since, repudiated every one of the concessions in the Treaty which rendered it of the slightest value to us. He has subsequently approved of the proceedings of Mr Bruce, and in common with his Queen, and the heads and representatives of this great country, lauded the noble self-sacrifice and heroic devotion of the small band of seamen who essayed, in June 1859, to punish the perfidious Court of Pekin. Yet up to to-day, March 10, 1860, he, Lord Johr. Russell, is not prepared to state what course the Government intend to take with respect to China; and he has not as yet boldly announced his intention of punishing the Government of China for their broken treaty-engagements or their treachery, and even leaves it an open question whether the shame inflicted upon the navy of England is, or is not, to be wiped off.

But for the oracle of the Tuileries, the British public would still be entirely in the dark as to the intentions of our Foreign Secretary. Napoleon the Third has, however, spoken, and we know Lord Palmerston's Ministry too well not to feel sure that where the Frenchman leads they will follow.

Lord John, in February, assures the House of Commons he was waiting for one more despatch from Mr Bruce, and has subsequently informed us that that one despatch did not contain the information he wanted. Within the last few days Lord John has faintly sketched out his milk-and-water policy. It amounts to this: that if the Emperor of China will apologise for the slaughter of four hundred Englishmen, he will be content with a *simple* ratification;—no indemnity for the past, no guarantees for the future, are to be asked.

On the other hand, we are informed that war with China is a Chancellor of the Exchequer's war, one involving great risks to the revenue of Britain, and one in which we must be careful, in punishing the enemy, not to be injuring ourselves. Let all this be granted. But what has been gained, we ask, by our dilatory proceedings, excepting that the Court of Pekin has entirely misunderstood our delay, and that time has been given it to be better able to resist us in enforcing our treaty-rights? Lord Elgin, we are told, is now going to be sent to China. We know that his Lordship offered his services as far back as last October—why was he not then sent? His appearance there, accompanied by such a force as should have been in China by Christmas Day, would have had a great moral effect upon the Court of Pekin. His name is associated in the minds of the Chinamen with defeat of their forts and armies, and the submission of their Emperor—his sudden return there with a formal declaration of war would have alarmed, and probably paralysed, the war-party in the councils of the Emperor. No: instead of this straightforward line, the only one consistent with our dignity when dealing with Easterns, we have allowed a mercantile class-interest to paralyse the strong arm of England, and to multiply the difficulties which lie in the path of the future diplomatist and executive.

Lord John Russell, and we may say the statesmen of England, have only had to choose between Imperial and class interests—it is strange that they should have found it necessary to be so long in deciding which part to take. Any one who will wade through the files of the English journals published in China subsequent to the publication of the terms of the Treaty of Tientsin, will be struck with the fact that the first hostility our Ambassador experienced, in return for having opened up the Empire of China to the merchants, missionaries, and travellers of the world, emanated from our communities resident at the five ports.

They were quite as obstructive to Lord Elgin in 1857-58 as the merchants of 1842-43 were to Sir Henry Pottinger. Their policy was not the policy of England. Their profits were enormous, they could hardly be increased, and it was easy to surmise that they might be lessened by any

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great or startling changes. Over every dinner-table, in every place of resort, the acts of the Ambassador were canvassed, and in the presence of Chinese servants, who again sold the opinions expressed by their masters to the officials of the Chinese Government. In this way, there is no doubt that, long before Lord Elgin left China, the Court of Pekin had fully learnt how nearly a counter policy, which was that of the Hong-Kong mercantile community, had foiled Lord Elgin at a critical moment in the negotiations of Tientsin, and that, had that interested policy succeeded, the Emperor Hienfung would have been saved the concession of all that was new in the Treaty.

The fact that Lord Elgin was considered to have been wrong by Sir John Bowring and Admiral Seymour in having gone at all to the north, was well known in the yamuns of Hwashana and Kweiliang. Once aware of all this, it would have been very unlike the Chinese Government had they not made one more effort to shake themselves clear of the concessions they had lately made. The war-party was allowed to act upon their own responsibility, and if possible subvert the new Treaty. They have done so, and at this moment the old Treaty of Nankin, not that of Tientsin, is the basis upon which we are trading with China. Such were the first fruits of the Hong-Kong counter policy.

It was not until this "blow-up" of the Treaty was brought about in China, that the policy of the local traders was likely to have much weight in England. Since then, however, we have met with it in many quarters, under all shapes and guises. The English merchants engaged in the Chinese trade are not perhaps very numerous, but they are extremely wealthy, and possess, for their numbers, great interest. Firms that can allow members to retire on from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds in the course of every few years, are by no means despicable either in family connection, social position, or territorial status in Great Britain; and the fight [illegible] making, and the speci[illegible] they [illegible] vested interests, must not be undervalued. They beg us to let things be. Provided we correct a few of the most glaring defects in the old tariff, they would be well content to see the streams of commerce flow as they do at present. They want us to accept as inevitable a chronic state of petty hostility between consuls and mandarins, a triennial war, periodic captures of Canton, burnings of British mercantile dwellings, and exaction of large indemnifications. They allow, it may be, an inconvenience to the Exchequer, an injustice and hardship to the tax-payer at home. But is not that better, their wisdom tells them, than an extension of British relations with China, which shall stop all smuggling?—is not that better than an immense influx of fresh merchants and fresh capital, with increased competition, lower prices, and lower profits? It is true that the imports of England into China are as nothing, compared to the exports, and the balance of trade against us at Shanghai alone last year was more than five millions in hard silver; but what care they? Their profits consist in the *export* of tea and silk; and the more limited the area from which tea and silk are drawn, the more scarce the article may be made to appear, and the higher the price that can be exacted. Never did monopoly establish herself more firmly under the guise of free-trade, than she has done in the trade of the five ports of China—never were specious arguments more plentiful on behalf of a close corporation, than will be and have been advanced by those directly interested in the present trade of China. It is, we much fear, their arguments and their influence which have alarmed the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, and threaten to sacrifice the interests of the manufacturer and consumer at home to the vested rights of the *exporters* from China. We do not believe that they will, in the long-run, succeed in their policy. The sound good-sense of this country will outride eventually all their jog-along theories. But what we desire to see now, when we have a good opportunity, and right is on our side, is, [illegible] the policy to be p[illegible]

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China be worthy, in the first place, of the dignity and honour of Great Britain, and that the interests and pockets of the heavily taxed millions at home be consulted, instead of that of a hundred commercial magnates, who retail us tea and silk at cent per cent profits.

In the first place, we will endeavour to show what must be the effect of a general opening up of the trade of China, and of our right of access to all its many provinces; and then we think we can prove that, in the application of pressure to the Government, we may so manage that none of the present trade of China shall be affected, and that the country whence we now draw our teas and silks shall be left unscathed by our fleets and armies.

Let our reader spread before him a map of China, and, the better to appreciate its size and area, he must remember that it is about equal to Europe, supposing the latter was a square, without including the Iberian Peninsula. But bear in mind that China is blessed with a far richer soil, abounding in products which Europe has to send for from every quarter of the globe; and that if between the Ural Mountains and the Atlantic, between the Frozen Ocean and the Mediterranean, we can muster three hundred millions of inhabitants, China can boast of four hundred millions, living under one form of government, one written language, and one code of laws. This vast country, this heaving mass of living creatures, is placed at the most remote point of the globe with respect to Europe; it wants nothing from us, though we require much from it. There is not a province in China which does not produce some article of actual necessity or luxury for Europe, and at the same time, out of the eighteen provinces which China is divided into, there are as yet only four,* situated on the south-east seaboard, to which Europeans have obtained access, and even their resources are but very partially known. Access to these four provinces only dates back to 1842; and prior to that, from the year 1549 (for three centuries, in short), all the trade of Europe with the great Empire of China was restricted to the single port and province of Canton. We have but to turn back to the parliamentary debates, the pamphlets and writings, of 1830-1840, to be able to point out, almost word for word, the very same arguments against the extension of trade beyond Canton, and of the danger of touching a commerce so lucrative to the merchant and beneficial to the Exchequer, as are at present being used to frighten us from any further progress in a direction which experience tells us is the right one.

Since we have traded with four, instead of one province in China, the tea-trade of Britain has more than tripled, and nearly all that tea comes from a limited area, which may be best defined by drawing a line *northward* from Canton, and *westward* from Shanghai, until they meet. The portion of China enclosed by those two lines represents the region from which we procure nearly all our teas. But do not suppose that the Chinese of all the rest of China are dependent upon this same district for tea: no, nearly all China produces quite as good tea, but the price of carriage, and the distance from the five open ports, place the purchase of those teas out of our power. In proof of this, we will quote the Russian tea-trade, which may now be called the Siberian trade, Russia proper having wisely decided upon abandoning the overland route for her commerce, and being about to enter as a competitor in the same markets as ourselves. This Siberian tea-trade has increased 57½ per cent within the last ten years. The teas are exported from the remote north-west provinces of Stzchuen, Kansoo, and Shansi; they are of the best quality, for the good descriptions will only pay for the expensive land-carriage; and we know that in 1850 nearly ten million pounds of tea were carried out of China by this route, and that the supply was simply limited to the demand;—had fifty times as much been required, it would have been

* Quang-tung, Fokien, Chekiang, and Kiang-su.

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supplied. In the bygone year, we find that Great Britain exported from China nearly fifty-five million pounds of tea, an increase over the year '58 of nigh upon thirty million pounds; and that the United States, in like manner, carried off twenty-three and a quarter million pounds of tea, or five million pounds increase. Yet for all this the myriads of China have nowhere missed their constant beverage, whilst the poor artisan's home in Europe still often lacks it, in consequence of its great price. The consumption of tea is everywhere increasing; its imports into Europe and America are steadily multiplying; the price of the article apart from taxes is still excessive. The very tea that the wife of the poor English labourer pays 2s. 10d. or 3s. a-pound for—and even at that price it is adulterated with every abomination under heaven—sells on the spot where it is produced at 80 cash per catty, or in rough terms, 3d. a-pound English.* Who is it that takes the remaining 2s. 6d. for delivering a pound of tea at our doors? Is it the mandarin, the merchant, or Mr Gladstone?—it matters little. One thing is very certain, that the half-crown does not go into the hands of the poor Chinese tea-producer, and that it comes out of the hard-earned wages of the English labourer, or starving half-pay officer. The *Times*, through its correspondent, Mr Wingrove Cooke, let us, two years since, into some of the secrets of the tea trade; we commend his information, since republished in the form of a book, to the consideration of our apparently puzzled Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as well as to Mr Gladstone. We are there shown, in the twenty-third chapter, how wonderfully skilful the Chinese authorities have been in abstracting revenue from teas, directly they found them passing from hand to hand as an article of foreign commerce. We are told that in the beginning, nay, until very lately, the only tax upon tea was in the form of a small impost—levied as a land-tax at so much per rood, paid by the tea-grower; and that if it passed to Shanghai through the provincial capital Hang-chow-foo, a registry tax of 3 cents per 133 lb. was exacted for the benefit of the local government; but that at this hour that tax has been increased to 3d. per pound,—thus at once doubling the original cost of the tea besides which, every district between the point of growth and port of export takes an additional "*squeeze*" out of us, until nearly 6d. per pound is paid in dues upon tea originally worth only 3d. per pound.

Now it is evident from this, that to have cheap tea we must buy our teas upon the tea-farms, and pay one fair tax instead of a dozen irregular ones. As a proof of how we gain by proximity to the tea-bearing districts, we are informed that every chest of tea embarked at Foo-chow-foo escapes with exactly 13 shillings per chest less transit-tax than those passing to Shanghai; and Mr Cooke very justly estimates that, if we could (as we shall do by the Treaty of 1858) ascend the Yang-tse-Keang, and at Hankow, or on the shores of the Poyang and Tun-ting lakes, embark our own purchases of the Houpak teas, we should save exactly 60 shillings of transit-duty upon every 133 lb. of the leaf. The Treaty of Tientsin, in Articles 9, 10, and 28, exactly meets our wants in this respect. We are thereby granted "the right to travel for pleasure or purposes of trade to all parts of the interior of China," and "no opposition shall be offered to the traveller or merchant in the hiring of persons or vessels for the carriage of their baggage or merchandise." "British merchant-ships shall have authority to trade upon the Yang-tse;" and "it shall be at the option of any British subject, desiring to convey produce purchased inland to a port, or to convey imports from a port to an inland market, to clear his goods of all transit-duties by payment of a *single* charge," and "the amount of this charge shall be calculated as nearly as possible at the

* Taking 1200 cash [redacted] or a dollar, and the catty at a pound and a quarter English. [redacted] price of tea is Mr Fortune's valuable work[redacted]

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rate of 2½ per cent *ad valorem!*" There is only one flaw in these important Articles, namely, that the clause (10) with respect to the opening of the Yang-tse for our shipping, is made contingent upon the suppression of rebellion in China! This defect Lord Elgin should be directed to remedy at once; and we shall then, as neutrals, pass and repass the rebel posts without let or hindrance to the military proceedings of Taepings or Imperialists.

Can any sane person suppose that we, the consumers at home, have not a large and direct interest in this promised condition of the tea trade, and that by it alone we may hope to pay less for a beverage which has become almost a necessary of life in every English household, and a most important article of national consumption?—for it represents in money the gross amount of six millions sterling, even if there was not a pound of tea consumed at more than 3 shillings a-pound. On the other hand, it is equally natural that the wholesale importers of tea into this country must have every reason to be perfectly satisfied with their present profit, and, if appealed to for information, that they very naturally say, "Pray, let well alone;" and that is exactly what they are now doing.

We seek in vain, except from those who are not China merchants, for any information relative to the price of tea in the place of growth, to the charges which must justly be incurred in conveying it to England, or for any proposition for the reduction in price of this important staple. A book* has appeared within the last few weeks, written by a gentleman who says he resided twelve years in China in a mercantile capacity; the matter is very thin, very disjointed, and charmingly dogmatical. The author writes of everything but the very points he must be most enlightened upon, that of the price of tea and silk. He assures us that the rebels of China are a charming set of Christian cut-throats; that Admiral Seymour's strategy and policy were most perfect; and the capture of Canton effected upon a plan communicated privately by the author! He charges Sir John Bowring and English naval officers with often putting to death shiploads of peaceful Chinese traders, in their zeal for the suppression of piracy. He shows a particular abhorrence for Messrs Wade and Lay, of the British Consular staff, apparently for no other reason than that those gentlemen have taken a prominent part in the suppression of frauds upon the Chinese customs. He does not like Lord Elgin, and thinks but slightingly of his Treaty. He holds out no hope of our obtaining teas or silk in greater quantities, and consequently at cheaper rates. He sees no prospect of our succeeding in beating the Chinese handloom weavers, as we have done those of Hindostan; and, in fact, his views of Chinese trade, and of the opening up of that vast empire to the action of European energy, civilisation, and capital, are thoroughly Confucian. He is a perfect Chinaman, and his creed is comprised in two sentences, which we give verbatim. "I would," says the resident, "condemn the unrestricted navigation of the rivers, and think that good might be done if the navigation on the coast was restricted also"!!! These are the authorities whom we are to receive as oracles—these are the people who are hampering the action of the Foreign Office and alarming the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The reader must remember that, in dealing with the tea question, and pointing out the advantages likely to accrue to the public from the opening up of China upon that article alone, we have merely selected it as an example from many other Chinese *exports* to which the argument is equally applicable. Silk, for instance, is plentiful over two-thirds of the area of China—the upper classes wear it quite as much in the great province of Stz-chuen, and as generally, as they do in Quang-tung. The holiday suit of the shopboy in Pechelee is of silk, as well as that of the servants in Amoy or Shanghai. And all the reasonable hopes and expectations of diminished cost to the home con-

* *Twelve Years in China.* By a British Resident.

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sumers in the future supply of these Chinese products, if the Elgin Treaty be faithfully and fully carried out, apply in a fourfold ratio to the question of our imports to China.

At the present moment we may be said to pay in silver for nearly all the products of China, and for years it has been the gulf into which all the silver currency of Europe has been pouring. To check this drain, our great object must be to encourage the import into China of such articles of home and colonial produce as shall in some degree preserve a healthy balance of trade.

There are two sorts of imports which are in some demand in China, and which, if *we can deliver upon the spot where they are needed*, will, we believe, be required in vast quantities.

The first is British colonial produce, such as opium, rice, cotton, "Straits produce," and sundry Eastern luxuries. The second is British home manufacture of cotton and wool, iron, lead, and tin, wrought, or in bars and pigs.

With respect to the first class of imports, the trade may be said to be steadily increasing, and they alone return nearly ten millions sterling of the great balance against us. Opium, however, figures by far the highest in that return trade. The second class of imports, those from Britain, are at a stand-still, and about one and a half millions sterling represent the annual amount of the manufactures of this country taken by China during the last five or six years.

As yet we have only trustworthy trade-returns for one port in China: that one port is Shanghai, where, thanks to the zeal and rectitude of Mr Lay, who so distinguished himself in bringing about the signature of the Treaty of Tientsin, there is now established an Anglo-Chinese customhouse, which insures the honest payment to the native authorities of all lawful dues. From the custom returns there published under Mr Lay's supervision, and Mr Wingrove Cooke's writings, as well as the Parliamentary Blue-Books, we learn some startling facts touching the exports and imports of that one port, and they serve as a clue to that of Canton, where there has been mystification, smuggling, and, we much fear, great fraud. In the year 1857, we find that the entire trade in foreign bottoms carried on in Shanghai was represented as £26,774,018: the portion of that trade due to imports was only £3,010,500 sterling, apart from opium, and *but* for that much-abused drug we should have had to pay nigh upon *fourteen millions sterling* for the vast amount of tea and silk carried to Europe from that seaport alone; and as it was, the opium sold only reduced that figure to about nine millions sterling. Perhaps 1857 was an exceptional year, and the failure of the silk crop in Europe occasioned a greater demand than may again occur for Chinese silk; if so, we may point to the trade returns of '56, where the import of bullion amounted to four and a quarter millions sterling, to settle the balance of trade in Shanghai. It is thus that for years Europe has been pouring her bullion into the lap of China, in return for her much-needed products. It is China that has absorbed and hoarded all the great silver currency which the mines of Mexico and Peru disseminated over the world. China has recently absorbed nearly all the French silver currency, as fast as it has been issued; and we are only indebted to our Indian products for recovering some fraction in return payment for our opium, rice, cottons, and sugars.

Now it stands to reason that it is rather the business of people at home, than of the traders upon the spot, to find some better substitute for the payment of Chinese products than the silver currency of Europe. The merchant in China acts as the mere broker between the producer and the consumer. If the consumer chooses to be satisfied with paying in bullion, *tant mieux* for the broker; the fluctuations in exchange are one vast source of profit, having ranged in China from 4s. 4d. to 6s. per dollar. The consumer knows nothing of those mysteries, and has as little to do with the advantages accruing as the poor tea-grower. Bullion is a convenient and rapid form of exchange for produce, it bears "sweating" in so many ways;

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and the Chinese trader prefers it to goods, because, having brought his teas down from a far country, he can carry back silver easier than anything else; and in that land of "squeezes" he can better conceal his profits from the keen-eyed mandarin, when those profits are in a hard mass of bullion, than if he was returning into the interior escorted by coolies carrying bales of British manufacture. Piracy, rebellion, and robbery are the normal condition of this vast empire, and it is that as much as the venality of the authorities which checks the circulation of our calicoes and woollens, our hardware and crockery. We are aware that it is the fashion to say, "Oh! the Chinese are a manufacturing nation, and although the power-loom has beat all the rest of the world, it must yield before Chinese manual industry." We believe this to be simple nonsense. The natives of India were manufacturers of calico until we entered the field against them. The squaws of North America were likewise manufacturesses until Yankee drills came into the market. The South Sea islanders made "tappa" far cheaper than we once could afford to clothe them; and the Peruvian, Chilian, and Araucanian weaved "ponchos," until Manchester put her shoulder to the work, and beat the handloom out of the most remote valleys of the Andes. And when was it that the European manufacturer thus succeeded? We reply, when he was able to compete against native industry in supplying native wants directly *in* the native market—not at some remote point a thousand miles from it, where his article was loaded with heavy expenses incident to land-carriage, or exorbitant and unjust taxes—and that is exactly the position in China that we must strive to attain. To sell our manufactures, we must deliver them upon the spot where they are required—that is, in every province of China; and as I have before said, to have cheap Chinese products we must buy them at the places of growth.

At present our trading stations are situated on the remote confines of a land as large as Europe, the interior of which, beyond that we know it to be very fertile and very populous, we are supremely ignorant of. We are required to land woollens in the tropics for the use of a people living in a remote corner of the empire, where the winters are most severe. Fancy, for instance, if a trader who desired to compete with the woollen manufactures of St Petersburg, was compelled to land them at Bayonne, and pay for the carriage, as well as to bribe fifty customhouses, before they reached the Neva: would he think it strange if his cloth could not in price compete with the native article under such circumstances? Yet our position, so far as the woollen trade with China is concerned, is exactly similar. We know that the inhabitants of the region in which the five ports are situated do not need our cloths; but we have to land them at Canton or Shanghai, in the hope of their reaching Pekin, or the still more remote and rigorous climates of Kansoo and Shansi! As yet we have had no seaport, no access to all that portion of China, inhabited by some two hundred millions of souls, in which the severity of the winter renders it likely that they need our woollens.

The arguments which apply to the introduction of our woollen manufactures into China, apply with still greater force to the cheap productions of our cotton manufactories. We need not reiterate them, but will, from the table of exports and imports found in the remote city of Hankow, when it was visited by Lord Elgin,* point out an interesting fact or two, to show why the cotton manufactures of Great Britain will not compete with the native ones until we deliver them cheaper at the interior marts.

It will there be seen that a piece of common grey sheeting, 38½ yards long and 39 inches broad, is sold by our merchants at Shanghai for about 12s., or say, roughly, 4d. a yard; the same material was selling in the Hankow shops for 6½d. (or $\frac{1}{1000}$ part

* See Appendix III., vol. ii. p. 493, *Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan.* By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq.

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of 52 pence) per yard; an increase of 2½d. per yard, or 6s. 4d. per piece, that increased price being simply due to a land or water transit of about six hundred miles into China; and the material would have treble that distance to travel before it could reach the farther borders of the empire. Yet, in spite of its price, it was selling, and, we were told, was in much use for many common purposes. Now the native manufacture of an equally common description, though only 10½ *inches wide*, was being retailed in that same city of Hankow for about 2d. per yard; it would require, of course, three breadths, a yard long, of that material, to render it equal to a yard of our sheeting. The result, therefore, was, that a quantity of English manufacture at Hankow, which cost 6½d., had to compete with a native material, coarser, it is true, but stronger, which cost 6d., and yet it did do so with considerable success; and we may safely say, that when our cottons are delivered at Hankow at a more reasonable rate of profit, the consumption of them must increase amazingly: and it is truly monstrous to suppose, if our merchants find it worth while to export a distance of 17,000 miles a piece of manufacture to Shanghai, and retail it there for 12s., that a Chinese broker is to carry it only 600 miles into the interior, and extort from his countrymen 18s. 4d. for it. It is this extortion, and not the hand-loom industry of China, which has so long left unfulfilled the just expectations of Great Britain in relation to her export trade with China. The extraordinary charges upon the common manufacture which we have given as an example, were still more gross, when we take into consideration the Hankow prices of chintz, brocades, and twills.

Chintz, selling at about 7d. a yard at Shanghai, was selling at 10½d. per yard in Hankow; brocades, worth 7d. a yard, in Shanghai, were being retailed at an additional 5d. per yard profit: or the trader from the western provinces of China who visited Hankow had to pay 40s. for a piece of English manufacture, which we could have sold him at a profit in Shanghai for 24s. In short, these figures ought to satisfy us that the Chinese native monopolists at the seaports have no small interest at stake in confining us to the frontier, where our places of commerce are now situated; and we have pretty good proof of what we have before stated, that the attention and energy of our merchants have as yet been mainly directed to the exporting of Chinese products, and not to the introduction of the fruits of British labour. Access to the interior of China, and access to every province of China, we now have by treaty-right—it is all we need to fully succeed in being to her what we are to nearly all the rest of the world—her manufacturer. The millions within the rich borders of the Central Land will hail our arrival amongst them. It is alone the official and the monopolist who are against us. To them pressure must be applied; in doing that we need not harm the industrious and sympathising masses. Yet we must not fail to impress upon all, that though we be traders as they are, as anxious for gain and as keen in questions of profit, we are, at the same time, much to be preferred as friends, and most troublesome and warlike enemies; and the Hong merchant and retired mandarin, who pays the starving labourer to don the dress and arms of a brave, and urges him to resist the invasion of free trade and European civilisation, must be clearly shown, what they do not yet understand, that the Englishman who shall boldly throw himself into the heart of China on behalf of his country's interests as well as his own, on the faith of the engagements made with its Government, must be justly treated; whilst, on the other hand, we will not fail to give assistance, and do all in our power to prevent our traders being smugglers—that they shall pay all lawful dues, and conform to the laws as far as a Christian may do so. This, we argue, may be all easily brought about by a summary punishment of the Court of Pekin for its late perfidy, by insisting upon our right of having a representative at Pekin, who shall communicate directly with the prime-minister or sovereign; and, lastly, by giving all countenance and support to the

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establishment of the new-raised Chinese and European boards of customs in China—a measure which we are happy to see advancing steadily, in spite of much covert as well as open opposition.

We have been so tempted to enlarge upon the subject of the importance of opening up the interior trade of China, that space will not admit of our now entering upon the subject of how the punishment of the late treachery at the Peiho may be avenged without damage to the present trade with China, or how the expenses of the military and naval expedition now called for may be reimbursed to us in the form of an indemnity; but we hope to do so in our next or following Number.

STABAT MATER.

[It is scarcely necessary to state that this well-known hymn is translated in deference to its poetical merits, not to its doctrine.]

Stood the maiden Mother weeping,
By the Cross her sad watch keeping,
Near her dying Son and Lord;
Woes wherewith the heart is broken,
Sorrows never to be spoken,
Smote her, pierced her like a sword.

O with what vast griefs oppressèd
Bow'd the more than woman blessèd,
Mother of God's only Son!
O what bitterness came o'er her,
When the dread doom pass'd before her,
Seeing her Beloved undone!

Say, can any stand by tearless,
When so woe-begone and cheerless
Mourns the Virgin undefiled,
Or the rising anguish smother,
When he sees the tenderest mother
Suffer with her suffering Child?

Sacrifice for sins presented,
Jesus she beheld tormented,
For her people scourged and slain;
In his hour of desolation,
In the spirit's separation,
She beheld her dear One's pain.

Love's pure fountain, let me borrow
From thine anguish sense of sorrow;
Make me, Mother, mourn with thee;
Be my heart's best offerings given
Evermore to Christ in heaven;
Let me his true servant be!

Holy Mother, draw me, win me;
Plant the Crucified within me;
Brand His wounds upon my heart!
For my sake thy Child was stricken;
With His blood my spirit quicken;
Half His agonies impart!

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Let me feel thy sore affliction,
And my Master's crucifixion
  Share, till life's last dawn appears;
So, with thee His cross frequenting,
Daily would I kneel repenting,
  Meek companion of thy tears.

Virgin-queen, renown'd for ever,
Not from me thy sweetness sever;
  Bid me drink thy sorrow's cup,
Till my sympathising spirit
All Christ's bitter pangs inherit,
  All His bleeding wounds count up.

Pierce me with my Saviour's piercings,
Let me taste the cross and cursings,
  And for love the wine-press tread!
Through thy kindling inspiration,
Virgin, let me find salvation
  In the doom of quick and dead!

Let Christ's guardian cross attend me,
And His saving death defend me
  Cradled in His arms of love!
When the body sleeps forsaken,
Mother, let my soul awaken
  In God's Paradise above!

P. S. Worsley.

[In our last Number, a previous translation of the *Dies Iræ* was ascribed, by a misprint, to "Dr Norris," instead of to the Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D.]

HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM 1815 TO 1852.—ALISON.

He is a bold man who undertakes to write cotemporary history. If no task can be more interesting, certainly none can be more ungrateful. Whoever would say the truth, boldly and unshrinkingly, upon the conduct of all parties—sparing neither when they are in error, bending before the weight of no living reputation, however great—will do a work which posterity indeed will prize and appreciate, but which, in its own generation, will be received by a perfect storm of obloquy. And just in proportion as his work is impartial and likely to last, is the extent of the indignation to which it will give rise. This has been the case in all ages, and must be so for ever. There is nothing so hateful to men as one who disturbs their habitual train of thought. In former times, great innovators, men of independent habits of thought, were burned and tortured. They fed the *auto-da-fés* of Castile, and filled the dungeons of the Inquisition in Italy. Now they are only assailed in reviews and burned in effigy in magazines.

Sir Archibald Alison has undertaken the task of writing a History of his own Times—from 1815 to 1848. With a stout heart and a strong will he has written it, following out in a fearless and uncompromising spirit what he thought the truth, bowing neither to the trammels of party nor the influence of cotemporary greatness; ever stating with candour the opinions of others—always decided in the expression of his own; depicting with a most praiseworthy impartiality the arguments and the facts educed by the contending parties; narrating the flow of events in a narrative always interesting and often eloquent; casting broad views over the tangled maze of politics; throwing a clear light on the important points, and

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passing with a rapid hand over the unimportant details of history; blaming alike the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston and the financial policy of Sir Robert Peel—the bigoted resistance of the old Tories to Catholic Emancipation and the republican dreams of the advanced Liberals—the refusal of the Conservatives to extend the representation to the great towns, and the haste of the Whigs to surrender the government of the country to a tyrant majority of the ten-pounders. He has produced a work pleasing at present to no individual party in the State, but all on that account the more likely to command the attention of posterity. Perhaps the highest tribute which could be paid to his impartiality is the fact that it is hard to say whether he has been assailed with most rancour in the pages of Tory, Whig, or Radical periodicals. Impartiality with regard to past events all admire; impartiality with regard to present events all abominate. Sir Archibald has not fallen down and worshipped before the golden calf of Free-Trade, therefore he is howled at as a heretic fit for the stake; he does not regard the opinion of the multitude as a pure well of wisdom undefiled, therefore he is scouted as an antiquated bigot. He has judged the present as it had been the past. He has fearlessly examined it and probed it, and it has writhed at the touch; he has meted out to it a different judgment from that which it has assigned to itself. Posterity is the jury which must give the verdict.

The history of the present is essentially different from the history of the past, and must be compared with a different standard. With regard to the last, the materials are ample and accessible, and the passions are stilled: with regard to the first, the materials are few and difficult of access, and the passions are excited. Sir Archibald has treated of both. His *History of Europe during the French Revolution* has taken its place as the standard English history of the period, as that of Thiers is the French. With regard to its merit there is little difference of opinion—but it is not with it that we have now to do. His cotemporary History must be judged by a different measure: like Burnet's, it is essentially a history "of his own times"—of its passions and its politics, its greatness and its littleness, its matchless progress, its unknown direction. The difficulties in the way of such a task are enormous—so great that no one can entirely surmount them. The materials, on many points numerous, on some are almost entirely deficient; the secret documents have not yet been made public, those published are all strongly tinged with the impression and the feelings of the moment. The historian, so to speak, has to construct his own materials, to exercise the most extraordinary judgment in selection—to discriminate with an almost intuitive power into what is true and false—to test by statistics the correctness or incorrectness of the conclusions he has arrived at—to supply by personal inquiry and recollection the deficiencies of the authorities within his reach—to reconcile discordant judgments and assimilate contradictory facts. To do this perfectly is impossible—our only wonder is that Sir Archibald has been able to accomplish in this way so much.

In Sir Archibald's History there is one great and peculiar merit, which alone would mark it as a work of primary value, and stamp it as one of perfect impartiality; and that is the very able summary of the arguments adduced on both sides in the English and French parliaments upon every subject of great and enduring interest. Most readers may imagine, from their being given with inverted commas, that they are simply transcribed from the Parliamentary records of the day. But this is a very great mistake; we should say that they are the most original, the most laborious, and the most valuable part of Sir Archibald's work. In the space of a few pages will there be found the contents frequently of half a volume of Hansard—the whole arguments for and against every great social and political change of modern times, stated with the greatest clearness, the greatest force, and, we must add, the most perfect impartiality. In this Sir Archibald's legal education seems to have availed him much. He seems to take a

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positive pleasure in stating the case which is most opposed to his own views with the greatest force and care. And, indeed, it may almost be alleged of him that he has elaborated his opponents' arguments more than his own. The fairness and candour of his mind comes out here in a most forcible light. We frequently differ entirely from Sir Archibald as to his conclusions, but we have never had to look further for the arguments and facts on which we ground our opinions than his own pages. If he gives the bane, he gives the antidote also. We know of no work in the English language in which an earnest Liberal, and decided Free-trader, will find the arguments and facts in support of his views so condensedly, so forcibly, and so clearly expressed, as in this.* To future ages it will represent, as in a mirror, the passions, the views, and the feelings of the time: to the present, it presents the most useful summary which we possess of the rise and progress of all the great political parties during the last forty years.

We know of no historical writer who gives at such length, and so decidedly, his own views—and we think he carries this to a fault; but at the same time there is none more careful to keep separate his views from his narrative, and to give the reader the means of judging fully of the soundness of his conclusions. He does not mix together his history and his opinions. Both stand side by side; and whilst we accept the one, we may frequently reject the other.

What generally characterises Sir Archibald's views is broad sound sense. There is never any difficulty in understanding the foundation on which his opinions rest. We take, for example, his views on the comparative effects of capital on commerce and agriculture, and on the currency—two subjects than which none can be more intricate, and on which nearly all his peculiar opinions rest. On the first his idea is, that the effect of the accumulation of capital in the later stages of society is entirely different when applied to manufactures and when applied to agriculture. The accumulation of capital causes its circulating medium, money, to abound; but whatever is plentiful is cheap: the money price of articles consequently becomes higher in a State which has much capital, than in one which has little. Therefore, did no counterbalancing cause exist, such a State would have to pay a higher money price for its productions than one in which the scarcity of capital made money rare, and consequently prices low. In regard to manufactures, this counterbalancing cause does exist. The application of capital to machinery, the division of labour, the power of steam, enable production to take place at an infinitely lower price. One man aided by machinery can do as much in a day as fifty men could do without it, and at a hundredth part of the cost. The result is that a wealthy State can always produce manufactures at a much lower rate than a poor one. In agriculture, however, this law does not hold good. Capital applied to production there produces a certain increased result, but at an enhanced, not a reduced price. So that whilst capital applied to manufactures causes enormously increased production at a vastly diminished cost, capital applied to agriculture produces only a moderate increase of produce at a considerable increase of price.† Very much the same conclusion has been reached, though from a different point of view, by Mr Mill, when he lays it down as a fundamental law, "that *increased labour*, in any given state of agricul-

* We would more especially point out the statement of the argument in favour of a return to a Metallic Currency (vol. i. p. 379-386); that in favour of Free-Trade on its first introduction (vol. iii. p. 704-706); that in favour of Catholic Emancipation (vol. iv. p. 160-167); of Reform (vol. iv. p. 305-315); and that in support of Free-Trade in 1841 (vol. vi. p. 436-440); of the Bank Charter Act in 1844 (vol. vii. p. 111-114); and for the repeal of the Corn-Laws in 1845 (vol. vii. p. 176-184). We have sought in vain in any Liberal works relating to the same subjects for an equally candid account of the arguments and views of their Tory or Protectionist opponents.

† Alison, vii. 397, 398.

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tural skill, is attended with *a less than proportional increase of produce*," and adds,—

"No tendency of a like kind exists with respect to manufactured articles. The tendency is in the contrary direction. The larger the scale on which manufacturing operations are carried on, the more cheaply they can in general be performed. Mr Senior has gone the length of enunciating as an inherent law of manufacturing industry, that in it increased production takes place at a smaller cost; while in agricultural industry, increased production takes place at a greater cost. . . . The tendency, then, being to a perpetual increase of the productive power of labour in manufactures, while in agriculture and mining there is a conflict between two tendencies, . . . it follows that the *exchange values of manufactured articles, compared with the products of agriculture and mines, have, as population and industry advance, a certain and decided tendency to fall.*"—(MILL's *Political Economy*, vol. ii. pp. 263, 264.)

Its tendency is to enable an old and wealthy State to undersell its younger and poorer neighbour in manufactured articles, but to compete with it at a disadvantage in the production of raw material and breadstuffs.

On the currency, he thinks, that if a certain amount of money, or the circulating medium, is requisite for the transactions by which a certain amount of commerce is carried on, and if these transactions be doubled, the circulating medium, by which they are carried on, should be doubled also. For if it remains the same, it has to do double work, and therefore becomes twice as valuable. Now this change would be of no consequence were it not for fixed obligations. It is quite the same, as far as the transactions themselves are concerned, whether one guinea does the work of two or not; but it is a very different thing when an immense mass of obligations are entered into at the one period, and come to be discharged at the other—entered into when the guinea will produce only one-half of what it will when they come to be discharged. In this case the weight of all debts is doubled, the value of all annuities increased in the same proportion. The debt-encumbered nation and the debt-encumbered landlord are crushed, but the fundholder and the mortgage-holder prosper. Sir Archibald deduces from this, that what is desirable is that the circulating medium should always bear, as nearly as possible, the same relation to the thing circulated, increasing with its increase, and diminishing with its reduction, thus maintaining always the same real value; and that the only way by which it is possible to attain this, is by a carefully-regulated paper currency, which should be increased in proportion to the increase of real transactions, and contracted according to their diminution. His objection to the Bank Charter Act of 1844 is, that it does just the contrary, by making the circulation of paper dependent upon the retention of gold—the export of every guinea beyond a fixed amount being followed by the drawing in of a note of corresponding value—so that whenever large foreign transactions cause a flow of gold abroad, instead of the currency expanding with its increased work, it is forcibly contracted by an equal amount.*

Now with these views we may or we may not agree, but they are evidently founded on a broad basis of good sense, are the result of much careful thought and study, and are supported by a mass of facts worthy of the most careful consideration.

There is no historical writer of modern times who has made so large and so important a use of statistics as Sir Archibald. The great importance of this branch of historical science is only now beginning to be understood. Sir Archibald Alison and Mr Buckle are almost the only historical writers we know who have founded large views and great inductions upon it. There can be no doubt that it is an instrument of first-rate power, and when the facts proved by it are *exhaustive*, they afford a demonstration equally conclusive with a mathematical one. But there is no subject upon which a little knowledge is so dangerous a thing, or in which any one who has not

* ALISON, ii. 379, 391; and vii.

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thoroughly mastered the subject in all its bearings is so certain to fall into error. Of this weapon Sir Archibald has a signal command. We have had frequent occasion, upon almost every subject treated of in his long work, to verify his statistics, and we have always found them perfectly accurate. They are taken either from parliamentary papers or the writings of his opponents, and whenever he has had to make an approximation, we have invariably found that he has made one rather under than over the particular point which he has been anxious to establish.

We cannot better illustrate Sir Archibald's great knowledge and perfect integrity on this subject, than by noticing an attack which has recently been made upon him. In a late number of the *Edinburgh Review* is an article, marked not less by malignant personal hostility than by acrimonious party-spite. The writer, an able but ill-informed man, has headed his onslaught and made his *cheval de bataille* an enormous statistical falsehood, to which he says Sir Archibald has given utterance. He says,—

"It is, however, a much more serious accusation against this work that it combines the most elaborate distortion of statistical facts with the reckless assertions of political ignorance. When statistics are made the basis of argument, Sir Archibald continually misquotes them in the interest of his theory. Thus he actually places side by side, as *corresponding* figures, tables of the declared value of imports with tables of the official value of exports—although the declared value, both of imports and exports, which do not suit his theory, stand side by side in the original. In vol. vii. p. 302, there is a tabular view of imports and exports for the nine years 1841-9; and we will quote the figures for the first and last years as an example :—

Years.	Imports.	Exports.	Balance against this country.
1841	£64,377,962	£51,634,628	£12,743,339
1849	105,874,607	63,596,026	42,278,582

Now this precious piece of statistical cookery involves a distortion of much more than the £42,000,000 in dispute for the last year cited alone! [illegible] ferring to Porter's *Progress of the* [illegible] page 356, from which the [illegible] ference to [illegible] VOL. [illegible]

imports are *official* value, and these exports *declared* value, from disconnected columns, the exports did in reality absolutely double the imports. Thus in official values throughout :—

Year.	Imports, For. & Col. Prod.	Exports of For. and Col. Merchandise.	Export of Brit. & Irish Prod. & Manufactures.
1849	£105,874,000	£25,561,000	£164,539,000

"If we subtract the re-exported merchandise not consumed in this country from the total of imports, the proportion of imports for consumption to our exports is £80,000,000 to £164,000,000, or less than one-half. In place, therefore, of a balance *against* the country of £42,000,000, there is a balance in its favour of *two to one*. Such is the vindication of free-trade on the very argument which Sir A. Alison accepts as the criterion of its advantage."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 225, p. 120.

This is boldly and plainly put—there can be no compromise here. He distinctly states that Sir Archibald has been guilty of falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition, in having deliberately and knowingly declared, to serve a party end, that the balance of trade in the year 1849 was enormously against this country, when in reality it was enormously in its favour. A graver accusation, and one more damnatory to an historian, it was impossible to bring.

Let us examine this matter to its foundation. Up to the year 1854 it is impossible to give with perfect accuracy the balance of trade, because that is the first year in which the real or declared values are given for both exports and imports—an approximation only, before that, could be made. Now, how to make this approximation is as good an *experimentum crucis* as possibly could be had wherein to try equally the statistical knowledge and the impartiality of both the historian and the reviewer. The method pursued by Sir Archibald was this: To subtract the declared value of British exports from the official value of the imports, and give the difference as an approximation to the real balance. The method pursued by the reviewer was to subtract the official value of the imports from that of the exports, and give it as the true balance. [illegible] one method in the year 1849 [illegible] balance against this country [illegible] 82, the other one is

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favour of £84,126,000. Now, every one who has made statistics a study knows, that while the official value of the exports (owing to the cheapening effects of capital and machinery on manufactures since the period when the official values were assigned) is *considerably more than double their real value*, the official value of the imports (from their being chiefly raw material) is about *forty per cent below their real value.* Sir Archibald evidently thought that this excess of the real over the official value of the imports was about equivalent to the official value of the exports of foreign and colonial merchandise (chiefly raw material). So letting these two balance (that is, omitting any consideration of the exports of foreign and colonial produce on the one side of the account, in consideration of the depreciation contained in the official value of the imports given in the other), he simply deducted the real value of British exports from the official value of the whole imports. An easy and infallible means of testing the amount of truth contained in these two methods exists from the year 1854—the first in which the real or declared value of the whole exports and imports is given. We extract three tables for the four first years after that period from a most able and exhaustive article on this subject in the *Press*:—

TABLE I.

True Balance of Trade as shown by the Real and Declared Value of Exports and Imports, 1854-57.

Years.	Imports, Real Value.	Exports, Declared Value.			Balance *against* England.
		British Produce and Manufacture.	Foreign and Colonial Merchandise.	Total Exports.	
	£	£	£	£	£
1854	152,389,053	97,184,726	18,636,366	115,821,092	36,567,961
1855	143,542,850	95,688,085	21,003,215	116,691,300	26,851,550
1856	172,544,154	115,826,948	23,393,405	139,220,353	33,323,801
1857	187,646,335	122,155,237	23,353,765	145,509,002	42,139,333*
	Balance against England in four years, . . .				£138,882,645

* The declared value of *British* Exports was given before, but not of *Foreign and Colonial* Produce till 1854. The real value of the Imports was first given in 1852.

TABLE II.

Balance of Trade for the under-mentioned Years, according to the Edinburgh Reviewer's Method.

Years.	Official Value of Imports.	Official Value of Exports.			Balance in *favour* of England.
		British Produce and Manufacture.	Foreign and Colonial Merchandise.	Total Exports.	
	£	£	£	£	£
1854	124,338,478	214,071,848	29,808,044	243,879,892	119,541,892
1855	117,284,220	226,920,262	31,494,391	258,414,653	141,130,427
1856	131,937,763	258,505,653	33,423,724	291,929,377	159,991,614
1857	136,215,849	255,396,713	30,797,818	286,194,531	149,978,682
	Balance in favour of England in four years, . .				570,642,615

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TABLE III.

Balance of Trade for the under-mentioned Years, according to Sir A. Alison's Approximation.

Years.	Official Value of Imports.	Declared Value of British Produce and Manufactures Exported.	Balance *against* England.
	£	£	£
1854	124,338,478	97,184,726	27,153,752
1855	117,284,881	95,688,085	21,596,796
1856	131,937,763	115,826,948	16,110,815
1857	136,215,849	122,066,107	14,149,742
	Balance against England in four years,		79,011,105

It thus appears, that while Sir Archibald's approximation for these four years would give a balance of trade against this country of £59,000,000 less than the real balance of £138,000,000, the reviewer's method would convert this adverse balance into an enormous balance in her favour of £570,000,000.

Such is the result of writing on a subject of which the writer is ignorant.* Sir Archibald, ever anxious not to over-state his argument, made an approximation which under-states the truth. The reviewer, eager to serve his party, made one which stated an enormous falsehood. We wish we could say that we thought he did this simply from ignorance. But in the *very page of Porter's* work to which he refers, and speaking of the very year which he has selected as his example, we find the following passage :—

"The rates of valuation employed for computing the amounts given under the head of official value were fixed in the year 1694, and have not since been altered; so that the sums thus given must not be supposed to give any accurate exhibition of the value of goods exported and imported. This system of valuation has been preserved in the public accounts, because it has been supposed to exhibit a correct measure of the *comparative quantity* of merchandise which has made up the sum of our annual dealings with other countries. The *fallacy of the present system will be at once apparent if the amounts given in the official value of imports and exports in any one year are brought into comparison.* On the supposition of the correctness of the custom-house valuation, our foreign and colonial trade must long since have proved the ruin of our merchants, since the *value assigned to our exports is enormously greater than that given to the imports. To instance* the first year of the series in the following table, the loss of the country

* Had the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* been well acquainted with the subject of statistics, he would have known that the real difficulty of ascertaining the balance of trade now lies, not in respect to the official values of the exports, which are utterly worthless for that object, but in the difficulty of estimating correctly a certain depreciation which exists both in the "declared" value of the exports and the "real" or computed value of the imports. The exports are entered at the value declared by the exporter, that is, nearly at the cost price; but they will be sold at a considerably higher rate to give him a profit and pay the freight. Therefore a considerably larger sum of money will be *received* for them than appears in the statistical tables. On the other hand, the imports are valued in the customhouse at a rate considerably under the price at which they have been purchased. For them also, therefore, a larger sum of money will be *paid* than the tables show. The difference is larger on the side of the exports (where it includes both freight and profit) than on that of the imports (where it is made up of part of the profit only). To estimate it correctly at present is impossible, from the excessive fluctuations in the foreign trade; goods being sometimes sold at an immense profit, and not unfrequently much below cost price, especially in the *distant* markets.

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in the year 1801 must have amounted to £3,418,386, and in 1849 to £84,226,787." —(PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, p. 357.)

Certainly here there has been falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition on the public, but on the part of which writer? We never knew, in the whole history of literature, an instance in which a malignant attack on an author resulted in such a complete and triumphant vindication, both of his fairness and his facts.

As a specimen of Sir Archibald's powers of narrative, we may take the following, on the death of the Princess Charlotte :—

"No words can paint the universal consternation and grief which seized the entire nation on this calamitous event, which buried an illustrious princess, the sole daughter of England, and a royal posterity, in a single tomb. Nothing comparable to it had been seen in the country since the head of Charles I. fell upon the scaffold. Then was seen how universal and deep-seated is the loyalty of the British heart, and how strong and indelible the chords which bind the people to their sovereign. Every house, from the ducal palace to the peasant's cottage, was filled with mourning; tears were seen in every eye; the bereavement was felt by all with the intensity of domestic affliction. Business was generally suspended; scarce a word was spoken even by the most intimate friends when they met in the streets—they pressed hands and went on in silence. The hum of men ceased; no sound was heard but the mournful clang of the church-bells, which from morn till night gave forth their melancholy peal. Minute-guns were fired from all the batteries and ships—

'The flag was hoisted half-mast high,
A mournful signal on the main,
Seen only when the illustrious die,
Or are in glorious battle slain.'

"A royal proclamation ordered a general mourning. The injunction was unnecessary; every human being above the rank of a pauper spontaneously assumed the garb of woe. On the 18th November, when the funeral at Windsor took place with great solemnity, every church and chapel in the United Kingdom was opened and filled with mourning multitudes, whose grief could find no other alleviation but its united expression."—(Vol. i. pp. 342, 343.)

From his reflections on the passing of the Reform Bill we extract,—

"In a word, the fault of the Tories in this great debate, and it was no light one, was, that they used the political power which had grown up in their hands as a property, not a trust, and resisted to the last those changes in the representation of the Commons which time had rendered necessary, and which were essential either to insure beneficial legislation, or to diffuse contentment and satisfaction among the people. The fault of the Liberals, which was still greater, consisted in this, that when they got the power they introduced a reform in Parliament based on erroneous principles, which destroyed one system of class legislation only to introduce another still more at variance with the interests of the majority; and, having brought it forward, forced it through by violent excitement of the people, and unconstitutional coercion of the sovereign. The Tories, in the last extremity, in a great measure expiated their fault by the praiseworthy self-sacrifice which they made at the call of public duty. The Whigs, in the moment of triumph, in some degree redeemed theirs by the moderation with which they used the unlimited powers acquired by victory."—(Vol. iv. pp. 418, 419.)

Further on he adds,—

"Without pronouncing decidedly on this deeply interesting question, upon which the world is as yet too young to form a conclusion that can be relied on, there is one truth which has been completely demonstrated by the constitutional experience in the last times, both of France and England, of permanent importance to mankind, and which will largely benefit the future generations of men. That is, that a *uniform representation is but another name for class government, and that the governing class will always be found in that which is immediately above the lowest line of the suffrage.* In France, when the line under the Restoration was drawn by the payment of £12 a-year of direct taxes, that ruling class was not found in thirty thousand of the richest proprietors in the country, but in the poorest in the enfranchised class—those paying from £12 to £20 direct taxes, who were two-thirds of the ninety thousand electors. In England, by the Reform Bill, supreme power was vested in persons in boroughs paying from £10 to £20 rent; that is, in the buying and selling class, interested chiefly in beating down the cost of production. . . . . The ruin of constitutional freedom in

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France, the dissolution of the colonial empire of Great Britain, will be cheaply purchased if they impress upon mankind the eternal truths, that *a real representation in government is the essential need of civilised man*, and can never be refused without imminent danger; that uniformity in the suffrage inevitably induces class government; that the ruinous nature of such government is in the direct proportion of the number admitted into the class; and that the *only way to avoid these evils is class representation.*"—(Vol. iv. p. 424-426.)

This, we think, contains one of the most important views relative to the effect of a uniform franchise which it is possible to conceive. There is the real difficulty under which we have been labouring ever since the passing of the Reform Bill. Every proposed new reform has contained some scheme more or less effectual, to get quit of this one uniform tyrant majority, and give some variety to the representation, either by a difference of qualification or a representation of minorities. It is the grand problem which we have now to solve, and which was met, in the old constitution, by the much-abused rotten boroughs. They afforded a real representation to every *wealthy interest*, whether colonial, moneyed, or manufacturing. What that constitution really was deficient in, or rather what the old Tory party committed the enormous fault of not extending it to, was the means of representing the feelings and wishes of the great masses of people who had grown up in the new manufacturing towns. The refusal of the Tories to give representatives to the new and important commercial cities, rendered the overthrow of the old constitution merely a matter of time. The great object which we have now to attain, is by variety in the franchise to secure the representation of classes, and not merely that of the most numerous class.

The view given by Sir Archibald of the causes which led to, and the passing of the Reform Bill, is, we think, singularly clear and convincing. Our only fault with him here and elsewhere in domestic history is, that he attributes too exclusive an effect to the influence of the currency. Its effect was great, but not so great, we think, as he imagines; other causes, we believe, concurred, of equal importance. These he always mentions, but not with the same degree of prominence. This is a point, however, upon which people will probably continue to differ until the end of time. His view of the Irish famine and its effects is very curious, and much elaborated; his account of the gradual progress and final adoption of Free-Trade principles by Sir Robert Peel, by far the most temperate and impartial which we have seen. His remarks upon the great change of that able leader, whilst retaining office, we think unanswerable—just to the man and the difficulties of his position, yet pointing clearly out the ill effects to party confidence, and consequently party government, under which we have been labouring ever since.

In treating of all commercial and social subjects, Sir Archibald possesses one great advantage, and that is practical experience. His position as Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and chief judge in the great commercial and manufacturing city of Glasgow, has given him a practical insight into the working of our commercial system, a knowledge of our manufacturing interests, and a personal acquaintance with the habits and views of the working classes, which no literary and few political men of the day possess. And this gives his opinions upon such subjects a value far above that which would attach to them were they merely those of an able speculative writer. Brought every day into contact with mercantile men, manufacturing interests, and skilled artisans, his views on these subjects seem to have arisen from personal observation, and to have been tested by the results of a long experience. They are no crude theories fashioned in the closet, but the practical deductions of an acute and close observer. We take as an example his remarks on Trades' Unions:—

"Worse even than plague, pestilence, and famine, combinations among workmen are the greatest social evil which, in a manufacturing or mining community, afflicts society. These, bad as they

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often are, affect only the bodies of men; but strikes affect their minds. They utterly confound the ideas of right and wrong among immense numbers of the people, by arraying them in hostile bands against their fellow-men, induce a *bellum quam plus civile* in the heart of peaceful society; and, in their latter stages, lead them anxiously to expect the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes for the attainment of what they consider their legitimate rights. They subject tens, sometimes hundreds of thousands of persons, innocent of any offence, and anxious only to earn a subsistence by honest industry for themselves and their families, to months of compulsory idleness and real destitution. They deprive them, often for long periods, of occupation, as fatal to their minds as the loss of wages is to their bodies. They band them together, in the beginning, by the strong attraction of common hope; in the end, by the hellish bond of committed wickedness. They subject the immense majority of quiet, inoffensive persons to the tyrannical rule of a small minority of violent and ambitious men, who form a secret power, wielding an authority greater than even the triumvirate of Augustus, or the Committee of Public Salvation of Robespierre. Their evils do not terminate with the closing of the strife, and the resumption of labour by the combined workmen. They leave a long catalogue of ills behind them; and for years after, the energies of the workmen are depressed by the debt which they cannot discharge, idle habits which they cannot conquer, and crimes into which they have been involuntarily led. . . . .

"What tends greatly to increase this strange indifference to the greatest social evil which afflicts society is the opinion, generally entertained, that strikes are *always* unfortunate to the workmen, and therefore that their good sense will lead to their discontinuance. There never was a greater mistake. In the great majority of instances, strikes are successful; and it is the knowledge of this fact which renders them of such frequent occurrence. It is true, the world in general hears nothing, except of those which are unfortunate, because it is for the interest of no one to publish those which are successful; and being soon over, they are as soon forgotten. But they are not forgotten by the workmen, who are encouraged by their frequent successes to try their strength with their masters in circumstances entirely different, when they are sure to be defeated. The reason is, that they are successful when it is for the interest of the master to retain the men in his service, and unsuccessful when it is for his interest to get quit of them. With a rising market for the produce of their labour, no master will allow his workmen to remain idle as long as any profit remains to himself from their labour. With a falling one, he is too happy of a pretext to get quit of paying them their wages, for the produce of which existing prices will not yield a profit. Thus strikes are constantly successful when they take place with a rising market, and as uniformly unsuccessful when they are ventured upon with a falling; and it is because the workmen cannot be brought to see the difference of these situations, that they occur so often, and, under circumstances evidently hopeless, are adhered to with such pertinacity."—(Vol. vi. p. 306-310.)

Before passing from the subject of domestic history and legislation, we may give another specimen of the hastiness and inaccuracy of the critic in the *Edinburgh Review*. Alluding to the assistance afforded to the South American republics, Sir Archibald had said:—

"*We repealed the laws against foreign enlistment*, permitted expeditions of 8000 and 10,000 men, many of them Wellington's veterans, to sail from the Thames under the very eye of Government, and advanced immense sums by loan to enable the insurgent states to prolong the contest."—(Vol. ii. p. 739.)

Upon this the reviewer remarks:—

"*The fact is precisely the reverse:* the 'Foreign Enlistment Act' (59th George III.) was *passed* in 1819, the year in which these occurrences began, and rendered foreign enlistment a misdemeanour."—(*Edinburgh Review*, No. 225, p. 151.)

Now, had he taken the trouble to have made himself even cursorily acquainted with the work which he has undertaken to criticise, he would both have known that Sir Archibald has given a long, most minute, and perfectly accurate account of the Bill then brought in, of the changes it made in the law, and how it became a dead letter,—and have been able then to see the entire justice of the remark he has so elaborately misrepresented. This account extends from page 408 to 417 of his first

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volume. These extracts will show its tenor :—

"On the part of Government it was argued by the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Bathurst, and Lord Castlereagh,—As the law at present stands, by the 9th and 29th George II. and the 9th George III., it is made *felony*, without benefit of clergy, to seduce subjects of this country to enlist in the service of foreign powers. . . . . It is proposed in the present Act *to take away the capital sanction*, and declare persons enlisting in foreign service *guilty of misdemeanour only*, and to declare the supplying the belligerents with warlike stores, and equipping vessels for warlike purposes, the like offence." —(Vol. i. pp. 409, 410.)

This proposed law, repealing the penalty of death affixed to the crime of foreign enlistment, and constituting it a misdemeanour, punishable with a few months' imprisonment only, was passed. But, continues Sir Archibald,—

"The Act of Parliament passed remained a dead letter. The embarkation of troops, stores, and loans continued without intermission; and as detailed in a former work, Spanish America was thereby rendered independent, and severed from the dominion of Old Spain."—(Vol. i. p. 416.)

After this, which of these two has best explained the history of the period—Sir Archibald, who, after most carefully explaining what really took place, alludes to it afterwards as having been a practical repeal of the former law prohibiting foreign enlistment with the punishment of death—or the reviewer, who represents this nominal retention of a trifling and *unenforced* penalty as a real, rigorous, upright, and zealous discharge of the right of non-intervention, guaranteed in the most solemn and especial manner by a clause of the treaty concluded with Spain in the year 1814?

II. The history of France between 1815 and 1848 naturally divides itself into two distinct portions—the history of the Restoration, and that of the House of Orleans. The first is a period of great interest: the more closely it is studied, the more minutely examined, the more we will become convinced that it was at once the time when there was most real liberty in France, and most discontent. France never forgave the Bourbon kings their restoration by the bayonets of the Allies in 1815, and their forced reduction of France to its old limits. Of this period Sir Archibald's is by far the most impartial and the most instructive History which has yet been published. Bringing strongly out the faults of the Bourbon kings, developing, in the clearest terms, the fatal error of Charles X. in throwing himself into the arms of the *parti-prêtre*, he yet has convincingly shown that no amount of good government on their part would ever have reconciled the democratic party to their rule, or induced the nation to forget their origin. And this leads to one most remarkable phenomenon, without a clear understanding of which, this period of French history is unintelligible—viz. that while popular distress always led to popular discontent in England, it was popular prosperity which led to the greatest amount of popular discontent in France.*

"It is very remarkable, that, while the prosperity of the country had increased in this prodigious ratio during the Restoration, its discontents had fully kept pace with it; and they had now reached the highest point at the very time when the wellbeing of the people was most universal and conspicuous. The smiling aspect of the fields, the busy activity of the commercial towns, the animation of the seaports, were equalled only by the general discontent and sullen disloyalty which pervaded these scenes of prosperity and happiness. What was still more remarkable, the classes among whom the discontent was the greatest, were the very ones which had most largely benefited by the government of the Bourbons, and been most severely crushed by that which had preceded it. . . . . This memorable example proves the fallacy of the opinion generally entertained, that no disturbances are to be regarded as serious, if the material comforts of the people are duly attended to; and of the truth of the distinction drawn, in a former work, between troubles originating in real grievances, which may be expected to

* Alison, iv. 377, 378.

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be alleviated by their removal, and such as arise from the thirst for political power, which are only increased by such comforts as tend to increase the pugnacious propensities of the people."—(Vol. iii. pp. 485, 486.)

The cause of the overthrow of Charles X. was his throwing himself into the arms of the ultra-Catholic party, the nominal point on which the revolution broke out, his suspension of the liberty of the press, and change in the electoral law, under the 14th Article of the Charter, which says,—"Le Roi . . . . . nomme à tous les emplois d'administration publique, et *fait* les règlemens et *les ordonnances nécessaires pour* l'exécution des lois et *la sûreté de l'état.*" This power had been twice exercised by his predecessor—once on the 13th July 1815, when, by a royal ordonnance alone, the representation was established on an entirely new basis, and the Chambers so elected proceeded to the transaction of business without any protest being lodged; and again, on the 5th September 1816, when, by a royal ordonnance alone, the electoral system was again altered so as to get quit of the Royalist, and secure a Liberal majority in the Chambers.

On both these occasions it was exercised by a Liberal ministry in the interest of Liberal views, and there never was then a word said about its illegality: when, however, it was now used by a monarchical ministry in favour of ultra-Conservative principles, the democratic party rose in arms against it. This, however, was the nominal, not the real, cause of the contest. Under the imprudent, but weak and honest government of the Bourbons, the Liberal party had advanced in power and influence till they became ungovernable by any then existing power in the State. They were determined to have a government of their own construction, and a monarch of their own choice, and it was only a question of time and opportunity when the hour for the contest was to strike. Sir Archibald, with great force, pourtrays the almost insane conduct of the Polignac ministry, who, on the one hand, threw down the gauntlet to the whole Liberal party by the Ordonnance of the 25th July 1830, and enraged beyond endurance the National Guard by decreeing their dissolution; whilst, on the other, they took no steps whatever to prepare for the military contest now inevitable in the streets of Paris, and left their whole arms in the possession of the disbanded citizen soldiers.

The real error, in a constitutional point of view, committed by Charles X., was his formation of a ministry composed of the *parti-prêtre* in the face of an adverse majority in the Chambers.

"It is evident," says Sir Archibald, "that the fall of Charles X. was immediately brought about by his refusal to submit to the first principle of a representative government, that of taking his ministers from the majority of the popular branch of the legislature. There can be no doubt that it is often very galling to a sovereign to be obliged to do so, and that it seems very like depriving him of the liberty, in choosing his confidential servants, which is accorded to the meanest of his subjects. Still it is the fundamental principle of a constitutional monarchy; and if a sovereign accepts such a throne, he is bound to conform to its conditions. The point at issue between Charles and the Chamber of Deputies was, whether he was to maintain, contrary to their wishes, the ultra-royalist administration he had chosen; and although not absolutely bound to defer to their wishes in the first instance, yet, having tried the last resort of a dissolution, and received from the nation a legislature equally determined on the subject, it was his undoubted duty, as a constitutional monarch, to obey."—(Vol. iii. p. 551.)

The memorable night of the 28th July—that after the second of the "three glorious days"—is thus described by our author:—

"The night which followed was a melancholy one in Paris, and not less so to the insurgent leaders than the royal troops. The excitement of the contest was suspended; but the silence and the darkness brought with them what was yet more terrible, for with them came the memory of the past and the anticipation of the future. That the Government would be overthrown there could be little doubt, now that the troops of the line had for the most part deserted

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its defence, and passed over to the people; but what was to succeed it? Was a republic to be installed, with its massacres, its executions, its Marats and Robespierres? and was a second inundation of the Cossacks, perhaps never to retire, to cross the Rhine and overspread the fields of France? No one could tell what a day would bring forth: and great as had been the indignation excited by the appearance of the ordonnances, it was now as nothing compared to the terror excited by the probable success of those who opposed them. The unwounded combatants alone, wearied with a conflict which had now continued almost without intermission for forty hours, sunk into sleep, and reposed peaceably, stretched on the pavement or behind their barricades; but numbers passed a melancholy night. Food there was none for the soldiers; scarce a drop of water was to be had to assuage their burning thirst; the wounded, weltering in their blood, lay stretched on the stones, for nothing to remove them had been provided; and even the bravest felt that the contest was hopeless, now that the troops of the line had deserted them, and that nothing remained but to fall with honour amidst the ruins of the monarchy."—(Vol. iii. p. 524.)

For this period there are good, but not numerous, materials. On the Liberal side, Lamartine's, on the Legitimist, Capefigue's and Lacratelle's Histories bring out well their respective views; and there has lately come out the very valuable Memoirs of Guizot, and some curious illustrations of particular points in those of Marmont and Chateaubriand. In the ensuing period, the reign of the Citizen King, there is Louis Blanc's very valuable *Histoire de Dix Ans*, and its continuation by Regnault; Capefigue's History; and for its latter portion, the narratives of Cassagnac, d'Haussonville, and De la Hodde, of Caussidière and Lamartine, besides numerous brochures and *mémoires* on particular periods; and for the whole there is the voluminous *Annuaire Historique* for the State papers and reports of the debates in the Chambers of Peers and Deputies. Of all these Sir Archibald has made a discriminating and assiduous use; and in every point where we have tested his accuracy, we have found that, amongst contending accounts, he has adopted the most probable version, and that supported by the greatest weight of authority. His very valuable analysis of the debates in the Chambers of Peers and Representatives presents much the most complete and satisfactory picture which we possess of the views and opinions of both the contending parties during this long and interesting period.

Under the Restoration there was a curious attempt to give a representation to different classes. All France was divided into departments, and each department into arrondissements. In each arrondissement, all the electors paying 300 francs of direct taxes, and upwards, voted for a representative; but besides, in each department, all "les plus imposés"—that is, those who paid the highest amount of taxes—voted for a separate member to represent the department. The representatives were thus divided into a large body, representing the great mass of the tax-payers, and a small body, representing those who contributed most largely to the support of the State; the one being supposed to represent numbers, and the other property. But the great fault of this constitution was, that it only extended the suffrage at all to those who paid 300 francs a-year direct taxes. This was practically excluding great part of the middle and all the working classes.

The great cause which ruined the government of the Citizen King was its being rested upon too narrow a basis. It was essentially the government of the bourgeoisie. The elective franchise was fixed at the payment of 200 francs (£8) a-year of direct taxes to Government. This practically excluded altogether the great mass of the lower orders—it admitted the shopkeeping, but excluded the working class. The middle classes being alone represented in the Chambers, the whole legislation of the country was directed to their exclusive interests. All offices were given to them; all the laws passed were for their benefit. There was no independent House of Peers to forbid their encroachments, no legal means afforded to the lower orders to check their selfishness. The Gov-

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ernment, relying on their majority in the Chambers, disregarded the growing mass of discontent which was smouldering and festering in the hearts of the *prolétaires*, and which, deprived of any legitimate outlet, was turning rapidly into the Socialistic views of the Red Republic. At last the explosion came; the government of the bourgeoisie was upset. It had no feeling of loyalty, no feeling of gratitude to rest on. The middle classes shrank from a contest with the lower. The throne of Louis Philippe fell with a crash to the ground. A fearful social chaos, threatening the dissolution of all the bonds of society, followed, which was first overthrown by Cavaignac in June 1848, and finally stamped out by Louis Napoleon in 1851. These are noble subjects, and Sir Archibald's narrative of them is one of great power and never-flagging interest. The constitutional history of France had never before in this country secured a proper share of attention; but it is a subject of the very greatest interest, and from which the most important conclusions in political science may be drawn. Sir Archibald has worked out all its phases with great care, and it forms one of the most important and suggestive parts of his work.

The French conquest of and wars in Algeria present a good field to Sir Archibald for the exercise of his strong turn for the narration of military incident. His account of the capture of the Emperor's Fort at Algiers on the 9th July 1830; of the unsuccessful expedition against Constantine in November 1836; of its final capture in October 1837; and of the war with Morocco and battle of Isly in 1844, are written in his best style.

He has devoted a long and very interesting chapter to a review of the principal French writers during and since the Restoration. In his remarks upon Lamartine's extraordinary merits, Sir Archibald has been assailed in the following terms by that very candid critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, whose remarkable discoveries we have before mentioned:—"His character of M. de Lamartine is an atrocious disfigurement."—(*Edinburgh Review*, No. 225, pp. 157 and 122.)

Now, if there is any one point on which the largeness and generosity of Sir Archibald's mind is remarkable, it is in his criticism of his literary contemporaries. But in any criticism of French literature, to omit all notice of the melancholy vanity exhibited by Lamartine, and too many other of their writers, would be impossible. One might as well attempt to give a character of Tiberius without alluding to his cruelty, or of Cæsar without mentioning his ambition. To do so would be to exhibit a one-sidedness, of which the reviewer might be guilty, but of which Sir Archibald is wholly incapable. There is no one even moderately acquainted with recent French literature to whom this is not well known. Take, for instance, one example out of Lamartine's *History of the Revolution of* 1848:—

"Le nom de Lamartine était sorti dix fois de l'urne électorale sans qu'il connût même une seule de ses candidatures; s'il eût dit un mot, insinué un désir, fait un geste, il eût été nommé dans quatre-vingts départements; sa popularité était sans bornes à Paris, en France, en Allemagne, en Italie, en Amérique. Pour l'Allemagne son nom était la paix. Pour la France c'était la garantie contre la terreur, pour l'Italie c'était l'espérance. Pour l'Amérique c'était la République. Il avait réellement dans ce moment la souveraineté de la conscience européene. Il ne pouvait faire un pas dans la rue sans soulever les acclamations. Elles le suivaient jusque dans sa demeure et interrompaient son sommeil. Deux fois reconnu à l'Opera dans le fond d'une loge, le parterre et les spectateurs se levèrent, suspendirent la representation, et couvrirent son nom pendant cinq minutes d'applaudissements. La France personnifiait en lui sa joie d'avoir retrouvé son gouvernement."—(LAMARTINE, *Revolution de* 1848, vol. ii. pp. 349, 350.)

But the whole book abounds with similar passages, and his "Confidences" and "Raphael" still more so. Able and charming in all other respects, they are, to every generous mind, painful to read, from the melancholy picture they afford of how a great and noble spirit can become affected with this disease. But hear Sir Archibald on Lamartine, and judge of the atrocious disfigurement:—

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"If the turn of their respective minds is considered, it will not appear surprising that Guizot was the Conservative minister, Lamartine the democratic leader, on that occasion. As much as the former is distinguished by historical knowledge, patient research, and sober judgment, the latter is characterised by ardent imagination, dramatic power, and pictorial splendour. Such is the vividness of the conceptions of this charming writer, such the fervour of his eloquence and the brilliancy of his fancy, that they have tinged truth itself with the colours of fiction, and led to much really true being discredited in his writings, merely from the glow of the language in which it was conveyed." —(Vol. iii. p. 510.)

One more specimen we give of Sir Archibald's criticism of his French literary cotemporaries:—

"By far the best work of M. Thiers, and one which belongs to the highest class of political history, is his *History of the Consulate and Empire*, now in course of publication at Paris. It shows that his mind had grown immensely during the course of his political career, and cast off many of the indiscretions or errors of his more juvenile years. He is no longer the ardent student fresh from the revolutionary school, and ready on all occasions to share in its dreams or palliate its excesses; but the experienced statesman, versed in the ways of the world, and taught by disaster the futile nature of all visions founded upon the immaculate character of the great majority of men. His talent for military history seems to have increased with practice, and acquaintance with the leading generals of the period; and there is no work in existence which the general reader can consult with more pleasure, or the military with greater instruction, than his *History of the Campaigns of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram*. But in addition to this, his political opinions appear to have undergone a considerable change with the lapse of time, and a practical acquaintance with the duties of statesmanship. His mind is candid; and albeit bred in the school of Infidelity and the Revolution, his late volumes contain frequent allusion to Supreme Superintendence, and the punishment, even in this world, of the sins of men. But, above all, his acquaintance with the secrets of cabinets and state-papers has led to his last work being enriched with a great variety of important information not to be met with in any other publication; and in no other work is there to be found so copious an account of the diplomacy of the Empire, and the internal legislation of Napoleon."—(Vol. iii. p. 622.)

We cannot help contrasting the uncandid, narrow, and malevolent spirit with which our author's work has been assailed, with his own conduct in similar circumstances. For he, too, has been an anonymous critic on a great contemporary historian and noble political rival. Listen to the mode in which he has gone about his task, and judge of the broad candour of the man:—

"His (Macaulay's) learning is prodigious; and perhaps the chief defects of his composition arise from the exuberant riches of the stores from which they are drawn. Where warmed in his subject, he is thoroughly in earnest, and his language in consequence goes directly to the heart. In many of his writings—and especially the first volume of his History and his essay on the Reformation—there are reflections equally just and original, which never were surpassed in the philosophy of history. That he is imbued with the soul of poetry need be told to none who have read his Battle of the Lake Regillus; that he is a great biographer will be disputed by none who are acquainted with the splendid biographies of Clive and Hastings, by much the finest productions of the kind in the English language."—(ALISON'S *Collected Essays*, vol. iii. p. 636.)

III. There is no subject connected with the history of modern Europe so difficult to treat as the history of Germany. This arises from the almost entire absence of materials. On the one hand, there are numerous diplomatic documents, on the other, a few interesting memoirs, but anything like an historical narrative of events is wholly awanting. This has arisen from the heavy fetters imposed on the press by the strong military governments of Austria and Prussia, which has led to the entire turning aside of literary talent and industry from the dangerous channel of present events, into the safe paths of philosophy, poetry, or the history of the distant past. In such circumstances, to treat the constitutional history of Germany with anything like the fulness or clearness of that of England or France, is impossible. Sir Archibald's chapter on this sub-

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ject, though from these causes necessarily, in some degree, meagre, is yet remarkably distinguished by broad and deep views, which throw a clear light upon the causes of the past struggles and present difficulties of the Fatherland. These are thus summed up :—

"From this account of the political circumstances and constitutional history of Germany subsequent to the Peace, it is evident that its situation was very singular, and such as necessarily stamped a peculiar character on its literature, and portended, at no distant period, serious convulsions among its inhabitants. On the one hand, there was a vast confederacy of States, the majority of which were in a simple agricultural condition, animated with a strong military spirit, deeply tinctured with feudal ideas, governed by a feudal nobility, and inspired with the strongest aversion to the democratic regime, from the invasion of which they had already suffered so much. On the other hand, there were many free towns, and commercial or manufacturing districts, already considerable, at the commencement of the period, which increased immensely during the long peace which followed the conclusion of the war, and the inhabitants of which were animated with the strong and inextinguishable love of freedom which in every age has distinguished the Teutonic race. Between such classes, inspired with such opposite feelings, union was impossible — ultimate contest inevitable. The *tiers état* of Germany was rising so rapidly in wealth, intelligence, and consideration, that it was not in the nature of things that it should remain long in the fetters of the feudal nobility: the feudal nobility was so strongly intrenched in the citadels of power, and in the possession of government, that it was equally hopeless to expect they would relinquish it without a struggle, or be driven from it without convulsions. . . .

"A contest of this description is inevitable in one stage or other of every monarchy of the European race. England had it in the great Rebellion — France during the Revolution. But what was peculiar to Germany, and rendered it likely to be more serious there than in any other country, was this— that the long duration and successful issue of the revolutionary war had materially added to the strength of both parties, and in a similar proportion augmented their hostility against each other. Twenty years' almost unbroken warfare had drawn forth to the very highest degree the military spirit and resources of the country; and the narrow escape it had made at its close, by almost superhuman efforts, from slavery and bondage — the sad result of their former divisions—had both convinced every one of the necessity of a federal union, to cause the common independence to be respected, and of a vast standing army to maintain it if assailed. Thus the whole of Germany unanimously agreed, while smarting under the evils of French oppression, to a federal union, which placed the entire physical strength of the confederacy at the disposal of Austria and Prussia, the two greatest military powers of central Europe; and acquiesced in the establishment of a federal army of 300,000 men to obey their directions. Such and so great was the accession to the strength of the aristocratic and monarchical party, from the long continuance and final triumphant issue of the war."

"But that very triumphant issue, and the long peace to which it gave rise, augmented in a proportional degree the passion for freedom in the middle and commercial portions of the community. The victory had been gained by a unanimous effort of all ranks; and in the first fervour of gratitude, the sovereigns of Germany had solemnly given in return, in the Federal Act, the promise *to all* of representative institutions. In Prussia this promise had been followed up by the official announcement that Government were engaged in the inquiries requisite for the formation of a constitution. When, therefore, year after year passed away without this promise being redeemed in the great monarchies, and when at last it terminated in the illusory concession, in the Prussian States, of provincial assemblies only, and in Austria in no assemblies at all, the discontent was general and extreme. It was rendered the greater that, during the long interval of expectation, the industry and wealth of the middle classes had immensely increased, and with it the desire for, and capability to exercise, representative powers had proportionally augmented. The Diet had most wisely prohibited internal war between the States of the Confederacy; they had effectually guarded it against foreign attack, and had removed many of the restrictions which fettered the commercial intercourse of one State of the Union with the other. The Fatherland—peaceful within, respected without—had been moulded into a vast empire, containing in the end forty millions of inhabitants speaking the same language, descended from the same stock, in great part actu-

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ated by the same sentiments, and rapidly increasing in population, wealth, and industry. Imagination could hardly conceive circumstances more favourable to the development of the passion for freedom among the middle and industrial portion of the community; and yet the very circumstances which had created this desire, had imposed seemingly impassable barriers to its gratification."—(Vol. v. p. 76-79.)

These views explain clearly both the material prosperity and ever-increasing discontent of the German people; and we do not recollect to have ever seen them so satisfactorily elucidated. The subject is one of the very highest importance, and has been hitherto almost entirely neglected. Sir Archibald, in this portion of his work, has directed his attention chiefly to tracing the progress of constitutional changes in Prussia, but he has not, we think, bestowed sufficient pains upon the rise and progress of the Zollverein and the Southern Customs Union. The subject is one of great importance, and well worthy of a more complete development. He has well said, that, if we would understand the German mind, we must look not to its political history but to its literature, and he has accordingly devoted a long and interesting but not very discriminating chapter to a review of the leading German and Danish writers and artists.

IV. The progress of that vast but unwieldy power, which, enveloped in an icy climate and protected by the vastness of its pine-covered plains, has gone on continually increasing in material strength, ever extending the boundary of its dominions, ever directed by the unity and the secresy which result from the strong rule of one, is perhaps one of the most interesting and one of the most obscure subjects upon the study of which we can enter. Sometimes checked in its progress, it has never abandoned its designs—often changing its means, it never deviates from its end. Whether ruled by the magnanimous and high-souled Alexander I., the iron will of Nicholas, or the humane and enlightened Alexander II., it yet follows out with an almost solemn earnestness what seems to be its destined course. Not even the severe loss of the Crimean war and great disaster of Sebastopol has caused it to turn aside. Steadily scanning the causes of that defeat, it has as steadily and calmly set itself to remedy them—not with any spasmodic effort, but with the resolved far-seeing gaze of one whose whole future is devoted to that sole object. Want of railways and the means of internal transport, together with the armed occupation of the Principalities by Austria, caused that disaster—and she is now engaged in the silent and quiet construction of gigantic lines of rail, which will bind together with their iron links the hitherto disunited portions of her vast dominion. The conquest of Circassia has secured the as yet uncertain means of access to Georgia; the acquisition of the left bank of the Amoor to its mouth has gained for her eastern possessions what the capture of Constantinople would give to her southern; and the recent understanding with Austria promises to remove one of the great stumbling-blocks from her path.

The progress of Russia from the fall of the French Empire to the edge of the Crimean war are treated of by Sir Archibald. During by far the greater portion of this period she was under the rule of Nicholas. His account of the death of Alexander and accession of Nicholas is one of great beauty and of great force. Of the crisis of the revolt in favour of Constantine, which took place at St Petersburg in the Place of the Senate, we extract the account:—

"At length having exhausted all means of pacification, the Emperor ordered the troops to act. The rebels were attacked in front by the horse-guards and chevalier-guards, while the infantry assailed them in flank. But these noble veterans made a vigorous resistance, and for a few minutes the result seemed doubtful. Closely arrayed in column, they faced on every side; a deadly rolling fire issued from the steady mass, and the cavalry in vain strove to find an entrance into their serried ranks. The horsemen were repulsed: Kakhofski with his own hand slew Colonel Strosler, who commanded the grenadiers; and

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Kuchelbecker had already lifted his arm to cut down the Grand-duke Michael, when a marine of the guard on his own side averted the blow. Jakoubovitch, charged with despatching the Emperor, eagerly sought him out, but in the mêlée and amidst the smoke, without effect. The resistance, however, continued for several hours, and night was approaching with the rebels, in unbroken strength, still in possession of their strong position. Then, and not till then, the Emperor ordered the cannon, hitherto concealed by the cavalry, to be unmasked. The horsemen withdrew to the sides, and showed the muzzles of the guns pointed directly into the insurgent square: they were again summoned to surrender, while the pieces were charged with grape, and the gunners waved their lighted matches in the now darkening air. Still the rebels stood firm; and a first fire, intentionally directed above their heads, having produced no effect, they cheered and mocked their adversaries. . . . . Upon this the Emperor ordered a point-blank discharge, but the cannoneers refused at first to fire on their comrades, and the Grand-duke Michael, with his own hand, discharged the first gun. Then the rest followed the example, and the grape made frightful gaps in the dense ranks. The insurgents, however, kept their ground, and it was not till the tenth round that they broke and fled. They were vigorously pursued by the horse-guards along the quays and through the cross streets into which they fled to avoid their bloody sabres. Seven hundred were made prisoners, and several hundred bodies remained on the Place of the Senate, which were hastily buried under the snow with which the Neva was overspread. By six o'clock the rebels were entirely dispersed; and the Emperor, now firmly seated on his throne, returned to his palace, where the Empress fell into his arms, and a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the chapel."—(Vol. ii. pp. 239, 240.)

When such were the scenes amidst which he ascended the throne, no wonder that they left a deep impression upon him, and tinged the whole of his after-life. We think Sir Archibald's character of Nicholas both just and discriminating. He brings out strongly that, unlike Peter the Great, who endeavoured to Europeanise Russia, Nicholas's object was to develop the *national* character and institutions of his people.

"Nicholas," says he, "on the other hand, is essentially Russian in his ideas. He is heart and soul patriotic, not merely in wish, but in spirit and thought. He wishes to improve and elevate his country, and he has done much to effect that noble object; but he desires to do so *by developing, not changing, the national spirit*, by making it become a first Russia, not a second France or England. He has adopted the maxim of Montesquieu, that no nation ever attained to real greatness but by institutions in conformity with its spirit."—(Vol. ii. p. 260.)

Sir Archibald's account of the wonderful struggle for her independence made by Poland in 1830-31, is, we believe, the only narrative of that event in our language; and it is marked by his usual qualities when narrating military events—clearness in general effect, and picturesqueness in minute detail. Both the difficulties and the advantages of the Poles are well brought out, and full justice is done to their brilliant valour, and the military skill of Skrynecki.

Whilst on the subject of Russia, we may mention, as affording a fair specimen of the attacks which are launched against Sir Archibald, a minor point, upon which the Edinburgh reviewer,—who headed his assault with the notable discovery, that in the year 1849, when the drain of gold to the Continent necessitated the suspension of the Bank Charter Act, there was a balance of trade in England's favour, pouring in upon her a beneficent stream of that much-desiderated metal to the amount of £84,000,000; and followed it up by the equal remarkable observations, that our conduct to Spain, during her war with her revolted colonies, was characterised by the most scrupulous adherence to the principle of neutrality; and that Lamartine is an author remarkable for the entire absence of personal vanity,—has shivered a lance with him. Sir Archibald said:—

"The carnage of Eylau, *the overthrow of Tilsit*, led only to the incorporation of Finland with its vast dominions; the acquisition of a considerable territory from its ally Prussia; the consolidation of its power in Georgia and the Caucasus, and the incorporation of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the extension of its southern frontier to the Danube. And

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although, during the first agonies of the French invasion, these valuable provinces were in part abandoned, and the Pruth was fixed on as the boundary, *in the mean time*, of the empire, yet it was at the time evident, what the event has since abundantly proved, that this unwonted retirement of the Russian eagle was for the time only."—(Vol. ii. p. 114-15.)

Nothing can be more just than these remarks. The final subjugation of Georgia by Paskèwitch; the still more recent reduction of the Caucasus by Bariatinski, just consummated; and the hard struggle of Russia to crush Turkey in 1854, have verified every portion of them. But there is no paradox to which party-hate will not lead men, and the *Edinburgh Review* on this passage remarks,—

"The misstatement of fact is as great as the obliquity of the reasoning! Tilsit, instead of an overthrow, was *the most successful treaty Russia ever concluded*. The power of Russia has never been entirely consolidated in Georgia and the Caucasus, which have remained a contested dominion."—(No. 225, p. 141-2.)

Now, it is curious that the other great historian of the Empire should have fallen into the same error, and almost in the same words. M. Thiers says,—

"Au surplus Napoléon et son ministre acceptaient, disaient-ils, l'intervention de l'Autriche, mais aux conditions enoncées, c'est-à-dire aux conditions *arrachées à la Russie après Friedland, à l'Autriche après Wagram*, et malheureusement on traitait après Moscou!"—(THIERS, xv. 236.)

Why, every one knows that the conditions imposed upon Russia were the surrender of her ally Prussia, the abandonment of the English alliance, and her unreserved adhesion to Napoleon's Continental system—that is, to the entire cessation of all commerce with England; in other words, to the ruin of almost every landed proprietor in Russia—the stipulations in her favour being, that she was to be permitted, unopposed by France, to conquer, if she could, Finland from Sweden, and Bessarabia, Wallachia, and Moldavia from Turkey. Alexander contrived to elude for some time the articles binding him to stop all intercourse with England, by conniving at its existence in the neutral bottoms, and under the neutral flag of America. But when Napoleon insisted upon the entire cessation of the intercourse with England carried on in this manner also, Alexander replied:—

"Quant au blocus continental il était toujours resigné a y concourir en fermant ses ports au pavillon britannique, et en recherchant ce pavillon sous toutes les dénominations qu'il usurperait: mais que pousser ce soin jusqu'à exclure entièrement le commerce americain *lui était impossible, car ce serait reduire son pays à l'état de misère ou se trouvait la Pologne.*"—(THIERS, xiii. 415.)

Rather than carry out to their full consequences the conditions of Tilsit, he gave up Wallachia and Moldavia, which he had already conquered, perilled his empire and his crown on the chances of a war to the knife with Napoleon, and staked his all on the doubtful result of the Moscow campaign.

This leads us to the most curious and amusing of all the reviewer's historical discoveries. Sir Archibald had said that,—

"The treaty of Tilsit led to the temporary 'incorporation' of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the extension of its southern frontier to the Danube."

But our well-informed critic is not to be deceived in this manner:—

"Moldavia and Wallachia *never were* '*incorporated*' with Russia."—(No. 225, p. 142)!!!

This displays an amount of ignorance almost pitiable. What is to be thought of a man presuming to write on this subject who does not know that, on the 21st January 1810, Wallachia and Moldavia were formally annexed to the Russian empire by an Imperial Ukase, which declared the Danube, from the Austrian frontier to the sea, the southern boundary of the empire, and that it remained so until the pressure of the war with France obliged Russia to cede them again to Turkey, upon the 28th May 1812, by the peace of Bucharest, in order to gain the services of Tchichagoff's army, then employed in holding them, and which afterwards nearly cut off Napoleon at the Beresina? At this climax we leave this critic, with the hope that

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when he next takes up his pen, it will be upon some subject with which he has at least some slight acquaintance.

V. The affairs of the East and the decline of the Turkish Empire necessarily occupy a large portion of Sir Archibald's work. The history of the Greek Revolution is at once the most interesting and the most difficult part of this subject. We have no doubt that most of his readers have looked upon Sir Archibald's long chapter upon this subject as merely a very interesting narrative of a very exciting period, but as presenting no greater difficulties in execution than a similar narrative of one of Napoleon's or Wellington's campaigns. Yet it is far otherwise; and no one who has not, as we have done, looked closely into the matter and gone into its details, can form an idea of the enormous difficulty of the subject. It is the most complete chaos of events which we know, and at first sight it seems an altogether hopeless task to extract anything like an intelligible, far less an interesting narrative out of such a flood of small contests and isolated events. The way in which Sir Archibald has accomplished this task is worthy of all praise. It must have been a task of enormous labour, and has, more than any other portion of his work, developed his great power and skill in massing details, and bringing them all to bear upon the general stream of events, so as to evolve a clear narrative out of a tangled mass of intricate obscurity. Whoever would be convinced of this, may turn to the study of Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution.*

From this part of Sir Archibald's work we make one extract:—

"Like Chios, Ipsara sank in flames and blood; but its closing scene was very different, and worthy of the heroic character of its inhabitants. A certain number, comprising the principal citizens, escaped on board nineteen brigs, carrying away such of the fugitives as they could pick up from the waves, and conveyed them in safety to Hydra, where they were received with generous hospitality. Six hundred Macedonians threw themselves, with their wives and children, into the fortified convent of St Nicholas, on which were mounted twenty-four pieces of cannon. With these they defended themselves with such resolution that they were still masters of it at night; and on the following morning the Capitan Pasha renewed the assault with his whole troops. Several attacks were repulsed with prodigious slaughter; but at length the garrison, hopeless of relief, and having lost two-thirds of their number, determined to perish like the three hundred at Thermopylæ. They sent a soldier with a lighted torch to fire a powder-magazine outside the walls; and as he fell, pierced by several balls, before reaching it, five others were sent on a similar errand, and all shared the same fate. Upon this, the Greeks resolved to blow themselves up with the powder they had within the monastery, but in such a way as to involve their enemies in their ruin. They ceased firing, accordingly, for some time; and the Turks, thinking the defenders had all fallen, after a pause rushed tumultuously forward to the assault of the walls, which were scaled on every side. Suddenly the Hellenic flag was lowered: a white flag bearing the words 'Liberty or Death,' waved in the air: a signal-gun was discharged, and the monastery, with its whole defenders, and thousands of the assailants, were blown into the air. Two only of the Greeks were extricated alive from the ruins; of the assailants, three thousand perished during the storm or the explosion."—(Vol. iii. pp. 179, 180.)

To the military reader the account by our author of the campaigns of the Russians and Turks in Roumelia and Armenia, in 1828-9, will be of the utmost interest. Paskewitch's two years' contest in the latter province is to be placed, as an instance of strategical skill in the commander, upon a par with that of Napoleon in 1796 in Italy, or that of Wellington in 1812 in Spain. It is worthy of the deepest study, because it is based upon the very highest application of the principles of war. His operations when he, with far inferior forces, by skilfully masking his point of attack, forced the strong ridge of the Saganlugh, then turned rapidly upon the now disjointed corps of his opponents, defeated them in detail, and finished with the rapid advance to and capture of Erzeroum—have never been surpassed in war, either for genius of conception or vigour of

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execution ; and the description of them by Sir Archibald is marked by all that clearness and vigour which characterised his narrative of the great Continental campaigns in his former work. The same may be said of his brief but clear sketch of the Syrian campaigns of Ibrahim Pasha in Syria in 1832, which led to the famous treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi with Russia in the following year.

Sir Archibald laments, as all must do, in strong terms, our inability, from being engaged in supporting with our whole disposable forces the cause of revolution in Portugal, to lend any aid to Turkey when she applied to us, in this crisis of her fate, for assistance. Had we been able to support her then, in all probability the Crimean war of 1854 would have been unnecessary—Turkey, unable to get support from us, hopeless of aid from France, sinking under the sword of Ibrahim, had no resource but to throw herself into the arms of Russia, who gladly availed herself of the opportunity, and extorted, as the price of her assistance, the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi ; which provided, by a secret article, that "the Ottoman Porte should be bound, in virtue of its obligations to Russia, to close the Straits of the Dardanelles—that is to say, not to permit any ship of war of a foreign power to enter those straits under any pretence whatever"—which, in other words, constituted the Black Sea a Russian lake. When war again broke out between the Sultan and the Pasha of Egypt in 1839, and a contest with France, which had espoused the cause of Mehemet Ali, was on the verge of taking place, the assistance of the four powers (England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia) was granted to drive Ibrahim out of Asia Minor. This was to be done by their fleets acting so as to interrupt the communication between Egypt and Syria, by capturing the fortified towns on the sea-coast, which command the only available line of road. This aid was granted by the treaty of the 15th July 184[illegible] however, stipulated, "that [illegible] shall in no way derogate [illegible] rule [illegible] of [illegible] bidden to ships of war of foreign powers to enter the straits of the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus."—(ALISON, v. 546). After the end in view was accomplished by the capture of Acre and insurrection of the Syrian tribes, which entirely isolated Ibrahim's army in Syria, and forced Mehement Ali to agree to the cession of that province and Candia, the affairs of the East were finally settled by the convention of the 15th July 1841.

To this celebrated treaty, France, which had now united with the Allies, was a party. It stipulated on the part of the five great powers that they,

"Being anxious to give to the Sultan a public proof of their respect for the inviolability of his rights of sovereignty, as well as of their desire to confirm the security of his empire, have resolved, on the invitation of the Sultan, to *confirm by a solemn act their resolution to conform to the ancient rule* of the Ottoman Empire, in virtue of which the passage of the Dardanelles is to remain *for ever closed to the vessels of war of foreign nations, as long as the Porte shall remain at peace.*"—(*Article of Treaty given in* ALISON, vol. vi. p. 106.)

Upon this Sir Archibald well remarks that,

"Lord Palmerston having succeeded in bringing all Europe into his measures, thought he had secured the independence of the Ottoman empire, by adopting the Russian treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, closing the Bosphorus and Dardanelles against foreign vessels of war; forgetting that *Russia, with eighteen sail of the line, was already there*, and that the only result of his diplomatic triumph was to leave Constantinople, with its fleet destroyed at Navarino, unsupported, *vis-à-vis* of Sebastopol, with its impregnable bastions and four thousand pieces of cannon."—(Vol. vi. p. 108.)

We are aware that it is asserted by the supporters of Lord Palmerston that this treaty was a victory over Russia, because it wrested from her the concession which she had obtained, by the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, of passing herself the straits of the Dardanelles, whilst she excluded all other powers from so doing; and that this treaty, by con[illegible]d now making a part of [illegible]r corporate law of Euro[illegible]

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and long-practised right of the Porte to close the Dardanelles during peace, precluded her from becoming a Mediterranean power, and reduced her to her original position in respect to Turkey.*

But the answer to this is decisive. Lord Palmerston chose to make the old custom of the Porte to close the mouth of the Dardanelles, during peace, for the first time a part of the *public law of Europe*, and binding upon all its States, *at the very moment when the causes which had led to their originally consenting to that "rule," had passed away.* That custom was originally claimed and exercised by Turkey when the Euxine was a Turkish lake, when every spot of ground around it was subject to the Turkish sway, and when no flag was seen upon its waters but that of the Crescent. Gradually the conquests of Russia extended to its shores—the Crimea was ceded, Sebastopol arose—a Russian fleet was launched upon its bosom, which, at first small and unpretending, went on gradually increasing till it came first to equal, and finally, after the destruction of the Turkish and Egyptian marine at Navarino, enormously to excel that of the Porte. From that hour the Euxine, from being a Turkish, became a Russian lake; and the ancient rule of closing the navigation of the Dardanelles to ships of war turned from being the greatest possible safeguard of Turkey against Europe, into the greatest possible protection of Russia against all other powers, and the entire prostration of Turkey at her feet. The custom originated in respect to the exclusive possession of the Black Sea by Turkey; it was made a solemn part of the general law of Europe when the Black Sea was ruled by the Russian, not the Turkish flag. It was *a ratification of its transfer from the one to the other, executed by the great European nations under the guise of the acknowledgment of an ancient right.* What we should then have insisted upon, for the great powers of Europe, was an equal right with Russia to send their ships of war into the Black Sea. It was nothing to shut up Russia with Turkey—the lion with the lamb—in the Black Sea; that was all Russia wanted. *What she feared, and what we should have insisted on,* was the right of the other European powers to re-establish the altered balance of power there, by sending in their fleets when they judged it necessary—by making the lamb and her allies able to cope with the lion. This we are the more especially bound to do, as it was our victory at Navarino which had prostrated the naval power of Turkey. This Lord Palmerston did not do, and thence his blame.

VI. Probably the English reader will turn to no portion of Sir Archibald's large work with more avidity than to his four long chapters on the history of British India. This a field singularly suited to his strong narrative and pictorial powers, and never was there a period when they could be exercised to greater advantage. He prefaces his account with a description of India remarkable for the prophetic nature of the views it inculcates, and the confirmation of them which the great Indian revolt of 1857–8 has afforded. It is very different from the far too favourable view taken of the same subject in his former work; and is a strong proof both of the unwearied assiduity with which he searches for information, and the candid turn of his mind, which leads him at once to modify his opinion when his judgment is convinced. Speaking of the Mohammedans, he says—

"They form a numerous body, amounting to 15,000,000 souls; but still more important from the elevated class in society to which many of them formerly belonged. With the exception of that part of them which is enrolled in the army, the great majority of this class is in a state of sullen discontent, and ready to take advantage of the first opportunity which may occur to dispossess the English, and place themselves in all the situations which they at present hold. . . . We have only to ask ourselves what would be our feelings if the whole situations of dignity and importance in the British Islands were monopolised by thirty or forty thousand in-

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 225, pp. 153, 154.

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truders from Hindostan, who carried back the wealth made on the banks of the Thames to be spent on those of the Ganges, to be able to appreciate the feeling of the people of India in the corresponding circumstances in which they are actually placed."—(Vol. vi. p. 458.)

And of the army he remarks—

"It is now perfectly ascertained that the native soldiers of India, whether Hindoos or Mussulmans, are far from being equal to the Europeans; and that, unless supported by an adequate number of British troops, and led by British officers, no reliance can be placed on their steadiness in the day of battle. . . . Generally speaking, they will not bear a comparison with English soldiers, and, unless well supported, are almost sure to melt away under the first severe fire. This is a painful admission to make, for the native troops have many most valuable qualities, and without their aid our Indian empire could not be maintained for an hour. But it is better to be aware of the truth than to have it burst unawares; and by being sensible what they can do, and what not, disappointment is less likely to ensue, and the disaster consequent on misapprehension more likely to be avoided."—(Vol. vi. pp. 481, 482.)

These were remarkable words to have been written before the year 1857. One fact singularly suggestive he mentions, that whereas in 1805, with a population of only 38,000,000, the exports of British India amounted to 25,000,000 rupees; in 1835, when, by annexation, the subjects of the Company had risen to 100,000,000, the exports of India had declined to 22,500,000 rupees!!!

The history of this period is one continual series of interesting and dramatic events. We know no more fascinating episodes than our author's account of the terrible disasters of the Affghanistan war—of the wonderful conquest of Scinde by Sir Charles Napier, and his stern strife at Meanee—and of the still more dangerous passages of the first Sutlej campaign, when victory hung even in the balance, and the star of England seemed once about to wane before the strong energy of the Sikh soldiery.

VII.—The question of the Spanish Succession had its origin in the act of Ferdinand VII., who on his deathbed bequeathed to his daughter the crown of Spain, in direct violation of the Treaty of Utrecht, which formed the title of his family to the throne, and which *strictly entailed it upon heirs-male.* This took place in March 1830. The immediate consequence of this was the outbreak of a civil war between the rural population, especially in the north-eastern provinces, who supported Don Carlos, the legitimate heir-male, and the democratic party in the towns and southern provinces, who declared in favour of the young Queen Christina. England, then under the rule of a Conservative Cabinet, although having a clear ground to interfere, with a most praiseworthy respect for the rights of nations, took no part in the quarrel, but left the Spaniards to fight out their own battle. After a desperate civil war, the success of the legitimist candidate became no longer doubtful. Had the Spaniards been simply left to settle their own quarrel, he would clearly have prevailed. Then Lord Palmerston, who had now succeeded to the direction of the foreign relations of Great Britain, determined to interfere in support of the Liberal cause, in utter disregard of the Treaty of Utrecht, which we had engaged in the long War of the Succession to enforce—and of the principle of neutrality, which the Liberal party is always the first to invoke when it favours their own views—and concluded the Quadruple Alliance in 1834, which first recognised, on the part of England and France, the right of Queen Isabella to the throne, and engaged us *to support her in the contest for it;* and it was the active support alone, given under this treaty by England and France, in the shape of auxiliary legions to act in the interior, marines to hold the maritime cities, and armed squadrons to sweep the coasts, which brought the struggle to a conclusion, and placed the crown upon her head.

Sir Archibald has been severely attacked by Liberal writers for fastening upon Lord Palmerston the responsibility of this change in the order of the Spanish succession. They would throw it upon the Duke

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of Wellington's Administration, which was in power when Ferdinand died, and made no effort to disturb his settlement.* But never was a more futile argument adduced. What the Duke of Wellington did was to preserve a strict neutrality—to leave the Spaniards to settle their own quarrel. No doubt he had a legal right to intervene. But such an intervention with the internal affairs of an independent nation is never advisable, or even really justifiable, unless it is necessitated, like the French one in Spain in 1823, by an obvious and immediate danger resulting to the intervening nation; or called for by the interests of humanity, as from the atrocious cruelty of the Turks in Greece. No such plea then existed. No British interests were threatened by the Spanish contest. Nor, looking even to the strict legal cause, was it necessary. Don Carlos had shown himself quite able to maintain his own claim. But the responsibility of the Spanish succession, and the consequent subsequent question of the Spanish marriages, resulting from that disentailment, rest wholly and entirely upon the Governments of England and France who concluded the Quadruple Alliance, in order to maintain the revolutionary Queen upon a throne which she could not otherwise keep, and support her not merely morally by recognising her title, but physically by armed assistance. No one can doubt that, without the Quadruple Alliance, Don Carlos could have won the Spanish throne. The consequences deducible from the accession of the Queen lie therefore directly at the door of those whose influence maintained her on it. This leads us to remark the greatest defect which we have observed in Sir Archibald's History, and that is, the entire omission of any account of this most interesting Carlist war. We hope he will ultimately supply this want.

VIII. Sir Archibald's last volume is mainly devoted to the Revolution of 1848, and the great wars to which it gave rise in Italy and Hungary. As a preliminary to that, he treats very fully of the intricate and obscure diplomatic question of the Spanish marriages, which, by causing a coldness between France and England, hastened on so much that catastrophe. He goes with great acuteness and research into the whole matter, and, we think, succeeds perfectly in defending Lord Palmerston from the imputations of M. Guizot, and in proving the want of good faith shown by Louis Philippe. That monarch had pledged his word at the Château d'Eu, that the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier with the Infanta Donna Fernanda should not take place until the Queen of Spain was married and had *had children;* and, on the other hand, he had stipulated that the Queen should choose her husband from the descendants of Philip V., so as to exclude altogether the princes of the house of Cobourg. The English Minister gave to M. Guizot an advantage when he introduced the name of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg as one of the suitors for the hand of the Queen—but he immediately explained that this was done not to support his claim, but as the mere statement of an existing fact, and consequently afforded no real ground for the conduct of the latter in violating the compact previously made. To use Sir Archibald's concluding words:—

> "In these circumstances it is evident that Lord Palmerston's slip afforded M. Guizot no real excuse, but was merely laid hold of by him as a pretext to cover an advantage to France which he deemed of importance, but which could not be obtained without a *real breach of the royal faith of his master.*"—(Vol. vii. p. 613.)

IX. Sir Archibald's relation of the Revolution of 1848 in Paris—of the fall of the Throne of the Barricades—is admirably done. The irresolution of the King—the worse than irresolution of his soldier-sons—the calm courage of M. Guizot—the nerveless failure of Thiers and Odillon Barrot in the hour of trial, are brought out with a master's hand. The strong will and iron resolution of Marshal Bugeaud redeemed, indeed, for a mo-

* See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 225, pp. 152, 153.

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ment, the contest when it seemed lost, and placed the victory in their grasp; but they could not seize it—it fell from their weak and feeble hands. When the veteran soldier received his appointment

"He found," says Sir Archibald, "everything in confusion, very few officers or aides-de-camp in attendance, and no one knowing who was to command and who obey. His vigour and capacity, however, soon gave a new direction to affairs: never was seen more clearly what a master-mind is, and what vigour and capacity can do in a crisis. Instantly, as if by enchantment, everything was changed: order succeeded to chaos, consecutive movement to vacillating direction. Orders were despatched in every direction, the bearers of which, in the obscurity of the night, were unobserved, and all reached their destination. By five in the morning the whole columns were in motion, and rapidly advancing to the important strategic points assigned to them in the city. They were four in number, and all commanded by officers of vigour and experience. . . . The orders of the whole were to advance rapidly forward and destroy all barricades on their passage, and await further orders when they had reached the point to which they were ordered to advance. Such was the vigour employed in the movements, that by seven the whole columns had reached their points of destination, except the second, which was a little behind, owing to General Bedeau having engaged in a conference with the commander of a body of national guards which opposed his progress. The Hôtel de Ville, Panthéon, and whole centre of the city, were strongly occupied, without the troops left at the Tuileries and Palais Royal being weakened. Twenty-five thousand men, who had advanced in four columns, had done the whole, and done it by the mere force of an advance, without firing a shot. The barricades had all been surmounted and levelled, the important posts occupied; Paris was militarily won, the victory gained, the horrors of revolution arrested. At this moment Marshal Bugeaud received an order, signed by M. Thiers and Odillon Barrot, *to cease the combat and withdraw the troops.*"—(Vol. viii. pp. 733, 734.)

It is thus that empires are lost. But when the princes of the house of Orleans bent and broke, there was one woman, linked by marriage to their race, who nobly redeemed their pusillanimity, and shed lustre upon their fall.

"At this moment, when the ablest and first men in France were reeling under the stroke of fate, the folding-doors (into the Chamber of Deputies) were thrown open, and the Duchess of Orleans appeared, leading her eldest son, the Count of Paris, in her right hand, and with her second, the Duke of Chartres, in her left. Calm and serene, the heroic princess gazed on the scene around her; with no support but her infant children and her own courage, she faced a nation in arms. . . . There was a time when such a spectacle as this—that of a young and heroic mother pleading the cause of her innocent children for the throne—would have spoken to the heart of every man in France; when every sword would have leapt from its scabbard, and, like the Hungarians of old, every voice would have exclaimed, 'Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria-Theresa.' But Burke had said on a similar occasion, not less truly than eloquently, 'The age of chivalry is past: that of sophists, economists, and calculators has succeeded.'"—(Vol. vii. p. 744-746.)

X. We have space only to notice one subject more, but it is perhaps the most interesting episode to which the Revolution of 1848 gave rise—the Hungarian war. The Italian campaigns of Radetzky have much to attract the soldier, but they have not, and cannot have, that deep and thrilling interest with which we look upon this mournful and tragic contest—marked by such great deeds, ennobled by such lofty characters, ending in such a deep disaster. Two names stand markedly forth upon the Hungarian side—Kossuth and Georgey—the one brilliant in eloquence, burning in thought, swaying with an irresistible force the passions of the multitude, but wanting in prudence, and selfish in the hour of peril; the other cold, calm, and cynical—laughing at enthusiasm, trusting to disciplined valour alone, maintaining with a mournful constancy the honour of his country's flag against overpowering numbers, calculating in the hour of victory, but devoted and unselfish in that of danger. Sir Archibald has well delineated the phases of that eventful contest. He has brought out with a clear touch the great strategical skill of Georgey, and placed

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him in his true place alongside of the masters of the military art. His three great movements—the retreat through the district of the mountain towns to the banks of the Theiss, in January 1849; his victory of Isaszeg and advance to Komorn in April, and his retreat from that fortress to Debreczin in the July and August following, across the rear of the great Russian army—are models of military skill. The cause of those dissensions between him and Kossuth, which prevented an advance direct on Vienna in July, and led to the formation of the siege of Buda instead, are well brought out, and furnish the key to the conduct of both those great men. Kossuth was the leader of the democratic party, whose aim was the independence of Hungary—Georgey the head of the constitutional party, whose desire was to preserve the ancient constitution of their country, but to remain united with Austria. "Austria," said Kossuth, "was encouraged to publish that burlesque of a constitution" (that of the 4th March 1848) "by the victory of Kassolna: let us celebrate that of Isaszeg by the *open shaking off of their yoke*. The patience of the nation is exhausted: if it would show itself worthy of liberty, it cannot for a moment tolerate that pretended constitution." "If Hungary," replied Georgey, "is separated from Austria, our cause is no longer just; our struggle would no longer be for, but against the law: we should not be fighting for, but against the country: we should be engaged in an assault on the united Austrian monarchy." .... "Every neighbouring state would rise up against us, *as the disturbers of the balance of power in Europe*."—(Vol. viii. p. 705-707.)

When the last hour of the insurrection had struck, the opposite characters of the two men appeared. Kossuth fled over the frontier into Turkey; but Georgey, disdaining either to abandon his comrades or to furnish an excuse for a further effusion of blood, laid down his arms at Villagos, stipulating for the lives of his poor soldiers—of himself saying merely, "It may be enough if I am the sole expiatory victim for all."

"The mournful ceremony of surrendering their arms took place with great pomp, and all the courtesy towards the vanquished due to their glorious achievements and present reverses. Georgey's men were still 28,000 strong, with 140 guns. At four in the afternoon, having all come up, they were arranged in two lines, the infantry in front, with the cavalry on the wings; the artillery and caissons in the second. Right before them, in the great plain of Villagos, stood the Russian army, also in two lines, and the finest order. 'With such men,' said Georgey, on seeing them, 'you might conquer the world.' At a quarter past four, Georgey and his generals rode forward to the front between the two armies; Rudiger, similarly accompanied, advanced to meet him. Both generals saluted, and a long rolling of drums was heard along the whole line, and the Russians presented arms while the Hungarians laid down theirs: the infantry placing them on the ground, two yards in front of the line, the cavalry on the saddles of their horses. Georgey and all his officers retained their swords. At a second rolling of drums the ranks were broken, and the men and guns conducted with their arms to the place of their destination under strong escorts. Most of the weapons were found to be of English manufacture. 'In the twilight of the same evening,' says Georgey, 'General Rudiger, the commander of a Russian army corps, inspected the troops under my command. But the cavalry were dismounted, and their swords hung on the pommels of their saddles: the muskets of the infantry were piled in pyramids: the artillery were drawn close together and unmanned, the flags and the standards lay there, unprotected, before the disarmed ranks.'"—(Vol. viii. pp. 570,571.)

Of course, in a work of this size, embracing such vast and varied subjects, going over so long a period of time, and having often to contend with such a scarcity of materials, it would be easy to point out some faults in execution, and numerous trivial errors in detail; such are inherent in a cotemporary history from its very nature. Besides, Sir Archibald, who elaborates with the most scrupulous fidelity and the most painstaking care, all the great subjects and important points of which he treats, seems frequently to grow impatient of the mass of details, bearing upon nothing, with which so many histories are overloaded, and brushes them aside with a hasty hand. With a mind crammed with historical precedents, he constantly

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illustrates his remarks on present with references to past events—these, always so far as we have found just in point of fact, are frequently inaccurate in point of form. He evidently quotes from memory alone, and thus, while correct as to the bearing of the thing referred to, frequently assigns a wrong year, or a contiguous place—in no way derogating from the justice of the reference, but affording a truly grateful feast to that numerous class of critics, who, unable either to appreciate broad candid views, or follow laborious research into important questions, fasten with a cormorant's avidity upon small errors, and gloat with exultation over trivial faults.

Feeling keenly and writing swiftly, imbued with strong opinions and earnest in their delivery, Sir Archibald has neglected minor accessories in order to trace out with a strong hand the great master lines of his work. But now that he has lived to do this, we trust that he will turn to retouching up the minor parts. The frequent repetition of his views on the same subject we think a great blot. Historical readers do not desire controversy, but narrative; and therefore, while we fully concede the propriety, and even necessity, of the writer's boldly stating his opinion upon every point, we think that that opinion should be given once for all. The reader can then make his own application of it, and for himself compare it with the facts as they are evolved. There is great room for a rigid revision as to style, more especially in regard to the frequent repetition of the same words in the same sentence. As was to be expected also in a work of such magnitude, there are many mistakes calling loudly for correction. The principal of these which we have remarked, is the statement that most of the land sold under the Encumbered Estates Court Act in Ireland was bought by English capitalists, whereas it was almost entirely bought by Irish. This mistake is the more singular, as all the other statistics with regard to Ireland have been given with the greatest care. There are also many small errors, with regard especially to biographical details. We may instance the observation that Lord Palmerston "has been a member of *every* administration, with the single exception of the short one of Lord Derby in 1852, for the last fifty years" (iv. 288), which is not the case—of the greater part he was, but not all. There is also a frequent repetition of the same class of reflections applied to different events; and often a too great generality and want of precision in the deduction of conclusions.

Careless in regard to style, sometimes hasty and inconsistent in the expression of opinion, we know no writer whose work is more open to the attack of an uncandid critic, or more liable, by the glossing over of great excellencies, and the magnifying of small defects, to be distorted. But, on the other hand, we know none which gains more by the patient investigation of a really candid inquirer, or which bears better the test of unprejudiced criticism. Much that at first sight we have thought superficial, we have found, on examination, to be the result of research and comparison. Often, when we thought we had detected inconsistency, we have found that it lay on the surface only.

We have endeavoured to place before our readers a specimen of Sir Archibald's mode of treating most of the principal subjects embraced in his great work. Upon them all we have seen him decided in the expression of his own opinions, but scrupulously fair and candid in giving utterance to the views of others, and in bringing before the reader the whole arguments and facts bearing on both sides of the question. We have ever found his narrative perfectly impartial, always interesting, and frequently eloquent. As a whole, his work is characterised by great research, especially on social and statistical subjects, is the result of enormous labour, and presents a mass of facts and information, relative to the period of which it treats, such as is to be met with in no other historical work in existence. It gives in worthy language, and treats in a fitting spirit, the great and varied story of our times, and is a noble contribution from a veteran pen to the historic literature of our day.

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NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XI.—OUR SWISS COTTAGE.

In some respect the medieval minstrel and student life, though somewhat of a vagabond character, offered to the young and adventurous more charms, and even more advantages, than our present sedentary system. The time has been when the poet, furnished with a certificate or diploma from the Court of Arles setting forth his qualifications as an accredited master of the *joyeuse science*, could pass through Europe from castle to castle, unmolested even by marauding barons who allowed no such indemnity to the priesthood, and take his seat in every hall as a welcome and honoured guest. The time has been when the penniless but learned scholar was privileged to wander from University to University, and to claim from the corporation fund present support and the means of continuing his journey, by the simple process of affixing a thesis to the college gate, and defending his positions against the ingenuity of the practised wrangler. It was thus that poetry and learning "went gypsying a long time ago;" and the practice was really an admirable one, because, in an age when letters were not generally cultivated, it kept up a perpetual intercourse between learned bodies, informed them of their mutual state, and gave the enterprising scholar an opportunity of visiting other countries besides his own. Oxford, I believe, has still a remnant of this in her one or two travelling fellowships; and the craftsmen of Germany, through their guilds, are forwarded from town to town. But otherwise the power to travel depends upon the amplitude of the purse; and the unprovided student who, nowadays, should be rash enough to attempt the experiment, would inevitably find himself in the predicament of worthy George Primrose, without, perhaps, that gentleman's last resource, a talent for scraping upon the violin.

There are, however, many ways of travelling. The millionaire, rolling from country to country in his well-poised English carriage, under the auspices of a bearded courier who sows gold by the handful, in all probability sees less, and has not more enjoyment, than the humbler wayfaring man, who contents himself with the diligence for long routes, and explores the more interesting districts on foot. It is not necessary to put up at the *Romischer Kaisar* or *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, when you can be well and more cheaply accommodated at the *Adler* or *Weisses Ross*; and good lodgings can be procured at a reasonable rate in almost every town on the Continent. For my own part, I travelled and sojourned as became my modest means; not as an idler, or as one bent on the pursuit of pleasure, but as a student of arts and letters. My custom was to pass the winter and spring in some capital city or renowned seat of learning; and during the finer portion of the year to resume my peregrinations. It may be thought that such a mode of life, pursued for a considerable period, might engender unsettled habits, and beget incapacity for strenuous exertion in the future. I believe that would be the result if the intellectual faculties were allowed to lie dormant, and no other ends proposed than the gratification of the senses and the enjoyment of refined society; but I made it an imperative rule always to be engaged in some absorbing branch of study.

To me the recollections of travel afford quite as keen an enjoyment, and perhaps a more refined one, than did the reality. I can draw in my chair to the fireside of a winter's evening, when the snow is falling

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thickly but noiselessly without, only making its presence known by the hissing of the few flakes that find their way down the chimney, and in a minute's space transport myself to sunny Italy, or the tideless shores of the Mediterranean. I can see the olives of Attica glistering on the mount, or the gaily-painted barques that glide along the surface of the Golden Horn. And thus I can well understand the feeling of the weary voyagers when they reached the land of the Lotos, happy to dream on in peace, nor tempt new dangers of the sea.

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

But I have no right to descant upon my years of pilgrimage. I intend to tell my story with as little interruption as possible; and therefore I shall omit all narrative of my travels, adventures, encounters, and studies, during four years in various parts of the Continent. Pass to the fifth summer, when the period I had originally fixed for my range of wandering had well-nigh expired, and I began to entertain serious thoughts of home, and what might await me there.

I am dwelling in a little cottage in Switzerland, in the very heart of the most beautiful district of that romantic region. I have not taken up my abode in a valley, for the deep shadows cast by the mountains oppress me. There the heat at noonday is stifling and intense; but when the sun passes over the top of the huge impending barrier, a piercingly cold wind, blowing from the wastes of rugged ice and untrodden snow, sweeps down[illegible]s, and in a few minutes effe[illegible]cided change in the tem[illegible]air than we experien[illegible]nd less autumnal month. My cottage lies up in the hills, on the edge of an old pine-forest, through which the cattle stray, making its recesses musical with the sound of their tinkling bells. A little way below, through a ravine more than half screened with underwood, runs a mountain-torrent, not too hoarse or obstreperous, but rising beyond murmur in its sound, which, taking its origin from the clearest and most pellucid, though not largest of the Swiss glaciers, rolls confidently along, till, reaching the barrier of the valley, some three miles beyond my dwelling, it falls over in a cataract of foam. From the upper window you see the glacier itself, bright blue, frosted with silver; and beyond it a green Alp, and over the Alp a white cone, stretching upwards as though it would pierce into the heavens—so radiant and dazzling does it appear. And, from the same point of view, though further off, you descry three more stupendous horns, each of them worthy to be crowned with the glory of the Morning Star.

As for the cottage itself, it is, you see, light and picturesque, as Swiss cottages usually are, with wooden walls and a sloping roof, and rather more than the usual apology for a garden at the front. But my host, Hans Krauskopf, is not much of a horticulturist, nor indeed addicted to hard work of any kind; though, when a tempting offer presents itself, he has no objection to act in the capacity of a guide, and having once set his face to the road or mountain path, he will trudge along for twelve hours on a stretch with perfect good-humour and cheerfulness, bearing on his back a burden that might fatigue a creditable mule. But as a general rule, he very much prefers remaining at home, where, in the intervals of fumigation (for he is a persevering smoker), he employs himself in the manufacture of wooden toys, chamois-hair cockades, alpenstocks, and suchlike gear, for all which there is a ready market. His pretty buxom wife, Babili, despite the maternal anxieties entailed by the possession of three chubby children, is the most active creature in the world, always on the move, bus[illegible]d ever

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though she professes to be fond of flowers, has no time for gardening; so that the parterre, being left very much to itself, lacks that nicety and trimness of arrangement which is the pride of an English cottage. The ground-floor is occupied by the family: the upper story is, for the present, the habitation of my friend George Carlton and myself.

I must introduce the reader formally to George Carlton, for he is no ordinary character, and, if you once know him thoroughly, you cannot fail to like him. George is one of the fortunate few who have not only sufficient wealth but sufficient abilities to enable them to embark in any career with almost the certainty of success. With a considerable fortune, a fine person, an acute and comprehensive intellect, extraordinary powers of memory, and a ready eloquence, he might, if he so pleased, have entered Parliament at an early age, where he speedily would have won a high place in public estimation. Such, at least, was the opinion of those who knew him best at Oxford; but, to their amazement, George not only showed himself indifferent to such a prospect, but absolutely refused to entertain it. Yet he was neither indolent nor without ambition. His chief fault was a certain haughtiness and impatience of control, which, no doubt, would have disqualified him from acting as a devoted adherent of any party in the State; for Carlton was not one of those easy-minded persons who will retract their opinions, and vote that black is white at the bidding of a political leader. His regard for truth in all matters of public import was so stern and inflexible, that he could make no allowance even for that tacit acquiescence to which timid men resort when they find themselves called upon to make a sacrifice of principle. He held the doctrine that to act against one's own convictions was a positive crime; and, firm in that faith, he would not have hesitated to defy the world.

Carlton had a decided tendency towards literature, though, if he had published anything before I made his acquaintance, he did not think fit to reveal it; and he had even a stronger passion for art. Indeed, he was a painter of no small accomplishment, and had zealously studied as a pupil under one of the first masters of Munich. It was there that I made his acquaintance, which ripened into an intimacy when we subsequently met at Florence; and on quitting the latter city, both of us intending shortly to return to England, we had agreed to spend a few months together in the wilds of Switzerland, and lighted upon comfortable quarters in the cottage of Hans Krauskopf.

With this explanation, reader, you may enter our apartment. There, at his easel, surrounded by the multifarious paraphernalia of a painter, sits George Carlton; whilst I, wearied with the perusal of a heavy German tome, am lounging on the settee, inhaling the delicious aromatic air which enters by the open casement. At my feet, and watching me with his clear, loving, intelligent eye, lies couched my constant companion Lion, a magnificent Newfoundland dog, the sole survivor from the wreck of an unfortunate ship, that two years before was cast away on the rocky shore of Palermo. I happened to be there when the storm took place; and on hearing of the catastrophe, though not until several hours after it had occurred, I went down to the beach, impelled by that strange curiosity which attracts every one towards the scene of recent misfortune. It was a melancholy sight. The vessel had gone to pieces on a reef of rocks which ran out a considerable distance from the shore, and scarce a vestige of her hull was visible amidst the white surges that came roaring and tumbling in. Spars, planks, and even bales, were cast up in large quantities, and the fishermen and country-folk, ever ready there as elsewhere to profit by the spoils of the sea, were eagerly engaged in dragging, beyond the reach of the waves, every article that came within their reach. It was rather a dangerous matter for a stranger to make particular inquiries from men so employed; more especially as each one carried in his girdle, after the pleasant Sicilian fashion, a knife of formidable dimensions; and I was

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perfectly aware that the people no longer displayed that Arcadian gentleness and soft amenity which is pictured in the idylls of Theocritus. Without altogether denying the existence of an Acis among them, I must say that the demeanour and gestures of the islanders were such as to induce the belief that they were genuine descendants of Polyphemus. However, apart from the throng, I found a Galatæa in the person of a pretty sunburnt Sicilian maiden, who from an eminence was watching the proceedings with much interest, her lover—it mattered not whether he most resembled the shepherd or the Cyclops — being doubtless in the thickest of the plunder. From her I learned that no bodies had been cast ashore—a singular circumstance, as it appeared very unlikely that the crew would have betaken themselves to their boats in such a raging sea, before the vessel struck upon the reef. Avoiding the crowd, I walked on until I reached a little bay, into which an eddy had swept some fragments of the wreck. As I was musing on the piteous spectacle, which brought forcibly to my mind that splendid description by Jeremy Taylor, the first of our English divines, of a like scene of shipwreck, I was startled by a low whine and the touch of something cold upon my hand. I hastily turned round, and there, shivering and wet, and moaning as if he besought protection, was a young dog, evidently quite a pup, who looked up into my face with an expression so imploring, that language could not better have conveyed a meaning. It said, "Master! I am a poor thing that has been cast away —there is no one left to care for me or give me food—I am cold, wet, and hungry—do, dear master, take me with you, and I will love you all my life!" I was not proof against such dumb eloquence; so I spoke kindly to the dog, who seemed to recognise my speech as that to which he had been accustomed, and fondled him; and he followed me back to Palermo, and ever since has been my devoted friend and servant. These may seem strong terms to use towards a dog; but I am one of those who thoroughly sympathise with the attachment of the Bedoueen Arab to his horse, and that of the Indian mohaut for his elephant. Your familiar friend of the human species may betray and desert you—your dog never will. His love for his master is unbounded; his fidelity beyond the reach of corruption. Brave Lion! how beautiful he is now in the very pride of his strength —how faithful, courageous, and true! Woe to the windpipe of the man who, in his presence, should venture to assault his master! He is a better auxiliary than a revolver.

Having thus introduced the reader to the group in our Swiss cottage, without saying more of our *personnel* than that George Carlton is one of the handsomest fellows, with a fine head of curly black hair and aquiline features, that ever you saw—that the humble autobiographer who pens these lines has changed so much in the course of years, that Bailie M'Chappie, or even Ned Mather, would be sore puzzled to recognise him—and that Lion is the noblest and best feathered of Newfoundlands —I shall close this chapter. I do so the more readily, because I have fallen into the literary snare of adopting the present tense, which leads into inextricable difficulty; and I wish to recur to the more rational and natural style of narrative, which maintains the proper distinction between the present and the past. Pardon, therefore, this interpolated Photograph, and allow me to fall back on my memoranda.

CHAPTER XII.—THE AVALANCHE.

"Carlton," said I, "if it were not for a certain remorse I feel in interrupting the task you ply so diligently, I would propose to you a stroll along the mountain-side. The day is delicious, and under so bright a sun I am sure we shall see the slide of an avalanche."

"Two minutes more, and I am at your service," said Carlton, working away at the hair of a Saint Agnes.

I rose and looked over his shoulder.

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"Beautiful indeed! It seems as if a sunbeam were entangled in the long flowing locks. But, Carlton, why do you always portray the same face, and in the same style? All your female heads have wonderful similarity—all are calm and pensive, with dovelike eyes, and an air of dreamy reverie. I have heard our Florentine friend Sostegno say that one can always learn something of the true character of a painter from his works; but such a picture as this does not seem to embody yours."

"Sostegno made a false criticism. An artist does not copy from himself—he portrays what he most admires in others. What you see is my faint attempt to shadow out my Ideal—the Saxon type of beauty—sweetness, confidence, and truth."

"Your Ideal, then, is but an exalted image of the Real?"

"Exalted! My good friend, you are pleased to be very complimentary. Do you think it was within the compass of the powers even of a Raphael to exalt the Madonna? Believe it not. Ineffably celestial was the vision that passed before him, nor could he adequately have transferred it to canvass had he painted with the pencil of an angel. But as for my daubs—bah! They are of the earth, earthy—cold, lifeless personifications, not one whit better than, nor perhaps so good as, nine-tenths of those things in gilded frames that cumber the walls of our exhibition-rooms."

"Now indeed you wrong yourself, Carlton. You may not have that practice and experience in art which constitutes the master; but genius, which is the main requisite, you possess in no common measure."

"Do not, I beseech you, Sinclair, profane that noble word. Genius is the rarest gift of God, though every fool that can scribble a few verses, or disfigure a foot or two of canvass with his glaring colours, believes that it has been vouchsafed to him, and arrogantly boasts of its possession. I cannot tell you how often I have sickened to hear pert puny whipsters and slovenly egotistical rogues prate about their neglected genius, and the shameful indifference of the world in not instantly recognising their merits. My firm belief is, that, in the present times, true genius, unless fearfully abused, must force its way; and I believe, moreover, that the few men, the very few who possess that incomparable gift, are themselves the last to be aware of it. But come. The avalanche will not wait for us, and we can talk more pleasantly under shadow of the pines."

So we three sallied forth—Carlton, myself, and Lion—the latter, according to custom, making a feigned assault upon Babili's favourite he-goat, who received him as a pikeman would a charge of cavalry. It was a standing joke, which seemed to lose none of its zest by daily repetition; for the two animals were in reality fast friends, and had many a romp and gambol when they thought that nobody was looking on.

Our path led us first through the pine forest, in the glades of which the cattle were browsing; then upwards over a sunny slope, to a *plateau*, right opposite the stupendous horn which I have described in the foregoing chapter, and separated from it only by a valley which, though it appeared narrow to the eye, was in reality of the breadth of several miles. In that valley, however, surveyed from our point of view, there were no cottages, or traces of cultivation such as one might expect to see in a country where arable land, for the most part to be found in the low places, is in the utmost request. As we read in the old fairy tale that no peasant dared to build his hut, or yoke his steer, or till the ground in the precincts of the district belonging to the capricious and malevolent giant, so the hardiest Switzer would not venture to locate himself at the foot of this weird monarch of the Alps. Sheer up from the valley, for some thousand feet, rose an impassable barrier of precipitous rocks, scarred, seamed, and crossed by fearful ledges, on which not even the foot of the chamois had ever rested. And from this precipice, without the intervention here of any green slope or pasture, arose the dazzling horn, tapering into the deep-blue sky.

I do not know how other men may feel, but to me the grand scenery of Switzerland has always conveyed an

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impression of the deepest awe, resembling in some degree the sensation which arises when we contemplate a furious storm, like that which Shakespeare has figured,—

"Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken——"

There is grandeur in the romantic scenery of other lands, but it is commonly associated with the idea of repose. There is silence on the mountain and the glen, still and glassy is the wide expanse of the lake, the woods scarce tremble in the breeze, and the voice of the stream sounds like the gentle murmur or breath of nature in its sleep. But in Switzerland there is no silence, or at best it is the hush that precedes the storm. Even Night, the queen of silence, cannot enforce her mandate there; for if you wander forth when the moon is at her height, and all her attendant sapphires gleaming and glistening around—long after the last crimson flush of evening has faded away, and long before the rose of dawn lights up the mountain peaks while the valleys are still swathed in darkness—though there is no wind to stir the foliage, and no muffled sound of a cataract reaches the ear—you will hear far off, from the desert wastes, a hollow inarticulate moan, an ineffable and mysterious wail, as if nature shuddered under some awful load, and was uttering a pent sigh for its release. That is the voice of the never-resting glaciers, which day and night crawl down towards the valleys, grinding the rocks that are their basement, or wrenching them from their deep foundation. So all night long there is silence in heaven, while the earth is moaning in its caves.

It is not [illegible] the lady moon, but the s[illegible]r, the life-giver, the [illegible]y, that wakes the thunders of the Alps. Fiercely beat the beams upon the sides of the snow mountain, the vast accumulations of a long and dreary winter; and although the frost has long held the masses in his gripe, and refused to let them go, even he must yield to the power that invigorates and releases the world.

"There, indeed," said Carlton, as we sat down to rest ourselves on the slope, "is a spectacle that sets imitative art at defiance! But why speak of art—poor art—when nature lies so vast before us? Tell me, Sinclair—if you had been born and reared in such a region, would you be content to forego all this for such a life as men lead in the crowded cities?"

"The question is a difficult one to answer. It is well known that the mountaineer ever pines for his native hills; but without cities, Carlton, where would have been civilisation?"

"You answer, like a true Scot, by putting another question. Don't blame me if I follow your example, and ask what precise meaning you attach to the word civilisation?"

"I never was an adept in definitions, Carlton; and I have sense enough to see the trap that you have set for me. Be kind enough to spring it yourself, and spare me from being made the victim."

"O then, you decline controversy! Now do you really think it reasonable to expect that I should sit here, as in a Professor's chair, and lecture you, *ex cathedrâ*, upon points of social economy?"

"Why not, most sapient philosopher? You could not find anywhere a more splendid theatre; and as for audience, fit though few, Lion and I will listen with exemplary patience."

"Well, then," said Carlton, "if I must needs hold forth to so cynical a class, though honest Lion there looks as if he would much prefer a scamper, listen and perpend. I hold it a gross mistake to maintain that cities have the monopoly of civilisation. I grant you that they exercise a large influence in promoting it; for as market-towns are necessary to districts for the purposes of trade, barter, and interchange, so are cities necessary to countries for the higher [illegible] of

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education, refinement, art, and intellectual intercourse. In cities alone can we find universities, academies, libraries, museums, galleries, and institutions, either for the advancement of science or the regulation of society. A city is the heart of a country; and so long as the blood passes through the heart, and is again discharged to supply the body, the whole system is made healthy. But if cities are to absorb and not restore—if they are to drain the country much, and to refund but little—I cannot help thinking that they will not promote, but rather will repress, civilisation."

"Your remarks appear rational enough, Carlton, but I hardly see their drift."

"This it is. I view with much uneasiness the increasing tendency in our own beloved England towards settlement in towns, and more especially in London. Our life is daily becoming more and more feverish. Throughout all classes of society I perceive a craving for excitement, a restlessness, and a competition which sooner or later must have a disastrous issue. London has swollen to a size quite enormous compared with the population of the country. More than an eighth part of the whole people of England and Wales harbour within its boundaries. The wealthy flock thither because London offers to them unbounded luxury and enjoyment. The ambitious seek it because they think that there alone their talents can be appreciated and rewarded. Even the poor go there, impelled by the same might that drives wreck and sea-weed into the vortex of the whirlpool. Many go, but few return. And from this I argue that ere many years pass by, London, mighty in itself, will absorb the greater part of the wealth, energy, and intellect of the nation, and become, what Paris is to France, a dictatorial power instead of an administrative metropolis. But hark—see yonder."

A deep sullen roar from the opposite side of the valley vibrated on the ear. The cattle near us ceased to feed, and huddled together, terrified by the awful sound to which no use could accustom their senses. Looking in the direction which Carlton had indicated, I saw, descending from the foot of the white cone, a vast cataract, which, falling sheer down over the precipice for a thousand feet, without break or stay, upon a lower ledge, sent up a storm of spray, and resolved itself into an icefield, suspended as it were in middle air. Then, when the upper field of snow had exhausted itself, there was a brief pause and silence, until the accumulated mass gave way, and descended in a second cataract, this time bearing with it huge stones and masses of rock to the valley, into which, with a deafening roar, and a shock that made the earth tremble, it discharged its hideous ruin.

"Many a smiling homestead has been buried beneath such awful avalanches as these," said Carlton. "A merciless tyrant is that old white-headed despot of the Alps, asserting his state and solitary supremacy by showering desolation on the fields. From yonder icy waste lying over what a minute ago was green pasture-land, a poet or poetic historian might derive an apt hint for illustrating the career of that grand Poliorcetes, Napoleon; who, by the way, not content with smiling France and sunny Italy, sent his legions into this unprofitable land, where many were swept away in the terrible passage of the Splugen. But let us move homewards. The day is on the wane; and it is enough to have witnessed one such spectacle as this."

"Let us, however, go round by the glacier. I know another path which will lead us to it; and I want to show you a little plot of flowers, quite an Alpine prairie, which I have discovered near its margin."

"Agreed. And now let us resume our conversation. Do you know why I spoke so strongly about London and a city life?"

"I presume you spoke from conviction; of London itself I know personally little, but I doubt not that what you said is true."

"You may rely upon the truth of it, Sinclair; but I am not a man to mouth truisms without a purpose. Look you—here are we two, both young fellows, who have been roam-

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ing about the world for several years, picking up knowledge as we best can, but certainly not following any of the paths which are prescribed for the enterprising and ambitious. Chance brings us together; we form a mutual friendship, and ascertain each other's views; and lo, we find that we are both caught in the vortex, and that our ultimate destination is London. No doubt it is natural enough that I should go to London, even to plunge into nothingness; for although I have, heaven help me! no career, for which probably I have myself to blame, my nearest relatives reside there, and I have a tolerable circle of acquaintances. But you, Sinclair, if I have thoroughly understood your frank confidences, have no friends there, and no interest to push you forward. You make no secret that fortune has not smiled upon you yet; by which I mean simply that the jade with the wheel has not given you the purse of Fortunatus. Lucky Fortunatus! and yet unlucky too, for if I recollect the story aright, those perpetual handfuls of newly-coined ducats ultimately proved his ruin. So, without being inquisitive, I would fain ask what you purpose to do in London?"

"I might answer by referring you to the story of Dick Whittington. But, seriously, I respect your friendship too much to conceal anything from you. I am not quite without a connection in the metropolis of England. When I left Scotland a few years ago, a raw lad, with barely such finances as might enable me to prosecute a line of study which I had marked out, I did not abandon the hope that, as my mind became matured, I might turn what little ability I have to some account. I knew very well that that was not to be done by absolute seclusion; for valuable as the world of books may be for instruction and culture, the living world around us is even more deserving of study. If I had wished only to read and commence with the past, I might as well have remained in an Edinburgh attic, whereof many may be rented at an easy rate. But I desired likewise to know the present, and therefore I have never affected hermit life. What would it have availed me to walk through the world, like a threadbare monk, with my eyes riveted on a breviary? Well—it so happened that more than two years ago I was enabled, through the good offices of an influential friend, with whom I became acquainted at Vienna, to form a connection with a leading journal in London—"

"Bravo! Then I have the honour of addressing a special correspondent."

"Precisely so—and without unduly exalting the importance of our unrecognised diplomatic corps, I venture to assert that the British public receive from us more valuable information regarding the state of foreign affairs and foreign feeling, than is afforded by the meagre despatches which Ministers vouchsafe to Parliament."

Carlton stood still, and, with a look of peculiar humour, raised his cap.

"Mr Norman Sinclair—I beg leave to apologise to you, most humbly, for the liberty which I have taken in supposing that any one from your country requires prudential hints. I certainly have heard in my youth that a Scot is as sure to fall on his feet, as a cat when thrown from an upper story; and, on my life, I feel profoundly ashamed at having commenced an abortive lecture."

"Nay, my dear fellow, I should be only too happy to profit by your experience. I confess to you that I have a dread of London, and yet I feel that my destiny leads me there. Besides my connection with the journal which I have spoken of, I have become a contributor to more than one periodical; and as my habits are not expensive, I have contrived to live upon the income so procured, without materially lessening the fund which I had originally set apart for the purposes of travel. After all, my capital is but small in amount, and would appear ludicrously so in the eyes of a millionaire; but it is sufficient, even supposing that I should earn nothing more, to maintain me until I can see my way to some profitable employment."

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"But why not return to Edinburgh? Surely you might find there an adequate field for your exertions."

"You do not know Edinburgh, Carlton. I have renounced professional life, and beyond that pale I see no chance of succeeding in Scotland. I might perhaps be appointed factor on some large estate, or procure a petty situation in a public office, but such are not the things that I covet. It may be true, as you say, that London is overgrown, and that it has absorbed too much from the provinces. That is the necessary effect of centralisation, a system which our statesmen of late years seem bent upon pushing to the uttermost. But it is in vain to struggle against facts. Rightfully or wrongfully, London has become the mighty controlling centre of Britain, and thither will go all those who, without strong local ties, professional engagements, or deep-rooted associations, have a desire to better their fortunes. Scotland does not produce vines and fig-trees, under the shadow of which men can lie and meditate at leisure. She is a rough nursing-mother who, being somewhat straitened in domestic circumstances, is fain to send her children out to service. It is an old peculiarity which we inherit from our ancestors the Norsemen."

"And what if you fail in London?"

"I am not arrogant enough to answer in the words of Lady Macbeth—

> 'But screw our courage to the sticking place,
> And we'll not fail——'

I have been taught to believe that, act as we may, there is a Providence to guide and sustain us; and having full confidence in the goodness of God, and bowing with perfect submission to His will, I am ready to take whatever fortune may be allotted to me. But still it is the duty of a man to use every possible exertion. Should I not have strength or talent enough to make my way amidst the throng and press of London, India and the colonies lie beyond."

"My dear Sinclair, I admire and respect your courage. Now look here. Since you are bent upon pushing your fortune in London, for which attempt, indeed, you have assigned good reasons, the great thing is to have a fair start. I cannot do much to aid you, for my existence hitherto has been of a dreamy and speculative kind, and I have not sufficiently cultivated relations with men who are the dispensers of patronage. But I can offer you a home in London—nay, do not refuse until you hear me out. I have a house there, large enough to accommodate a patriarchal family, and, save a couple of domestics, not a soul to inhabit it but myself. We have lived much together, for a time quite sufficient to know each other's tastes and habits, and there never has been discord between us. Take up your quarters with me in London. You shall have your own rooms, be master of your own time, with free leave to talk or be sociable as you please, and I shall of course reserve to myself the like privilege. Is it a bargain?"

"You are indeed most kind, Carlton. But I cannot agree to this."

"Why not? Do I not know that in different circumstances you would make me the same proposal? Look you, Sinclair—if you refuse me this, I swear I will let my house, dismiss my servants, and look out for furnished lodgings in Pimlico. So you see the happiness of three people depends on your acquiescence."

"At all events, let us determine nothing hastily. But now we must take this path to the right through the copse-wood. It will lead us directly to the glacier."

CHAPTER XIII.—THE GLACIER.

Just as we were emerging from the dingle, we heard a loud protracted cry, repeated once and again.

"What can that mean?" said I.

"'Tis Hans Krauskopf bellowing to his bull," replied Carlton. "The fellow has the lungs of a Stentor."

"You are wrong, Carlton! That

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is the voice of some one in pain or distress. Let us hasten on. Pray God that no accident has happened on the glacier!"

We ran hurriedly forward, till we reached the edge of the frozen mass. A little way up we saw a man frantically gesticulating and waving his hat; and with a hilloa, by way of assurance that aid was at hand, we climbed up towards him as rapidly as the slippery surface would permit.

He was standing by the side of a crevasse or slit in the glacier, which sloped downward at a sharp angle into the icy depths, the edges like livid lips overlapping the fearful gulf. A cap and a broken Alpine pole lay beside.

"What has happened?" cried Carlton and I together.

"Oh, gentlemen, what is to be done?" cried the Englishman—for such we recognised him to be—wringing his hands; "my young friend, in attempting to leap, missed his footing, and has slid down into that cleft!"

"Merciful Heaven!" said I, "it is a crevasse that goes through the glacier! How long is it since he fell?"

"Ten minutes or more. I dared not leave the place, lest I should not be able to find it again."

"Have you heard any sounds? Did he give a cry?"

"He gave one cry just as he disappeared, but none other. I once thought I heard a groan, but the rush of water below may have deceived me. O my God! how shall I tell this to his father?"

"Let us get ropes," said Carlton, "and summon Hans Krauskopf. I fear it will be of little use, but at any rate let us know the worst."

"Stay," said I; "you say there is a rush of water down below? Let me listen."

I bent towards the chasm, and heard distinctly the noise of a running stream, at a considerable depth, doubtless, but not so very far down as utterly to preclude the hope that the young man might have survived the fall. But I heard [illegible] else; and the curvature of [illegible] such as to render a descent even with the aid of ropes extremely perilous.

"I think," said I, "it may be possible to get at him in another way. The stream below is evidently that which flows from the glacier through ice-caves which I have entered but never penetrated. This chasm cannot be more than sixty or seventy feet deep, and from the bottom of it to the place where the stream issues, the distance is not great. Perhaps the ice may be so worn that a man can make his way up the stream."

"Heaven bless you for saying so, dear young gentleman! Do try!" said the agonised stranger.

"Why not go yourself?" said Carlton, bluntly.

"Fie, George! Don't you see his nerves are utterly unstrung? Besides, he does not know the way. I will make the attempt. There is little danger, after all, for the stream is shallow."

"Nay," replied Carlton, "if one of us must go, let me have the preference."

"No, no! Stay you here, or rather stay at the mouth of the cave. I know the glacier better than you. This is my adventure; besides, I have an efficient auxiliary, who will follow none but me. Come, Lion!"

I verily believe that the noble animal thoroughly comprehended what had occurred, for during this hurried conference he had been peering about the crevasse, scenting the air, and once or twice uttered a low whine of impatience, which seemed to me a favourable omen. For such is the marvellous instinct of some dogs of high breeding, that, if brought to the vicinity of a dead body, they will sit down and utter a mournful howl, which they never do while life remains, even though the senses are dormant. Lion understood me at once, and bounded along direct to the caves of the glacier.

It was here that I had once ventured in, though cautioned by my host against doing so; for there is danger that some huge block of ice may become disengaged from the majestic ceiling. But I could not resist the temptation of witnessing a spectacle more wonderful than the

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cave of Aladdin, and well was I repaid for my pains. The only path lies up the channel of the stream, which makes a considerable bend or deflection not far from the outer aperture; so that you presently lose all benefit of the light of day, save what is refracted through the medium of the solid ice. Then you pass into an enchanted atmosphere. Looking up through the stupendous vault, the colours are of hyalite deepening into cerulean blue; looking inwards, you might think that the heart of the glacier was a mass of lapis-lazuli, so intensely dark is the hue. But the strangest thing is the total loss of the power of calculating distance in those caves, for you cannot tell with certainty whether the ice-wall is close to you or many feet beyond your reach, and you are forced to grope your way onward by the touch. Hitherto I had not gone much further than the point where the stream deflected, but now I was determined to push onward as far as I possibly could—the excitement of the moment, and the hope of saving the life of a fellow creature, having driven from my mind all thought of personal danger.

Restraining Lion as well as I could—for he was exceedingly desirous to press onward—I entered the cave, and found, to my great satisfaction, that there was not much water in the channel. Holding my breath, and stooping low to avoid striking against the roof or any projecting pinnacle, I soon made considerable progress along this singular gallery, the light, however, becoming more and more obscure as I advanced. My chief fear had been lest I should find the stream towards the interior of the glacier falling over rocky ledges which it would be impossible to surmount, but nothing of that kind appeared. I never had to wade above the knee; and I could hear no rumble like that of a formidable cascade. Strange to say, though surrounded by ice, the heat was most oppressive. I was literally bathed with perspiration, and felt giddy from the air I inhaled.

At last I was brought up by a barrier of solid ice, the opening through which was not more than three feet in height. It was plain that I could go no further; and I confess that, for a moment or two, I hesitated about trying the last resource, which was to allow Lion to attempt the passage. I say allow, for the generous creature evidently desired to press forward; and but for his habitual submission to my will, would have done so without any sign. But I read his desire in his eye; and though I feared greatly that he never might come back to me, I felt that I must make the sacrifice. I believe that I cried as I gave him what I thought might be a last caress; and the noble dog, placing his fore-paws on my breast, licked my face, as if to reassure me, and then, with perfect confidence, entered the narrow tunnel.

As for me, I sat down, half stupefied, on a block of ice, and waited I know not how long. Time as well as distance seemed to be confounded in that marvellous region. For a long while I heard nothing but the rush of the stream through the curve of the glacier; yet the nerves of my ear were strained to their utmost tension, and the absence of all other sound amounted almost to agony. At last I heard distinctly—clearly, but afar off within the bowels of the icy mountain, a bark—perhaps the most grateful sound that ever reached me, for by it I knew that Lion had succeeded in his mission, and that the youth was found. More than that—I knew by its tone that the boy was still alive—but how was he to be rescued from that terrible danger? Could he pass down the narrow passage worn through the glacier, even with the help of Lion? It was evident that from the fall he must have sustained great injury, and even been insensible, else he would have answered the cries of his comrade; and if a limb were broken, how could he follow the stream? I began to think that I had done rashly in rejecting the advice of Carlton, and that by such rashness a human life might be lost. Still, I knew enough of the glacier to be aware that the crevasse, which was a new one, might have contracted so as to render descent impossible before assistance could be procured. All I could do was to utter a fervent prayer to the Almighty for aid in that perilous juncture.

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The prayer was answered. Again I heard a bark much nearer, and it seemed indicative of success. Had it been an appeal for help, I should, at any hazard, have tried the passage. But it was clear and confident. For another period I remained on the rack, and then I heard distinctly other sounds than the rushing of the stream. Nearer and nearer they came: and at length Lion emerged from the passage, supporting, but most carefully, so that the head should be above the stream, the seemingly inanimate body of a young lad, in the collar of whose jacket his teeth were fixed. I have never felt, save then, a tendency to absolute hysteria; but I hardly had the power to take the boy in my arms, and commence the descent. Lion, like a true hero, surrendered his charge to me; simply giving himself a very comprehensive shake, and looking at me, with his tongue hanging from his mouth, from violent exertion; but claiming no merit for what he had done, beyond performance of his master's will. Tried by the standard of the dog's fidelity, how many statesmen and warriors would be convicted of perfidy and cowardice!

With much difficulty, for my nerves had been severely shaken, I conveyed my burden to the mouth of the cave, where I was greeted by Carlton and the stranger with an exclamation of joy. Laying the boy upon the grass, we proceeded to examine what injury he had received, and soon found that he still breathed, and that his pulse beat, though very feebly. There was a deep cut on the temple from which the blood was oozing slowly, and the bone in the upper joint of his right arm appeared to be fractured.

"What course of action would you propose under the circumstances, gentlemen?" said the stranger; "I feel in considerable perplexity without exactly comprehending the precise nature of the dilemma. One thing is evident, that immediate medical assistance must be procured, and that of the ablest kind, the rank of the patient rendering the consideration of the honorarium a matter of perfect indifference."

"Are you out of your senses, sir?" said Carlton, impatiently. "The first thing you must do is to have the boy put to bed. Fortunately our cottage is at no great distance. He will be well lodged there. I will go in search of assistance and return in less than twenty minutes."

"The exigency of the occasion," said the stranger, who, now that his more startling fear had been dispelled, spoke with the accuracy of a pedant, "must dispense with ceremony; neither will it admit of those particular inquiries as to the nature of the cottage you have indicated, and the character of its inmates, which, under other circumstances, I, as travelling tutor and temporary guardian of the young nobleman who has sustained this grievous accident, would have deemed it my duty to institute."

But before he could conclude the sentence, Carlton, with something that sounded very like an oath, had disappeared, and I was occupied in bathing the temples of the boy with water.

"A most impetuous young man!" muttered the stranger. "Evidently not one of those who have been subjected to strict academic discipline. Never at Corpus, that is clear, else he would display more reverence towards his seniors. You, young sir," said he, addressing himself to me, "appear to have some skill in surgical practice. May I inquire if you are a licentiate of medicine?"

"I am not a licentiate," said I, "and I pretend to no skill, beyond knowing that cold water is the best application in the present instance; for phlebotomy is not to be thought of, even if I had a lancet."

"Phlebotomy? Aha! Confess, my young friend, that you have somewhat dabbled in the medical art. Fear not. I myself am a doctor, though not of medicine. Onesimus Dovering is my name, and my degree is that of D.D."

"Then, Dr Dovering, I beg to entreat that you will bear a hand. Loosen the boy's neckcloth; and support him on your knee, till I fetch more water from the stream."

"Fortis juventus, virtus audax bellica!—Heaven forgive me for quoting rhythmical Latin of the middle ages!—but the audacity of

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unacademical youth amazes me. Yet I am to blame. We—in which plural I comprehend many individuals of exalted rank and influential position—owe you much for the singular gallantry which you have this day displayed, in rescuing from destruction a young and interesting scion of a noble English house. In saving the life of the Honourable Alfred Spencer, you have secured for your future career, in whatever direction that may tend, the powerful patronage of the Right Honourable the Earl of Windermere."

"If you will not undo his collar, let me do it!" said I, for I was much exasperated by the egotistical insolence of his talk. "I care not who or what he is—I would have run the same risk for the poorest boy in the district. After all, if you feel any obligation, you are less indebted to me than to my dog. Without him, I never should have succeeded in extricating your pupil from the glacier."

"Indeed! He certainly is a very fine animal. As it is very desirable that a memorial of this singular accident should be preserved in the archives and gallery of a noble and illustrious family, I think it is not beyond the terms of my engagement to offer you eighty guineas as the purchase-money of the dog, and further to assure you that the talents of Landseer shall be enlisted to depict, on imperishable canvass, the events of this memorable day."

"Dr Dovering!" said I, almost trembling with passion, which, however, I used my utmost effort to repress, "have you a wife?"

"I have not: for reasons which it is unnecessary to specify."

"Have you sisters?"

"One; whom I have dropped on account of an imprudent marriage."

"Nephews or nieces?"

"Two; who calculate upon my decease, and will be disappointed."

"I despair of making you understand me! Do you possess nothing that you would not part with?"

The Doctor hesitated.

"I have," said he, "an Editio Princeps of the Works of Pliny the Elder, printed at Venice in the year 1469, which I certainly would not part with for any consideration."

"Then," said I, laughing in spite of myself at the oddity of the confession, "be pleased, Dr Dovering, to believe that I set at least as high a value on my dog as you do on your Pliny, and be kind enough to abstain from renewing a proposition, which with difficulty I have refrained from resenting as a positive insult."

"Nay, young man," replied the pedant, "if you take it so warmly, dread no further solicitation on my part. Trust me, I meant no offence, for, unless my memory greatly deceives me, I have more than once heard of bargainings and interchanges among our academical youth of bulldogs, terriers, and suchlike pugnacious and pestilent creatures. Not that I mean to confound with such mongrels this really magnificent and sagacious animal, doubtless of the breed of the Molossi, to whom this day it would be most ungrateful to apply the line of the poet—

'Sæpe canis frustra nemorosis montibus errat.'"

"Hush—the boy is reviving. See—he opens his eyes."

"Mother!" was the first word he uttered. Mother!—the word thrilled me, who had no living mother, for it showed how deeply rooted in the bosom of the boy was the purest and holiest affection of our nature.

"Where am I?" he said again. "What has happened to me? Is that you, Dr Dovering?"

"It is indeed, Mr Spencer, your ever-watchful instructor, friend, and guardian—

'O cui præcipue sors mea visa sua est!'

Most fervently do I return thanks to Providence for this remarkable deliverance!"

"But what has happened, Doctor? I feel very much hurt, and my head is dizzy. Surely I have had a bad fall—Oh I remember now—that horrible glacier!"

"Don't agitate yourself," said I; "you must keep quiet for the present, and you shall know all hereafter. And here in good time comes Carlton with assistance."

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With the aid of Hans Krauskopf, and another stout mountaineer, who were prodigal in their exclamations of sympathy for the poor young English boy, we brought him to the cottage, and had him put immediately to bed. A messenger was sent off for the nearest surgeon, who, allured by the prospect of British gold, made his appearance with wonderful celerity, considering the distance he had to traverse; and we had the satisfaction of receiving his assurance, that beyond a simple fracture of the bone, which might be expected speedily to knit, the young gentleman had sustained no material injury.

"I may say, however," added the surgeon, an honest German from Heidelberg, "that during the twelve years I have resided among the mountains, I never heard of so wonderful an escape. Seldom indeed do the glaciers release their prey. The people here believe that the ice-mountains are haunted by a sort of malignant Trolds, who decoy the unwary to their ruin; and this instance of emergence from the cave will be quoted as an absolute miracle. Mein Herr, you should be proud of that dog—he is more than a match for a whole army of hobgoblins!"

CHAPTER XIV.—A LITERARY EVENING.

Thanks to youth and a sound constitution, our patient made a rapid recovery, and in a few days after the accident occurred, was able to go about with his arm in a sling. The reception of our guests certainly caused some commotion in the cottage; for, as we could not well separate Dr Dovering from his charge, we were obliged to surrender our bedrooms, and make shift, as we best could, in the apartment which we dignified with the title of the studio. Well contented should we have been with that restriction, had not the intolerable Dovering, whom we immediately discovered to be a bore of the most stupendous dimensions, considered it his duty to cultivate both our acquaintance and our intellects. He evidently regarded us as two young men of tolerable capacity but neglected education, whom he was bound to patronise; and acting upon this idea, he inflicted his company upon us at breakfast, dinner, and supper, monopolising the conversation as ruthlessly as if he had been Dr Samuel Johnson seated in the Mitre, or the still more arrogant Dr Parr. For some days we bore this infliction with commendable patience; but at length the nuisance became too grievous for endurance, and we hit upon a plan for putting the Doctor down. Notwithstanding his academical vaunt, we had serious doubts whether Dovering was the eminent linguist that he professed to be; and Carlton, who was a first-rate Greek scholar, and could rattle out an immense number of the choric odes, pledged himself to encounter the Doctor in that direction. I, for my share of the evening's entertainment, undertook the less perilous task of expatiating upon the Coptic, a language of which, I need hardly say, I did not know a single syllable; but having some slight smattering of Gaelic, I conceived that I was perfectly safe. Now the Doctor, though an eminent pillar of the Church, was not exempt from the common necessities of mankind, but was, towards the evening especially, afflicted with a tormenting thirst, which he tried to allay by copious libations of the rough red wine of Neufchâtel. So one evening, after we had allowed him a flask to start with by way of reasonable priming, Carlton took up the running.

"Doctor," he said, "I was considerably interested by your observations yesterday upon Euripides. But it strikes me, with deference to your superior knowledge, that you class them rather too high. I have always considered that his choric odes, though exhibiting, doubtless, great rhythmical ingenuity, must be regarded as deviations from the purpose of the original drama, in which the Chorus stood, in relation to the performers on the stage, as ideal spectators of the scene."

"Sir!" said the Doctor, looking aghast, "do you venture to impugn

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the method adopted by the divine Euripides?"

"Why not?" replied Carlton, "since Aristophanes held him up to the contempt of the people of Athens—a tolerable jury on matters of taste—as a mere charlatan and coxcomb. You remember the phrase Σφραγιδονυχαργοκομητης?"

"Aristophanes is no favourite of mine," said the Doctor, recoiling as if from the discharge of a howitzer; "I never read him willingly—in fact, it is against my principles."

"I honour your scruples, Doctor; but you must understand the word, which means 'a coxcomb with long hair and a multiplicity of rings.' That seems to me, from internal evidence, a very good description of Euripides."

"Really—hem—this is very gratifying! I was not aware, Mr Carlton, that you had pursued your classical studies to that extent. I shall certainly reconsider the point. But, to change the subject—as my young friend is now out of danger, do you not think that to-morrow we might make an expedition to Meyringen?"

"With all my heart, Doctor. But to-night let us abandon ourselves to the classics. It is seldom that I, or my friend Sinclair here, who, by the way, took the highest honours at the University of Edinburgh"—this was a pure invention of Carlton's, but it added to the discomposure of the Doctor—"have the opportunity of submitting our views to the criticism of a perfect scholar. Having disposed of Euripides, let us fall back upon Sophocles, who, manly as he was, can only rank as a slavish imitator of the Copts."

"Sophocles an imitator of the Copts? Gracious heavens! What can you possibly mean?"

"Neither more nor less than that Sophocles translated from the Egyptians, as the early Latin dramatists translated from the Greeks; and as men now cater for the London theatres by adopting the vaudevilles of Paris."

"Really—ahem—you surprise me. I rather think that your view of the matter has never been sanctioned by the authority of Cambridge, or indeed of the sister University. I am bound, however, to acknowledge that, in the fields of classical antiquity, the learned men of Germany have made great discoveries—very great discoveries indeed. Müller, sir, was an extraordinary man!"

"Why, yes," said Carlton. "It must be allowed that he carried his investigations to a considerable length; but, for my own part, I am not quite satisfied as to the soundness of all his positions. You remember his theory with regard to the unity of the Cyclic poems?"

The Doctor was guilty of a tacit fib in the shape of a bow of acquiescence.

"Well, then," continued Carlton, "might I venture to ask your opinion with regard to that? Sinclair and I are deeply interested in the question, and have examined it with unusual care."

"My good sir!" replied the Doctor, upon whose forehead there were now visible signs of perspiration, "I am very much inclined to agree with you. Theory is an excellent thing, no doubt; but it may be pushed too far. Yes, sir, I say it fearlessly, too far. You cannot be too cautious when you come to deal with theory."

"Then, Doctor," said I, "am I to understand that you entirely reject as fictitious and fanciful the outline presented to us of the colossal poem by Arctinus of Miletus?"

"I reject it, sir? Heaven forbid! Nothing, in my opinion, ought to be rejected except on the strongest possible grounds. What a beautiful evening! Have you ever ascended the Righi, Mr Carlton?"

"Once; and, curiously enough, my companion on that occasion was Dr Erasmus O'Grady, of Trinity College, Dublin—the gentleman who first established as a fact what had previously been suspected, that Sophocles was a translator from the Coptic."

"Indeed! that must have been highly interesting. I have often heard of Dr O'Grady, though we have never met. A learned man, sir, it must be confessed—a most ripe and erudite scholar."

This testimonial to the merits of Dr O'Grady would doubtless have been very grateful to that distin-

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guished personage, had he been more than a mere phantom of Carlton's imagination.

"You remember the chorus, Doctor, in the Œdipus Coloneus, beginning thus—

"'Οστις τοῦ πλέονος μέρους
χρήζει, τοῦ μετριου παρείς
ζόειν, σκαιοσυναν φυλάσσων
ἐν εμοὶ κατάδηλος ἔσται·?"

"Perfectly," replied Dr Dovering.

"Well, sir; it turns out that the whole passage is a direct translation from the Coptic."

"But, my dear young friend, what absolute proof have you of this?"

"The original manuscript may be seen at Alexandria. It is probably one of the few that escaped the great conflagration ordered by the caliph Omar. Those who understand the language say that it is written in very choice Coptic. Our friend Sinclair here has gone over it."

"Then you are a Coptic scholar, Mr Sinclair?" said Dr Dovering, evidently impressed with the notion that he had encountered two young men of most extraordinary attainments, who might have coped with the Admirable Crichton.

"What little of the language I know," I replied with perfect adherence to truth, "was acquired in Upper Egypt."

"Do you happen to remember any part of the original?"

"O yes. I think you will admit that the sense of the following is precisely the same with that of the passage quoted by Carlton." And I favoured the company with the following extract from the seventh book of Ossian's "Temora."

"'Bu chomhnuidh dhoibh dubhra nan tonn,
Ann tir fhada; siol cholgach nam beum.
Ach ni'n solas do'm' anam tla,
Fuaim mall a bhais o'n raon.
Thig eisean nach geill gu brath:
Mosgail bard focail is caoin."

"Most wonderful!" cried the Doctor, when I had expended my stock of gutturals. "You have banished all doubt from my mind. Unquestionably Sophocles was a translator. And now, gentlemen, it is time for me to retire."

It was indeed high time, for had he tarried but a minute longer, Carlton could not have contained himself. No sooner was he gone than we gave way to convulsions of mirth, which we had much difficulty in suppressing so far that they should not reach the ears of the reverend gentleman.

"Well!" said Carlton at length, "I am bound to acknowledge, Sinclair, that you figured admirably as a Copt. How the reverend Doctor stared when you came out with that splendid gibberish!"

"Gibberish!" said I. "Let me tell you, my good fellow, it was pure Gaelic — a genuine fragment of Ossian—I swear, by the black stone of Dunstaffnage!"

"Ossian! You don't mean to say that you believe in Ossian?" cried Carlton.

"I believe in Ossian as firmly as you believe in Homer."

"Gadso! This is new matter for controversy. Suppose we get the old gentleman back, and try him upon that score."

"No, no, Carlton. We have had quite sufficient amusement for one evening; and what is more, I think we have gained our point. Dr Dovering will not trouble us any more with classical dissertations."

And so it really happened; for after that evening the Doctor was content to keep his learning in reserve.

CHAPTER XV.—THE PARTY BREAKS UP.

Young Spencer was a very engaging and gentle boy, and for his sake we put up with the peculiarities, which sometimes were rather offensive, of his travelling companion and tutor. Towards me he evinced the utmost gratitude; so much so, that at last I was compelled to make him promise not again to allude to the subject. Lion and he became great intimates, though Lion's way with him w[illegible] tronising; and I [illegible] one part of [illegible] —that of [illegible]

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the unrivalled pencil of Landseer—could not be carried into effect. Carlton was kind enough, at my request, to make the attempt; but though he produced a very good likeness of the boy, he had no practice in canine portraiture, and did not succeed in giving a satisfactory representation of Lion. The truth is, that my friend George, as I have already hinted, was happiest in his female heads; but as all of these had a wonderful similarity, I was privately of opinion that his Ideal, about which he was fond of expatiating, had somewhere or other a local habitation and a name, and that he, being a painter, was performing the duty or sweet penance of a devoted lover, by depicting the charms of his mistress on canvas, just as a poet would have celebrated them in his verse. But Carlton was not one of those men "who wear their heart upon their sleeve, for daws to peck at." In everything that regarded his own feelings or affections he was singularly reserved; and of course I had no desire to penetrate any of his secrets.

The sketch of young Spencer and Lion was, however, very nearly the cause of a domestic rupture in our augmented family circle. Dr Dovering could not be brought to understand that a gentleman might prosecute art solely for his own amusement and gratification. The Doctor, with all his pedantry, was in some respects a practical man. He had no notion of your poor student, or mere literary grub. Study, in his eyes, was only commendable in so far as it led to benefices and promotion; but as for the notion of a man cultivating his intellect, or cramming himself with the accumulated lore of centuries, without any ulterior object, the Doctor could not away with it. Nay, upon that subject he sometimes waxed absolutely grandiloquent, denouncing study for the sake of learning alone as something Jesuitical, savouring of the Romish heresy, and tending towards monastic seclusion. He was no advocate for the practice of concealing lights under a bushel. He held the doctrine that all talent should look out for a market, and he fortified that view with arguments of considerable weight, proceeding, as he loved to say, by way of παράδειγμα or example.

"Thus," said the Doctor, in a remarkably fine discourse which he delivered one evening, when the contents of the third bottle of Neufchâtel were beginning to disappear, "if you subtract worldly, that is, interested motives, where are your springs of action? Let us begin with the highest order in the State, the Hierarchy. What but the hope of a bishopric, or other high preferment, would tempt a man, after he has taken his ordinary degree—I speak in presence of those who, though my juniors, are admirably qualified to express an opinion upon such a point—to prosecute his study of the classics? What brings young statesmen into the arena of political strife, save the desire and expectation of office? Let Canning, Brougham, and Macaulay suffice for examples. Turn to literature—Would Scott or Byron have written so much as they did save for the incentive of money; their fame being simply the fact which secured the large circulation of their works? Sir, in order to secure appreciation, all talent must have its price; and further, as an accredited minister of the Gospel, and a dignitary of the Anglican Church"—here the Doctor assumed a most solemn tone, and absolutely shed tears—"it is my duty to proclaim that he who wraps his talent within a napkin, and will not lay it out at usury, must expect a terrible condemnation."

I regret to say that this very perspicuous, and, I shall add, business-like oration, did not convince Carlton, who burst into a perfect tornado of wrath, when, next day, the Doctor offered him fifty guineas for his sketch; and I had the utmost difficulty in restoring even partial tranquillity.

At length letters arrived from England; and Dr Dovering intimated that, as the state of Alfred's arm was now such as to admit of his travelling, they were about to take their leave of us and to return homewards.

"I am charged, moreover," he said, "to deliver you this letter, from the noble father of my pupil, the Earl of Windermere, whose exalted position

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and unblemished character are too widely known to require any private eulogium. You may be sure, Mr Sinclair, that I did not fail to communicate to his lordship in detail the circumstances connected with our meeting, nor to expatiate upon the signal gallantry you exhibited in effecting the rescue of his son. I have only to add, on the part of Lord and Lady Windermere, that it would afford them the utmost satisfaction to know that they can, either now or hereafter, have an opportunity afforded them of testifying the gratitude which they feel."

As the Doctor made this communication with more delicacy than was his wont, I thanked him for the pains which he had taken, and proceeded to open Lord Windermere's letter, which was as follows :—

"DEAR SIR,—Dr Dovering has informed me of the inappreciable service you have rendered to me and my family by rescuing, at imminent peril to yourself, my beloved child Alfred from almost certain destruction. To you, under God, we owe his preservation; and when I think of the terrible affliction which would have befallen myself and his mother had we been bereft of our dearest boy, I can hardly find words wherewith to express my thanks.

"Deeds, however, and not words, must requite such an obligation. Dr Dovering states that he has not been able to ascertain what are your prospects or plans for the future; and therefore I am somewhat at a loss to know how I can prove my gratitude without offending your feelings. I venture to entreat that you will frankly tell me how I can forward your views, and thus give me an opportunity—not of paying my debt, for that I never can do—but of acknowledging how much I owe you.

"If you should feel any reluctance in writing to me on such a subject, pray let me know when you arrive in London. Lady Windermere desires me to say that she will not be happy until she is able personally to thank the rescuer of her son. She longs also to see the noble animal that found Alfred in that dreadful cavern.

"I shall not say more at present; but, trusting that you will not refuse this my earnest request, I subscribe myself your sincere friend,

"WINDERMERE."

"A very proper letter," said Carlton, to whom I showed the above. "I like his way of expressing himself, and you may be certain he is thoroughly in earnest. Lord Windermere is well spoken of, both as a politician and a landlord. He is a Tory of the old school, and though he does not often speak in the House of Lords, he has great influence with the Ministry. I congratulate you, Sinclair, on having made so influential a friend."

"But really, Carlton, I have done nothing to deserve all this praise and thanksgiving. Had it not been for Lion, I could not have helped young Spencer."

"As well might a cavalry officer say, that but for his horse he could not have charged a square of infantry! The prowess of honest Lion must not interfere with your deserts. Besides, you had the merit of the idea of following up the stream through the cave, and you risked your own life by doing so. Hans Krauskopf, who knows the glacier well, says he would not have penetrated so far as you did for a hat full of dollars; and Hans is by no means obtuse as to the value of coined money."

"Then what would you advise me to do?"

"Write at once to Lord Windermere that you will wait upon him as soon as you arrive in London. Such matters are much better discussed *vivâ voce* than by letters. When you do see him, you will of course frankly tell him how you are situated, and you may rely upon it he will find you employment."

"Well—I do not object to employment; but I hate to be under obligations to any man."

"So far as I can see, the obligation is on the other side. Sinclair, you have given me the right to speak to you as a friend, and I shall do so unreservedly. You are haunted by a certain pride of independence, which is all very well in its way, but which

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you must beware of, lest it should carry you to preposterous extremes. In this world every man must avail himself of the aid of others. You have earned the right to expect assistance from Lord Windermere, and he has frankly offered it. Why should you reject it?"

"I do not reject it, Carlton; but I would much rather owe my elevation, if I am to rise at all, to my own exertions than to the aid of others. I must, however, necessarily answer this letter; and I shall of course promise to wait upon his lordship in London, though I may not do so immediately after my arrival there."

"As to that you must please yourself. Only when fortune has given you such a chance, beware of letting it pass away."

On the following day Dr Dovering and his charge departed; the latter entreating both Carlton and myself to lose no time in coming to see them in London, and assuring us emphatically of the pleasure which his mother would derive from that visit.

The season was now far advanced, and we too began to think of returning to England. The evenings began to draw in, the foliage had assumed a russet hue, the air became perceptibly colder, and fresh snow had fallen on the mountains. So we took our last walks, revisited our favourite haunts in the neighbourhood, among which be sure the glacier was not forgotten; and having made our preparations, set out for Strasbourg, at which city we proposed to embark in the steamer down the Rhine. Parting with our host and hostess was rather a painful business, for Babili was an affectionate creature, and Hans himself was not unmoved; but we got over it as quick as possible, and were soon driving, as fast as the habits of the *lohnkutscher* would allow, through the beautiful territory of Baden.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE STEAMER ON THE RHINE.

Nowhere will you find so great a diversity of character, so singular an agglomeration of nationalities, as on board a Rhenish steamer. There is the reserved and somewhat supercilious Briton, returning with wife and family from their summer excursion, avoiding as much as possible intercourse with strangers, and contrasting unfavourably foreign luxuries with his own domestic comforts. There is the gay, lively, rattling Parisian, who would fain enter into a flirtation with the fair-haired English "mees," but is deterred by the menacing attitude of her mamma, who regards him as a maternal hen would regard a hawk swooping in the neighbourhood of her chickens. There swaggers the ferocious *militaire* with his heavy mustache and capacious red breeches—a *sous officier*, evidently risen from the ranks, who, with a supreme contempt for the rest of the company in so far as they belong not to the "grande nation," devotes himself to puffing execrable tobacco from a short black pipe, and the consumption of innumerable *petits verres*. There is the sleek, full-faced, close-shaven Hollander, with capacious paunch and twinkling eye, indicative of shrewdness and sagacity—a man whom it would be difficult to overreach. There is the prying boastful American, who makes it his business to inquire into that of every one else, utterly devoid of bashfulness, and perfectly insensible to rebuff. There is the Jew from the Minories or from Frankfort, a shabby, dingy creature, though, for aught you know, he may be as rich as Crœsus or Rothschild. It is the pleasure of the Hebrew to appear thus ill-accoutred in his wanderings, for that helps to disguise the nature of his transactions. He is, you may be certain, on a journey of profit, not of pleasure—possibly for the purchase of diamonds, or possibly for the collection of rags—anyhow, he is an apt representation of the Hivites, who imposed upon Joshua by representing that their garments and their shoes had become old by reason of the very long journey. There is the blear-eyed spectacled German professor, with his long cherry-stalked pipe, maundering metaphysics to an

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admiring group of long-haired students in blouses and boots, whose devotion to learning must be assumed as greater than their addiction to cleanliness. There, also, you may occasionally see some mediatised potentate—Duke, Count, or Baron—whose immediate ancestors were sovereigns of a district much smaller in dimensions and revenue than is owned by his Grace of Buccleuch in several shires of Scotland. And there you are certain to meet with a host of inspired artists and poets, less intoxicated with the execrable Moselle which is vended on board the steamer, than with the glorious scenery and romantic associations of that noblest of rivers, the Rhine.

It was a cold morning when we went on board the steamer at Strasbourg, and I apprehend that all the passengers felt dissatisfied at the early hour announced for starting. However, there was no help for it. The inexorable bell was rung; and down we had to trundle to the jetty, making such composition as we could for overcharge at the hotel. Of course, England had the worst of it, as she always has—witness Mr Gladstone's recent incomparable budget! But when we did get on board, and saw that our whole luggage had been delivered, and had paid the porters, than whom no more villanous extortioners ever breathed the breath of life; and had, moreover, satisfactorily established, to the conviction of certain personages in uniform, that we were not political refugees or delinquents, we had to undergo another scrutiny. A tall loose-jointed man, the hue of whose complexion suggested the idea that he had but recently recovered from an attack of the jaundice, coolly walked up to the luggage, and began to examine the labels.

"I say, Mister," said he, addressing me with that nasal twang which is peculiar to that class of the free and enlightened citizens of the United States, who, to the infinite annoyance of their more polished countrymen, bring social discredit on America—"I say, Mister; I guess now that that 'ere portmanteau is your'n?"

I frankly admitted my proprietor-

"So your name's Sinclair, is it? I reckon you'll be from Scotland."

I nodded an affirmative.

"Smart people the Scotch, I know that. They can look about them a little. And where did you hail from last?"

"Switzerland."

"Been on pleasuring, I've a notion?"

"Really, sir," said I, "you are very kind to take such an interest in my affairs. I cannot understand how a knowledge of my personal history or movements can be advantageous to an utter stranger."

"Wall, now; you're a rael Britisher, that's a fact," said the Yankee. "How's a man to find out anything without asking? and what's the use of keeping everything to yourself like a hiccory nut that's over-hard for cracking? I allow now, if I had asked you to loan me a handful of dollars, you might have looked as glum as a beaver in a trap, but there's a tarnation difference between that and a civil question on the road."

"Well, sir," said I with a smile, for there was no use being angry with the man, "I shall concede that on principle you are right; and if you do not object to reciprocity, and will favour me with your confidences in return, I shall not object to answer any reasonable question."

"Now, Squire Sinclair, sir, that's what I call rational," said the Yankee, lighting a cigar, "and I won't object to tell you that my name is Jefferson J. Ewins, that I do a smart business in Charlestown, and that I have been down in Switzerland to look after calicoes. Have you any notion of such fixings?"

"No indeed," I replied. "I am profoundly ignorant on the subject of calicoes."

"Wall, now; that rubs me out. Not one in two of you Britishers knows anything about calico; and yet, but for our cotton, it would have been gone goose with the old onnateral country! Mercy sakes alive!—I guess that, without Virginny, Manchester by this time would have been knocked into a cocked hat, and have got a hyst that

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mayhap you do a streak in the hard line—I allow your razors are pretty."

"You are quite mistaken, Mr Ewins. And, to be plain with you, I shall make no further revelations as to my calling or profession, leaving that for your ingenuity to discover; but I shall answer any questions you may be pleased to put upon other topics."

"Now I guess you're getting stuffy, Squire! You needn't give me a soc-dolager that way; for if I've waked up the wrong passenger, I didn't mean it, and it's no use to fly off the handle. Darn it—what a time they are in getting breakfast! The morning's raw—what say you to step down and liquor?"

Declining the proposed conviviality, I moved to another part of the steamer, leaving behind me inadvertently a German edition of an English novel (it was Sir E. B. Lytton's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*), the pages of which were only partially cut open. I discovered afterwards that my Transatlantic acquaintance had pounced upon it, and, in his literary zeal, had used his finger as a paper-cutter, thereby mutilating the volume. Carlton, who had rested ill during the previous night, had gone down to the cabin to slumber, if possible, for an hour; and I, in order to avoid the attacks of two *burschen*, who seemed anxious to claim fraternity, entered into conversation with a middle-aged English gentleman, of highly respectable appearance and agreeable manners, who seemed very glad to embrace the opportunity of discoursing in his own language, and who certainly was a marked contrast to my recent acquaintance the Yankee.

I have forgotten now the point from which we started. Most probably it was an allusion to the weather, or to the scenery, or something of a similar kind, which gradually expanded itself into a discussion far more wide and extended, embracing Continental education, forms of government, the police system, consular establishments, and many other cognate subjects. I was, I shall fairly confess, quite fascinated by the demeanour of the man. Evidently a person of some rank or place in the scale of social consideration, he was not in the least degree supercilious; but, acknowledging the slightness of his acquaintance with foreign matters, he requested information, and listened to it in a way that could not fail to be greatly gratifying to a man so much his junior. He even asked permission to take notes, and did so; and after breakfast, he requested that I would favour him by continuing the conversation.

Carlton, having benefited by his slumber, tried more than once to get me away; but I stuck to my new acquaintance. People say that a Scot is not easily humbugged—I fear it is otherwise. You can humbug him always, if, mingled with an encomium on his own individual sagacity, you introduce a compliment to the national shrewdness which marks the race. I, at any rate, was humbugged, for I was actually foolish enough to confide to this entire stranger more of my personal history and aspirations than prudence would have warranted me in disclosing. Men oftentimes, under the influence of vinous excitement, make similar revelations over-night, and next morning are heartily ashamed and sorry for having done so; but here was I, as sober as an anchorite, and considering myself all the while a very prudent personage, laying bare my inmost thoughts to a man who, for anything I knew to the contrary, might be a swindler or a Jesuit in disguise. My only excuse is the artful way in which he wormed himself into my confidence, and the deep interest which he professed to feel in my narrative. After I had told him that I intended to remain for some time in London, and that my prospects were uncertain, he said, after a brief pause—

"In so far as I can judge, or as my experience of the world dictates, your career is likely to be a distinguished one. You have in your favour youth, ability, industry, large information, and high principle, and when these are combined they must command success. We have need of such men as you for the public service. Attached as I am to the great Conservative party, and having held more than once offices of considerable trust and responsibility, I have often lamented that the Ministry of the day

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did not take more pains to search for and encourage rising talent. Your genius, I can perceive already, is eminently of a practical kind. I cannot doubt that you will shine as a publicist or political writer, and I would advise you to concentrate all your thoughts and energies in that direction. I cannot hope to be of immediate service to you in London, for I must immediately go down to my county; but when Parliament meets, I shall expect to see you, and then, be assured, I shall use my utmost influence in promoting your views. Here is my card. I am called Sir George Smoothly, and have the honour of sitting for the borough of Effingham. I cannot express to you how much gratification I have derived from this agreeable and instructive colloquy, and from your confidence, which, I trust you will admit hereafter, has not been misplaced."

Shortly afterwards I rejoined Carlton, who was filling his sketch-book with heads of Jews, burschen, militaires, and peasant-girls, in the forepart of the vessel.

"So, Master Norman!" said he, "you seem to have taken a mighty fancy to that pleasant gentleman yonder. I have not seen you so animated for a long time. May I venture to ask what were the principal topics of your conversation?"

I felt the colour rise to my cheeks; for, to say the truth, I stood somewhat in awe of Carlton's satirical turn. However, I replied—

"Well;—I don't mind telling you that I have been rather communicative to him about myself; and that I have found him most kind and encouraging."

"Hum!—there is an Italian proverb which prescribes caution in trusting the friend of an hour. Do you know who or what he is?"

"Here is his card."

"Sir George Smoothly? That's so far well. He is an M.P., and on the right side, though they do say he is but a slippery fellow. And he has offered to assist you, eh?"

"With every appearance of cordiality and interest."

"Did you tell him anything about your connection, real or presumed, with Lord Windermere?"

"Not a word. That would have been a violation of confidence, as well as a gross act of egotism."

"I am glad to hear you say so. But, Norman, take my advice, and keep yourself to yourself as much as you can, except with assured friends. There are many men who walk in masks, and the prettiest mask of all is that of philanthropy, and the desire of doing good. You know, of course, that glorious parable of old John Bunyan, the *Pilgrim's Progress?* It is a valuable study, not only for Christian development, but for human character. Take care that you have not fallen in with a Mr Worldly Wiseman."

"Have you talked with the Yankee?"

"A first-rate fellow! He has nearly killed me with some of his stories. The best of the joke is, that, not knowing our intimacy, he took you off to the life as an impenetrable Caledonian."

"The devil he did!"

"Of course—and I wish you had kept up the character. But what American impudence could not achieve, I suspect English plausibility has accomplished. Never mind, Norman! there's no harm done as yet. Let us cultivate our Jonathan's acquaintance, and certainly we shall extract some fun."

Carlton was right. We had great fun out of Mr Ewins, who related to us various dodges, commercial and civil, which, in England, would certainly have been brought under the notice of the Old Bailey Court, but, in America, seemed to be considered as the mere eccentricities of genius. He intended, he said, before recrossing the Atlantic, to have a peep at the Britishers with the view of compiling a volume on their national peculiarities, which he guessed "would be nip and tuck to the tarnal old woman," for so he irreverently denominated Mrs Trollope. And so, having by this time passed through the grand scenery of the Upper Rhine, and entered into the monotonous reaches of Holland, we wiled away the hours with jest and banter, until we arrived at Rotterdam, where we went on board of the London steamer.

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POETIC ABERRATIONS.

We are strongly of opinion that, for the peace and welfare of society, it is a good and wholesome rule that women should not interfere with politics. We love the fair sex too well, to desire that they should be withdrawn from their own sphere, which is that of adorning the domestic circle, and tempering by their gentleness the asperities of our ruder nature, to figure in the public arena, or involve themselves in party contests. The Duchess of Devonshire, who canvassed Westminster for Fox, and hesitated not to give kisses as an electoral bribe, was, to our humble thinking, little better than a female Judas; and, to fall back upon more ancient instances, what a hideous spectre of a harridan arises in our minds when we attempt to form a fancy sketch of Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi! We have a tender side for ladies who delight in enveloping their pretty ancles in azure. Whether, inspired by verse, they warble like larks in the firmament, or dole like doves in a coppice, or coo like pigeons in spring—whether, in less ambitious prose, they conduct hero and heroine through a love-story, "passing sweet and amorous withal," through three octavo volumes, to the inevitable hymeneal altar—or whether they apply themselves to the exposition of the finer arts, or the collection of culinary maxims—we listen, read, comment, perpend, and approve without the slightest feeling that they have in any degree overstepped the pale of propriety. And when we see them engaged in deeds of true charity—in visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, providing food for the hungry and clothing for the naked, or praying at the lonely deathbed,—we acknowledge that it is no vain figure of poetry, no fanciful association of thought, that likens women to the angels!

But very different is the case when women addict themselves to politics. Then they resemble, to our shuddering fancy, in spite of all their charms, not angels, but so many *tricoteuses* in the gallery of the National Convention. Of all imaginable inflictions and torments, defend us from a domestic female partisan! Belinda on the ballot, Sophia on suffrage, Robina on reform, Barbara on the budget, Isabella on Italy, Henrietta on Hungary, Maggie on Mazzini, Gatty on Garibaldi, and Polly on the Poles—what unhappy male creature could hope to preserve his senses in the midst of so conflicting a concert? To reason they will not listen; to argument they are utterly impervious. They scour the plain like so many swift Camillas, only differing from that gifted damsel, who, according to Virgil, could run over a field of barley without depressing the awns, in this—that each is mounted on a heavy hobby, and that they tread down everything in their way. Before such a charge the most valorous of men is overthrown, utterly humiliated, and, for the remainder of his existence, becomes a Jerry Sneak.

The case is worse when women of real talent take part in political affray. Patriotism in woman we honour. If the integrity of our own country were assailed, or the sanctity threatened of our shores, we know that thousands of our women, overcoming mere feminine instinct, would with their own hands array their lovers, husbands, brothers, for the fight, and love them better than they did before if they fell upon the field of glory. But cosmopolitanism is quite another thing, and so is identification with foreign nationalities. We remember hearing, some years ago, with the deepest disgust, an apparent female lecturing for the avowed purpose of providing funds for furnishing insurgents with pikes. It was a *séance* that might have sickened Até, so undisguised was her appetite for blood; and, knowing what lengths men will go under the influence of excited passion, we al-

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Poems before Congress. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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ways shudder to see women, who have far less power of restraint, committing themselves in matters with which it is most unbecoming for them to interfere.

We have not made those remarks without an appropriate text. We have just received a thin volume of verses—for we cannot call them poems—by one who we are proud otherwise to style as a real poetess, and to whose high merit we have before now borne most willing testimony—Elizabeth Barret Browning; and very sincerely do we regret, for her sake, that she has fallen into the error of publishing anything so ineffably bad, if we regard it as poetical composition—so strangely blind, if we look upon it as a political confession of faith—or so utterly unfair to England and English feeling, as has been penned by one of England's most gifted daughters. Long residence in Italy, especially in Florence, has evidently given Mrs Browning strong Italian tendencies towards the reconstitution, or rather formation, of a nationality. To that we do not, and cannot object. For a long time, the political heavings and throes of Italy, like those of its principal volcanic mountain, indicated a coming eruption; and it may very well be, that the settlement which was made in 1815 could not be expected to last for ever. But, undeniably, it was the best settlement which could be made under the circumstances, and at that time; and the conclusive proof of that is the long period of peace which it procured for Europe. No doubt nationalities went on fermenting. They will always ferment whenever the subjected country can find any real or even fanciful ground for complaint—witness Ireland to indulgent Great Britain. But in Italy there was no nationality to restore. Time out of mind such a thing had not been heard of; and, if you came to test occupation, not by language, but by blood, the men of the north of Italy might be proved of the Teutonic race. However, we may fairly set aside all such considerations, and look to things as they are. The events of last year, and even more those of the present, have entirely overturned the arrangements of the Treaty of Vienna; and the formation of the kingdom of Northern Italy, which is now in progress, by the annexation of Lombardy and the Romagna to Sardinia, and the absorption of the Duchies, has been purchased by the cession of Savoy and Nice, and the extension of the frontier of France. That was the price which Sardinia agreed to pay for French co-operation, which was paraded to the world as a spontaneous act of sublime generosity. The mask is now thrown away, because it can be worn no longer, and Louis Napoleon is calmly proceeding to the appropriation of his spoil. The farce of the Congress is now abandoned. France has the mastery of the position, and cares nothing for the opinion, and will not listen to the advice, of any other cabinet in Europe.

The Emperor of the French is Mrs Browning's favourite hero. In him she sees the incarnation of justice and of might, and hails him as the great deliverer of the nations. The following extract from the leading poem in the volume, entitled, "Napoleon III. in Italy," will exhibit, not only the extent of her adoration, but the fustian quality of the verse in which it is set forth :—

"But now, Napoleon, now
That, leaving far behind the purple throng
Of vulgar monarchs, thou
Tread'st higher in thy deed
Than stair of throne can lead,
To help in the hour of wrong
The broken hearts of nations to be strong,—
Now, lifted as thou art
To the level of pure song,
We stand to meet thee on these Alpine snows!
And while the palpitating peaks break out
Ecstatic from somnambular repose
With answers to the presence and the shout,
We, poets of the people, who take part
With elemental justice, natural right,
Join in our echoes also, nor refrain.
We meet thee, O Napoleon, at this height
At last, and find thee great enough to praise.
Receive the poet's chrism, which smells beyond
The priest's, and pass thy ways;—
An English poet warns thee to maintain
God's word, not England's:—let His truth be true
And all men liars! with His truth respond
To all men's lie. Exalt the sword and smite

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On that long anvil of the Apennine
Where Austria forged the Italian chain in view
Of seven consenting nations, sparks of fine
Admonitory light,
Till men's eyes wink before convictions new.
Flash in God's justice to the world's amaze,
Sublime Deliverer!—after many days
Found worthy of the deed thou art come to do—
Emperor
Evermore."

Having thus anointed him with her "chrism," which in our nostrils smells rather rancid, Mrs Browning proceeds with her worship. Plutarch says of the Pythoness, "that, going with great reluctancy into the sacred place to be inspired, she came out foaming at the mouth, her eyes goggling, her breast heaving, her voice undistinguishable and shrill, as if she had an earthquake within her labouring for vent." We grieve to say that Mrs Browning, under the influence of her Cacodæmon, has been seized with a like fit of insanity, and has uttered the following oracular raving, which it would puzzle an interpreting priest to adapt to common understanding:—

"Autocrat? let them scoff,
Who fail to comprehend
That a ruler incarnate of
The people, must transcend
All common king-born kings.
These subterranean springs
A sudden outlet winning,
Have special virtues to spend.
The people's blood runs through him,
Dilates from head to foot,
Creates him absolute,
And from this great beginning
Evokes a greater end
To justify and renew him—
Emperor
Evermore.

"What! did any maintain
That God or the people (think!)
Could make a marvel in vain?—
Out of the water-jar there,
Draw wine that none could drink?
Is this a man like the rest,
This miracle, made unaware
By a rapture of popular air,
And caught to the place that was best?
You think he could barter and cheat
As vulgar diplomates use,
With the people's heart in his breast?
Prate a lie into shape
Lest truth should cumber the road;
Play at the fast and loose
Till the world is strangled with tape;
Maim the soul's complete
To fit the hole of a toad;
And filch the dogman's meat
To feed the offspring of God?

"Nay, but he, this wonder,
He cannot palter nor prate,
Though many around him and under,
With intellects trained to the curve,
Distrust him in spirit and nerve
Because his meaning is straight.
Measure him ere he depart
With those who have governed and led;
Larger so much by the heart,
Larger so much by the head—
Emperor
Evermore."

We shall not ask whether there be any sense in this, for there can be but one opinion as to that; but it may be worth while inquiring whether, by any stretch of courtesy, this sort of composition can be called poetry, or even verse. We pass on to another strophe:—

"He will not swagger nor boast
Of his country's meeds, in a tone
Missuiting a great man most
If such should speak of his own;
Nor will he act, on her side,
From motives baser, indeed,
Than a man of a noble pride
Can avow for himself at need;
Never, for lucre or laurels,
Or custom, though such should be rife,
Adapting the smaller morals
To measure the larger life.
He, though the merchants persuade,
And the soldiers are eager for strife,
Finds not his country in quarrels
Only to find her in trade,—
While still he accords her such honour
As never to flinch for her sake
Where men put service upon her,
Found heavy to undertake
And scarcely like to be paid:
Believing a nation may act
Unselfishly—shiver a lance
(As the least of her sons may, in fact)
And not for a cause of finance—
Emperor
Evermore."

Without ocular demonstration we could not have believed that the authoress of the *Rhyme of the Duchess May* and the *Cry of the Children* could have penned anything so deplorable as this.

We observe that the Preface is dated "Rome, February 1860;" and we cannot help regretting that the publication of the volume had not been delayed for a little, since the revelations of March must, we think, have somewhat altered Mrs Brown-

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ing's estimate of the disinterestedness of the hero of her worship. The following lines read awkwardly when tested by the "inexorable logic of facts."

"Shout for France and Savoy!
Shout for the council and charge!
Shout for the head of Cavour;
And shout for the heart of a King
That's great with a nation's joy.
Shout for France and Savoy!"

Shout away by all means, since that is to be the order of the day; but we rather apprehend that there will be slight shouting in Savoy, and none at all in Switzerland, when the French dragoons are marched into the territory. We protest, however, against shouting for the head of Cavour. For heaven's sake let us have no repetition of the guillotine!

The eyes of the public are, we should suppose, by this time, pretty well opened to the designs of our magnanimous ally; and we give Lords Palmerston and John Russell joy of the realisation of the extreme confidence which they did not hesitate to express in the single-heartedness, abnegation, and upright motives of the Emperor of the French. Doubtless they also thought that "this miracle made unaware by a rapture of popular air," could not "barter and cheat;" and, as they puzzle over the splendid lucubrations of M. de Thouvenel, they must, unless their nerves are thoroughly hardened, feel a shudder of conscious shame creep through them, for having allowed themselves to be so tremendously victimised and befooled. The French Minister, it would seem, holds the opinion that the chief use of language is to conceal thought, for in his last note, addressed to the British Cabinet by way of justifying the annexation of Savoy, we find the following remarkable passage, which in point of lucidity might compare with any one of Mrs Browning's poems: "Solemn acts, freely adhered to, on the termination of a campaign fortunate for our arms, have established in the most irrefragable manner that we had not for object any territorial aggra[illegible] when circumstances force[illegible]e in the affairs of [illegible]aly [illegible]overnment [illegible]XIV. has been enabled to foresee, in hypothesis, from which disinterestedness ought not entirely to banish prudence, a situation analogous to that which to-day presents itself, we flatter ourselves not only that we have not sought to bring it about, but that we have, on the contrary, endeavoured, in all conjunctures, to follow the course most fitted to keep it out of the chances of the future." We trust that no official reticence will baulk our desire to see the reply of our sapient Foreign Minister to this bewildering document.

So much for "Napoleon III. in Italy." Now let us take a glance at the next poem, called "The Dance." It would seem that on some occasion the ladies of Florence took a whim to have a *galoppe* in the open air with certain French officers who were "strolling, gazing, judging lightly," and that one lady of distinction "took upon her"—we quote verbatim from Mrs Browning—"to speak nobly from her carriage for the rest: 'Pray these officers from France to do us honour by dancing with us straightway.'" As a matter of course, the gallant leaders of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* consented, whereupon—

"And they danced there till the blue that overskied us
Swooned with passion, though the footing seemed sedate;
And the mountains, heaving mighty hearts beside us,
Sighed a rapture in a shadow, to dilate,
And touch the holy stone where Dante sate.

Then the sons of France bareheaded, lowly bowing,
Led the ladies back where kinsmen of the south
Stood, received them;—till, with burst of overflowing
Feeling . . . husbands, brothers, Florence's male youth,
Turned, and kissed the martial strangers mouth to mouth.

And a cry went up, a cry from all that people!
—You have heard a people cheering, you suppose,
For the Member, mayor . . . with chorus from the steeple?
This was different: scarce as loud perhaps (who knows?)
For we saw w[illegible] l us ere the close.

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And we felt as if a nation, too long borne in
By hard wrongers, comprehending in such attitude
That God had spoken somewhere since the morning,
That men were somehow brothers, by no platitude,
Cried exultant in great wonder and free gratitude."

Comment on this, we venture to think, is unnecessary. Criticism, as well as sense, is utterly baffled by such images as the overskying blue swooning with passion, and mountains, heaving mighty hearts, sighing a rapture in a shadow. We can only suppose, with Armado's page, that "most maculate thoughts are masked under such colours." We need not advert to several other pieces, which are utterly devoid of merit, but turn to the last, which is called "A Curse for a Nation."

Mrs Browning avers that she heard an angel speak, and he said, Write!—

"Write a nation's curse for me,
And send it over the Western Sea."

We are always sorry to be under the necessity of contradicting a lady, but we are decidedly of opinion that no angel desired the gifted authoress to do anything of the kind. The communication came directly from a pernicious little imp who had been turned out of Pandemonium for profanity. Angels, we firmly believe, have a decided objection to all kinds of cursing and swearing; and had Mrs Browning's good angel been beside her when she penned this very objectionable production, we do think he would have entered his most solemn protest against its publication. For what nation the curse was intended by the diabolical instigating Balak, we do not clearly understand; but from the mention of the Western Sea, we suppose that it applies to America, though what America has to do with European Congresses or the settlement of the affairs of Italy, we cannot comprehend. We have a strong suspicion, however, that it originally had another application. Be that as it may, Mrs Browning maintains that she was exceedingly unwilling to undertake the part of Balaam, but was over-persuaded by the following conclusive argument:

"Weep and write,
A curse from the depths of womanhood
Is very salt, and bitter, and good."

We are glad, however, to be able to state that Mrs Browning does not shine in imprecation. She merely scolds, and that neither forcibly nor coherently, which is a great comfort to us, because we should be sorry to see our poetess transformed into a *poissarde*. But let us ask Mrs Browning in all seriousness whether she considers it her duty to curse any one? To bless and not to curse is woman's function; and if Mrs Browning, in her calmer moments, will but contrast the spirit which has prompted her to such melancholy aberrations with that which animated Florence Nightingale, she can hardly fail to derive a profitable lesson for the future. We abstain from making any quotation from this preposterous malison, and lay aside the little volume with profound regret that it ever was proffered to the public.

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THE RULERS OF THE LAND.

I.

I'm very sorry for the Poor—would ne'er their lot upbraid,
But give them, with a willing heart, my sympathy and aid:
Yet for us both I should not say 'twas either good or kind
To let them freely help themselves where'er they had a mind.
I'd gladly listen when they urge some rational demand,
But I should not choose to make the Poor the Rulers of the land.

II.

I'm sorry for the Ignorant, and largely would impart
Whatever may inform the head or meliorate the heart:
I'd teach them all that they would learn; to read, to use the pen,
To think as human beings, and to feel as Christian men.
My warmest wishes for their good they always may command,
But I would not make the Ignorant the Rulers of the land.

III.

I prize and love the Working-man; I venerate his toil,
Whether he plies an urban task or cultivates the soil.
But constant labour of the hands encroaches on the head,
Nor are they always wise and free who strive for daily bread.
I'd praise their virtues, treat their faults with soft and gentle hand,
But I would not make the Working-men the Rulers of the land.

IV.

Nations have not alone to fear a Despot's dreaded name:
Another danger threatens them, another, yet the same—
The rule of blind misguided men, whom angry wants impel,
Who, deaf to reason, seek their own, not wisely, nor yet well.
As much as any Tyrant's power the project I'd withstand
That makes the Unthinking Multitude the Rulers of the land.

OUR WORTHY FRIEND NAP.

A NEW SONG.

[To the tune of *Nottingham Ale.*]

I.

Our worthy friend Nap, as we all of us feel,
Has a dangerous liking for everything free:
The freedom of France he devoured at a meal,
And you never know what his next morsel will be.
Free Trade here in Britain
We thought we had hit on;
No swaddling bands longer its limbs should enwrap;
But it now appears better
Its freedom to fetter
And surrender it bound to our worthy

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II.

Our worthy friend NAP, in commencing his reign,
Proclaimed his idea, "The Empire is Peace;"
But from recent disclosures the Empire, 'tis plain,
Is also the seizure of Savoy and Nice.
Of a friend so pacific
The cost is terrific!
'Tis He in our balance-sheet makes such a gap;
While the Treaty and Budget—
I'm glad you don't grudge it—
Throw a few millions more as a sop to friend NAP.

III.

Lest our worthy friend NAP should invade us some day,
Our armies and fleets have been kept pretty large;
Our soldiers and sailors can't serve without pay,
Though our brave-hearted Riflemen lessen the charge.
But the Treaty (whose maker
Is clearly some Quaker)
Bids us lie down and sleep in security's lap:
Being all in *his* favour,
It insures good behaviour,
For as long as it lasts, in our worthy friend NAP.

IV.

And in case by mistake a dispute should arise,
'Tis a comfort the struggle will quickly be o'er;
From the Treaty's effects, as its authors surmise,
Small resistance he'll meet when he touches our shore.
To despatch us the quicker
He removes our malt liquor,
And sends us sour claret our courage to sap;
While a special condition
Secures ammunition
In our iron and coal for the use of friend NAP.

V.

Then perish the land that would stop his advance,
Or would seek his ambition by landmarks to bound!
And welcome o'er Europe the Empire of France,
Though we pay as the price our full Shilling a Pound!
'Tis useless to twit us
With things that commit us,
Or with former opinions to give us a slap:
One can't be consistent
When dates are so distant;
So hurrah for the Budget, friend BRIGHT and friend NAP!

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WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR THE PRINCES OF INDIA.

If there be one thing more clear than another in connection with the history of the great mutiny, which shook the foundations of our Indian Empire to their very centre, it is that the whole structure would have toppled down, but for the support rendered to the British Government by some of the most powerful of the native princes, and for the wise neutrality of others. We have not the least desire to ignore this fact. We know that there is unfortunately a spirit abroad, in some places, which "scorns to be beholden to a black fellow"—but, rightly considered, the assistance afforded to us, in the hour of our greatest need, by so large a number of the most influential native states of India, is a fact as honourable to us as to them; and if it were not, history must not suffer it to be obscured by a mist of national self-complacency.

For our own parts, we look upon this as a chapter of the great book of the Sepoy-war, not to be written or to be read without pleasure and without pride. We may draw what inferences we like from the fact that so many princes and chiefs lent all their strength to our cause. If they did it out of love, it is a tribute to our justice; if they did it out of fear, it is a tribute to our power. Probably, as with human action generally, there have been mixed motives at the bottom of these displays of fidelity. There is no necessity to inquire too nicely into the origin of the good they did, or the process by which they arrived at its accomplishment. In some cases there may have been an appearance of incertitude and vacillation—of a halt between two opinions. If we take account of this at all, we must take account, also, of the peculiar environments of each chief; of the temptations to which he was subjected; of the dangers to which he was exposed; of the various inducements to join the rebel cause which beset his position. An army on the verge, if not in the actual throes, of rebellion; a mi[redacted] tempting him with assuran[redacted] ment against the infidel and the usurper, and perhaps even committing him to do it by writing letters to the enemy in his name; emissaries from other princes, bearing alluring promises and exciting appeals; the King's name, ever a tower of strength at such a time, whether arousing Mohammedan sympathies under the mighty imperial title, or exciting Mahratta nationality under the name of Peishwah; and a priesthood ever active in fomenting the animosity of fanaticism against the proselytising Nazarene;—these are some of the trials to which the fidelity of every native prince was exposed. If he succumbed to them, no great wonder—no great shame. If he resisted them, surely our English eyes ought to see great merit in the resistance. We look at the matter, of course, from the English point of view. As an abstract question, we do not care to discuss it. If there really had been a grand national cause, and a legitimate object had been aimed at by legitimate means, we could hardly have recognised any fidelity dissociated from the patriotic cause. But, in truth, the idea of patriotism and nationality has never presented itself to us as an element in the discussion. If there was anything of an elementary and intelligible character about the whole affair, we must regard it as a struggle between order and disorder—between constituted authority and licentious military power—in which the princes of India, for their own sakes, might well have made common cause with the paramount state in defence of their own sovereign rights. But, in truth, the entire movement appears to have been altogether eccentric and exceptional—answering to no fixed laws, presenting no generic features. We know now that it was the wisest, the safest game, to side with the British Government; but this was at one time by no means apparent. Many, indeed, sought present safety in the lap of rebellion, and suffered themselves to be whirled on[redacted] l to

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their fate than sympathising with the movement. They had not the sagacity to see the result, or they had not the fortitude to resist the pressure of immediate circumstances. They went, therefore, to their doom; and we are wont to regard them with little compassion in the ruin which overtook them. There may still have been, rightly considered, something to bespeak our pity and forbearance, even in the failures of these unhappy men; and there may have been, inwardly, little real difference between the traitorous enemy and the loyal ally. We judge by outward appearances—by palpable results; and as we have disgraced and destroyed the one, we are bound to honour and to enrich the other.

That the services rendered to the British Government by the native princes and chiefs were of the most substantial character, and tended largely to the re-establishment of our authority, is all that we really have to consider, when we take account of their claims to liberal recognition and reward. How largely we are beholden to them we purpose to show, and, having shown, to demonstrate that the charge of ingratitude which has been raised in some quarters against the British Government is altogether unfounded. Honours and rewards have been meted out to our allies with no niggardly hand. But it would not appear, from the manner in which the subject is from time to time alluded to in Parliament, that there is any very clear understanding of the manner in which the national gratitude has manifested itself towards the fidelity which saved us from destruction. If, therefore, we can bring together, in a small space, the information illustrative of this subject, scattered over many books and papers, accessible or not accessible to the public, we shall do some service. We observe that papers have been called for and have been ordered to be laid on the table of the House of Lords. We have little doubt that, when the return is made, the papers will be printed; but this is necessarily a work of time, and, except when they bear upon passing politics, parliamentary papers are read only by the very few. Such, in the present time, is public impatience, and such is *not* official reticence, that papers a few weeks old are held to be stale and weary. History was once an affair of "auld lang syne"—it is now an affair of yesterday. Whether we gain more than we lose by this promptitude of publication, appears to us to be somewhat doubtful. Our impression is, that its tendency is to beget only what are known in trade as "quick returns and small profits." People may think that they get the truth, and that the fresher it is the better—that it is a fine thing to hold in one's hand important diplomatic correspondence with the first bloom upon it—the revelations of the Foreign Office only two days old. But this greed for red-hot official news overleaps itself. If it were to be gorged with the real thing, it would be wholly impossible to govern the country. The cry, therefore, of "Give, give!" can only be met by the manufacture of an article expressly to be given. Under such a pressure official correspondence must be written expressly for Parliament. There is no help for it. We are, under such circumstances, simply unjust to the great servants of the State, when we charge them with drifting into an irresponsible kind of demi-official or private correspondence, containing, as it were, the key to the cipher in which the public correspondence is written. If the custom be a dangerous one, we have to thank Parliament for originating it. The continual cry of "Egad! I'll have it out!" is to be met in no other way, without detriment to the real interests of the State.

We ask pardon for this digression. All we had purposed to say is, that whilst Blue Books are being published, full of what purports to be the very latest European history, we cannot expect much attention to be bestowed upon a volume of official Indian correspondence ranging over the last three years. Therefore, if we had now before us several hundred folio pages devoted to this matter of our account-current with the native princes and chiefs of India, we should still run small chance of being anticipated, in men's minds, by the official publication. But the book is not yet a fact, and therefore we have still less

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hesitation in saying what we know about the matter, confident that the official revelations, when they come, will prove the accuracy of our statements.

Where shall we begin? Up in the far north. It is commonly said that the Punjab conquered Delhi, and therefore that it saved India. Without the military resources which Sir John Lawrence was able to pour down, at the critical time, upon the rebellious city, Delhi would not have fallen when it did. But, if we had had a troublesome enemy between Delhi and the Punjab, could that timely assistance have been rendered to our beleaguering force — if the Punjab troops had been compelled to fight their way down; or even if the occupants of the intervening country had refused to assist them with carriage, with supplies, with money — how would it have fared with them? If the great chiefs of the Cis-Sutlej states had risen in that conjuncture, they might have brought sore distress upon our advancing columns. But their loyalty was never doubted. They had been justly treated and wisely handled for half a century. Such men as Ochterlony, Murray, and George Clerk, had taught them to believe in Englishmen, and understand their own true interests. But for the protection of the British Government they would have been swallowed up by Runjeet Singh; and, never unmindful of this, they had clung to us (with one exceptional case of disloyalty to be mentioned presently) through evil report and good report — and now, when trouble beset us, were ready to prove their loyalty in the face of the world.

The Maharajah of Puteealah is the first in honour and in power of the Cis-Sutlej chiefs. His territory on three sides adjoins our own districts, and the ample resources at his command would have enabled him, in that conjuncture, to work us grievous annoyance. His loyalty, however, was not questioned. The Puteealah chiefs had always been true to their engagements; and the Maharajah never hesitated for a moment as to the course it became him to pursue. The events which had occurred at Meerut and Delhi were no sooner known to him than he placed himself at the head of his disposable troops and marched down upon Umballah. Openly espousing the cause of the British Government, he flung himself, with his whole heart, into the work before him; and great as was the good that he did, greater still was the evil he averted. Had he, in such a crisis, hung back — had he even yielded a grudging, hesitating support, the whole country above Delhi, through which sinister reports were then freely circulating, would have risen against us. As it was, the attitude he assumed allayed the apprehensions and gave assurance to the minds of wavering chiefs and an excited people. "His support at such a crisis," it was said in the official despatches of the day, "was worth a brigade of English troops to us, and served more to tranquillise the people than a hundred official disclaimers would have done."

Eager as was the Maharajah to march down at the head of his men to Delhi, and to give stern practical refusal to the invitation he had received from the Mogul, it was considered to be sound policy to restrain him, as his presence in the country above was more serviceable than with the besieging army. Occupying Umballah, Thaneysur, and Kurnaul, and keeping open the road between the last-named place and the arsenal at Phillour, he not only rendered essential service to the British Government by holding an important tract of country, but he was able to co-operate with Van Cortlandt in his successful attacks on the mutineers, and to detach a portion of his force, under a trusted commander, to take part in the attack upon Delhi. His money was as freely at our disposal as his troops. He contributed five lakhs of rupees to the Punjab loan — a very appreciable service at such a time — and would have doubled the amount had it been required from him.

Equally true to his engagements — equally prompt to aid the British Government in the hour of need, was the Rajah of Jheend. His resources were not great, but he placed them freely at our disposal. At the head of his little contingent of eight hun-

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dred men—a well-equipped force of all arms, he moved at once upon Kurnaul. Thence he sent a detachment to secure the bridge of boats at Bhagput, and thus enabled our troops from Meerut to cross the Jumna, and to form a junction with the column under General Barnard, then marching down upon Delhi. With that force went the Rajah and his contingent—or rather, it should be said, in advance of it—and were soon hotly engaged with the enemy under the walls of the imperial city. "The Jheend men with me," wrote Hodson, on the 10th of June, "fought like excellent soldiers." Escorting into camp the artillery captured at Budlee-Serai, the Rajah received the thanks of the British commander, and a present of a nine-pounder gun. He went through all the dangers and privations of the siege, and if his troops were not uniformly successful, his exertions, at all events, were unstinted, and his loyalty unquestioned. During some part of the operations against Delhi, he was beneficially employed in the surrounding country, putting down disturbances, keeping open our communications, and collecting supplies for our camp—but he rejoined the British army in time to take part in the assault and capture of the city; and he deserves especial honour as the only native chief who was personally concerned in that glorious achievement.

The Rajah of Nabha was at that time a youth between seventeen and eighteen years of age. His father, who was still alive, had been dethroned eleven years before, for a palpable breach of his engagements to the British Government at the time of the first Sikh war. The son had no disposition to incur the penalties which had been inflicted on the father. Summoned, on the first outbreak of the rebellion, to march upon Loodheanah, and to occupy that station, he promptly obeyed. Having placed all his existing resources freely at the disposal of the paramount state, he raised new levies to afford us further support. When escorts were wanted he supplied them; when carriage was wanted he supplied it; thus enabling our siege-train and ordnance stores to pass down to Delhi. When money was wanted, his treasury was emptied to supply our need. When opportunity was offered, his troops were turned out to give battle to the enemy. More remote from the scene of action, he had not the same means of displaying his loyalty by active service; but he did all that lay in his power, and fairly earned his reward.

The good deeds of these true-hearted Cis-Sutlej chiefs did not long remain unrewarded. Early in the succeeding year, the Government of India took into consideration the best means of testifying its hearty appreciation of the loyalty of its Sikh allies. There is nothing so welcome as territory to such men. But to give away territory is to give the right to rule over so many thousands of human beings, and, in all cases of territorial grants, the welfare of the people has, therefore, to be considered by the paramount state. We are not of the number of those who look upon all native rule as misgovernment of the worst kind, and conceive that, in all cases, the greatest blessing we can confer on a population is its transfer to European management. Still, we think that the Government of India is right in maintaining the principle and the practice of not allowing territory that has once been under British administration to pass back again under native rule. In some cases, a distinct pledge has been given to the people that no such restoration shall ever take place. But fortunately the British Government had it in their power largely to reward the loyal Cis-Sutlej chiefs without bestowing upon them territory which had been under the management of our European officers. There were disloyal as well as loyal chiefs in Upper India. The marvel is that there were not many more of the former. Among these disloyal chiefs, rightly punished for their offences, was the Nawab of Jhujjur. The Jagheer, which he held before the mutiny, had been granted to his grandfather by Lord Lake, for services in the Mahratta war; but his loyalty to the government from which he derived his greatness was not proof against the allurements of the House of Delhi. He cast in his

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lot with the Mogul; was beaten, captured, tried, and hanged. His territory was, therefore, at the disposal of the British Government. With other confiscated lands, it formed a fund wherefrom rich gifts might be drawn, for the reward of loyal chiefs and the encouragement of their successors, from generation to generation. On the Maharajah of Puteealah was bestowed a large slice of the Jhujjur territory, yielding annual revenue of some two lakhs of rupees, or £20,000, with certain proprietary rights in some villages much coveted by him; and, rather as an honorary distinction than for its substantial value, a house in the city of Delhi, formerly belonging to Zeermul Mehul, the favourite wife of the old Mogul. To the Rajah of Jheend was given the confiscated Dadree territory, of annual value of one lakh, or £10,000, and a house in Delhi, formerly occupied by one of the princes of the imperial family. To the Rajah of Nabha, another slice of the Jhujjur territory, yielding a revenue of a lakh of rupees per annum. And to all, honorary distinctions in the appreciable shape of increased titles and salutes. *Bis dat qui cito dat.* These rewards were promptly bestowed. And, at a later period, when the Governor-General met these loyal Cis-Sutlej chiefs face to face in Durbar, he gave them the fullest assurance that they and their descendants should possess their lands, from generation to generation in perpetuity, with right, in the event of failure of direct heirs, to name their successors. They were anxious, we believe, to have *sunnuds*, or grants, under the sign-manual of the Queen herself. But there are heavy considerations which render it doubtful policy to comply with such a request as this; not the least of which is the fact that, if such an exceptional guarantee were given to these chiefs, the value of the security held by others would be deteriorated, at least in their own estimation, and the authority of the viceroy impaired.

Perhaps even more remarkable than the bearing of these Cis-Sutlej chiefs were the loyalty and good service of the Rajah of Kupoorthulla. The former were bound, in some measure, to the British Government by ties of gratitude. Our policy, so far as their interests were concerned, had been generally of a conservative character. Under British protection they had maintained their possessions in security. We had neither suffered others to absorb them nor absorbed them ourselves. But the Rajah of Kupoorthulla had suffered grievously under the displeasure of the British Government. He was the representative of the great Sikh Alloowalla family, the power and importance of which had at one time been little inferior to those of Runjeet himself. In 1806, when Lord Lake's army pursued Holkar's flying battalions into the Punjab, the British authorities negotiated with Runjeet Singh and Futteh Singh, the Alloowalla, conjointly. At a later period the power of the great Lahore chief eclipsed that of his rival, but on the death of Runjeet, the Alloowalla family, then represented by Sindar Nehal Singh, were in possession of extensive tracts of country on both sides of the Sutlej, yielding in all an annual revenue of some twelve lakhs of rupees. On the outbreak of the first Sikh war, in 1845, the Alloowalla chief had no power to control his soldiery, and they fought against us at the battle of Aliwal. But whether the heart of the chief himself was with his excited countrymen, or whether he would fain have been true to his engagements with the British Government, is not very apparent. But, partly as the result of this failure, and partly as the consequence of the subsequent annexation of the Punjab to the British dominions, the Alloowalla revenues* were reduced, by different processes, which we need not particularise, from twelve lakhs of rupees to little more than one, at which amount they stood, when the breaking-out of the Sepoy mutiny suddenly convulsed the country.

At this time the head of the family was Rundheer Singh—a young man,

* Or more properly the net revenues of the head of the Alloowalla family, for a considerable share of the family estates had gone to his brothers.

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held in good esteem by the British authorities in the Punjab. He was no longer the Alloowalla Sirdar, for the village of Alloo, from which the family-name was derived, had been "resumed," with other possessions, on the death of his father, by the British authorities. He was now called the Kupoorthulla Rajah, and as such he will take his place in history. There was no reason why, on the breaking-out of the Sepoy war, he should have considered himself bound to make any great exertions to support the Government whose introduction into the Punjab had so shorn him of wealth and power. He was not bound by treaty to supply a single man to fight on our side; for, among the sources of his decay was the payment of a large sum of money annually to the British Government, in lieu of the contingent which his forefathers had been bound by treaty to furnish. But, when the crisis came, he gave all that he could give with an unstinting hand. His troops were at once placed at the command of the British Government, and, in the most trying season of the year, he abandoned all the luxuries of his home at Kupoorthulla, to place himself at their head. He would fain have sent a part of his force to Delhi, but the British authorities assured him that they would be more serviceable nearer home.

The services of the Rajah of Kupoorthulla in the Punjabee country have already been recorded in the pages of this Journal.* We need but allude here in the briefest terms to the material assistance rendered by him to the British Government, both at Julhudur and Sealkote—to the manner in which he and his brother, Bekrana Singh, when the spirit of mutiny had displayed itself at the former place, went through the streets of the city, assuring the minds of the townspeople, upon whom a great panic had descended. How he detached a body of his cavalry in pursuit of the mutineers; and how generally, by his presence in that critical conjuncture, he largely contributed to, if he did not by himself maintain, the security of the station, including the treasury and the jail, both of which were in peril of being emptied out by the mutineers; how, in July 1857, when mutiny broke out at Sealkote, he detached a force of all arms to Hushiarpore, for the protection of that station, where they remained till November; how other detachments of his little army escorted the wives and children of our officers and soldiers from Jhullundur to Lahore; and how, uncontaminated by bad example around them, the soldiery of our ally behaved on all occasions in the most exemplary manner,—are already matters of history. Throughout the most trying period of that momentous year, 1857, the Rajah, his brother, and all his officials, vied with each other in good works; and it is not ungrudgingly admitted by the British authorities, that the safety of the Jhullundur Doab, during that period, is to be attributed, under Providence, to their exertions.

The Cis-Sutlej chiefs did well; they proved themselves to be faithful allies and stanch friends of the British Government. But they were bound by treaty to bring into the field all their troops to our assistance. The Kupoorthulla Rajah, on the other hand, was exempted, by the payment of an equivalent in money, from all such obligations. When, therefore, he brought his forces to our aid, he might have fairly claimed to be released from the money-payment. But he paid his tribute punctually, though he involved himself in further debt to enable him to do so; for he said that the British Government, in such a crisis, wanted money even more than himself.

The British Government, however, could not accept both his services and his money. They refunded, therefore, to him a year's tribute; and, in recognition of his good deeds, they permanently reduced his payments by the sum of 25,000 rupees a-year; they gave him a khillut, or gift of honour, of 15,000 rupees; bestowed on him a salute of eleven

* See the articles entitled "The Poorbeah Mutiny in the Punjab" in *Blackwood* for 1858.

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guns; and added to his honorary title.

But the work of the Rajah was not done when Delhi had fallen and the Punjab was secure. Of all places in which the strife ran high, it ran highest in Oudh. Thither, therefore, the Rajah determined to move down his disposable troops. At the head of two thousand good fighting men the Rajah advanced to the frontier, and placing himself in communication with the Chief Commissioner, was soon in the thick of the affray. We cannot write in detail of the achievements of the Kupoorthulla Contingent. There are so many other loyal chiefs pressing upon us for notice, that it must suffice to state, in this place, that they met the enemy six times in the field; gallantly and successfully they did their work; and it was officially reported of them that not one of the enemy's guns "from which a single shot was fired, escaped the eager grasp" of the Kupoorthulla force.

For these services in Oudh, new rewards and new honours were conferred on the Rajah. A Jagheer in Oudh was bestowed upon him. It was the intention to confer upon him the revenues of lands yielding half a lakh of rupees, or £5000 per annum. But, in order to raise his importance among the great landed proprietors of Oudh, the British Government granted him proprietary right over lands of the annual value of a lakh of rupees, at half-rates of assessment, with certain honorary distinctions to increase his personal dignity.

It is worthy of mention, for the information of those who have not any very intimate acquaintance with Indian affairs, that the Rajah of Kupoorthulla has married a Christian wife—an European or Eurasian lady—that he has a good knowledge of the English language, and is altogether more anglicised than any of the princes of India. It is said that his great ambition is to obtain, like Jung Bahadur, an English title; and that nothing would please him so much as to write G.C.B. or K.C.B. after his name.

From the services of these loyal Sikh chiefs we turn to those of a prince of a different race. If there were any one set of men among whom we were likely to obtain little sympathy in our trouble, it was among the Mohammedan chiefs of Upper India. Rohilkund was the very hotbed of Mussulman fanaticism; and when the mutiny broke out, and spread in a day to Delhi, the British authorities looked, with tremulous anxiety, to the country of the Rohillas. And their apprehensions were soon confirmed. Mutiny broke out, and, in such a place, more nearly resembled rebellion than elsewhere; for the green flag was raised and the Faithful were summoned to take part in the conflict. Happily we had one friend in Rohilkund—and he a Mohammedan chief. The Nawab of Rampore came at once to our assistance. It is difficult to over-estimate either the courage evinced by such a demonstration, or the importance of such service at such a time. He could not rely upon his own troops, and, with a few distinguished exceptions, the chief people of his court were openly arrayed against him. He was denounced as a renegade and as a traitor, and the curses of outraged Islam were evoked against him. But he was not to be turned aside from the course he had taken, either by promises or by threats. He had volunteered to hold the important district of Moradabad for the British Government, and he did it. His position was one of extreme difficulty and danger, but he managed the crisis with equal vigour and address. Much could not be accomplished by mere military force, for the sympathies of his troops were with the enemy; but he bought over many of the most mischievous, who might have led others astray—bribing them by the payment of large monthly salaries to aid him in maintaining the peace of the country. And so he contrived successfully to administer Moradabad for the British Government, realising the revenue as in quiet times, and paying into the British treasury several lakhs of rupees as surplus, after the payment of all expenses. His own expenditure at this time was heavy; and when affairs had settled down, and the British authorities began to take

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account of what he had done, it was officially reported that the Nawab was "a loser by the rebellion" of not less than seven lakhs, or £70,000 sterling.

The good conduct of the Nawab was appreciated from the first, but the full value of his services was not known until the British army advanced for the reconquest of Rohilkund, and then it was found that what he had done for our Government in Moradabad greatly facilitated Lord Clyde's operations at a time when every day was of importance, by enabling him to proceed at once to the recovery of Bareilly and other places where we had had no such friends as the Nawab, and to rescue, at a comparatively early period, his force from the dangers to which it was exposed from the inclemency of the season.

Nor is it ever to be forgotten that by the Nawab's exertions many Christian lives were saved, which would otherwise have been sacrificed; that he contributed largely to the security and to the welfare of the assemblage of European women and children who took refuge in Nynee-Tal, sending them money, and, what often was more precious to them than money, intelligence of their absent friends.

For these services the Nawab of Rampore has been liberally rewarded. After a repayment to him of all expenses incurred on account of the British Government, a considerable breadth of country in Moradabad, known as the pergunnah of Kasheerpore, has been assigned to him and to his family in perpetuity. The annual revenue of these lands is estimated at upwards of a lakh of rupees. A khillut of 20,000 rupees, and certain honorary distinctions, in the shape of increased honours and salutes, have also been conferred on him. And all these rewards and honours were granted, in open Durbar, at Futtehgurh, by the Governor-General in person, who addressed the Nawab in a speech expressive of the high admiration in which his good deeds were regarded by the British Government. At the same time, some of the principal officers of the Nawab, who had followed his worthy example, received rewards, according to their deserts, from the hands of the Governor-General.

Entitled also to honourable mention are the good deeds of another Mohammedan chief—the Nawab of Kurnaul. To the invitations of Delhi he turned, from the first, a deaf ear, and placed all his resources freely at the disposal of the British Government. These resources were not great, but, such as they were, he gave them to us without hesitation or reserve. To him the British authorities intrusted the duty of providing supplies for the troops which passed through Kurnaul, and his horsemen were continually patrolling the roads and guarding the station. In the most open and fearless manner the Nawab espoused our cause, and was of the most essential service at a time when the value of such service is magnified tenfold by the difficulty of the conjuncture. In reward of this noble conduct the British Government released him, and his heirs in perpetuity, from the payment of an annual quit-rent of 5000 rupees, and presented him with a khillut of 10,000 rupees, at the same time acknowledging his services in a sunnud under the seal and signature of the Governor-General.

Passing over some lesser worthies, who in a more extended historical narrative might well claim honourable record, we may now pass down into Central India, where the flames of rebellion long blazed fiercely and destructively, and were at last with difficulty suppressed. Reserving the great Mahratta princes, Scindiah and Holkar, for subsequent notice, we shall now glance at the services of some of the lesser chiefs who were honourably distinguished in that part of the country. The case of the Rajah of Rewah may be first cited. It is one which probably the future historian or essayist will adduce rather in illustration of what may be done by an English officer of the right stamp, to keep, under trying circumstances, a native chief in the straight path, than as an example of striking loyalty and good conduct. The Rajah of Rewah was not a man of much constancy and courage; but he had, fortunately, at his elbow, at

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the critical moment, a young English officer, with wisdom much older than his years, who managed the chief with such excellent address that, almost in spite of himself, the Rajah became one of the most active of our allies. Early in the month of June 1857, Lieutenant Willoughby Osborne had accompanied the Rajah back to Rewah, from a pilgrimage which he had made to Juggernauth. It was plain that the disaffection of the native army was then spreading. Much depended on the conduct and the character of the Rajah in this conjuncture. Unfortunately the latter was not such as to warrant any strong hope of his playing a resolute and courageous part. He placed troops at Osborne's disposal to occupy the hill-passes leading to Rewah, and the Deccan road was thus kept, to a considerable distance, free from rebels. But disaffection was spreading fast among the local chiefs, and even among the members of his own family; and he was not a man to confront the dangers which threatened him with a bold face, and to overcome them by his resolute bearing. Many hostile influences were at work, to induce him to swerve from his allegiance to the British Government. Even the intrigues and cajolleries of the Zenana were employed to lure him over to the rebel cause; for among his wives were the daughters of some of the great Oudh talookhdars who were then in rebellion against us. And it is probable that, but for the noble exertions of young Osborne, his troops would not have fought a blow in our defence. But, as it was, they were brought many times to face the rebels; often defeating them in battle, capturing many of their guns, keeping the Rewah country and the great Deccan road free from insurgents, and holding rebellion, as it were, at bay, until the British Government had made such military arrangements for themselves as enabled them to relieve the Rajah of much of the responsibility that had devolved upon him.

Tried by the highest standard, the conduct of the Rajah will doubtless be found wanting in the best attributes of heroism; but taking into consideration all his antecedents and environments, we cannot refuse him the credit of having at least done well, after his kind, and of having rendered substantial service to the cause of the British Government. We must not compare him with such men as those of whom we have written above; but still it is to his honour that he allowed himself to be kept in the right course by the wise and heroic young English officer, who so nobly represented and upheld British interests in the Rewah camp. It is right, therefore, that he should have had his reward; and he had it in the shape of a grant of the pergunnah of Sohagpore, at the source of the Nerbudda —a tract of country not yielding at present any large amount of net revenue, but capable of considerable improvement, and especially acceptable to the Rajah as being an ancient estate of the Rewah family, and one containing many sacred places. This was granted to him and to his heirs in perpetuity, together with a khillut of 10,000 rupees.

The Rajah of Chirkaree was a man altogether of a different temper. Constancy and courage of the highest order were evinced by him throughout the whole trying period of the rebellion. Stanch in the midst of all temptations; resolute in the face of all dangers; nothing could lure or drive him from his fidelity to the British Government. In the most intrepid and self-sacrificing manner he clung to his allegiance—seeing his property destroyed, his palace gutted by the rebels, and feeling that life itself was imminently endangered by his determined adherence to our cause. He was one of the first to make a stand against the outrages of his countrymen, and from the moment that he declared himself on the side of the paramount state, he never faltered or turned aside; and he appears never to have regretted the course he had taken. He assisted our armies; he saved the lives of our countrymen; and when called upon by the rebels to surrender a British officer who was under his protection, he offered to give up his own son to the enemy rather than so betray his trust. For these

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good services, an important estate—the pergunnah of Shahgurh, in Futtehpore—has been conferred upon him in perpetuity. The Myra Diamond tract, so called from its containing a diamond mine, not very lucrative in itself, but possessing an adventitious value in the eyes of a native prince, has also, we believe, been bestowed upon him; and he has received a khillut of 20,000 rupees. When the Governor-General welcomed him in Durbar, in November last, he emphatically dwelt on these services, in the presence of a distinguished assemblage of European and native dignitaries, and he enjoined all British officers who might enter the Rajah's territories, "to remember these services, and to render to his Highness the respect and consideration which he so eminently deserves."

We come now to the services of the great Mahratta chiefs, Scindiah and Holkar. If they had turned against us, all central India would have been in a blaze, and we might not, perhaps, have reconquered the country up to the present time. It is hard, indeed, to calculate the full extent of the peril, if they had been false to their allegiance; but Providence vouchsafed that they should be true to the paramount state.

At the period of the outbreak of the mutiny, the Maharajah Scindiah had just returned from a visit to Calcutta. There he had been welcomed with distinguished cordiality by the Governor-General, and had received from him the most emphatic assurances that the British Government would ever rejoice in the prosperity of the Gwalior state under the management of its hereditary chief. He was a young man, of a somewhat unstable character, with a strongly-developed taste and some talent for military pursuits, and had he not been controlled by the paramount state, he would have entertained an extensive army, and, doubtless, sought opportunity for its exercise on a more exciting field than that of the parade-ground. There was some apprehension, therefore, that should his contingent, composed as it was very much of the same classes as filled the ranks of the Bengal army, join the revolt of the Company's troops, the Maharajah might not be found resolute and faithful in the hour of our need. But he unhesitatingly placed his troops, his personal services, and all his resources, at the disposal of the British Government, and declared that he would follow the advice of the Governor-General's Agent.

But when Major Macpherson expressed a desire to send, in accordance with a requisition from the Lieutenant-Governor at Agra, a portion of the Gwalior contingent to that place, Scindiah protested against the employment of his troops beyond the frontier of his own dominions, and declared his belief that they would never act against their brethren of the Company's army. But, anxious to afford relief to the Lieutenant-Governor, and to demonstrate the sincerity with which he had cast in his lot with that of the British Government, he ordered his personal guard, composed principally of Gwalior Mahrattas, to proceed to Agra, under the command of a British officer—and very serviceable they were; so serviceable, indeed, that the Lieutenant-Governor, before the end of the month, made another indent upon Gwalior, calling for the despatch to his assistance of some details of cavalry from the contingent. But by this time it was perfectly clear, that the general body of the contingent were not to be trusted; and soon afterwards they were in a blaze of revolt.

The outbreak at Jhansi, on the 7th of June, brought matters to a crisis: and then it was apparent that Scindiah, who had already done all that he could do for our people, by sending his only faithful troops to our aid, and inviting our women and children, and all who desired to accompany them, to the palace, was heartily upon our side. The Dewan, or minister—a man of high character and ability, well known to be of the English party, for he owed his position to our government—was trusted and supported in the most open and unmistakable manner by the Maharajah; but neither the minister nor his master could appease the fury of that licentious soldiery. The position of the British officers and their

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families, and even of Scindiah himself, now became one of the most imminent peril; and there was no course open to the former but that of escape for Gwalior, under such safe-conduct as Scindiah could give them.

The position of the Maharajah was now one of extreme peril. The British agent had expected to detain the contingent in Gwalior, and by no means to suffer it to go forth against the rebels. This could only be done by largesses freely given to the troops, and by bribing every one who had any military or priestly influence over them. The mutinous battalions were eager for Scindiah to place himself at their head, and to march down upon Agra. Had he, either to secure his own personal safety, or with any hope of ultimate aggrandisement, done so, the whole aspect of affairs would have been changed, and a national rising might have been the result. "With his mania for military pursuits," writes Major Macpherson, in a report printed in Calcutta, and now before us, "with a name round which Hinduism had rallied, with his influence inseparable from his territory touching states or provinces almost numberless between the Chumbul and the Godavery, between Bundlekund and Goojerat, with 10,000 men besides the contingent, 6000 more with siege-train and ample magazine,—while the Durbar party, strongly opposed to our rule, conjured him to seize the hour; whilst the Nana Sahib, with strong claims on Mahratta feeling, and the wealth of the Ex-Peishwah, and a large host, triumphed at Cawnpore; while of Oudh we held but our beleaguered position in Lucknow; while the chiefs of Bundlekund hung upon Scindiah's example; while the Bhopaul and Malwa contingents, and most of Holkar's troops, were on the verge of revolt; while at Delhi we held but our ground; while no man was sure of Sikh aid, or the China force; but, above all, while the fort of Agra stood nearly unprepared and overcrowded,—had Scindiah then struck against us, the rebellion had been changed almost beyond the scope of speculation. But he believed in our final triumph, and that it was his true policy to strain his power to contribute to it."

And he did strain his power to the utmost—but it was sorely tried; for at the end of July, the rebel hordes from Mhow and Indore arrived at Gwalior, and, in the language of the Dewan, "excited the contingent afresh, like oil thrown on fire." Then there was a loud and general outcry for a combined movement upon Agra, under the guidance of Scindiah himself. Long he resisted the pressure, and kept the united body at Gwalior, awaiting his orders for an onward march. He temporised as long as he could; but towards the end of August he was compelled to intimate to the British authorities, that he could not hold the rebels in check more than a fortnight longer, if no one came to his relief. Sorely beset as he was, he at last determined to let the Mhow and Indore rebels depart, and keep the contingent, if possible, in control. He told his own troops, therefore, that he would not communicate to them his plan until the other body had departed; and when the latter had moved off; and the contingent called upon him to state his plans, he said that they should not move with his consent, and that he would give them neither pay nor supplies. Then Scindiah and his contingent were at open war.

The fate of the Maharajah now seemed to hang upon a thread. The Hindoos of the contingent had arrayed themselves under a white, the Mohammedans under a green standard. "Had but a bugle sounded," says Major Macpherson, "or an alarm-gun fired in the lines that night, his troops had risen incontrollably. He had every bugle brought to the palace, and every gun watched." Fortunately, he had troops, not of the contingent, not raised in the British provinces—true Mahrattas, who would not desert their prince, and on these he thought he might rely. At daybreak he mustered them; appealed with touching earnestness to their loyalty; asked them if they meant to resort to the insolent coercion with which the mutinous contingent had threatened him. First

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one regiment, then another, declared their loyalty; and Scindiah prepared to do battle with the rebels.

The military zeal of the young Maharajah had now scope for exercise in something better than playing at soldiers. And the rebels could not but regard with admiration the spirit displayed by their master. They had planted their batteries against the palace and against the city—but he moved out at the head of his Thakoor force, personally superintending all its operations with the care of a veteran officer. His resolution appears to have daunted the rebels; they wavered and lost heart, some of them going over to his standard. He had gained everything by gaining time—for news soon came of the fall of Delhi, and then at once his position was changed. The rebels gave up all hope of seeing the Maharajah place himself at their head; and when at last he suffered them to depart for Cawnpore, it was with the certainty that Colonel Greathed's column would reach that place before them, and with the consent of the British agent.

It is not necessary to trace the further movements of the Gwalior rebels. It is enough that, on their way, denouncing Scindiah as their enemy and their betrayer, they ravaged his country everywhere with savage exultation. The Maharajah invited the British agent to return to Gwalior as soon as there was any guarantee for his safety; but he told him that there was no such guarantee but the presence of a British force. The later history of our connection with him need not be here recorded. We have said enough to prove how deeply we are indebted to him.

And what has been his reward? A munificent promise. The Governor-General has pledged himself to bestow upon Scindiah additional territory of the annual value of three lakhs of rupees, and all arrears due by him to the British Government, on account of the assigned districts, were remitted. Moreover, there was accorded to him the cherished privilege of entertaining a larger body of troops than he had before been permitted to hold in his service. This was announced to him in full Durbar by the Governor-General at Agra; and at the same time honour was done to the Dewan, Dinkur Rao, and a confiscated estate of the annual value of five thousand rupees conferred on him and his heirs in perpetuity.

What the territory to be granted to Scindiah may be it is out of our power to report. The first design of the Indian Government appears to have been to appropriate to that purpose the confiscated principality of Dhar—a bad selection, under any circumstances, viewed with reference merely to local considerations—but disallowed, on moral grounds, by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and we trust forbidden by the Secretary of State for India. There could be nothing to justify the confiscation on the grounds of the revolt of the mercenary army of Dhar.

We cannot afford to enter, at the same length, into the case of the Maharajah Holkar of Indore. There is an impression that, on the first outbreak of rebellion at his capital, he did not exhibit in the same resolute manner, as was displayed by Scindiah, his fidelity to the British Government. It is possible, however, that, when history comes to take account of the actions and intentions of the two men, it will be found, with all due allowance for circumstance and character, that there was very little difference between them. He was wholly unable to control his troops, and even those in whom he most trusted, and who were posted at the Residency for its defence, fired upon it, and clamoured for the blood of the Christian people who were assembled there. Holkar had some time before warned the British authorities of the probability of an outbreak at Indore; but it is alleged against him, that when the Residency was attacked, he allowed nearly two hours to pass without making any communication to the agent to the effect that the attack had been made without his instructions, or otherwise assuring the representatives of our Government of his fidelity. That he may at first have been somewhat bewildered and confused—and perhaps

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hardly conscious of the extent of the mischief, is probable; but, whilst there is no evidence of anything like disloyalty even at this period on his part, or of any hesitation as to the part he should take, his subsequent conduct was such as to render his fidelity as patent and unmistakable as that of any chief who has fought upon our side. If he reeled a little under the first blow, he soon recovered from the shock, and stood upright, with a bold front, to oppose the enemies of the British Government. The mutineers called upon him to surrender into their hands, or to send them the heads of all the Europeans who had sought his protection; but he told them that he would die before he would give up a single one dead or alive. In vain the rebel leaders reminded him of his great ancestor Jeswunt Rao, and besought him to lead them down to Delhi;—in vain they told him that the Star of the British in the East had set for ever, and that the time had come for the native princes to recover their alienated rights;—in vain they told him tauntingly to prove himself a Mahratta of the true stamp. He told them that he had no sympathy with murder and rapine, and that he would resist them to the last, and he did so: he sent succours to the imperilled garrison of Mhow; he despatched thither for safety all the British treasure that he could recover from the hands of the mutineers; he reopened our postal and telegraphic communications; and he exerted himself to the utmost to restore order and tranquillity throughout Malwa; and when, at the commencement of the new year, Sir Robert Hamilton, who had been in England at the time of the outbreak, returned to Central India, he did not hesitate to tell the Maharajah in Durbar that he had no doubt of his loyalty and good faith. His subsequent conduct sufficiently confirmed this impression; but we have not yet heard that any territory has been given or promised to him. We do not quite understand this: but perhaps the papers, which are about to be laid before Parliament, will explain why he has been precluded from participating in the rich gifts which have been so freely lavished among his brethren.

The Guicowar was not so severely tried. His capital was never in the agonies of a rebellion. He had not to face an infuriated soldiery, or to expose himself imminently to any personal risks. There was nothing to prevent his acting calmly and deliberately. What he did he did well, and greatly to our advantage. Had he done otherwise we might have had sore trouble in Goojerat. He was wise enough to comply with the requests of the British Resident, and to work out our policy to the utmost of his ability. For this he was relieved from an annual payment of three lakhs of rupees, for the support of a body of irregular horse, which will henceforth be paid from the British treasury. And some greatly-appreciated marks of distinction of Mahratta origin were, at the same time, accorded to him.

We must bring this compendious narrative to a conclusion, but not before we have said something about the services rendered by the greatest of our native allies, although he is hardly embraced in our original scheme, which was designed only to include the dependent and tributary chiefs of India. The assistance rendered to the British Government by the independent kingdom of Nepaul is a great historical fact. Jung Behadur, the Nepaulese minister, at the head of a strong force, moved down at an early period of the rebellion, upon Oudh, and his troops were frequently engaged with the mutineers. The Maharajah, who had visited England a few years before, knew well the resources of the British empire, and he was wise enough to cast in his lot with those who were sure eventually to be the winners; but we see no reason to question the sincerity with which he declared himself to be the friend of the British Government. As his personal share of the rewards, so well merited by Nepaul, he has received, and been invested with, the decoration of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. The national reward is now, we believe, being granted. The Indian papers announce that measures are being taken to mark out a new boundary to the Nepaulese do-

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minions; and we may assume, therefore, that ere long the Maharajah of Nepaul will have recovered a large portion of the territory ceded by that state in 1815, and in the following year sold to the Newaub Wuzeer of Oudh for a crore of rupees, or a million sterling of English money.

Were time and space at our command we might extend this list of good services done, and fitting rewards conferred, but we are compelled to hurry to a conclusion. The great chiefs of Rajpootana—representatives of ancient houses—did well, and deserved well at our hands, and have not been without their reward. We would fain speak of the gallantry and fidelity of the Mohammedan chief of Tonk, successor of that great freebooter Ameer Khan; of the good conduct of the Jyepore chief; of Oudeypore, Jaudhpore, and other Rajpoot states; and of the excellent service rendered by the Bikaneer chief; but we can merely indicate our sense of their deserts. A chapter full of incident, and full of interest, might be written on Rajpootana alone.

It is obvious, from all we have written, that the British Government have, in the main, evinced a becoming sense of gratitude towards the native princes and chiefs who aided them in the recent crisis. They have given largely—liberally—in the manner most acceptable to the recipients, who, although it was in the nature of such men to cherish inordinate expectations, are, on the whole, satisfied with the rewards they have received. We confess that, after so long a reign of taking and keeping, there is something pleasant in the contemplation of all this free-giving and bestowing. And not merely because so many worthy deeds have received so many fitting rewards, but because we hope—nay, we believe, that we see in this exaltation of the native princes the inauguration of a new policy. It has been for many years our system to curtail the dominion and to depress the influence of the princes and chiefs of India. The aristocracy of the country have gone down beneath the chariot wheels of the great Juggernauth which we have driven over them. Not only have we annexed and absorbed all the territory on which we could, by any pretext, lay an appropriating hand, but after annexation and absorption, we have gone ruthlessly to work to destroy the local nobility. Our whole system has tended to this result. It has found favour in the eyes, too, of so many able and good men, that it is not very easy to persuade the world that it was a great mistake. It certainly was a mistake; but there was something not only so plausible, but really so well-intentioned in it, that we are not surprised that it should have found so many supporters and admirers. It was based upon the presumption that the few had usurped the rights of the many, and that, by instituting a new order of things, we should restore alienated rights, and secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But it is not of our internal policy after annexation that we are now writing. We purposed merely to say that we rejoice in the restoration of a policy—the policy of the Malcolms, the Elphinstones, and the Metcalfes—which seeks to establish our own security by imparting a sense of security to others. We have nothing to fear from the strength of the native princes of India. Let them be strong; their strength will be our strength, if we are just and generous towards them. They have been eager in their expressions of loyalty to the Crown of England, and, we believe, were never in a better frame of mind than now to adhere faithfully to their English alliances, convinced that the best guarantee for the maintenance of their rights is the maintenance of our supremacy.

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PARLIAMENTARY DUELLING.

THE four great questions which have in the last month been discussed in the House of Commons, have been curiously intertwined. The Reform Bill was connected with the Budget by the certainty that any considerable disturbance of the present franchise must have a serious influence on the future financial policy of the country. The question of the Budget most naturally involved the subject of the French Treaty; and the commercial Treaty could not be regarded by itself, but necessarily led to remarks on the French annexation of Savoy and the position of Napoleon in Europe. Topics which, on the surface, had very little connection, were worked into the pudding of debate; and perhaps there never was a series of discussions in Parliament in which the speakers were so often accused of introducing irrelevant matter into their addresses, and in which the accusation was deserving of so little weight. It was, indeed, the object of the Government to coerce the House of Commons in detail; and we must make bold to say that, in the attempts which were repeatedly made to limit the freedom of debate, there was exhibited a good deal of that bullying and loss of temper for which the first administration of Lord Palmerston earned an unenviable celebrity. Everybody will recollect the manner in which the Premier, on the short debate preliminary to the discussion of the Budget, replied to Mr Horsman whom he immediately followed. It was a reply intended to be an extinguisher, but really doing more harm to the speaker than to his victim. It was a complete misrepresentation of Mr Horsman's speech, and the endeavour to raise a laugh by saying that the very able, and to the Government most galling address to which the House of Commons had been listening with marked attention, was a speech which the honourable member had prepared for a different occasion, was a stale trick unworthy the leader of the House of Commons. There was a similar exhibition of temper in Lord Palmerston's reply to Mr Disraeli, immediately before the division on the Budget. Nothing could be more feeble than the reply, and the only apparent point that was made in it, was the statement that his eloquent adversary had made a speech, which was utterly irrelevant, inasmuch as the question before the House had nothing to do with the finances of the Russian war, or the nervous system of the right honourable gentleman. Any man of sense must have seen that such a mode of getting rid of the dignified though damaging speech delivered by the leader of Opposition, was worthy only of the frothy orators who indulge in beer, baccy, and blarney in the Discussion Forum. Mr Gladstone's observations on Sir John Pakington, and, on the first great night of debate, his reply to Mr Disraeli, were equally open to criticism. It no doubt suits the Chancellor of the Exchequer to press his Budget in detail upon the House. Our objections to any one item of his remarkable scheme are easily overcome. It is their united sum that appears to be so dangerous, and Sir John Pakington was perfectly justified in complaining of the shortsightedness of the several interests which are content to be broken in detail, when, by timely union, they might offer successful resistance to a scheme which is well enough in parts, but, as a whole, deserves only the condemnation that sooner or later must fall upon it. The grand fact against the Government is, not simply that this or that detail of their policy is objectionable, but that in their entire policy, in their Reform Bill, in their Budget, in their Treaty, and in their conduct with regard to Italian affairs, they have sold themselves to the Manchester party—they have practically preached universal suffrage — they have made gain the measure of loyalty, and they have made quakerism the law of the Foreign Office.

Mr Gladstone is the most prominent figure, and the most voluble speaker in these discussions; and the position which he has assumed in the House of Commons is the most inter-

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esting political fact of the day. For a long time past two questions have frequently been mooted—What is to become of Mr Gladstone? and who is to be the future leader of the Liberal party? It seems as if one and the same answer is now to be given to both of these questions. Mr Gladstone is bidding for the lead of the Whigs; and were it not that his character is wanting in stability, one might predict with some certainty, that in future he will be found leading the hosts in array against his ancient allies. Although it is generally supposed to be an insult to attribute his conduct to any but the most sublime motives, it is not uncharitable to say that even the best of men sometimes contrive to make their principles square with their desires. On the death of Sir Robert Peel, the leadership of the Conservatives in the House of Commons would in the natural course of things have devolved on Mr Gladstone. We all know how it came to pass that instead of devolving on him it fell to the lot of that statesman who had most distinguished himself for opposition to Peel. Who can wonder that the favourite disciple of the great Tory chief should be little satisfied with the turn which events had taken? All his sympathies are on the Conservative side of the House, but it was to be expected neither that he should serve under Mr Disraeli who had robbed him of his crown, nor that Mr Disraeli, who had with great ability and self-denial led the Conservatives in the days of their adversity, should be dethroned to make way for him. Mr Gladstone long vacillated, but every day made it clearer that there was a place for him on the other side of the House, for the Liberals were in want of a parliamentary leader. Lord Palmerston is an old man, and must soon give way. Lord John Russell is never again likely to lead the House of Commons, and may ere long seek for a dignified retirement amid the gildings of the House of Lords. Who is to succeed these renowned leaders? Not Cobden, nor yet Bright. There is certainly an opening for an aspiring politician, and Mr Gladstone has bid higher for the post than any other statesman. Of great eloquence, of considerable experience, he is probably more fit for the work than any other public man that could be named; and while his Conservative reputation is sure to conciliate the confidence of the moderate Whigs, his eager acceptance of Manchester theories has inspired the enthusiasm of advanced Radicals. He now sits on the Treasury bench virtually though not nominally leading the House of Commons; on his left hand sit that noble pair of Whigs whom he has honoured with his protection, and whom he sustains in office; on his right hand are Mr Milner Gibson who lies on his bosom, and lower down below the gangway, the Member for Birmingham, on whom, in all the ardour of a first love, he spends much billing and cooing. Mr Gladstone has such a talent for casuistry, and such a celebrity for straining at a gnat when swallowing a camel, that one must not forget how irksome it will be for a man of his peculiar tastes to keep on terms with his present party in a Parliament elected by the six-pound householders (and certainly he will not lead that party long as the representative of Oxford University); but even thus admitting the possibility of his return to his ancient friends, for the present he seems to have settled down for ever into the Whig-Radical ranks—the envy of the Whigs, the admiration of Manchester, a mystery to the Tories.

He is a mystery to more than the Tories. Nine men in ten throughout the country, if they expressed their real opinion of him, would say frankly that the secret of his power in Parliament is quite incomprehensible to them, and that, especially, they do not understand how the man who makes such wordy and wire-drawn speeches should be described as the most eloquent man in the House of Commons. His speeches, certainly, are not very readable; they are overloaded with ifs and buts—they are a perfect wilderness of hypothetical statements, parenthetical clauses, and interminable involutions; and if they have the merit of lucidity, that lucidity is, to a careful reader at least, sadly marred by an extraordinary

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tautology, which seems to cast a doubt on the meaning of words. How is it possible that such speeches should take the House of Commons by storm? The reason is to be found in the rapid utterance and impassioned manner of the speaker. Perhaps Mr Gladstone is the most rapid speaker of the day. Something was said in the debate on the Treaty of the blessings conferred on humankind by the man who makes two blades of grass grow where previously there had been only one; and Mr Gladstone is supposed to have done something of the sort in his fostering care of Manchester. There may be some doubt as to this; but he is certainly successful in achieving an analogous feat—the forcing of two words into the same space of time which other speakers find sufficient only for one. He is the despair of the reporters' gallery. There is no chance of his words freezing in the air, as they are said to do in the arctic regions. His speech is a torrent, and the tumult of the torrent makes us forget its defects. When Mr Gladstone, in his characteristic style, says, "It is *usually* or *commonly* supposed," the tautology that in an ordinary speaker would be intolerable, is forgotten in the rapidity with which, spite of the redundance, the ground is traversed. His great quality is that which is familiarly known as "go." The effect produced by this "go" is something wonderful, and it would seem as if that mysterious "action—action—action," which we are told is the great secret of oratorical success, must be very similar to what is now basely termed "go." The philosophers are at present discussing, in the most elaborate manner, the laws of projectiles—how heavy they ought to be, how hard they ought to be, and with what velocity they ought to be discharged through the air. Some of these laws apply to missiles of a very different kind, and we have daily evidence of the fact, that the momentum with which a speech strikes an audience depends far less on the weight of matter that is discharged than on the force spent in the discharge. It is amazing how far platitudes will go, and how hard they will hit, if the speaker, who is loaded with them, and is going to shoot them forth, has only powder enough in his barrel. It is usual for our parliamentary speakers, in both Houses too, to compliment each other highly on their efforts; but any one who has had much opportunity of listening to the most effective speakers—Mr Gladstone, for example—will be apt to think rather meanly of this great gift of speech, and we advise no one who would preserve his veneration for the British constitution to hear much parliamentary eloquence. John Bull has an ugly way of hating show and regarding facts; and if he is carried away by a rattling speech, he goes home, reflects on what he has heard, and quietly asks himself—what was there in it after all? We doubt whether Mr Gladstone's speeches would often stand this test. There is no man in the House of Commons that makes so great an impression while he is speaking, and few men who leave so little permanent impression after he has ceased. We suspect that a good deal of the impression which he makes while he is on his legs is due to the fact that people have heard his oratory bepraised as if it were almost Demosthenic in its power (though nothing can be more opposed to the terseness of Demosthenes than his long-winded style, and the mention of the Greek orator's name in such a connection only shows how prone people are to use words without meaning), that they have an idea that they ought to be impressed, and so get up a false feeling of ecstasy in addition to the real feeling of pleasure. It is not our wish to depreciate any one so highly gifted as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We remember that he has in times past been trusted by Conservatives; and though the Manchester men regard his present union with them as eternal, we do not overlook the possibility of his returning to older friends, with whom he has deeper sympathies. We conceive, however, that it is no advantage to Mr Gladstone to receive such fulsome adulation as the men of his present party think it becoming to offer to him; and we cannot honestly say that his orations appear to us to be ideals of senatorial eloquence. That he makes a great impression we gladly admit,

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but it is not due to masterly argument and finished composition. It is due to the possession of the finest voice in the House of Commons; to a marvellous command of words; to a fertility of idea and a rapidity of reasoning which is quite unrivalled; to a perfect abandon of manner, which is singular in a member of Parliament, and belongs rather to the impassioned style of a Dissenting minister.

What we mean by this last trait will be easily explained in a single example. It is known that Gladstone is up, and the House, which previously had been thinned, begins to crowd. The seats are soon filled. Behind the Treasury Benches sits, in his usual attitude, with his hat over his eyes and his hands crossed upon his stick, the burly figure of the Graham, immersed in thought. There is Arthur Kinnaird, with his pleasant smile, and busy expectant look. Edward Ellice, and Duncombe, and Monckton Milnes, and many more, are crowded somewhat inconveniently behind the Chancellor; while below the gangway, Bright sits squat in his place, and Sir R. Peel sprawls on the bench as if he had exhausted every sensation. There is a crush about the doors, and the members are peering over each other's shoulders, anxiously leaning forward to catch every word, and to applaud every sentence. In the galleries, but especially in the galleries opposite the orator, there are peers and members huddled together; those in the back benches standing up in eager attitudes that make one pity their spinal columns, but most of all the vertebræ of their elongated necks. Lord Granville has his hands crossed upon the railing, and his mouth leaning upon his hands, while he gazes intently on the scene. Calm over the clock rises the white head of the American Minister; and a little to the side the ample forehead of Persigny keeps watch over the debate. Gladstone addresses this audience at first quietly enough. He stands in his favourite position by the side of the large box, his left arm leaning on it, while his right arm saws the air. Suddenly he gets more inspired and swings both his arms. He addresses men below the gangway; he appeals to Mr Speaker; he points to the Opposition; he wheels round and looks at his friends on the seats behind him. Facing the Opposition once more, he clasps his hands—he clasps them over his head—he brings them down with a whack on the box before him. Then comes a change in his discourse. He buries his hands in the pockets of his coat-tails; he brings these coat-tails and pockets round till his hands rest on his hips, to the Graham and other friends behind; and that the Opposition may equally benefit, he jumps round, and affectionately addresses the gentlemen who sit behind him. To appreciate the full effect of such an attitude, one must remember that our statesmen on the front benches in rising to speak have always been nervously anxious about the disposition of their coat-tails. Sir Robert Peel used to arrange his coat most carefully before he opened his mouth; and Mr Disraeli, who in his day made some little fun out of Sir Robert's practice, now finds, that when he occupies the same bench, he must be equally fidgety as to the protection of that portion of the body which fashion, if not nature, has covered with caudal appendages. Mr Gladstone, in the most wonderful way, lifts his coat-tails as if he were standing with his back to the fire—as if these portly personages behind him were so many blazing fagots intended to warm him into life.

It is to a forgetfulness of this kind that we referred, when we described his manner as partaking of those extravagances which we see in Dissenting ministers, and which in them are so effective. To us who can look at the exhibition in cold blood, it is of course very absurd; but to the audience that accept the ascendancy of the speaker, that hang on his words, that regard him as an oracle, these little forgetfulnesses have their effect in heightening the orator's influence—they are regarded as signs of an absorbed mind—they are proofs that the speaker is no more master of himself, but is indeed possessed by his theme: the habit is infectious, the audience abandon themselves to the secret influence, and they are carried away by the assurance and self-[illegible] of the performer. In [illegible]e is

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nobody in Parliament who can be compared with Mr Gladstone. Mr Bernal Osborne has described him as a Red Indian in debate; and that epithet is not a bad one. The Red Indian is a glorious animal; and Mr Gladstone's oratorical success seems to depend, to a very large extent, on certain physical excellencies. We have already indicated as much, in stating that, while his speeches are all-powerful for the moment, the impression they make on the mind is evanescent. Who remembers a speech of Mr Gladstone's? who can quote any of his expressions? We cannot call to mind a single phrase which he has originated, and which has taken fast hold of the popular mind. In temporary effect, both Mr Disraeli and Mr Bright are supposed to rank after the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and they have never attained his marvellous successes in influencing the votes of the House. But who cannot call to mind dozens of their phrases, which have become household words—formulas of thought, and the watchwords of party? Here Mr Gladstone's resemblance to the Red Indian appears in a very strong light. He rises in his place, and we see before us the splendid savage bounding on to the floor of the House—the swift of foot, the eagle-eye, the voice that rings like the sound of victory, the manly presence that reminds us of a chieftain. What is it that we see, and what is it that we hear?—It is the chieftain of the Sioux singing his war-song and dancing his war-dance with the most intense enthusiasm. The performance is a most exciting one; we are carried away by the animal riot of the exhibition; there is a peculiar influence upon us; we are all ready to join in the chorus, to shout for war, and to dance the dance of the Sioux when the war-paint lies bright upon their cheeks. Travellers tell us that there is nothing so inspiring as such a dance and such a song, but when it is all over a stranger wonders what it is all about—is not able to [illegible] his feelings, and is rath[illegible]augh at himself fo[illegible]dly to a physica[illegible]ll defer- [illegible] t[illegible] Mr [illegible] the

day, we venture to say that this Indian illustration, although it does not represent the whole truth, gives a very good idea of much of the success which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has attained. What would his speeches be without his "go?" His speeches are not seldom contrasted with those of Mr Disraeli, who, from his being sometimes deficient in "go," invites the depreciatory comparisons of those who swear by Gladstone. We hope that we can treat of this question on purely critical grounds and without any party bias. We believe that the most impartial judges will agree with us in thinking that, however great may be Mr Gladstone's present ascendancy in the House of Commons, Mr Disraeli's speeches will generally bear a closer examination. Mr Disraeli scarcely ever opens his mouth without letting fall some remarkable expression, without propounding some novel fact, or without starting some original and subtle argument in which we see distinctly the man of genius. Mr Gladstone has his excellencies, but they are not of this character. They are summed up in the words—readiness, rapidity, and rage. These are marvellous qualities, in spite of the fact that they are apt to degenerate into rashness; but we protest against the assumption that qualities such as these are sufficient to constitute oratory entitled to be described as transcendent. To those who speak of Mr Gladstone's speeches as transcendent and Demosthenic, we would put the simple question: Whether any one could possibly regard them as models of argument or composition, and would think it worth while to analyse them, reason by reason and phrase by phrase? We imagine that Mr Gladstone's eloquence would be much more truthfully described as refined rant. Let us not be mistaken. The public are apt to imagine that refinement and rant are incompatible. They suppose that a ranter must be an ignorant, vulgar fellow, who succeeds only by roaring. And at first sight we have little doubt that some persons will see only a paradox in the assertion that a gentleman,— in the highest circle who is

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skilled in the elaboration of facts and figures, and who has been so highly educated that he is chosen to represent the University of Oxford;—astonishes the members for the manufacturing boroughs by the Latin he quotes, and sends forth three great volumes on the most celebrated poet of antiquity,—should be guilty of rant. Is Saul also among the prophets? And is Gladstone also among the ranters? We mean seriously what we say. We are not of those who subscribe to the vulgar dictum that the test of eloquence is the momentary effect which it produces. If that were a correct test, then indeed the Whitfields, the Spurgeons, the Punshons, and the Gladstones, would be the greatest of all orators, for the effect which they produce is quite marvellous. But read their orations—or, still better, read what they are pleased to write with the utmost care, and then say whether there is anything in their thoughts, or in their manner of expression, which entitles these men to be regarded as the greatest masters of persuasive thought and eloquent language. We have read Mr Gladstone's works on the connection of Church and State, and on Homer. In the former, the argument is as shadowy, and the language as vague and flabby, as it can well be; and it is generally understood that the work is now regarded as a mistake even by the author. In the latter there is displayed a most intimate acquaintance with the Homeric poems, and an amazing fertility of ideas; but the ideas are the merest fancies; the criticism goes for nothing in the world of letters, and if it had proceeded from any man less famous, would have been considered beneath contempt; the writing is extremely vicious, and the general impression which the work gives is best conveyed in the words used by the Duke of Wellington when addressing a young man who was rather proud of his acquirements—"Sir, you have been educated above your mind." Depend upon it, the man who is more remarkable for fertility than for strength of thought, who relies more on the abundance than on the felicity of his diction, and who carries away the House of Commons rather by the rapidity of his utterance than by the force of his genius, is, it may be, indeed a great power, but certainly not the greatest of living orators. Depend upon it, the predominance of Mr Gladstone in such a sober assembly of practical men as is the House of Commons, is a striking proof of the pervading influence of Rant. The rant that tells upon miners and other poor men is combined with passionate appeals, stamping feet, bellowing lungs, and curious facial manifestations. The rant that prevails with the House of Commons must be combined with musical voice and graceful manner, with scholarly tastes and statistical touches, with business habits and argumentative style.

The difference between the two principal orators in Parliament was very strikingly illustrated in the duel which they fought on the question of the Budget. On that preliminary discussion raised by Mr Disraeli as to the mode in which the debate should proceed, the leader of Opposition introduced his motion in a speech of great ability, defending it on grounds that, to our mind, were convincing, and were at least so far successful, that Ministers were ultimately forced to concede to the House of Commons an opportunity of examining the Treaty by itself. Mr Disraeli's manner on this occasion, however, was hesitating, and exhibited very little of his usual "go." It is not easy to get up an excitement at five o'clock in the afternoon, and the best speaking at the commencement of a debate before dinner seldom rises above the level of calm narrative. As the speech wound its slow length along, it was observed that Mr Gladstone was more excited than he usually is when his adversary is speaking. The manner which he usually affects when listening to Mr Disraeli is that of indifference. He throws his head back, stretches out his feet, and to the spectator, at a little distance, has all the appearance of a sound sleeper. On this occasion he was more excited, and started to his feet the moment Mr Disraeli had sat down. In the very first sentence which he uttered there was the war-whoop of the Red Indian; the tomahawk was brandished in the most

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exciting style; and everybody knew that there was to be a grand performance. Persons speak of Mr Gladstone's speech in bringing forward the Budget as one of the most wonderful displays to which the House of Commons had ever listened. It was a very good speech, but there was nothing wonderful about it, for it was simply a level of skilful narration that had been carefully prepared. The feat has been performed many times already, and will be performed many times again. The speech in answer to Mr Disraeli in this debate was very different. In the memory of the present generation there has no speech been delivered in the House of Commons in which there was such a rushing eloquence, such a rage of words. Its "go" was incomparable. There was not even time to cheer. It seemed as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had only five minutes to spare, and into that space had to crowd the entire dictionary. He seemed to be speaking against time, and the pace reminded one of nothing so much as the last half-mile of the Derby. He kept this up for a good hour. He swept on like a hurricane, the House, as he tore on, rising to catch every word. Never was there such excitement, and the only man who appeared to be unmoved was the Red Indian's victim, who sat as usual with his arms folded, with his eyes down, and with his countenance unaltered. Most other members keep their hats on, and the play of their features is concealed by the shadow thrown from the light above. He, on the contrary, sits always with his hat off, but motionless as a statue, not a limb shifting its position, not a muscle of his face quivering; and on this occasion, although he knew that he had no chance of replying, he bore the attack of his antagonist with a coldness that was sublime, if we remember that Mr Gladstone, in the opinion of his admirers, was supposed to have scalped and scarified and settled for ever the leader of Opposition. The impression thus conveyed, however, was derived less from the arguments than from the tone of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ever since Mr Disraeli succeeded in his exposure of Sir Robert Peel, and in obtaining the confidence of the Conservatives, Mr Gladstone and the Peelites have assumed towards him a contemptuous manner, which is more intelligible than praiseworthy. This contemptuous manner, that says nothing but means much, is a good weapon for a time, and it has been used so well by the Peelites, that their followers in the press have made a dead set against Mr Disraeli, have calumniated him in the most disgraceful way, and have described the leader, who has won the confidence of the proudest party in England, as if he were the most profligate and unprincipled man alive. Mr Disraeli has never condescended to reply to these slanders, and he has met the contempt of Mr Gladstone with a conciliating manner. Small people imagine that if a calumny is unanswered, it must be true, and that if Mr Disraeli has shown some anxiety to conciliate his rival, it is from fear. There is no man in the House of Commons whom the leader of the Conservatives need fear, but, as leader, it is necessary that he should do all that in him lies to keep the party together. It was a necessity of his position that he should be conciliating; and it was the privilege of his position that he could afford to be conciliating even to men who treated him as the Grahams, the Gladstones, and the Sidney Herberts have done. It was in the old contemptuous manner that the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied to Mr Disraeli. There was exultation in his voice; there was an intensity of hate in his speech, of which the printed report conveys but a poor idea. He covered the speech of his opponent with ridicule; he used the most unfair arguments; and fairly sneered down the foe. To show to what lengths he went in determining to snatch a victory at whatever cost, we advert to the only points which drew a syllable of remonstrance from Mr Disraeli. On two several occasions Mr Gladstone was making mince-meat of the representation which Mr Disraeli had given of Pitt's conduct in 1787; he showed triumphantly that Mr Disraeli was simply caricaturing Pitt. This was rather too much of a good thing, for it so happened that the Opposition leader

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had only quoted Pitt's description of his conduct in Pitt's own words. Mr Disraeli accordingly rose to state that the description with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was so mightily amused and indignant was Pitt's own. Nothing daunted, Mr Gladstone at once pooh-poohed Pitt, denied that the Hansard of that day is trustworthy, declared that Pitt's acts belie his words, and proceeded to pour more contempt on the head of his antagonist. He perfectly succeeded for the time. It is wonderful on what slight grounds opinions are formed, and votes are determined. Mr Disraeli had delivered a speech which was well argued, but which had little "go." Mr Gladstone delivered a speech in which the arguments were extremely fallacious, but were driven home with incomparable "go." He took the House by storm, and retained it for the remainder of the evening. It was a physical rather than an intellectual impression which he had created. It would be difficult, even at this short distance of time, to state what was the gist of Mr Gladstone's speech. It was a sensation rather than a demonstration which he had made; but the sensation was tremendous.

In the first exchange of shots, Mr Gladstone evidently had the best of it. With that fine combative instinct which distinguishes the House of Commons, everybody knew that Mr Disraeli must retaliate, and was anxious to see the end of the fight. He would have a chance on the Budget debate, which was immediately to follow, and everybody was anxious to know how he would deliver his fire. Tuesday night came, when the debate was opened, but the speakers were second-rate, and the speeches were more remarkable for Bunkum than for eloquence. The debate was continued on Thursday, but the principal speakers were Sir Francis Baring, Bright, and Mr Whiteside. On Friday night it was known that the vote would be taken; this was to be the great night; now or never Mr Disraeli would have his chance. Now, Friday is an awful night in the House of Commons; so very dreary, that only a fortnight ago, in the darkest hour of the evening, the House, in despair, asked Mr Bouverie to sing a song. On the motion made every week on that evening, that the House at its rising adjourn till Monday, the various members exercise, to an almost unlimited extent, the right of asking questions and raising small discussions. Mr Bouverie has distinguished himself by opposition to the practice, and on the night in question rose to point out how extremely miscellaneous the discussion had been, and how provokingly the time of the House of Commons had been wasted. The discussions were so miscellaneous, that they reminded him of nothing so much as Albert Smith's song, which is an *omnium gatherum* of all the topics of the day. Here arose cries of "Sing, sing." The House of Commons is to be excused for thus demanding a song, inasmuch as lately it has been listening to an enormous amount of idle talk from callow members anxious to try their wings; but Mr Bouverie was singularly unlucky in being the particular member requested to sing. Unlucky, we say, for that half-weeping speech of his, in which he bewailed, in accents dolorous, the pitiable fate of Lord John Russell, when, on the disruption of the Aberdeen Cabinet, the Whigs revolted from his rule, is not yet forgotten; and it is rather hard upon a member to have two such facts recorded of him, that having delivered the most lachrymose speech of which the House of Commons has any recollection, he should, on another occasion, have tempted the conscript fathers of the nation to ask him for a song.

This, however, is a digression, and we are here only concerned to note that sad was the disappointment of those who, on the evening of Friday the 24th of February, went down to the House of Commons expecting that the debate would forthwith be resumed. The mysterious questionings and miscellaneous discussions went on as usual, and members went home to dinner, returning about nine o'clock, to find that several gentlemen had spoken, and that now Mr Thomas Baring had the ear of the House. Milner Gibson rose to reply, —and then a horrible thought was suggested—why, the vote cannot be taken to-night for there will not be

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time for the discharge of the great guns. The feeling was confirmed when, as it was wearing late, Mr Walpole got up to follow Milner Gibson; only just then the news went round the House that the debate was actually to close that night; that the arrangements had been made; that Mr Gladstone was to follow Walpole; that Disraeli was to tread on Gladstone's heels, and that Lord Palmerston was to wind up. When Mr Walpole commenced his speech, Mr Gladstone walked out of the House and returned very quickly. He was soon called upon to speak, and he made one of his best speeches—not, indeed, to be compared with the display of the Monday previous, but still a very good one. Like all Mr Gladstone's speeches, it takes no hold of the memory, but was simply calculated for momentary effect, producing a vivid sympathy rather than a solid conviction. The most remarkable thing about it, however, was the intense arrogance and irritability which it displayed. The sort of argument which he seemed to think worthy of applying to the scruples of his opponents was a kick; and his arrogant expressions of superiority drew from the Conservatives many ironical cheers and many angry cries of "No, no." Mr Gladstone replied to these interruptions with an irritation that made his opponents still more ironical in their cheers; and at last he fairly bade them be silent, for as their leader was to follow him in debate, he would have an opportunity of expressing articulately their otherwise unintelligible objections.

Mr Disraeli rose to translate the indignant negatives of his friends behind him, and in spite of the disadvantage of rising to reply at a very late hour, delivered one of his finest orations, in which he gave a lesson to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he will never forget. Mr Disraeli has not many friends in the newspaper press, which, with the unhappy envy of authorship, generally judges of men who have forsaken literature for politics with extraordinary severity. The consequence of this has been that the public has not heard much of Mr Disraeli's grand effort on the night of the vote on the Budget, to which result another cause also contributed, namely, the fact that at so late an hour the gentlemen of the press who usually describe these scenes have not a moment of leisure, but are busily engaged in the transcription of their notes. Each reporter goes into his box for a quarter of an hour, and if the speaking is poor, he may transcribe in another quarter of an hour all that is worth reporting from his notes; after which, before his turn comes round to enter the box again, he has a considerable period of leisure for observing the course of debate. But after a series of speeches from such men as Baring, Gibson, Walpole, and Gladstone, every one of them is engaged; what they took down in short hand in a quarter of an hour, they have to spend a couple of hours in transcribing into long hand, and they have not a moment to spare. If any of them return to the gallery, it is only for a quarter of an hour, to take down at railway speed Mr Disraeli's words, and to be off again, without having the chance of estimating the speech as a whole. Therefore it is that no description of it has been given in the newspapers. Nevertheless it was a masterpiece. It was a masterpiece of statesmanlike logic; it was a masterpiece of dignified invective; and it was delivered with a rush that made the ministerialists start in their seats, and made the whole House hold its breath. The ministerialists probably supposed that Mr Disraeli had no more life in him after the blow which he had received from "the Downing Street Pet," and expected that the only reply possible for him was one of small personalities. On the contrary, they were forced to admit that his reply was statesmanlike, dignified, and admirably conceived. We believe that it was even more than this—that it was crushing, and that hereafter that speech will be studied and quoted as a capital exposure of Mr Gladstone's financial schemes and political aims.

The argument was this:—You are going to pass an experimental Budget of great danger to the country, on the faith of another grand budget which the same Chancellor proposed immediately before the Russian war. I will show you that his financial scheme was a tremendous failure,

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and that the Right Hon. gentleman is not worthy of your confidence. Mr Disraeli, accordingly, criticised both the Budget of the present year, and its fellow of the year 1853, and in a few sentences of highly polished sarcasm laid bare the peculiar position of his antagonist, while, for a time, he reposes under the *mitis sapientia* of the Noble Secretary, and the calm patience of the Noble Premier. It was done in his happiest style, and in the best taste. Nothing could be more severe, while, at the same time, it was a complete contrast to the arrogant and somewhat bullying manner with which Mr Gladstone thinks it worthy of himself to treat his opponents. The effect on the Chancellor of the Exchequer was marked, as before now the castigation administered by Mr Disraeli has evidently been felt by others. Taking the tone from the Peelites, who, in their natural jealousy of Mr Disraeli, seemed willing to arrogate to themselves alone of their party the possession of political honour, and to represent the Conservative leader as void at once of ability and sincerity, Sir Charles Wood ventured, on one occasion, to indulge in the insolence which in him, at least, was inexcusable. Mr Disraeli replied in a speech which made Sir C. Wood hide his diminished head, and taught him never again to repeat such folly. The next individual whom the Conservative leader castigated was that member of the Peelite party who had least sympathy with the Tories, and had most evidently gone over to the Radicals—Sir James Graham; and, immediately after the last election, that worthy Baronet got such a flagellation as he probably never received in his life, as on either side of the House was said to have been richly merited, and as will no doubt hereafter compel him to keep a civil tongue in his head. Mr Gladstone is the last of his opponents to whom Mr Disraeli has given a lesson in civility, and that lesson is all the more likely to be instructive, inasmuch as it rather indicated what Mr Disraeli could say if he were so inclined, than fully stated the case. The leader of the Opposition rather unmasked a formidable battery, whose existence was previously unsuspected, than opened full fire upon his antagonist. Whether from fear, from policy, or from general admiration, Mr Gladstone has hitherto been safe from attack in the House of Commons. The interpretation put upon this silence has been — here is the immaculate member, here is the unsullied statesman, here is the perfect man; and the House of Commons was taken aback, the members were almost aghast, when the spell was suddenly broken, and the favourite, the unapproachable, the unassailable orator, was bare and exposed to the lash of Mr Disraeli.

Nothing could be happier, we repeat, than the manner in which Mr Disraeli administered his rebuke. With a satirical genius, he knows that satire is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a political leader. He won his way to political distinction by successful satire, and ever since he has been anxious above all things to sheathe that weapon. Avoiding sarcasm in the most marked way, he has been inclined rather to err in the opposite direction, and to be too complimentary. It is generally in pure self-defence that he now indulges in the satirical vein, and his attack on Mr Gladstone meant this: "My good sir, now that you have cut the Conservatives, let us have no more nonsense. I have patiently endured a good deal from you and your set, but now that you are on these benches, I will endure it no more. I have in my time attacked Sir Robert Peel, and you know how far I contributed to discredit his authority in the House of Commons. I am a stronger man now than I was then, and you are not so big a man to contend with as Peel was. I think I can give you a fall if you wish it. I have my old scimitar here, and to show that it is keen as ever, while my arm is more skilful than before, I will give you a few delicate thrusts. I request that you will not attribute the forbearance I have hitherto exercised to any other motive than a desire for peace." That Mr Gladstone bled profusely under the attack of his antagonist, was shown clearly in his manner during the whole of the speech. Usually we have stated that he affects indifference to the remarks of Mr Disraeli.

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On this occasion he was every minute interrupting Mr Disraeli, trying to set him right. The newspaper reports give no idea of the frequency of these interruptions, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer attempted to parry the damaging thrusts of his adroit opponent. The interruptions were so numerous, that probably if Mr Gladstone had been the speaker, and Mr Disraeli the victim, the friends of the former, with that affection for the discovery of sinister motives in the conduct of the latter which distinguishes them, would say that he was anxious to put his antagonist out by foul means, if he could not do it by fair. We attribute no such sinister motive to Mr Gladstone. We believe that he was thoroughly maddened by the pain of the infliction. He who lost his temper when the Opposition indulged in ironical cheers and interruptions, now behaved worse than they did in his irritated interruptions of the exponent whom he had invited to translate intelligibly the indignant negatives which had assailed his ears. Through more than half his speech Mr Disraeli coolly bore these interruptions, and answered the writhing Chancellor of the Exchequer with great self-possession. At length he said what, in the published reports, which do not give the interruptions in detail, is inexplicable: "It is one advantage of the freedom of debate that we are favoured with a running commentary from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I myself never object to being interrupted, and I hope that the right honourable gentleman will in future bear interruptions with as much patience as I do." This was a hit which drew forth loud cheers from the House, which raised a laugh at Mr Gladstone's expense, and called marked attention to the irritation with which he was listening to the speech of his opponent. He no more that night interrupted Mr Disraeli, and we may hope that he will not again return to his contemptuous manner. On the debate on the Treaty Mr Gladstone had an opportunity of following Mr Disraeli, and the general impression which he left on his audience was that he would rather not again provoke the sword of his antagonist.

The result of the duello was, that Mr Gladstone had the immediate triumph, but Mr Disraeli the more permanent gain. Through a variety of favouring circumstances, which we need not here enumerate, and which are entirely independent of Mr Gladstone's eloquence or the merits of the Ministry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had the pleasure of carrying his schemes through the House of Commons, and receiving considerable support from the Conservatives. Mr Disraeli could not hope to prevent this; but he has had the advantage of for the first time teaching the Chancellor of the Exchequer a salutary lesson, and of breaking the charm which has hitherto surrounded him. The effect of Mr Disraeli's attack was, that it was instantly followed by one even more severe from Mr Horsman. Suddenly the House of Commons has discovered that Mr Gladstone is vulnerable, and they listened with intense delight to the invectives of the member for Stroud. The printed report gives a very good idea of Mr Horsman's attack, delivered on the occasion of the debate on the paper-duties; and we will quote a couple of passages to show the damaging sort of criticism which the example of Mr Disraeli has now invited independent members to express :—

"I say, don't let us mince matters. (Laughter and cheers.) Let us give honour to whom honour is due. This is not the budget of the Government, it is the budget of my honourable friend the member for Birmingham. (Opposition cheers.) During the autumn my honourable friend made a most able and frank exposition of his financial policy, and I can well imagine the Chancellor of the Exchequer receiving the report of that oration. I can imagine him writing to the honourable member for Birmingham, and in these terms: 'I have read with great interest your speech at Liverpool. You have made a convert of me. I beg you to come by an early train to Downing Street and help me to frame my budget.' (Cheers and laughter.) And can we not imagine, sir, that when the twin financiers were closeted in council, my sagacious friend, the member for Birmingham, may have said to the

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right honourable gentleman, 'Don't go too fast — you are too impetuous!' (Laughter and cheers.) Converts always are. (Renewed laughter.) 'Be advised by me. There are the tea and sugar duties, yielding £11,000,000 — don't touch them; there is the tobacco duty, bringing in £5,000,000, from another comfort of the poor—don't touch that either. Begin with the paper-duty—it is the addition of only another penny to the income-tax; ring the changes on that penny, it will get in the point of the wedge. Trust me, all the rest must inevitably follow. (Cheers.) And when in process of time we are enabled to table our whole financial scheme, my revolutionary projects of finance, embellished and disguised by your rhetoric, (cheers) will produce to the world *what we should in Manchester term a prime article — the last and newest sample of Oxford mixture.*' (Laughter and cheers.) We have had two samples—first, we had the treaty, which my honourable friend the member for Birmingham told us was the object of his warmest affections, and it was also a child of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (A laugh.) *But, however, as all progenies must have two parents, we may assume that while the member for Birmingham enjoys the pride of paternity, it was on the Chancellor of the Exchequer that there devolved the pains of labour.* (Laughter.) The first-born was 'Master Treaty,' and in fulness of time appears 'Miss Budget,' (laughter) with every prospect of a numerous progeny. We have already had timely notice of a third approaching birth. ('Oh, oh!') I hold in my hand a letter, signed with the right honourable gentleman's name, which he wrote to a clergyman in Wales who had written to him, complaining, as clergymen will complain, of the burden of the increased income-tax, and who complained also of the grievous burden of the rating to the poor. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replies, and in reference to the rating to the poor *he begins, of course, by knocking him down, as he knocks everybody down who attempts to dispute with him* (laughter); but as to the income-tax he really has the courage to write and publish this reply."

And then he quoted from that remarkable letter in which Mr Gladstone attributed the increase of income-tax to the will of the nation. Mr Horsman proceeded :—

"If my right honourable friend inquires why I criticise the measures of the Government, I will tell him that I do so because,—to use a vulgar expression, for which, perhaps, I ought to apologise, as I remember the right honourable member for Bucks once rebuked us for using it here, because, he said, it was not English,—*I am an enemy to all 'shams.'* (Laughter and cries of 'Oh! oh!') When the Government introduced their *Reform Bill, I looked upon that Bill as a sham*, and, if I may say so without offence to my right honourable friend, who himself has set the example of diverging into these personal matters, *in the estimation of most people probably his presence on that bench was the greatest 'sham' of all.* ('Oh! oh!' and loud cheers.) Having voted for the Reform Bill of the previous Government, with an eloquent protest against its having gone too far, that he should be the keystone of a new administration, of which the great measure was to be a much larger reform, was enough to startle any one. (Loud cheers.) I thought the same description was applicable to the treaty and to the budget, and I have stated my opinions in regard to them, and would vindicate them in the face even of so formidable an antagonist as my right honourable friend; nor have I on any one occasion exceeded the bounds of fair Parliamentary discussion. (Hear, hear.) I think, therefore, the expression of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with which he gained a cheer when he told me my sense of duty 'had better remain inscrutable' was entirely uncalled for. (Hear, hear.) *Let me give my right honourable friend a word or two of advice.* (Laughter.) *He is the last man in the House who should diverge from political questions to invite warm personalities, because within the four corners of the British empire there lives not a politician so vulnerable as my right honourable friend.* (Cheers.) *No man has owed so much to the forbearance of the House of Commons.* ('Oh, oh,' and loud cheers.) *No man has been so largely indebted to the generous indulgence of this House.* (Cheers.) No man has ever insulted him by asking whether the epithet inscrutable was applicable to any of his political eccentricities. Can any man describe those eccentricities? (Laughter.) Shall I endeavour to describe them? I will treat my right honourable friend with more generosity than he has treated me ('Oh, oh!'), and I will set him an example in this respect which it would have been better had he set me."

These are sharp truths told in vigorous sentences, and we may thank Mr Disraeli for them, seeing that he

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it was who broke the ice. But they are better coming from Mr Horsman than from Mr Disraeli, who as usual would have been accused of the most paltry motives, if he had ventured to use such language. Who could believe that the immaculate statesman, the political purist, the incomparable hero of the House of Commons, should in the session in which he is supposed to have achieved his greatest triumph, be told for the first time by one who calls him a right honourable friend, that no man owes so much to the forbearance of Parliament, and that there lives not a politician so vulnerable as he? With Mr Disraeli, who has been so roundly abused by the Peelites, and treated by them almost as if he were a political Pariah, full in his eye, Mr Horsman told his friend, the self-complacent Chancellor of the Exchequer, that there lives not a politician so vulnerable as he; and he told the truth. Mr Gladstone felt the attack keenly; and the *Saturday Review*, a journal which has always professed the most devoted admiration for him, described his appearance in the following terms: "As each keen and polished sarcasm told upon the House, there gathered over his countenance that expression of condensed, unutterable passion, which those who have watched him know so well. His lip curled savagely, his eyes flashed, his attitude became more rigid, his fingers twitched, the paleness of his face grew ghastlier and ghastlier, leaving not a vestige of colour on his cheek except the dark spot on the centre—the shadow thrown by the high cheekbone as the light fell on it from above." We can answer for the truth of this description, although we were not on this occasion in a position to observe the changes of Mr Gladstone's countenance. It is a good description of what he looked like when, after Mr Disraeli's rebuke, he was compelled to listen in silence to the taunts of the Opposition leader. Henceforth Mr Gladstone will know his place better, and we believe the Tory party will gain more by having him as an open enemy than as a lukewarm friend. We should have been glad of Mr Gladstone's vote; we should have been still more pleased if his eloquence could be enlisted in favour of Tory principles; but it is well that the spoilt child of the House of Commons should now understand the limit of his power, should feel for the first time the pleasure of being whipt, and should learn that if the Tories love him, and have been willing to welcome him, yet also they do not fear him, and are not dependent on him.

The Horsman duel with Mr Gladstone was, after Mr Disraeli's encounter with the same champion, the most exciting affair of the present session. After it ranks in importance the triangular duel in which Sir Robert Peel, Mr Bright, and Lord John Manners were engaged; but the chief interest of this and all the other combats which the annexation of Savoy has raised in the House of Commons, has reference to the claims of Lord John Russell to be "the complete letter-writer." Almost as fast as his despatches are written they are given to the world. If the events upon which these despatches bear are of the gravest character, it must be admitted that Lord John is the comic gentleman of a serious drama. If any one doubts this, let him read the letters which were obviously intended rather to tickle the House of Commons than to guide our diplomatic agents. The style is a perfect caricature of the English language—a curious jumble of false metaphors with impossible grammar. It is not wonderful that, in return for these despatches, the noble Secretary should be snubbed continually by the French Minister; and we really must be excused if we feel inclined rather to laugh than to sympathise. We are not going to trouble our readers with quotations, and will only refer to the two magnificent despatches in which Lord John first expounded to our Ambassador at Paris for the benefit of the French Government his views on the Annexation. They were the thundering despatches in which he spoke of raising the elements, of bloody wars, of the Alps and the Rhine, and natural frontiers, and in which, almost directly addressing the Emperor, he said, "Let the Emperor recall the noble words in

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which he gave forth at Milan,"&c.,&c. The despatches are so remarkable for the absurdity of the English, for the magniloquence of the sentiment, and for the directness of the appeal to the French Emperor, that we give the dates of them—January 28th and February 13th, 1860. Now observe. Having taken so much trouble in the preparation of these tremendous documents, Lord John told Lord Cowley to read them to M. Thouvenal, and to give him copies, if copies were demanded. Lord Cowley wrote in answer that he had read the despatches to the French Minister, but that the latter expressed no desire to have copies left with him, and indicated no intention of replying. Can anything be finer? Lord John Russell writes a despatch for the especial private reading of the Emperor, and the Emperor's Minister remembers to forget the usual courtesy of asking for the copy of so important a communication. We are not aware that this little incident has been handled in the House of Commons, but the sort of skirmishing that is going on there day by day with reference to Savoy is continually bringing out similar facts, which make it evident that our Foreign Minister is but a poor diplomatist, and for which he is roasted unmercifully. The conduct of France is no laughing matter, but can one do anything but laugh at the blunders and mortification of our unhappy Secretary of State?

Poetical justice requires that, having spoken at length of the most exciting combats in the parliamentary fray of the present session, we should spare a few words at the end of our article for the dullest and most languid fight that ever was fought. And here, again, Lord John is the hero of failure. He, indeed, made as great a flourish as he could —for was he not to introduce a new Reform Bill? Because of its historical associations, he selected the first of March as the day on which to introduce his little Bill into Parliament. At the appointed hour he laid his bantling on the table of the House, and made a speech over it that was nearly as meagre and poverty-stricken as the poor little Bill itself, which is so framed as to draw upon it the sneers of every man in the House of Commons, except the complacent father. The Bill having been thus laid before the House, the time came for a debate upon it, and what has been the result? After Mr Disraeli's calm but merciless criticism of it, there was little more to be said, and all interest in the precious Bill is so dead, that the debate has more than once run the risk of a count-out, and has been dragging along, nobody knowing how long it will last, or what is the next turn which it will take. Even the friends of Reform take no pleasure in the Bill, many of them liking it less than ever, now that by the Budget of the present year the finances of the country have been so unsettled that we know not whither we are tending. There is really no debate. The speakers, who follow each other, do not reply, but merely talk on. It is like a charge of cavalry in a review: they charge at nothing. The whole spectacle has the appearance rather of a sham fight than of a serious duel, and we believe that the country will be perfectly content if, by the expedient of a count-out, by a vote in the House of Lords, or by what Mr Disraeli suggested, the withdrawal of it by the Government, the question of Reform be shelved for at least another year.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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WAR AND PROGRESS IN CHINA.

WE pointed out in our last Number* the limited portion of the vast Empire of China to which our trade is at present restricted, and endeavoured to show how it came to pass that the native dealer, as well as the foreign merchant, dwelling on the seaboard of the four accessible provinces of China, were averse or indifferent to a farther prosecution of military operations for the enforcement of a Treaty which laid open to the European every part of the Flowery Land.

Now, we hold that an energetic and prudent series of military and naval operations is necessary for Imperial interests, and may be most profitably carried out in Northern China—that is, north of, and beyond, all our present mercantile establishments—with this twofold object:—

First, To open up rich regions, populated by Asiatics in a high state of Eastern civilisation, all of whom will become our customers; and that the impression made on their minds by Englishmen appearing among them in a military character, will tend to the future security and profit of our missionary and merchant.

Secondly, That we have to impress upon an Eastern Court the grand fact, that the defeat of the forces of Great Britain, and the slaying and wounding of four hundred and fifty British subjects, is not an act to be passed over with a tame apology, without indemnity, or without guarantee against its reoccurrence, when perhaps some unfortunate collection of traders shall fall under the wrath of Emperor or mandarins.

These two objects are so interwoven one with the other, that it is impossible to consider them separately. You cannot open China but as an armed man—victorious. You cannot teach the rulers of China to respect their political engagements with a foreigner, except through fear. It is because we wish to open China, to see our import trade *to* China as flourishing as the export trade *from* China, that we urge an armed exploration of her seaboard and interior; and we cannot help thinking that those who are now declaiming against such measures on the plea of humanity, consult rather their ledgers than their consciences in desiring to prevent the introduction, now that an opportunity occurs, of a better civilisation and a purer creed amongst the many millions who long

* The Magazine for April, p. 434.

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for our coming, but who are forbidden to hold intercourse with us by the edicts of the Brother of the Moon. God forbid that England should appear armed at the Peiho merely to wreak vengeance upon stolid mandarins or their barbarous followers. We can fancy nothing more horrible or unnatural than such a spirit of revenge; it is not that we advocate; but we know that whilst, on the one hand, experience has taught us that it is false humanity to allow an Asiatic despot to suppose he may insult or slay a Christian with impunity—on the other hand, "Providence, that doth shape our ends," has never caused us to vindicate the claims of Western civilisation without our leaving behind us abundant and living proofs of our desire to improve the races we have come in contact with. We therefore believe, and it will be nothing new in the history of our country, that the march of our legions in Shantung and Pechelee, and the explorations of our sailors in the Yang-tze river and Yellow Sea, will be but the prelude to a condition of things over which the merchant and philanthropist shall rejoice, and future Chancellors of the Exchequer congratulate themselves on our having at any rate legislated somewhat for posterity.

Perhaps it may be said, "we cordially assent to the desirability of opening up China to Western civilisation; but we believe the civilian is better adapted to accomplish that end than the soldier or sailor." To this assertion we reply, that experience has shown the fallacy of such a theory. For two hundred years we traded at Canton, and we knew as much about China in 1830 as we did in 1630; indeed, our merchants were worse treated at the expiration of that time than at the commencement. It was not until England appeared as a belligerent that European civilisation progressed in the face of Chinese exclusiveness. It was to the strong arm of the executive that Western nations were indebted for their extension of trade to the five ports, and for our increased knowledge of that Empire; it was to the strong arm of the executive—not to the diplomatist, and not to the persuasions or enterprise of merchants or missionaries then resident in Canton—that Great Britain is indebted for her present revenue derivable from China.

There is a remarkable coincidence in our position at this moment and that at which the extension of trade in China took place in 1840. We will give a brief synopsis of the circumstances, for they cheer us with the hope that now, as then, our sailors and soldiers will be the pioneers of extended commercial relations and extended knowledge of the Flowery Land. In the year of grace 1839, we were forced into a war with China, not because they had slain or defeated her Majesty's forces, but because they compelled our agent to surrender to them a quantity of British property which they considered contraband. There was then only one port of trade for us in all China: out of Canton, came in 150 ships the 44 million pounds of tea then consumed by us. It was an awful thing to contemplate the cutting off of such a supply; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer trembled for his budget. Commissioner Lin of Canton was quite as much in the dark as to the commercial instincts of his countrymen and ours, as quidnuncs at home were. He issued an edict, and stopped—as he fancied, poor man!—any more tea or rhubarb going to Britain, and wrote to Queen Victoria to tell her so. The Emperor, through his delegate, used every effort to stop all our trade with China. Does any one remember tea being scarce, dearer than usual, or worse than usual in 1840-41-42? We fancy not; for M'Culloch tells us that by 1844 the tea trade of that port had doubled itself; in short, the Chinese merchants would trade in spite of all hostilities, in spite of all edicts; and so they ever have, and ever will do. The only apparent difference in the trade was, that instead of our vessels loading at Whampoa, they loaded about Lintin, or in Hong-Kong and Macao. Yet remember — Lin and his Emperor had placed us *hors-le loi*, rebels, outcasts, to be exterminated, and we had replied by a counter-declaration of war: is it likely that what an Emperor of China could not effect in 1840 at one port,

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could be carried out in 1860 at five places of trade? In 1840 our forces, far too small for the task in hand, seized the Chusan group of islands, and escorted our envoy to the mouth of the Peiho. There was *one* vessel in all that force that could cross the bar, and so far as being really in a position to act against the capital of China, our admiral and fleet might as well have hoped to operate against Ispahan or Moscow. "Oh, you only want kind treatment and an apology for past insults," said the mandarins of Taku. "Augh! augh! go back to Canton again, give up Chusan when the apology arrives, and all will be well." The unlucky envoy, unable to act, hampered by instructions from home, fears of the wrath of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and beset by the doubts of a mercantile *entourage*, came back to Canton to find the apology an empty one, and that he had been simply cajoled out of his hold on Chusan. The year 1841 found us as far off any solution of the question as 1839 had left us. Trade at Canton, Hong-Kong, and Macao was, however, steadily increasing, and there were not a few who deprecated farther prosecution of hostilities, not only on the score of humanity, but on the advisability of letting things be. Had they—those humanitarians who denounced the opium war—been listened to, we should still have been trading with Canton Hong merchants, and known as much of China to-day as we did in the times of the Stuarts. A more enlightened policy prevailed; and in the summer of 1841 the naval and military authorities organised a force, and proceeded to act against the Chinese military forces on the coasts of Fokien and Chekiang provinces. We knew as much of these coasts then as we now do of those of Shantung and Pechelee—little or nothing. The forces explored and surveyed as they advanced. Wherever the authorities resisted us, they were firmly, but not inhumanly, expelled. The inhabitants of the great cities which fell into our hands saw that, though irresistible in combat, we were just and merciful; and it is not too much to say that, quite apart from all the deeds of arms, the able operations carried out in that autumn, winter, and following spring were fraught with the utmost importance and benefit to China and Western civilisation generally. Without those operations, the Treaty of Nankin, even if it ever had been signed, would not have been worth the paper upon which it was written. Those military operations, those explorations of Fokien, Chekiang, and the Yang-tse-kiang up to the walls of Nankin, extended over a twelvemonth. The whole military resources of the Empire were brought against us. The Abbé Huc tells of the wild tribes of Mongolia that were marched against us, and how the Tartar horsemen, over their cups in those wild plains, magnify their campaign against the fair-haired men of the sea; and we know that even the untamed Meaoutsze of the Himalayan ranges were brought down to exterminate those who would intrude upon the privacy of the Flowery Land. The Emperor and Court did all that was in their power to bring upon us the whole weight of the masses, and they utterly failed. The Chinaman would trade: he did so, in the captured cities, before the mandarin who died in resisting us at its gates was buried. The Chinese merchant of Ningpo hired us vehicles, sold us stores, wherewith to master the mandarin; and in the self-same day obtained a ball-and-peacock-feather decoration for a voluntary contribution to his own government towards exterminating us. He was only a Chinaman—a creature who looked to profit, and left conscience for priests and women to babble of. And what did they do at Canton during all that twelvemonth?—simply traded. The mandarins might look sulky; patriotic retired officials, and Hong merchants who had made their fortunes by the past condition of foreign commerce, might have been alarmed lest the vested interests of Canton in foreign trade should be impaired by the new order of things which then only loomed in the distance; and the provincial government, urged by the Court to do something against the barbarian, might have threatened, but all wisely satisfied themselves with pouring stones into the channels

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of the Pearl River, in order that their odorous city of Canton might never again be harassed by the presence of British men-of-war. But trade still went on, openly or covertly, for the native authorities soon discovered that to forbid commercial transactions with the foreigner was simply to sacrifice their revenue derivable from it, without depriving us of our tea and silks.

The Cantonese were not sorry to see transferred to other quarters the punishment which their insolence and bigotry had brought down upon the Government; and having themselves reported the English to be "uncontrollable and fierce," they did not regret to find that the inhabitants of Fokien and Chekiang province were likely to come to the same conclusion. There was something truly Chinese in the sly chuckle with which your Canton friend described the astonishment and terror of the mandarins in Amoy and Chin-hae at the advent of Sir Hugh Gough and the 18th Royal Irish; and no one would have had to go farther than Hog Lane, or "Old Curiosity Street," in Canton, to become a firm believer in the truth of Rochefoucault's assertion, that "dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas."

We have dwelt rather longer than we intended upon this retrospect, but our object is to meet the objections made to a declaration of war or warlike operations in China, lest trade at the open ports should be stopped, or lest the population—the masses—should rise against us. We may even point to the experience of 1857-58 to prove that in China such a thing is unheard of, as that whilst you are carrying on successful military operations in one province, the Chinamen dwelling in another one should be guilty of running their heads against the victor. It would be quite contrary to Li or reason. Whilst the battles of Canton and Fatshan were being fought with Commissioner Yeh in Quang-tung, trade was flourishing at Amoy, Foochow, and Shanghai. Whilst the Allies were blowing up the Taku rthworks, and marching about Tientsin, in 1858; whilst the alarmed Court were signing treaties, and decapitating those officers who failed to repel us in our approach to Pekin, —all went pleasant as a marriage-bell in Shanghai, and would have done so in Canton likewise, but that we had touched the *amour propre* of the natives of that province by forcing a garrison of British troops upon them, and they retaliated by petty demonstrations of a purely local character. Where there is no chivalry, no generosity, in the heart of a people, there cannot be, we maintain, that patriotism which will lead them to blindly support a weak Government against a strong assailant. The Government of Pekin, it is true, can raise contributions of men or money in all the provinces of the Empire; we have experienced this, and we know its extent already; but a levy *en masse*—a general wish to thrust us forth at any sacrifice, personal or pecuniary—is not in the disposition of the people, or in the power of its effete Government.

Monsieur Huc, who has lived more amongst Chinamen, and knows them better than perhaps any of our countrymen, confirms so much our opinions of the want of a generous or chivalrous feeling in the Chinese, that we must give his words:—"At Manilla," says Huc, "the number of Chinese Christians is considerable; but that may be ascribed to the effect of a law passed by the Spaniards, which forbids a Chinese to marry a native woman until he has become a Christian. When the Chinese wish to marry, therefore, they receive baptism just as they would go through any other ceremony that was required. But if, even after the lapse of many years, the fancy takes them to return to their own country, *they leave the wife and religion behind*, and go back as they came. It is this radical, profound indifference to all religion—an indifference that is scarcely conceivable by any who have not witnessed it—which is, in our opinion, the real grand obstacle that has so long opposed the progress of Christianity in China. The Chinese is so completely absorbed in temporal interests, in the things which fall under his senses,

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that his whole life is only materialism put in action. Lucre is the sole object on which his eyes are constantly fixed. A burning thirst to realise some profit, great or small, absorbs all his faculties—the whole energy of his being. He never pursues anything with ardour but riches and material enjoyments." With such a people—and we believe the picture drawn by Huc to be a perfect photograph of the race—we need not fear that they will throw themselves as one man between us and their Emperor, or that they will allow a lucrative trade to be interfered with, because he chooses to encourage a Manchou general in an act of treachery towards us.

With respect to the lasting impression left upon the minds of the inhabitants of those portions of China where we first appear as belligerents, not as traders simply, and of the salutary influence such an impression ever after exercises in our favour, we need do little more than point to our relations since 1842 with the native officials and residents of Amoy, Ningpo, Foo-chow, and Shanghai. Every merchant and consul in China will, we feel sure, bear us out in saying that the effect there has been most salutary through a long course of seventeen years, and in marked contrast to that experienced at Canton; and at Canton we hold that much of the contempt for us arises from our having hesitated, in 1840, to convince them of the superiority of our military power, in accepting a ransom of six million dollars, instead of marching through that city—an error subsequently redeemed at the sacrifice of more English treasure and more English lives than we should like the Member for Lambeth to be fully aware of. Lastly, we have but to peruse the writings, blue-books, and pamphlets upon China between 1842 and 1857, to be convinced how little progress the European communities at the five ports were making, during that period, in opening up to the knowledge of Europe that vast hive of human beings, at whose threshold they were simply tolerated. When the Treaty of Nankin was signed in 1842, and our fleet withdrawn, sanguine people—who did not understand the stolidity of the Chinaman, and who did not appreciate the extent of his country, and the barriers, moral and physical, which prevented a peaceful opening up of China—dreamed that from those five ports would go forth a spirit of religious and commercial enterprise which would, before long, had their views been realised, have made it an Eden teeming with pious free-traders. Nothing of the sort has taken place; the old Jesuit map of China, compiled two centuries ago, is still our only guide, not only for all the interior, but even for those provinces on the seaboard of which our civilians have been so long located.* Our naval surveyors, Captains Kellett and Collinson, it is true, surveyed the coast between Shanghai and Canton, but when hostilities commenced in 1857, *beyond the points attained by our soldiers and sailors, our belligerents, in* 1842, *there was no local information whatever*, and it was only during the prosecution of recent hostilities that the explorations of the Peiho River to Tientsin, of the Yang-tse to Hankow, and of the West River in Quang-tung province, were either practicable, or have been accomplished. It is a homely simile, but not less true on that account, that China is an oyster, which must and will only open to our good swords and strong wills.

In passing to the consideration of the best means by which this may be effected, we deprecate any idea, in the first place, of it being supposed that, because there are fourteen out of the eighteen provinces of China with which we have no relations, we deem it possible they should all be at once *exploité*; or, secondly, that we desire to dictate precisely to our military or naval authorities what their course of action should be.

* We believe that this curious and antiquated piece of topography has just been reproduced for the use of our naval and military authorities in China by the topographical department of the War Office. Of course, in the absence of any better, our officials could not do otherwise.

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With respect to the first point, we merely wish to show the resources of the untouched portions of that vast Empire; to point out those places or provinces immediately accessible to us; and whence, in good time, farther progress may eventually be made. We are no believers in finality; we leave that faith to the gentlemen of the Foreign Office. We hold the Treaty of Tientsin to be a very good one, but God forbid that we should say that a better one for British interests may not be required within the next fifteen or twenty years. What a blessing fifteen years of perfect peace with China will be, reader!—prithee do not smile and under-estimate its value; if thou dost, read and ponder over the history of our last fourteen years' intercourse with that country, and you will then assuredly say with us, if that is Peace, in the name of all that is merciful, let us have war for twelve-months, provided it inaugurate a healthier condition of our commercial and political relations!

Let us therefore turn to our map of China, and see how, and where, access is to be attained. In the first place, if the finger be run up the sea-coast, which is about two thousand miles in extent from the Gulf of Tonquin to the head of that of Leo-tong, it will be found that we have as yet only had access or trade with exactly one-half of that extent of coast—viz. the provinces of Quang-tung, Fokien, and Chekiang, and a portion of Kiang-soo, leaving two-thirds of Kiang-soo, all Shan-tung, Pechelee, and Shing-king, totally without a seaport open to our traders or our ships; and it is therefore apparent that, in sending our sailors to explore those provinces, we shall not interfere in any way with the portion of the sea-coast to which our merchant ships now go and come. The next consideration is, are those provinces likely to yield a profitable trade, and in what way will they affect our future relations with the Empire of China? Happily, although we possess no perfect chart of the regions in question, it so happens that the information brought by our two embassies to the capital, and the very imperfect explorations of 1858, compared with Chinese statistical and geographical information collected by our Sinologues, leave but little doubt upon this point. We find, that whereas the combined population of the three sea-coast provinces we are trading with, represents the total figure of sixty millions, that of the untouched provinces of the northern sea-coast equals fifty-nine millions,* without taking into consideration any portion of the thirty-eight million souls who dwell in Kiang-soo, the rich delta, so to speak, of the Yang-tse and Huang-Ho. Furthermore; if we consider our open ports in Southern China the gateways by which the streams of civilisation and commerce are to permeate through the provinces immediately contiguous and bordering upon them: it will be found that, whereas that region, south of the great rivers which cut China in twain, contains one hundred and thirty-six millions of Chinese, the northern half of the Empire boasts of two hundred and twenty-six millions; and knowing, as we do, that every Chinaman is equally industrious, what a vision of our future trade does it conjure up, when we know there is such a field lying fallow to the trader and manufacturer of England. There is one essential difference, too, between Northern and Southern China, which must ever be borne in mind; the south is the producing, almost tropical region, whose exports must ever be in excess of imports, for the soil teems with vegetable products, and the climate is so genial that the Chinaman's wants are few. In the north, on the contrary, we have over half of its area the climate and products of the temperate zone, and much of it will be found an importing rather than an exporting country, the wealth of the provinces in metals, wools, oil, seed, timber, wheat, and pulse, enabling them to pay handsomely for the luxuries and necessaries they will soon learn to pur-

* See Chinese Census for 1812.

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chase from England. Man must not only labour there, and does so with all the innate love of industry which marks the race; but he cannot, after having won competence, gamble it away in naked independence, under the open sky, as they do in the south of China—the climate is far too severe for that. In all the densely inhabited provinces of Northern China, people must be housed, clothed, and comfortably fed, or they perish in the winter. Commerce—the interchange of what they have for what they have not—is as much a necessity with the inhabitants of Pechelee and Shan-tung, as it is a taste or habit with those of Quang-tung. One of the most wealthy and influential native commercial guilds with which our people have come in contact in China has relations with this northern region, and is known as the "Shan-tung Guild, or Hong." Their wealth and importance are thoroughly recognised, and, apart from the major portion of the coasting trade of Northern China being in their hands, their vessels or junks are found at Singapore, Batavia, and Siam. This guild was one of the first to memorialise against the concessions connected with the trade in the north made to the English at Tientsin—a trade in which there was every reason to believe the Shantung Hong transactions and profits to be enormous—and there is no doubt that not only do they, but other monopolists at Shanghai, dread our invasion of the nest-egg, which evidently exists in supplying the bare wants of the populations round the Gulf of Pechelee. That the necessity for trade there is great, and that the Chinaman of the north will make any effort rather than forego it, we have a very remarkable example in the recent history of the grain trade to the capital. For centuries all that grain had been transported by a particular route, that of the Great Canal, in frail river vessels, for which landsmen rather than seamen were necessary. Suddenly, when the exigency occurred, that trade was turned into another remote, dangerous, and difficult channel; but they mastered all obstacles, and showed themselves anything but anti-progressive when compelled to be so.

However, before we enter upon the nature and extent of that grain trade, which is of a purely import character, let us point to the recognised products of Shan-tung, Pechelee, and Shing-king provinces, as a means to pay for their wants.

Shan-tung has several harbours, and produces wheat, maize, millet, enough for its own consumption, and occasionally for export. Coal, timber, and iron abound. Cattle, and animals such as the horse, donkey, and mule, are more plentiful than in the south, and it is famous for the abundance and excellence of its vegetables and fruits, which resemble those of Europe. Shan-tung monopolises all the Corean trade, and it will be from Shan-tung that the European will have to lay siege to the exclusive system prevailing in that Empire over fifteen millions of people, dwelling in a remarkably fine country. Of the resources of Pechelee we know less than its wants. From what our embassies and our sailors have seen of it, the major portion appears to be a grazing steppe country, intersected with a few rivers, and abounding in vast salines, from which the Government extracts a great deal of salt, and which it retails as a monopoly and important source of revenue. Sheep, and consequently wool, must be abundant; but its principal wealth consists in coals, minerals, and clay for porcelain. Nitre is so plentiful here that saltpetre would in all probability form, under our auspices, an important article of commerce. But beyond Pechelee lies the extensive province of Shansi. This, the ancient seat of the Chinese race, is an important and desirable region for us to obtain access to. Fourteen millions of people dwell there in a rich but mountainous region, where the climate compels them to clothe themselves warmly, and whither they find it worth while to drag and carry the woollen manufactures of Moscow across Siberia and Mongolia,—a terrible land journey of many thousand miles!—whilst we at Tientsin can put them down the good broadcloth of

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Leeds at a much lower figure, and only give them a transit of 120 miles to their homes. The native writers speak highly of the resources of Shansi, and upon their authority we are told in the *Chinese Repository* that "it exhibits great diversity in its animal, vegetable, and mineral products, and the principal source of wealth of the inhabitants lies in its mines of coal, iron, cinnabar, copper, marble, lapis-lazuli, salt, and precious stones, as well as metals. This province forms, as it were, the eastern slopes of the high table-lands of Central Asia, where they sink into the plains of Pechelee; and, as I have already pointed out, our most direct route to it for the present, to insure as short a land-carriage as possible, is directly across the province of Pechelee; the river Peiho and other streams facilitating our transit very considerably. We now come to Shing-king, at the head of the Gulf of Pechelee. This province, although at the first glance it may not appear so, is, we feel assured, likely before very long to take an important position, commercially and politically speaking, in Eastern Asia. It is the outlet of all Manchouria: its seaport, Neu-chang, lies now only 600 miles from the Russian frontier, and that frontier will probably, before next Christmas, be even nearer to the waters of the Yellow Sea. Manchouria, though said to be thinly populated, is a great pastoral region, producing vast quantities of that precious golden fleece which we find it worth while to coax to our marts down the passes of the Himalaya and Hindoo-koosh, and to carry in our ships from Australia or Peru. The province of Shing-king is said to have a severe climate, but it produces and exports, as the shores of the Baltic do in spite of sharp winters, vast quantities of cereals, pulse, and oil-seeds. Russian Siberia, that will before long—possibly in our day—play an important part in the history of the Asiatic continent, is only accessible to us through the seaport of Neu-chang, and thence by Moukden and Kirin to that grand curve in the Amour river whither General Mouravieff and his able coadjutor, Admiral Count Poutiatine, cleverly carried forward their boundary-line in 1858.

Lofty and inhospitable mountain-ranges bar out Manchouria from the Sea of Japan, and northward of that no Europeans are likely to go for commercial purposes in our merchant ships. What Kurrachee is with respect to Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and Bokhara, the port of Neu-chang will one day be to the great region of Manchouria and Eastern Tartary. It reflects great credit upon Lord Elgin that he should have looked so much to the future in obtaining this important place as one of the future seaports open to European commerce; and we trust that he will secure to us there, as *we possess elsewhere in China*, the privilege of carrying the produce of the country to and from its own ports in British vessels—an application of free-trade principles in coasting-trade, which has proved already most beneficial to the English shipowners in China, and to which we cordially call the attention of our American cousins; for, strange to say, the Emperor and Court of Pekin have outstripped the President and Senate of Washington in enlightenment upon the navigation laws.

Such are the commercial prospects involved in the region immediately accessible to us, and along the shores of which our gallant sailors are at this moment assembling to do what Napoleon III. explained in a very few words, but which neither Lord John Russell nor Lord Elgin are able to thoroughly indorse in England. We must, however, first crave a few minutes' attention to the grain trade with Pekin and Pechelee province, because much misapprehension exists in England as to its present extent or importance, as well as of the mode in which it passes in to the northward. It was by cutting off this much-needed supply of food, as well as by a series of military operations carried on over the space of twelve months, that Admiral Sir William Parker and General Sir Hugh Gough succeeded in placing our Plenipotentiary, in 1842, in a position to dictate the Treaty of Nankin; and although an exact repetition of their advance to that southern

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capital would be totally inefficacious in 1860, still the general spirit of their strategy might very safely be followed.

The history and statistics of the grain trade with Southern China, though it be almost what we should term a Government monopoly, gives us, apart from its commercial bearings, a great insight into the condition of the population of Pechelee, and of the position of dependence of the Court upon a supply which energy upon our part will enable us to intercept. Thanks to the labours and researches of that learned Chinese scholar, Thomas Wade, Esq.,* Secretary to the British Legation, we are enabled to place before the English public a mass of information upon the grain trade of Northern China, the magnitude of which promises well for our Indian possessions, especially those of Tenasserin and Bengal. We can thence send from our superabundant harvests any quantity of food to the inhabitants of Shan-tung and Pechelee, and place the tonnage of shipping employed in that import trade at the disposal of our English merchants in China, for their Chinese exports of tea and silk.

It appears, according to the statistics of the Pekin Board of Revenue, as well as various official documents which have appeared in Pekin Gazettes dating as late as 1856, that the quantity of rice necessary for annual consumption in the capital amounted to the enormous sum of 430,000 tons; and this agrees with a statistical report for 1831, in which the rule is pointed out that there should always be in store, in Pekin, 354,000 tons of rice, and at Tung-chow, a city upon the banks of the Peiho River, and only twelve miles distant, another reserve of 80,000 tons.

The whole of this vast quantity of food is the proceeds of the land-tax, or tribute to the Crown, as owner of the soil. In five of the provinces, the tithe is commuted, producing an annual sum of 246,570 ounces of silver; the rest of China supplies grain and pulse in the following proportions:—Common rice, 210,000 tons; fine rice for the Court, 44,000 tons; wheat, 4000 tons; pulse, 17,000 tons. All the wheat and pulse is grown in Shan-tung, the adjacent province of Honan, and in that Manchouria of which people have hitherto had so ill an opinion. The annual collection of grain commences in the first week of November, and within two months,—that is, early in January,—all grain so collected had to be shipped off to the Grand Canal, by means of the rivers or streams which led towards it. This canal was the artery by which the capital was fed, and great system was necessary to prevent confusion amongst the vast number of vessels employed. A high officer used to superintend this transport duty, having under him no less than 64,000 men, embarked in 6318 junks, divided into 123 squadrons.

He dwelt at an important city called Hwai-gan-foo, on the south bank of the Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, just at the intersection of the Grand Canal, and thence he annually despatched the grain northward in three fleets; the first fleet commencing the ascent of the canal from the Yellow River to Tientsin in January and February, the second fleet in March, the third in April. Each fleet occupied about twelve weeks, or rather that was the time

* This gentleman's valuable and unrequited services to his country are a sad commentary upon the encouragements given by Government to persons of education who will devote their abilities to acquiring a language so difficult to thoroughly master as that of China. Originally an officer in the gallant corps commanded in China by Lord Clyde, then Colonel Colin Campbell, Mr Wade turned a close attention to the Chinese language and literature; he then entered our Consular service, and has ever since been labouring in the higher branches of an interpreter's duties. Deeply read in all the writings of China, a thorough master of the Pekinese dialect, such a man would, in France or Russia, be decorated, and held up for all men to admire. Without such as him, Ambassadors, Generals, and Admirals are perfectly helpless; yet we, who have at last learnt to appreciate energetic commissaries, good doctors, and conscientious chaplains, can find nothing to reward or decorate the ablest Chinese scholar of our day! No! we shall simply work him to death; or, if he lives, give him a Civil Service superannuation!

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given by the regulations of the service for the voyage from the Yellow River to Tientsin on the Peiho River. At Tientsin the grain was put into barges, and carried to Tung-chow, and thence conveyed in carts to the granaries of Pekin. Such was the mode in which the capital was supplied when the British fleet, in 1842, ascended the Yang-tse-Kiang, and intercepted the Grand Canal where it connects that stream with the Yellow River. The alarm occasioned by the threatened stoppage of the supplies of grain from the provinces of Southern China, doubtless did much to bring the capital and Court to its senses. But inasmuch as famine had been no novelty at Pekin prior to that year 1842, we believe that the terror inspired by the success of our military operations at Shanghai, Woosung, and Chin-kiang-foo, conduced still more to bring about the supplication for peace which followed the arrival of our forces off Nankin. In 1850, the *Pekin Gazette* contained a memorial from one of the senior Court Censors, named Wang-tung-hwai, calling attention, amongst other things, to the necessity of looking to the supplies then in the grain magazines of the capital, and he urged the Emperor to see that extraordinary efforts were made to hasten in from the adjacent provinces about 170,725 tons of grain said to be available, otherwise, the Censor remarks, there will only be "enough grain (in 1851) to last some months." It is to be hoped that this was done, for in 1851 a terrible calamity occurred. The Yellow River, a constant source of anxiety to the authorities charged with the preservation of its embankments, burst out violently in a northerly direction over the works constructed for the maintenance of the Grand Canal, and injured one of the most important reservoirs, a sort of artificial lake, which supplied the water for the canal at the higher levels in Shan-tung province; and consequently, when the last grain-fleets in 1852 tried to reach Tientsin, they utterly failed, and the grain had to be transported overland from the borders of Shan-tung. The distress in the north became very great; and in 1853, acted upon by the impracticable condition of the canal, and the fear of the rebellion then rapidly spreading, another Censor urged the *transport of grain by sea*. It is worthy of notice that he likewise accepts the quantity required as about 430,000 tons of grain: and in that autumn 333 junks, laden with grain, reached the Gulf of Pechelee in safety. This was the recommencement of the sea-trade in grain, which China had abandoned many centuries before, in consequence, it is said, of the risks and uncertainties attendant upon its transport, arising from the prevalence of piracy, and from the boisterous weather of the Yellow Sea and Gulf of Pechelee. In 1854, the sea-borne grain trade saved the Emperor and Court from capitulating to the Taeping hordes, who, having swept down the Yang-tse River from the Poyang Lake to Nankin, and established themselves in that city, had boldly advanced northward by the direct route which the now neglected and damaged Grand Canal afforded. The loyal authorities of Southern China, especially from the province of Che-kiang, despatched 100,000 tons of rice by sea to Tientsin; and whilst the Manchoo forces under Prince Sing-o-losin beat back the Taepings, all that grain was carried in 3892 river junks to Tung-chow, between the dates of June 7th and August 3d; —a remarkable proof of the river transport available to our forces in that same neighbourhood, to which we call the attention of our military and naval authorities; and we trust it will relieve the minds of those alarmists who fancy there are insuperable difficulties in the transport of the *materiel* of our forces towards Pekin—Tung-chow being but twelve miles from the capital.

In May 1856, says our informant, the Governor of Che-kiang, in a somewhat self-complacent memorial, reported the shipment from his province of about 60,000 tons of grain in 721 junks; and mentioned that it is four years since the sea-transport of rice was commenced, and that it is yearly increasing. We learn likewise, that by July 5th, 1200 junks had discharged 100,000 tons of grain at Tientsin and returned south, and that 6000 tons were still at sea, and

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due there. In this year, the Taepings having withdrawn to their stronghold of Nankin, the canal was again surveyed, but reported to have sustained irreparable injury between Shan-tung and the Yellow River. Whether it was that the rice crops generally failed in the south, or that the authorities there did not sufficiently exert themselves to victual the capital during this summer, is uncertain, but famine raged in Pekin that winter—a conclusive proof that the 100,000 tons delivered from Che-kiang, as well as what came from Manchouria and Shan-tung, was insufficient for the wants of the capital. In 1857 the authorities appear to have determined to abandon the Grand Canal route for the Imperial grain fleet. The Board of Revenue proposed to dispose of the canal junks, and some of the more remote and western provinces of the Empire were called upon to pay their land-tax in coin instead of grain. In 1858, when our forces threw themselves into the Peiho, and occupied Tientsin, the river was found to be positively crammed with grain junks from all parts of the sea-coast of the Empire; and the number of those peculiar to the adjacent seaboard of Manchouria went far to support a report published in the *Gazette* for 1857, that as much as 3000 tons of grain had been paid that year as tribute or tax from Shing-king.

During the allied occupation of Tientsin, the price of rice there in the shops was about twice what it was at Shanghai; and knowing that our merchants had found it worth while to import into Shanghai in 1857 no less than 54,000 tons at Shanghai prices, we can easily fancy how much more satisfactory it would be to them to have the supplying of all the hungry mouths of the province of Pechelee. The Chinese authorities are, however, fully alive to the inconvenience of leaving their supplies of food at the mercy of a foreigner, and he the dreaded outside barbarian — and knowing what a narrow escape they had of the whole grain fleet of 1858 being intercepted, it is by no means unlikely that they will make, or have made, great efforts *to again convey a portion of the grain to Pekin by way of the canal.* Our attention has been more directly called to this point, in consequence of private letters from Shanghai, informing us that the Imperial authorities at the city of Chin-kiang-foo, (which commands the mouth of the Grand Canal), are busy erecting batteries on Silver Island in the Yang-tse River, as if to prevent our approach to the canal. There can be no difficulty in repairing all the southern portion of the canal—that is, from Hwang-chow-foo up to the Yellow River—and possibly, aided by as good engineers as those who taught them to construct the Taku forts of 1859, the Chinese, if they cannot render the northern half of their great internal artery perfectly navigable, may so reduce the impediments as to necessitate but a very short land-transport, and thus place the canal in a condition to become a very important auxiliary in furnishing the capital, if we should simply attempt a coast blockade, with the hope of starving the Court into its senses.

Such is the history of this grain trade; and we do not think we have magnified its importance, when it is remembered that a series of able military operations, which shall re-establish our military prestige, and at the same time insure a perfect stoppage of the supplies, must starve a capital of some two million souls into subjection, that the value of that grain represents in coin a sum which will defray us for the war; and lastly, that any exercise of diplomacy or commercial acumen which shall give Europeans the power of sharing directly in this trade, will not only be a great benefit to our shipowners and merchants, but also place in our hands the bridle with which to check in future the pugnacity or impertinence of the Emperor and Court.

We will now pass to the probable course of military operations in China, our main object being, we presume, to bring the Court to its senses as rapidly as possible, to open up the unknown region called Northern China—to explore it, in fact—and at the same time to secure such an indemnity as will lighten, if not entirely relieve us from the expenses of a great military expedition.

In the first place, we cannot now, it is very certain, withdraw the gar-

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rison from Canton. Three or four thousand soldiers and half-a-dozen vessels will have to hold it, and keep the communications open with Hong-kong: for this service a portion of the native troops we are sending from India will be probably employed, replacing the melancholy remnant* of the two battalions of marines, and one wing of H.M. Royal Regiment, which disease may have spared by the coming summer. Hong-Kong with its 80,000 Chinese inhabitants and 170 English ones, with its naval dock-yard, factory, commissariat stores, and millions of British property, will require at least another thousand men, and a large man-of-war with a couple of gun-boats. Swatow and Amoy will each call for a man-of-war to protect our merchants, and Foo-chow, as well as Ningpo, will need similar support, simply to prevent the mandarins at the instigation of their Government issuing edicts which may alarm the traders, native or foreign. Shanghai, which in commercial importance ranks equal to Canton, will require the constant presence of a large vessel capable of landing a respectable force, should the safety of the foreign property in the warehouses be threatened. In short, in simple precautionary measures, purely defensive, five thousand bayonets and twelve vessels of war will be required at the five ports and Hong-Kong. This force would doubtless maintain the peace, but with a Chinaman, as with all Asiatics, the worse strategy is to be on the defensive: he immediately fancies you are afraid of him, and every petty mandarin seeks to secure imperial favour and honours by harassing and insulting the foreigner, alarming the merchants, and carrying on a series of petty hostilities. Of course he could not do this without funds, but unfortunately we are actually supplying them with the means of thus annoying us, in the payment of the fiscal dues upon our exports and imports, a portion of which every Prefect at the open ports can apply to an exhibition of local patriotism, whilst he remits the major portion to the capital, for the extirpation of the barbarian, who has thus been good enough to supply powder and shot for his own slaughter! Now, in order to check these official patriots, we would simply suggest, that at each seaport the Li, or reasoning faculty of the head authority, be appealed to, and that they be informed that, although we will rigidly pay all lawful custom-dues into the custom-houses, the sum accruing must be placed in the hands of joint trustees, to await the decision of the Imperial and Allied authorities at the conclusion of peace. When Shanghai was in the hands of the rebels some few years since, and it seemed doubtful whether we should shortly have to pay custom-dues to the present dynasty or to the new one represented by the Taeping worthy, who sacriligeously claimed relationship with the Christian Trinity, the custom-dues were temporarily sequestrated, though trade went on; and the Chinese allowed that such a course was conformable to the "divine principles of reason." We have little doubt that a notice, firm but civil, to the like effect, would not create much dissatisfaction at the five ports, although the Emperor Hien-fung and general Sung-o-losin might curl their mustaches with ire, and urge a speedy slaughter of the red-haired ones under Admiral Hope and Sir H. Grant. This measure, apart from crippling those sinews of war, which in China, as in Europe, are essential for a war-policy, would give us within a twelvemonth no very despicable sum of dollars, which might be claimed for indemnity. For instance, the returns to the Chinese treasury from the custom-dues of Shanghai alone, where the new system of collecting is thoroughly established, equal nearly a million pounds sterling; that of Canton ought to be about as much more, and the rest of the other ports should yield another million: in fact, there is little doubt that about two millions sterling could thus be available within the coming year. No very alarming sum either in the shape of a tax,

* We observe that more than one entire battalion of the marine forces has disappeared from the muster-roll of the forces in Canton, owing, we are told, to the sickness and death incident to two years' service in that city.

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if we remember that the foreign trade alone of Shanghai is represented by the enormous figure of 26 millions sterling, and that the aggregate foreign trade to the coasts of the three accessible provinces cannot be represented by a less sum than 75 millions sterling. Furthermore, we would suggest that proclamations be made along the coast from Hainan Island to the Yang-tse-kiang; that in the event of any town or district moving on behalf of the capital by extraordinary contributions of money or munitions of war, it should be visited with hostilities, visiting it with warlike consequences, a heavy tax or ransom would be levied, and that its native trade in junks should have immediately inflicted upon it a war-tax of 10 per cent *ad valorem*. This measure was adopted in 1841-42, when the native monopolists of Che-kiang province contributed towards expelling us from Ningpo and Chusan, and the result was most beneficial to the English military-chests, and salutary in its effect upon the gentry, who perhaps did not regret a measure which justified them in the eyes of their own authorities for lukewarmness in patriotism. Any one who has visited the coasts, or read of the vast coasting-trade of China, can fancy what a tax levied upon it would produce; and although it is to be hoped the acts of the seaboard population in Quang-tung, Fokien, and Che-kiang may not render such a measure necessary, still we know of no better preventive for any hostility upon their part, than a knowledge that it would result in a pecuniary mulct. Having thus secured the interruption of one of the most valuable feeders of the Imperial treasury, provided a means of indemnification which will not press upon those inhabitants of China who are innocent of this war, and suspended a rod over the heads of the authorities in China, we will suppose the allied fleet, with the army, said to be nearly 20,000 strong (after providing for the garrison of Canton and Hong-Kong), assembled by the coming month of May off the Rugged Islands —a congery of rocky islets which form the northern portion of that group called the Chusan Islands.

Fresh water and fish they will there find in abundance, as our fleet did under Sir William Parker in 1841; and from Shanghai the active Chinese victuallers will furnish the bold Chasseurs de Vincennes and Messieurs of the Infanterie-de-la-Marine with salads redolent of anything but incense, and our coarser countrymen with fiery shamshu, which shall tittilate their brains and destroy their stomachs. The weather will be getting unpleasantly hot, and all will naturally be anxious to push on northward for Shang-tung, where, though the days be hot, and the July winds loaded with the sand and soil of the plains of Pechelee and of the desert beyond, the nights, nevertheless, are cool and refreshing. To the ports of Shan-tung the commissaries will have doubtless preceded the fleets, and thence will be directed all the supplies which, we hear, the foresight of the naval Commander-in-Chief has already sought from the Eastern Archipelago, from Australia, Java, and the East Indies. Everybody will long to be in and doing in the north; and we can sympathise for those whose fate it will be to remain chained up at the five ports as watch-dogs for English interests; and we can feel for those who will have to look to the important but inglorious details of furnishing all the supplies, and forwarding them safely in the wake of the impatient host who are going to open Northern China. We can fancy the frantic efforts that Chinese diplomacy will then make to detain the force in the south; nothing that chicanery and Eastern duplicity are capable of will fail to be exercised; and it is then that we trust the firmness of our Ambassador will shine forth, and that he will say, We want the Treaty of Tientsin ratified and carried out in its original integrity—indemnity for our expenses: it must be your punishment for treachery and insult—and guarantees against a re-occurrence. This, nothing but this, when I appear at the mouth of the Peiho—or the allied armies will act at the discretion of their chiefs, until, without comment or discussion, you say you are ready to accede to those terms.

If in terms equally simple the alter-

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native be placed before the Chinaman, and, in terms equally untrammelled, our naval and military commanders-in-chief be told what they have to do,* much of the difficulty attendant upon the harmonious working of an allied force will be surmounted; and, what is still more essential, they will work energetically to a known point, the plenipotentiary reserving to himself the right, as well as responsibility of crying halt! when the Emperor by duly accredited agents declares he will comply with the terms—and to say retire! when every stipulation that comes immediately into force has been faithfully carried out. But, in the name of all past experience, do not let us have a serio-comic expedition—flags of truce—fights and diplomatic conferences alternating; they lead but to dilatory proceedings—waste of life (for more, far more, die by the climate than by the sword in Chinese wars)—disgust of the executive, discontent and recrimination amongst soldiers and sailors; and if a treaty is made under such circumstances, it is simply an infernal machine which explodes when least expected. The history of our Chinese war from 1839 to 1841 ought to be studied by those who advocate such a repetition of a solemn farce—destructive only to those gallant battalions of the Cameronians, Royal Irish, and 55th Regiments, who lie in the pestilential rice-swamps of Chusan, or the sailors who found their resting-place in the muddy waters of Southern China. We will not consider such proceedings possible, but take it for granted that a course of energetic action has been decided on before so many gallant men were sent to China, and so much treasure has been spent; and let us hope that the splendid fleets and armies of England and France, assembling off the entrance of the Yang-tse River, are but the crusaders of European and Christian civilisation, about to execute the behests of that Providence who, by a series of events unsought by us, has already often called the armed Englishman to pave the way for a better condition of things amongst the benighted millions of the wonderful East. The south-west, or summer monsoon, will by the end of May be blowing fresh along all the shores of China; the difficulty will be, not to get to the Gulf of Pechelee, but, on the contrary, when there, to get back to the south until the north-east monsoon sets in. The admirals will therefore have, in advancing, to see there is nothing left undone behind them; and we cannot help thinking that a force of small active vessels, with an expeditionary corps, will have to be formed for the purpose of ascending the Yang-tse-kiang, and operating upon that great artery. Its duties, rather than constituent parts, we will point to. Such a flying force may have to fight at Silver Island, if it is true that that, the only defensible point in the whole river between the Poyang Lake and Shanghai, is now being fortified; but having mastered that difficulty, the southern entrance of the Grand Canal will be in our hands, and the communications and supplies from the rich province of Che-kiang, as well as Fokien, be intercepted. From Nankin to Ngan-kin they will pass through a rich valley devastated by the Taeping hordes, who are not likely to interfere with our forces, seeing that Capt. Chas. Barker, of H.M.S. Retribution, punished them effectually very recently for firing upon our flag, and a solitary gunboat has subsequently cruised amongst them scathless. Between Ngan-kin and the Poyang Lake there are no points likely to be fortified, and at that lake our vessels would intercept the great north and south, or meridian road from Pekin to Canton. They would be able to explore that great lake, collect information of the

* The instructions from England under which our Admiral and General acted in 1842 were, that the executive were alone to decide on and carry out hostile operations in China, without reference to the plenipotentiary, whose responsibility and interference was not to have effect until such an impression had been made as would secure a successful negotiation of the terms laid down. As negotiations can no longer be necessary for a treaty ratified by our Sovereign and country, and approved of by the Emperor of China, the stand-point for hostilities may now be made explicit, and the action of the executive still better defined.

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cities and places of trade situated upon its shores. They would let our bumptious Cantonese friends know that there was a way by which our corvettes and gunboats could cut off all that great inland traffic of which they have hitherto had such a monopoly; and lastly, this force would explore for the merchant and missionary the three great provinces, otherwise quite inaccessible, of Kiangsi, Ngan-whuy, and Hupeh. We would not have this squadron to act otherwise than as an armed reconnoissance, except in the interruption of all trade up the Grand Canal. At the same time, the officers commanding should be instructed not to mislead the people with an idea that we were not at war with their Emperor, and to show them that by fine, ransom, or direct hostilities, they were prepared to put down anything like support of his war-policy. With the Taepings we should be simply neutral. The most advanced point to which this force would reach would only be four hundred and fifty miles up the river. H.M.S. Furious and Cruiser descended that distance, with the river very low, in a week, and if peace be suddenly obtained, and our commanders-in-chief desire to recall a force so detached, the overland runners from Shanghai would reach them in considerably less time. Supplies could be sent them up the stream from Shanghai, and of fresh meat, fresh vegetables, and fresh water they would find no lack in the country they would traverse. This force would act likewise very beneficially, if the resistance in the north was greater than is generally anticipated, and enable active operations to be pushed in one direction, whilst the severity of a Pekin winter will, in all probability, confine soldiers and sailors to their quarters. Fever and ague will, however, be the greatest enemy and difficulty of a force so detached—sickness rather than mortality being sadly rife in the autumn on the Yang-tse. Directly the bracing north-east winds set in, this malady disappears if the men have good clothing; and we do not think but that the malady itself may be almost d off by giving the men a gene- tary, varied as much as possible, and not keep them cooped up on board a ship for month after month. With a little fun, variety, and occasional excitement, it is wonderful how healthy our men may be kept in a very deleterious climate; and of course, if the Imperial troops should take it into their heads to pit gingals and bows and arrows against Enfield rifles and Armstrong guns, both Jack the sailor and Joe the marine will infallibly keep in very excellent health. When they suffer, get sick, and perish, is when they are idle, ill-fed, or fretting for change and excitement. The Yang-tse-Kiang and the southern entrance of the canal being provided for, and the force so detached being available for any crisis that may occur in Southern China, the fleet weighs in June, and bears away before a fair wind for the north. They sail for four hundred miles over a veritably Yellow Sea, in soundings constantly, although no land be seen; they are passing over a great continent which the rivers Yang-tse and Hoang are hourly adding to, and which will in time arise, by constant accumulation, to the surface, and form a great projection—another Kiang-soo—towards the Corea and Japan. The lead sinks deep into it—a fine, rich, fat alluvium, intended by Providence to grow fine tea and silk for generations and nations yet to come. The fleet crosses the 35th parallel of north latitude; they sight the swelling hills of Eastern Shan-tung—a block of detached mountainous country, situated in the same parallel of latitude as Caboul and Armenia, and not unlike those regions in the extremes of heat and cold to which it is subject—those extremes modified, however, by Eastern Shan-tung projecting into a sea which washes three-fourths of its sea-coast. This country is the natural base for operations in Northern China; without advancing a mile beyond it, the sea-communication between the capital and the south will be interrupted; and it has ports and we know not of a single one elsewhere throughout all the shores of Pechelee and Kiang-soo. Very little of the coast of Shan-tung is as yet known; but where it has been visited, anchorages have been found to abound and the resources and

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character of the valleys promise very fairly for the support of our fleet and army. A magnificent roadstead exists under a group of islets called the Mea-tou Group, which bar the entrance of the Gulf; and probably upon one of them will be first established—or at any rate near there, on the Tang-chow-foo Promontory—the depôts of stores, the reserves of cattle, horses, and munitions of war, as well as the hospitals of the allied forces. Whilst all departments are here energetically preparing to fulfil their respective vocations when called upon by their chiefs, whilst our naval officers are exploring and surveying every creek and bay of the neighbourhood, and the ultimatum of the Court of Pekin is coming, the months of June and July will have doubtless sped; and we need not regret it;—a heat which paralyses a native, you may thrust hot fresh Europeans into for a day's hard fighting, and take them out again to sea; but leave them to fester under it, in fatigue-parties, heavy marches, or night-duties as sentinels and pickets, and they fall like sheaves of corn before a scythe. In 1858, the thermometers ranged, on board the ships anchored off the Peiho river, from 86° to 62° during June, and from 73° to 98° during July. In the cool and shady Residency of the Embassy at Tien-tsin, the range, when our countrymen gladly left it, was 96° to 71°, and during the last three days it never fell below 80° Fahrenheit. Our soldiers and sailors were not then unhealthy, it is true, but that was because they had nothing to do except to eat, drink, and grow fat, with the perfect conviction that they were victorious Britons, whom the Emperor of China was much beholden to for their forbearance, the nourishment of whom the mandarins of Tientsin were especially honoured in looking to, and that the little China boy, whom the sentry at the Embassy had for the time enslaved to fan the flies away from his jolly-looking Somersetshire visage, was doing no more than he came into the world to do. Of course such *luxe* cannot be enjoyed every day, and the admiral or general will be bitterly disappointed who goes to the Peiho in 1860 expecting that state of things to be all ready awaiting the good pleasure of his men, or that crowds will drag him off a mud-bank, unless he first takes the precaution to thrash Prince Sung-o-losin and his army; and we hardly think Admiral Hope's last reception is likely to mislead him on that point.

We will suppose that the gentry of the Hwashana and Kweiliang stamp, the soothers and betrayers of barbarians, are disposed of, and operations commenced in earnest. The month of August has arrived, the nights are cooler, and the men sleep well and awake refreshed from the heats of the day. There are twelve weeks left for active hostilities, and to secure themselves before winter! The Gulf of Pechelee is said to be unnavigable in winter, and probably freezes over as the Baltic and Sea of Azov do, from the 14th November to the 14th January. If it is decided that Tientsin shall be taken, garrisoned, and held throughout the winter, there will be plenty to do, even if the resistance be but small; and, strategically speaking, its immediate possession is of the utmost importance. With it and the seaboard we must hold the supply of Pekin in our hands, and if anything short of the capture of Pekin can bring the Emperor to his senses, those measures, accompanied by a thorough and effectual defeat of his army, ought to do it. Apart from the fall of Tientsin, and the destruction of the Taku forts, there are many places easily accessible to our forces, where a severe lesson to the capital may be read, and in almost close propinquity to it. Funing-foo, as well as Chang-lai, great walled cities, lie on the shores of the Gulf of Pechelee, northward of the Peiho. The former drives a considerable trade in grain with Shin-king *viâ* Neu-chong, and it will doubtless be necessary to make our presence felt by temporary occupation and ransom of every accessible city along the shore of the Pechelee province before the winter sets in, so as to increase the pressure upon the capital, and divert from it those supplies which it would otherwise insist upon.

Tientsin, once in our hands, is as

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capable of defence against an enemy as it would now be a formidable place to attack if it were garrisoned by Europeans. The Peiho River and the canal so intersect the city and suburbs, that on whichever side you approach it, a huge ditch has to be twice crossed before the entire place can fall into the hands of the victor. A light iron tramroad and locomotive engine would be invaluable in carrying to the city from Taku such supplies during the winter as may not then be in depot there. Of course the Peiho River will be frozen over, and impracticable to our gunboats long before the Gulf is: indeed, there is some reason to doubt whether the lower part of the Gulf—that is, between the Peiho River and the Mea-tou Isles—is ever unnavigable throughout the whole winter for steam vessels such as we shall possess. General report declares the winter of Pechelee to be very severe, although it puzzles us to understand how it is so, when the whole face of the country is covered with a half-naked, half-starving working class of population, and to Shan-tung province we shall in all probability have to confine our movements during the ensuing winter of 1860-61. There is every reason to believe that provisions have been and can be thrown into the capital by some route which leads across this province, from ports on its south-east coast which have yet to be discovered, and soldiers and sailors will have plenty to do, during the cold bracing weather, in exploring a country as large as England, Scotland, and Wales, and, we fancy, not unlike them in physical features and products. Perhaps the secret which the Chinese have as yet so well kept of where the Yellow River is now discharging itself will likewise be unravelled, and some of our gallant little gunboats show the Chinaman that his troublesome stream is a mere pigmy to the giant steam. Facing Shan-tung, the great Corean kingdom, of which the aspect so pleased the missionary Gutzlaff, will tempt our navigators and explorers, and we trust next year to hail some important additions to our knowledge of that little-known part of the globe. Should the spring, the early spring of 1861, still find the Emperor recalcitrant, the war-party in Pekin still obstinate—and, looking to the encouragement both have received in certain quarters at home, such a contingency is far from unlikely—the army will then be in an excellent position to advance upon Pekin, and, taking Tung-chow on their way, encamp in the "Palace of the Earth's Repose" until better sense returns to the "Halls of intense mental exercises," or that of "Heavenly rest." A deliberate steady approach of this character will have its effect, and the Court will come to its senses, and every Chinaman be disabused of his present universal idea, that we are going to make a rush, create a panic, "that Emperor, he go Zehol, you come again down this Cantonne side, allo samee before, and allo man sabe that fashion!" and that if they are only obstinate, and sacrifice a few tens of thousands of poor creatures by hunger and want, we shall gladly give up all that is worth having in our new Treaty, and go back into the old groove, having wasted millions, and lost hundreds of good men, without having broken down, as we before said, the unrighteous walls of monopoly which bar out four hundred millions of men from European civilisation and God's truth. A sketch in a recent work depicts a group of naked half-starved Chinese, and styles them our enemies in China. Never was a greater injustice perpetrated upon a race of creatures: they, those starving, industrious, money-making animals, are not our enemies, nor are we theirs. We can feed them, we can give them employment, homes, and raiment; they throng to our colonies, and everywhere find in us kind and just masters; surely there can be no enmity between us; no, our enemy in China is he who stands between us and these creatures — the burly, obstinate, over-fed mandarin, the Yehs, the Lins, the Sung-o-losins of Chinese bureaucracy, and their supporters, the monopolists of the seaboard trade of China.

Touching the indemnity question, we need not detain our readers; they will observe how easily we can insure,

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by such measures as we pointed out at page 536, a sum which will fully repay England and France all their expenses. The custom revenues of the Empire are by no means a recognised source of Imperial credit;—Kweiliang or Hwashana would scorn, as Yeh or Lin would have done, to acknowledge that they were of the slightest importance to Emperor or Empire; and the most that can be said against the retention of these fiscal dues for a year or so, until our expenses are paid, would be, that we deprived the Emperor of the means whereby he has been mainly enabled to resist what is called rebellion, revolution, or reform, according as our residents, consuls, and missionaries chose to look upon the Taeping movement. We have then the vast sum to be realised by the seizure of all the grain vessels and imperial granaries in Northern China. Even if only one-half of the yearly supply falls into our hands, the value of those 200,000 tons of grain at the prices ruling recently in Pechelee would be equal to 24 million dollars, or 4¾ millions sterling.* Besides this, there is the Government salt revenue. And, lastly, we cannot believe that China is less rich than in 1842, when we remember that since then, seventeen years ago, her merchants and her tea and silk farmers have tripled their sales and profits, absorbed our silver as fast as we can pour it into the country; and apart from an increased trade along their coasts, we find the Chinese trader actually, for the first time in history, trading and competing against us in European-built vessels running to the ports of the Eastern Archipelago, as well as between port and port in their huge Empire. This does not look like national bankruptcy—national poverty. The Chinese are the most under-taxed race we know in the East, but they are badly governed, and worse protected by their Government. The Government can exact when it pleases any amount of coin and supplies, to erect formidable works, cast brass cannon to oppose us, and then plead poverty when we demand indemnity. A fig for their plea. It is that they wish to evade a form of humiliation which goes thoroughly home to the conviction of the most stolid Chinaman, insures publicity, and renders fighting the barbarian an exceedingly unpopular measure.

A word more, and we have done our task. A guarantee against a re-occurrence of hostilities and gross treachery, though difficult to obtain, is essential. We would suggest that, in the first place, the reconstruction of the Taku forts be objected to; that a position be selected as near the Peiho River as possible for the establishment of a European factory or settlement—the consuls exercising within the limits of their respective factories magisterial functions (the Mea-tou Islands would probably afford such a position); no fortifications to be erected by Europeans, except in self-defence against the Chinese; and that it shall be considered a neutral spot in European wars. Its proximity to Pekin would check that Court, if it contemplated any farther duplicity; it would be a place of refuge for our merchants or diplomatists resident in Pechelee; and the cession of such an island or spot to the Allies would have the most marked effect upon the Chinese and Manchous of Northern China—would form a tangible proof of our success, and of the punishment awaiting breaches of treaty-engagements.

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* The market price of rice in Tientsin was 6 dollars a cwt., and in that and the two previous years it had ranged during the winter from 10 to 12 dollars a cwt. in Pekin.

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MUNICH, AND ITS SCHOOL OF CHRISTIAN ART.

It has been said that though Regent Street may possibly be the finest thoroughfare in Europe, it will unfortunately neither bear weather nor criticism. And so Munich, though it were the grandest of capitals, assuredly suffers from the worst of climates, and can lay but little claim to the purest of tastes. As for weather, in summer it is burnt, and in winter frozen; and for art, we always seem to taste the smack of the Baierischer beer even in the glass of Lachryma Christi. In winter, some of our readers, like ourselves, may have made entrance into this mistaken and misplaced capital in carriage mounted on sledge instead of wheels—may have walked for days in frozen or slushy snow, meeting the unhoused statue shivering in icicles—the outdoor fresco as a Boccaccio garden in an Arctic field—loggia stolen from Florence—triumphal arches in exile from Rome—the statue with chattering teeth asking for the loan of a great-coat—and the fresco, the arch, and the loggia, demanding passport that one and all may be off to Italy, where no northern blast shall buffet the fair face of beauty, and no German guttural mar the harmony of existence. In winter we had prayed for sun, but again summer is come, and in vain we seek for shade. We had just left the shadowy Nuremburg of pointed gable, sheltering roof, and narrow, quaint, old streets, leading hither and thither, up hill and down, now coming upon Gothic fountain in market-place, or stealing along among solemn memories of Adam Craft the sculptor, Haus Sachs the poet, Albert Durer the friend of Luther, till perchance is seen some tottering feudal tower, or city-gate is reached leading by the carved stations of the agony to the crowded "God's Acre," where the greatness of Nuremburg lies buried. We had passed, we say, some days in this dear old town, turning the thoughts backward upon Gothic architecture—the Niebelungen Lied—hard-fought liberties of ancient cities—and rights bravely won for German Protestantism. A ride of a few hours brings us to the modern Munich denuded of mediæval association, wholly destitute of pedigree from the classic—a pretended Athens without her groves or acropolis—a Rome without her seven hills, without even genial shelter for any one of the muses nine or the graces three. All this is true, yet we are willing to confess not the whole truth, otherwise we should not trouble our readers with a paper upon "Munich and the Christian Arts." Munich, after all, is one of the wonders of modern Europe; we have ourselves thought it worth our while again and again to visit this great show-capital, and we now propose to pass in brief review some of its most important works, often of ambitious pretence and of jarring incongruity, but not unfrequently profound in study and elevated in thought.

In Munich everything has been attempted—street-architecture, sculpture, and bronze-casting; painting in its highest walks—on canvass for cabinets, on walls for museums and palaces, on glass for churches, even on porcelain for domestic use and decoration. From prince to peasant, every one in this capital is presumed to lead an art-existence of refined culture and enjoyment: in his daily walk he is in the very midst of triumphal arches, porticoes, and statues. Museums, rich in choicest works, are freely open to his gaze. Churches ornate in decoration, solemnised by sacred art, make religion herself a luxury, and give to worship the thrill of æsthetic emotion. As an enthusiastic stranger, we at once naturally think that a broad way is opened leading to highest heaven. Yet soon we find that the Church abuts upon the Foundling Hospital; Apollo, in the open street, walks arm-in-arm with Silenus; the vestals keep company with satyrs; and here in Munich, the feast of the gods is held in a beer-cellar.

But let us give to the reader a short summary of Munich and her

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works. Firstly, let us mention the four churches: All-Saints of the royal palace, regal and saintly by its rich yet solemn decoration, a full-voiced chorus of colour—a painted hierarchy enshrined in precious and gem-like marbles. Then, entering the grand Ludwig Strasse by the Hall of the Marshals, and passing by the Royal Library, one of the best of these modern adaptations, we come to the church of St Ludwig, the patron saint of ex-King Lewis, himself in turn the great patron and father of Munich art. This church glories in a façade of weak painstaking mediocrity. But it may with more reason pride itself on "The Last Judgment" and other works, by Cornelius, of whom we shall hereafter speak. A walk of perhaps a quarter of an hour brings us to the Basilica of St Boniface, a successful imitation of the venerable Basilicas in Rome, Sta Maria Maggiore, with others scarcely less sacred in the traveller's memory,—successful, moreover, in the careful and refined frescoes by Hess, the German Carlo Dolci, for softness and sentiment. Lastly, at some distance, lies, in a rather plebeian suburb, the Gothic Church of Sta Maria Hilf, here worthy of notice chiefly from its painted windows, veritable pictures painted on glass, the best examples we know of the Munich school of glass-painting, an art which deliberately shuns all that is severe, architectural, or geometric, making a church window a suspended transparency, a picture all softness and beauty, through which heaven shines with radiant light. To such treatment grave objections may doubtless be urged; but we confess that we are never very willing to listen to that criticism which sternly forbids a proffered enjoyment, or condemns by harsh rule any work which wins its way by beauty. Truly, there is no art more noble or divine than the painting of cathedral windows. In Rouen, in La Sainte Chapelle, and before the grand lancets of Milan Cathedral, how often have we stood with rapture, as rainbow glories streamed with colours verily dipped in heaven, softly modulated anthems of solemn tones, swelling in the noonday splendour, or fading in vesper twilight. Often in such hours have we thanked God for the ministry of art in the sanctuary of religion. And now, under a deep feeling of the responsibility devolving on all labourers in the house of God, no less upon the artist than on him who preaches or prays, would we raise our voice in indignation against windows which, as very blasphemy towards all that is beautiful and holy, have of late years been put up in some of our English churches. The present custom of enriching our cathedrals with memorial glass, we need scarcely say, claims our warmest sympathy. But many a work has of late been put into sacred places which, as bad doctrine or vulgar sound, can only pervert and mislead the public mind and taste. We know there is a prejudice in this country against German painted windows. We do not wish that the English school should adopt, at any rate, German faults. But this we do say, that our English art will do well to profit by the attempts, and even by the failures, which have been made in neighbouring countries. With this end we write; with this object men in this country, interested in the promised development of our English school, have gone to Munich, Berlin, or Dusseldorf, to see for themselves those great architectural, pictorial, and decorative works of which the Germans are so justly proud.

But let us resume our promised summary of Munich art. If the four churches already mentioned stand first in importance, the three museums—the Old Pinacothek, the New Pinacothek, and the Glyptothek—are certainly entitled to the second position. In external architecture they have no special merit. The Glyptothek boasts of that most hacknied of all exordiums, a Grecian portico; the New Pinacothek finds some novelty in the parade of external frescoes, not unlike, in conception, the pictures placed in front of itinerant caravans containing wild beasts and mountebanks. In the internal arrangements for lighting the pictures and

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sculptures, these buildings are admirable—arrangements which have claimed the special attention of Parliamentary Committees and Government authorities in our own country. The contents of these museums, in master works of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern, might well demand from the traveller a week or fortnight for their examination. The Pinacothek of old masters, Italian and German, rich beyond rivalry in works by Van Eyck, Hemling, Durer, and others of the school, is, we think, taken for all in all, the foremost gallery in Germany. The Glyptothek, or museum of sculpture, will be best remembered by the invaluable marbles from the Temple of Œgina, and the pretentious modern frescoes by Cornelius, the would-be Michael Angelo of Munich. The New Pinacothek, with its exterior frescoes as sign-boards, or rather as laureate pictures in honour of the great ex-King Ludwig, Lorenzo the Magnificent of Germany, may justly boast of some great modern works, especially that masterpiece, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," by Kaulbach. Having, in the churches, gone through rather a severe course of sacred art, wrought to the highest pitch of the sublime, and in galleries satiating a more omnivorous appetite by a feast upon all things in general, we hurry, at the appointed hour of three, to the palace of King Ludwig, now no longer in guise of mediæval saint, but transformed into epicurean sybarite in the midst of a painted harem. We walk through Pompeian rooms, light, elegant, and festive; listen to the showman as he tells his threadbare story over huge pictures painted by Schnorr of Niebelungen Lied and German legend; slide in slippers along the slippery polished floor of throne-room in the awful presence of Schwanthaler's twelve colossal gilt bronzes of German princes; and whisper scandal in the cabinet of Ludwig's far-famed gallery of favoured beauties, of whom the now dethroned Lola Montes was once the heroine. Such is the Munich school of so-called high art—now inspiring to virtue and then awakening passion; now giving scope to genius, and then pampering mediocrity—a school, as we have seen, of the church and cloister, the gallery and cabinet, the palace and the casino; just as the Jupiter head of Ludwig may have nodded a dispensing patronage—now kneeling before a saint, and anon coying with a mistress.

Let us, for a moment, recapitulate the artists who have made Munich such as now we find it. Schwanthaler the sculptor, whose prolific genius was stimulated by palace patronage into immature and copious production, whose works, we should say, were writ in water, did we not remember the bronze colossal "Bavaria" in front of the Hall of Fame, best criticised in the words of the guide-book as sixty-one feet in height, pedestal twenty-eight feet, staircase within, leading the traveller to eyes and mouth as a look-out to distant Alps—head of size sufficient to contain some half-dozen strangers! Schwanthaler has gone to his rest, left his works to the nation, and is not wholly unknown in this country at Sydenham and elsewhere. Of the great Cornelius we have already spoken, and shall hereafter speak again. He is now well stricken in years; and his latest works, marked by declining power, are designs executed in Rome as the pictorial decoration for the projected Campo Santo in Berlin. The venerable Overbeck we have known in his studio in Rome, a patriarch, or rather a Romish cloistered saint of vigils and visions, the father of the so-called Catholic religious school of Germany and Dusseldorf. In Munich, this much-worshipped painter shows one picture only, but scholars he has many. Hess, of whom we have spoken, both in the palace chapel of All-Saints and the Basilica of St Boniface, the most prolific, indeed, of Munich artists, evidently claims Overbeck as his great progenitor. Kaulbach, on the other hand, whose studio was for many years in Munich, whose greatest easel picture is still in the New Pinacothek of that city, and who is now engaged on yet more important works in the New Museum of Berlin, is, unlike his brethren, not exclusively Christian, Romish, or mediæval, but, in a more truly catho-

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lic spirit, takes inspiration from works classic as well as Christian, modern as well as middle age, and thus gives to his art the surest promise of progression. Of Schnorr, the painter of the King's palace, we know little, and care less. He is one of the worst examples of that Munich style of vaulting ambition which, out of inherent emptiness, swells into pretentious proportion, and, in loud theatric manner, declaims the merest commonplace, betraying weakness just in proportion as it assumes the show of strength.

Of other men and works we need scarcely make individual mention. Of the German so-called Christian school to which we now wish to direct more special attention, let it ever be remembered that Overbeck and Cornelius are the great originals from which the works in Munich, Berlin, and Dusseldorf immediately or indirectly take their origin. For the first precarious rise of this now celebrated and triumphant school we must go back to a period now well nigh forgotten. Forty years ago, in the city of Rome, was found a small band of German artists, with few friends to encourage, and slender means for their support. Overbeck and Cornelius, among the number, were exiles, or rather outcasts from their country and from the academies against which they had rebelled. They had found, they thought, a more excellent way. In their zeal for early Christian art, they had espoused the Romish religion, and here in Rome, in poverty and neglect, in the midst of the wreck of empires, they nurtured to themselves a new birth, and strove to restore to a declining and corrupted art its former earnestness and purity. Forty years ago Niebuhr was fortunately ambassador in Rome. Shunning the pretentious commonplace of Italian society, escaping as best he could from the devouring horde of foreign travellers greedy for vagrant knowledge, he chose rather this small band of German artists as familiar friends—made them companions in his home, animating their hopes by espousing their cause. After the severer labours of the day might here be found, at the house of the Prussian ambassador, the youthful Cornelius described in Niebuhr's life as of "powerful intellect, free from all limitation," even in those days known for his vigorous drawing, even then in earnest talk, brooding over the favourite idea of his life, since matured into "The Last Judgment" at Munich. Here, too, might be seen, seated by his side, Overbeck, the apostle of Christian art, described in Niebuhr's letters as an enthusiast, ready blindly to enter upon the service of his church, gifted with poetry, "endowed with a magnificent imagination," yet, unlike Cornelius his inseparable friend, wanting, it is said, in clearness of head and independence of purpose. These two German youths, with others in their company, are described oft and again in Niebuhr's life as earnest men, ardently intent upon restoring to modern art its ancient purity and devotion. In conduct they were exemplary, identified with the religious party, standing aloof from the former licentiousness of German artists given to intrigue. Assembled here during the evenings of a Roman winter, would they ardently talk of the new era about to open upon German art; here did they read and discuss together Goethe's well-known Italian tour, condemning his Palladian taste and his "soulless criticism;" and here, at these same social gatherings, did they lay down the canons of art-orthodoxy, beatifying as patron saints Francia, Perugino, and Pinturicchio, pure, holy, and devout; and loading with anathemas Dominichino, Guercino, and others as profligate and pagan. Such was the origin of the German school of Christian art, of which we propose now to speak more in detail.

The classic, the Christian, and the naturalistic, are the three great schools which are contending for mastery over modern art. The classic, it has been said, seeks for physical perfection; the Christian strives for spiritual expression; while the naturalistic is content to take things just as they are. The three great national schools of modern Europe—the French, the German, and the English, each contains within itself these three conflicting

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principles, which divide the camp of every art into hostile factions. In Germany especially, during the past and present century, schools, classic and Christian, have waged desperate battle. Towards the close of last century, Winckelmann, Lessing, and Mengs, contended that the masterpieces of Greece and Italy were the true models of excellence, and their study the surest means of restoring the national art. This classic movement, or rather mania, having reached its climax of exaggeration, a reaction naturally set in. And thus it became, as we have seen, the special mission of that small band of German artists, who found themselves in Rome early in the present century, to proclaim a sacred war against classic heathenism, and to raise as the standard of a restored faith those early and pure Christian masters who had never bent the knee to a pagan god. But an object in itself so legitimate, a reaction which at first was but a wholesome protest against tyranny, became in turn a withering thraldom, and even at times a direct outrage upon nature. The partial is necessarily not only the one-sided, but the exaggerated, and even, in the end, the monstrous and deformed. The ultra-Christian may be spiritual, but it soon becomes the morbid and the emaciated. The classic is undoubtedly ideal, but it is avowedly cold and heartless. And every school, whether classic or Christian, which sacrifices life to a dead antiquity, is in its very origin tainted by mannerism and threatened with extinction. A living art must grow out from the living present. The classic may correct, the Christian sanctify, but nature alone can give the health, the life, the breathing beauty. But nature herself in turn, as the originating model, may well be moulded to the classic ideal, the natural mind softened by Christian graces, and thus forms and thoughts Christian, classic, and natural, are made to mingle and intermingle the one within the other; and hence we find the highest and truest art is that which reconciles and unites the three great elements which hitherto have been held in isolation, or have met only for hostility.

Did we wish just to fashion an imposing system, or apply an ingenious theory, we should at once assert that in the art of modern Europe the German school is Christian, the French classic, and the English naturalistic. And so they are; but each is something more besides. Our English school centres around the English home—the home of the affections, the peaceful fireside of domestic comfort and family happiness. The Muse of English art whispers in tones gentle and low, pipes a pastoral under the shade of trees, or sings round the domestic hearth tender songs of the affections. The genius of France, on the other hand, marches with proud lofty step to the sound of a trumpet. As a heroine or an amazon she mounts the barricade; her garments are stained with blood; she raises the cry of victory, glory, patriotism. Her ambition knows no bounds. The page of history is too small for her deeds; sixty feet of canvass serve scarcely to record an episode in her conquests. Her political history is revolt and revolution, and her art in its tragic action knows neither repose nor moderation. Now German works are in spirit an opposing contrast. If English art be characterised by domestic simplicity, French art by its tragic intensity, German art may be designated as the elaborate product of mystic metaphysics. As the German language in its involutions, complications, and abstractions—as the German literature in its misty philosophy and æsthetic subtlety, are nationally distinct from the English or the French, so has German art its corresponding idiosyncrasy of thought, its relative mannerism of treatment and expression. And thus its study and criticism may be made as episodes to more general and fundamental inquiries, involving questions of race, of language, of religion, philosophy, and literature.

Hence we find no school is more elaborate in study and erudition. German art is absolutely oppressed and borne down by weight of ponderous thought and intensity of overwrought expression. All that is sportive and spontaneous in genius, the play of childhood, the free fancy

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of a mind let loose for holiday is coldly petrified by the touch of winter, aged and withered, walking among flowers. It is an art in which the flowers of the imagination grow not in exuberant joy as in the sunny fields and wilds of nature. Flowers there are, but they win not by their colour, they allure not by their beauty; they are the flowers which the studious botanist presses within sheets of paper — flat, faded, and dead. There you may examine them; count their stamens and pistils; classify their forms and families; place them in museums; map out creation with the compasses of science; and shutting out the bias of all emotion, close the study door, and pore upon nature by the oil of the midnight lamp. The German artist studies nature after this self-same fashion. His erudition is carried to such a pitch that he at once exhausts his subject and paralyses himself. Instead of the freedom of spontaneous creation, we find the fetters of restraining calculation; and in place of the warm impulse of passion, we trace only the cold caution of criticism. Upon the arts and antiquities of Italy a German is more learned than even the native Italian. Thus his memory is so richly stored, that his imagination is encumbered; and guided by the cold light of reason he seldom surrenders himself to the fervour of inspiration. No philologist ever traced the derivation of a word, or hunted out the obscure origin of a dialect, with keener scrutiny than these German philosophic artists apply in elaborate research over the antiquarian lore of mediæval art. They would appear to have traced down the pictorial genealogy of each saint, angel, or demon. They can decide, by appeal to indubitable authority, whether the wings of St Michael should be lustrous as rainbow plumes, or grey as eagle feathers; whether the scales of Satan in his overthrow should be burnt by brimstone, or the coils of his tail tortured by spear. They would seem, indeed, more of archæologists than artists. They rummage the records of antiquity, and lay thick their palette with the dust of ages. They must unrol a mummy before they would presume to paint a Pharaoh. They dig in the darkness of the catacombs, seeking out Christianity in the sepulchre rather than look to heaven for their daily revelation.*

In our own country we can boast of no works so learnedly elaborate, and fortunately of no school so deliberately disagreeable. In England we still hold to the old-fashioned doctrine that art must please or else will fail. In Germany, on the contrary, a pleasure-giving art is absolutely condemned. We come before a German work not for enjoyment, but for severest study. We require to read the Latin fathers in its presence. A kind of black-letter literature, we spell out its meaning with difficulty—arrive at truth through tortuous allegory, or catch at a shadow in the midst of symbolism.

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* While the proof-sheets of this article are passing through our hands, we hear of the illness and unexpected death of Mrs Jameson. Our pages have often paid tribute to the grace, the simple eloquence, the calmness of judgment, and the elevation of sentiment which characterise all her writings. When the concluding volume of her "Sacred and Legendary Art" shall appear, we may possibly attempt a more deliberate estimate of the services which this accomplished critic has conferred upon the literature of art. In the meantime, let us append to our present article the following extract which, while it signally confirms our estimate of the Munich school, serves well to illustrate the elegance, and even the erudition, with which Mrs Jameson adorned every subject that she handled:—

"When I wandered,"—she says in the essay on 'The House of Titian,'—"when I wandered through some of those glorious old churches in Lombardy, surrounded by their faded frescoes and mystic groups,—

'Virgin, and babe, and saint,
With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,'—

a solemn feeling was upon me—a sense of the sublime and the true, which did not arise merely from the perception of excellence in art, neither was it a yearning after those forms of faith which have gone into the past; but because of these enduring

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At length we grope at the artist's meaning more through an overstrained effort of intellect than by an easy intuition of vision, and, somewhat wearied and worn, coldly thank the painter for his elaborate lecture so learnedly set forth in his scientific diagram. Such works are so complex that they require analysis and dissection. They are conundrums of which we have to seek the key—labyrinths of which we want the clue. Were they not problems in human nature, they would almost lay claim to be algebraical equations. The large figure to the right balances with just precision the group on the left, and thus by plus and minus poising the opposing composition, we are left to determine the value of some unknown quantity, and at length work out the pictorial enigma as by the laws of prescribed science. It is, indeed, but too manifest that the involved lines of the intricate figures are governed by determined laws, may be resolved to geometric unity in the generic form of the triangle or the circle. Moreover, colours which in nature furtively flicker in the dance of light and the dazzle of sunshine, are here marshalled with systematic precision. The rays of prismatic light are meted out by measure; the blue of sky is balanced against the complimentary orange of autumn; primaries, secondaries, and tertiaries are blended on the canvass with the certainty of a chemist working in his laboratory. You are positively sure, indeed, that all must be right, were not the result so painfully disagreeable. By the same cold calculation the draperies of the figures in their cast and disposition are but the equipoise of well-known forces. Even human nature, with its caprice of will and conflict of passion, may in these works be resolved into a mere problem in dynamics. Action becomes a resolution of forces—a middle compromise between conflicting extremes. Hence the actors in German pictures are fitly wooden puppets, pulled by strings, moving on pegs—calculating machines which weave poetry or grind philosophy just as iron law necessitates.

Our English school, we may safely say, is wholly unaided by this machinery, entirely unconscious of all this metaphysical subtlety, and lays no claim whatever to any such scientific certainty and precision. The direction of the German excess is precisely the line of our own deficiency, and the antipodes of the churches and museums in Munich are the frescoes of our houses of parliament. We may, therefore, contemplate these German works with less fear of contamination from their defects, and with some hope, it may be, of appropriating their merits. Let us take as an example, both for our warning and instruction, "The Last Judgment" by Cornelius, in the church of St Lewis at Munich. It is one of the largest, one of the most elaborate, and deservedly among the most cele-

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monuments the past was made *present;* because the spirit of devotion which had raised them, and filled them with images of beauty and holiness, being in itself a truth, that truth dieth not—could not die—but seemed to me still inhabiting there, still hovering round, still sanctifying and vivifying the forms it had created. *When, a short time afterwards, I crossed the Alps and found myself at Munich, how different all!* The noble churches, professedly and closely imitated from the types and models left by mediæval art, lavishly decorated with pictures and sculpture executed to perfection, found me every day admiring, praising, criticising—*but ever cold.* I felt how vain must be the attempt to reanimate the spirit of Catholicism, merely by returning to its forms. 'Still,' as Schiller says so beautifully, 'doth the old feeling bring back the old names'—but never will the old names bring back the old feeling. *How strongly I felt this in Munich.* In the Basilica especially, which has been dedicated to St Boniface, where every group, figure, ornament, has its prototype in some of the venerable edifices of old Christian Rome, brought from the Saint Agnese or the Santa Prasseda. *There* they were, awful—soul-lifting—heart-speaking, because they were the expression of a faith which lived in men's souls, and worked in their acts, were and *are*, for time cannot silence that expression, nor obliterate that impress; *but these factitious, second-hand exhibitions of modern religious art, fall comparatively so cold on the imagination—so flat—so profitless.*"

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brated of German productions. It is the mature work of ten years' study. In arrangement and treatment it is evidently compiled from well-known frescoes of the same subject: Orcagna's master-work at Pisa, and Michael Angelo's mighty effort in Rome. Christ, a figure said to be twelve feet high, seated among clouds, surrounded by angels, prophets, patriarchs, and apostles, proclaims, with upraised arm, the general resurrection and final judgment of both quick and dead. Beneath His feet is the angel seated with open Book of Life, and on either side are other angels sounding trumpets through heaven and earth. Borne upon clouds, stands St Michael the archangel with sword and shield, severing the evil from the good. On the left, Satan guards the entrance to the fiery deep; on the right, angels wing and lead the way, the guides and guardians of happy beings, to the realms of sky. Hand in hand Fra Angelico the blessed, and Dante the divine, float through the lower air of earth to the serener sphere of heaven. Some stand, in blissful contemplation, by; others in agony of suspense doubtfully wait their doom, ready to call on the rocks to cover them from this day of vengeance. Demons secure their prey, which would gladly escape their grasp; monsters, the ministers of Satan, do fierce justice upon their victims. Some, eager to fly away, are driven back by angels keeping guard on heaven's frontier; others, wholly given over to their tormentors, are borne down to the gulf where "their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Surely a subject more mighty could never tax the utmost powers of pictorial resource, or better serve to define the finite limits of a material art in its vain endeavours to subdue the invisible and the infinite? We fear, indeed, that just in proportion as the mind has spiritually fed on the words of a written revelation, just in measure as through imagination it is accustomed to the vision of beings celestial,—the resurrection of the dead to be raised in glory,—will all such pictorial representations be deemed mundane and material. They vainly presume to make visible what man hath not seen, to put on permanent record that moment when the change cometh, and the soul shall glory in the body spiritual. They thus essay, by ocular demonstration, to answer the perplexed question, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" A bold attempt most surely, an attempt which must end in failure.

Genius, however, knows not the word impossible, and Christian art, not unworthily striving to make herself the handmaid of revelation, has sought through many centuries to master this great subject, certainly the most difficult in the entire circuit of her mission. It is a theme which has taxed some of the greatest minds to their most strenuous effort. Attempting the unattainable, it serves as a measure of comparative power, a test by which to try the creative art of a period or a people. We shall, therefore, in few words, endeavour to show how best the topic may be brought within the limits of pictorial treatment, and how far in this great work, perhaps the most important in the entire range of German art, the genius of Cornelius has proved itself commensurate with the effort.

The pictorial difficulty of the theme follows as a necessary consequence upon a prior theologic perplexity. This art-problem, of which painters, as we have said, have for many ages arduously sought the solution, is but another phase of that obstinate questioning of faith before the tribunal of reason — a pictorial attempt to reveal to actual vision—how and in what form the body shall be raised, how the emancipated spirit shall be clothed afresh in a form at once spiritual and material, retaining the remembrance and identity of earth, yet putting on the glory of the new birth, and entering the mansions of the New Jerusalem. The creative painter, in this arduous effort, is required to give to the new immortal a spiritual body, which, as shadow is to substance, as vision-dreams to waking hours, shall constitute the ideal memory of an earthly reality. The artist, however, as an aid to his difficulty, will happily discover that while heaven retains the remembrance of earth, earth no

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less anticipates the beauty and the glory of heaven. Looking around he will find the earth still a temple, though in ruins; he will yet trace in man some remnant of the divine, original. The Eden is not wholly desolate; the angel-form not entirely marred. He will at length discover that "the resurrection of the body" is a possibility in art no less than a creed in theology. He finds even upon earth, in the dispersed elements of beauty, truth, and purity, the shadowing forth of the angel-form. He knows in the actual walks of life beings bright in ethereal light: the bodily drapery of the flesh, gauze-like and shadowy, showing the spirit through: the outer visible lines undulating with the throb of the inner life. Alter, perchance, some minor anatomy of proportion, rectify some slight oversight of nature, throw out some lurking taint of disease fatal to immortality, and the work is accomplished, the angel-form fashioned, the spiritual body fitted to its function. All high and religious art has sought for this pure ideal. Ideality is avowedly the worshipped idol of the modern German school, and it is by this transcendental process of ideal induction that Cornelius, in the great work now before as, has made the forms of earth typical of heavenly beatitude.

We find figures and passages in this fresco of noble beauty. The angel holding the Book of Life; the archangel with upraised sword and shield; a penitent sinner kneeling for pardon; Dante and Fra Angelico guided on their way to heaven, are all of a subtle and faultless beauty, seldom surpassed even by the purest schools of spiritual art. Yet the reader will by this time readily understand that the whole work is wanting in fire and impulse; would be grander if less studiously faultless; would fulfil higher laws if it could but in occasional blindness transgress the lower. Freedom of will there is none; absolute necessity rules in earth and heaven. Angels are so faultless that they could have never fallen; features are so coldly petrified, that frowning or smiling they must for ever frown and smile; Satan himself is powerless for evil; and demons, carefully compiled, are wanting in lawless devilry. Thus this work, like many others of its school, is, by elaborate composition, by studied symmetry, the product of the critical faculties, when it ought to have been a triumph of the creative. Rapture there is none; neither the actors nor the spectators are carried away by impulse or enthusiasm. The artist, forgetting not for a moment his technical rules, never does a grand thing without knowing it. Good and great figures and passages there are, but an overwrought self-consciousness makes the eloquence of the heart falter in its utterance. Like other works too, belonging to this modern German school, the colour is crude, the outlines cutting, the whole effect is that of a harshly painted bas-relief, wanting atmosphere in the distance, and light and shade for concentrated unity. Whether, indeed, it be thus inevitable that this highest art can only hope to raise the soul by an inflicted pain upon the bodily senses, is a question we leave to the superior erudition of this pre-eminently learned school.

Of the other paintings of Cornelius, historic and mythologic, we cannot stop to speak. This fresco of "The Last Judgment" has been the cherished idea of the painter's life, and is perhaps his greatest work. It was of this contemplated picture that Cornelius, then a student in Rome, was wont to converse with Niebuhr the historian and ambassador. Often at the house of his friend, in the evenings of a Roman winter, was discussed the fitting treatment of this great work. Niebuhr would insist that Luther should be translated into the heavenly glory. Cornelius urged that he did not venture on a step so bold, but promised that at any rate the hero of the Reformation should, with Bible in hand, drive Satan from before him. Cornelius is again and again described in the letters of Niebuhr as a strong, free-minded man: an enthusiast for Goethe, himself the very Goethe of painters. In those days, indeed, dwelling in the city of the seven hills, the throne of empire and the nurse of genius, Cornelius readily acknowledged greatness in its every form. It was mid-

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night, and a friendly company had assembled at the house of Bunsen overlooking the Palentine. Standing in the open loggia of the palace, "we saw," says Niebuhr, "Jupiter sparkling as if he were looking down on his Tarpeian rock. We were drinking healths. I said to Thorwaldsen, 'Let us drink to old Jupiter.' 'With my whole heart,' he replied, in a voice full of emotion; some were startled. *Cornelius touched our glasses, and drank it.*" Yet Cornelius in Munich, bought by royal patronage, sold his freedom and revoked his better purposes. In "The Last Judgment" we have searched in vain for Luther with his Bible. His place in the heavenly glory for which Niebuhr fought, is held by the great patron—the ex-King Ludwig—the dethroned lover of Lola Montes! We have likewise searched, and searched in vain, for some substantive honour which the "enthusiast of Goethe," himself "the Goethe of painters," might bestow upon his literary idol. We looked for the hero of German literature in some place of distinction, but to our dismay found him in guise of demon-monster beneath the feet of Satan serving as a footstool! Such, we regret to say, is the well-known tribute which one of the greatest of German painters has seen fit to offer to perhaps the greatest of German poets. Such the easy servility of this so-called Christian art, in its shameless apotheosis of a king who has certainly not won heaven in the path of self-denial.

Yet if the reader wish to see a modern Michael Angelo, he must go to Munich. If he desire to look upon one of the sublimest arguments which the art of painting can essay, he must seat himself before this "Last Judgment" of Cornelius in the church of St Lewis. Here let him give himself to reverie, and range in imagination through a boundless space and an infinite time, peopled by patriarchs, and saints, and angels, clad in a heavenly beauty, radiant in the beatific vision. While in this work he ponders upon forms made visible to sense, let him recall kindred words and melodies inspired by the same great subject. He may have listened perchance, in years gone by, to Spohr's oratorio of the great day of judgment. Let him try then if he can set this pictorial work of Cornelius to music. Is there in the lines the harmony of sweet sounds? can he find the dying audience caught by the whispering echo? In the congregated groups, is there the climax, the concord, or the tumult of a chorus? Again, let him think of the eloquence of written or spoken words—the three sermons on doomsday—Christ's advent to judgment—by Jeremy Taylor. How do the winged thoughts mount the heavens, soaring through time and space! how the language glows as it approaches the ineffable glory! and what darkness and terror shroud the pit of despair! Think, too, of those thrilling words sung in our own cathedral churches: "To Thee all angels cry aloud!" "To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry!" And, again, look once more at this great work of Cornelius, and indulge, we say, in the reverie of sounds, and forms, and words, and colours, each transmuted to the other, each but the varying phase of that universal art, whose noblest service is the ministration to religion. And then as emotion gives place to the calmness of judgment, let the traveller weigh all things in the balance. Let him compare the genius of Spohr with the genius of Cornelius; let him judge of the value of words spoken and forms painted, each but the expression of inspiring thought, each the manifestation of the self-same power, each in itself a revelation. And yet, still the infinite lies far away in the regions of the unknown. Words may lead imagination onward, harmonies of sound may raise to unaccustomed heights, but every art must at last shroud in impenetrable background those mysteries which eye has not seen, and no hand can picture. Hence, as already said, this great fresco by Cornelius, we readily accept as a noble tribute of genius in the service of a theme the most lofty; we even feel that in some degree it has aided imagination, which often tires on the wing, and is glad to reach a visible and bodily resting place. But yet, as in all similar attempts, we turn away with a painful feeling of the

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inherent inability of art—and we feel more than ever that neither eye nor hand nor reason can open to our view the mystic regions of Faith.

Our excuse for thus entering into minute criticism of this distant and comparatively unknown work, must be, that the truths we seek to inculcate are best taught through example. The great pictures in Munich would be for us in England of little moment, were they not the best illustrations of doctrines which for some years have been agitated at home. Of Christian art we have heard much; and here, in Munich, we can best judge what Christian art really means. We have heard of Italian pre-Raphaelitism, of German pre-Raphaelitism, and, in turn, we have had our own English pre-Raphaelitism. We have found the Mediæval in its quaint austere devotion, and monastic asceticism, invading both our art and our theology, and, for better and for worse, intruding into picture galleries and churches. The church in Margaret Street, with its somewhat German pictures by Mr Dyce—the works of Mr Herbert, the Magdalen and others exhibited in our Royal Academy—and the thoughtful spiritual pictures by Mr Dobson, are all in some degree examples of that modern Christian art first revived in Munich, Dusseldorf, and other German cities. In France, likewise, there has been a similar movement, best known to this country through the master-works of Delaroche and Ary Scheffer. The revival, in fact, has become European, differing in aspect and detail according to the diversity of each separate nationality, yet claiming much in common, alike in origin, and similar in aim. The reader then will, we trust, permit us still further to describe and analyse that German school in Munich which essays to reveal to the world, in a visible and bodily form, the spirituality and the purity of the Christian religion.

Cornelius is, as we have said, the Michael-Angelo of the German school. Spiritual conflict is with him expressed through muscular contortion. Heaven is won by strength of arm, and religion is not so much the peace ineffable, as a warfare and an agony. It was needful that a manifestation so partial and one-sided should find a more complete development. It was essential that the passive expectant virtues, the aspirations, the prayer, the watching, and the fasting, should be cast into pictorial form, ere Christian art could come before the world as commensurate in extent and expression with the Christian religion. Cornelius stands, as we have seen, the art-apostle to the so-called creed of "muscular Christianity." And on the other hand, the revered Overbeck is the acknowledged head of that more directly spiritual art which would seek for the emancipation of the soul in the subjection of the flesh. Of Cornelius we have said enough; of Overbeck and his school—the most important in the range of German Christian art—we now propose to treat.

Entering the studio of Overbeck in Rome, the artist seems himself the personification of his school. His figure, tall and attenuated, is wasted by watching; the sunken cheek, the deeply-shadowed eye, the overhanging forehead, the upper region of the brain of saint-like elevation, the neck and shoulders bent in humility, the solemn voice hushed in reverence; all seem to personify the very spirit of his school, and are, as it were, the archetype of his works. For the first time we seem to be brought into actual communion with the gentleness of the Italian Gentile, and the blessedness of Beato-Angelico. We understand how spiritual conditions may grow into corresponding artistic forms—how a man's life translates itself into his works—how prayer and faith find expression through the obedient hand, first bringing into subjection the expression and type of the bodily structure, and then by a like correlation of forces moulding the artistic forms into corresponding fashion. A modern French critic has well said, that for Overbeck painting is not so much an art as a religion. He paints because he has believed; and his works, conceived in the spirit of prayer, are themselves a new prayer addressed to God. We can easily understand why Overbeck and others of his school have sought

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in Mediæval Rome a refuge and a home, finding in the cloisters and churches of Italy a dying echo and a fading glory, which it becomes their chosen mission to reanimate and to recall. Knowing well the works which these men and others of their company have executed in Munich, Dusseldorf, and other German towns, we can well retrace their earliest studies. They evidently were not of the number of material and mundane artists who seek picturesque models as they idly bask on the sunny steps of the Santa Trinita, or wander over the Roman Campagna, or mount the Sabine hills in search of a rural peasantry and a rustic costume. Their studio was less in the walks of living nature, than among the decaying walls of a faded art. Their school was the Campo Santo of Pisa; their pilgrimage the shrine of St Francis at Assisi; their convent-art found a sanctuary in the Florentine Monastery of San Marco. Thus these German artists, leaving the country of their birth, severing themselves from the century in which they lived, deliberately threw themselves back into the midst of the middle ages, taking for spiritual food the Romish faith, and clothing their genius in an art-garb, ancient, monastic, and austere.

It will easily be understood that Overbeck and his disciples belong to that school of inward quietism which in German art corresponds to spiritual quietism in religion. In the undue preponderance of faculties specially concerned in the spiritual life, by a morbid abstraction from the outer world, and an introversion of the thoughts upon the soul's consciousness, a hushed and beatific quietism allays with gentle hand the wilder tumult of body and of mind. The grosser senses and functions are deemed an impediment and oppression to the soul's free action and purer essence; matter is despised as unworthy of allegiance with spirit; and hence man's physical form, no longer revered as a temple, is contemned as a prison, in which the grating of iron doors is heard, and the galling of the biting fetters felt. Emancipation from this fancied bondage is accordingly sought in the mortification of the flesh. The body, subjected to castigation, attenuated by fasting, is brought down, as it were to a shadow, through which the spirit's eye may more clearly gaze, and becomes as a servant submissive to its lord. It kneels in prayer—it waits in vigils—it waits even in life on death. The bodily functions thus suspended, the tumult of passion thus laid to rest, the spirit reduced to absolute quietism, communes inwardly on self, gazes face to face with God, and already seems to dwell in heaven, its home. Of this reclusive spiritualism were the solitary hermits dwelling in dens and caves of the earth, seeking in the desert a refuge from the world. Of this rapt spiritual abstraction was many a Mediæval monk walking in cloister shelter, or singing in choral sanctity. Drawing nearer to our own times, approaching closer to acknowledged sympathies, of this same spiritual companionship were the holy and the mystic inmates of Port-Royal. And scarcely of less significance are these German artists, with Overbeck at their head, dwelling apart, and in their hushed minds seeking the heavenly voice; seeking to translate into the pictorial forms of a spiritual and Christian art, the steadfastness of their faith and the ardour of their worship.

It will easily be conceived that an art of so reclusive an origin admits of but little variety, that its character and expression are, in fact, almost identical, whether we enter the studio of Overbeck in Rome, the churches by Hess in Munich, or visit the far-famed school at Dusseldorf. For general criticism and description, it is of little moment whether we take Overbeck's New Testament in a series of forty engravings, or the lithographs published from the church frescoes in Munich. They are alike in their purity of design, in their inward and mystic quietism, their legendary and monastic religion. The figure of Christ is uniformly pure, gentle, and holy, yet is so far abstracted in the depths of self-consciousness, so lost to the realities of the outer world, that we find rather the sorrowing reminiscence of that heaven from which He had de-

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scended, than a realisation of the earth He had come to save. The apostles, in like manner, are subdued with emotion, oblivious in thought; their faith might well move mountains, and yet they themselves stand motionless and powerless, as if the world had need, not of their energy, but only of their tranquil meditation. From human nature lawless passions are already exorcised: the wide world is tranquil as the narrow cloister; the drama of life, the intensity and tragedy of its action, the accidents and characteristics of individual nature, are either wholly omitted or obviously misconceived.

Of "Christian art," in these modern days, we have all often heard, without always knowing its import. Our readers will then forgive us if, while at Munich, in the very midst of this great revival, we still further attempt to describe and criticise works which have acquired so wide a fame, and attained to so potent an influence. It is an art which, like Christianity herself, preaches the gospel of peace. The sword of the flesh is sheathed, life is no longer a warfare, the world no more a wild wilderness in which sin and passion prey and prowl. And just in proportion as passion is silenced, do the passive and expectant virtues clothe themselves in beauty and sanctity. The "Holy Family," throughout its earthborn pilgrimage, rests under the guardianship of Heaven. Angels watch over the "Nativity;" angels, gentle and lovely, kneeling on the shore, attend the Saviour in his "Baptism;" an angel brings comfort in "The Agony of the Garden;" an angel, with flaming sword, guards the tomb of the risen Lord; and angels likewise, among clouds of heaven, hail the entrance into glory. Heaven, indeed, has given her beatitude to earth, and God, as in the world's primal purity, once more talks with man. Each face and feature is tranquilly expectant; every form and figure submissively waits as for a coming revelation. Nature stands in suspense in the presence of the supernatural. Each ear is attentive to catch the whispered word. Eyes are tender with tears or drooping with sorrow; hands in gentle pose seem to have forgotten their stormy toil on the Galilean sea, henceforth only to be clasped in worship or raised in wonder. Even the very drapery, no longer tossed by the tempest of the rude world, lies in well-ordered folds, an outer emblem of the inner tranquillity. Thus man and womanhood are in type and presence exalted and purified. The taint of original sinfulness no longer blights as with disease the bodily frame; the unrest of a troubled conscience racks not the countenance, nor distorts the motions, of the limbs; but man, already entered on the new birth, reposes in the peace of the new creation, his face taking on the aspect of the angels, the outer form and function instinct with higher harmonies. The Madonna, crowned even by our own Protestant Church as the most blessed among women, is by this "Catholic" art ever adorned in the loveliness of Christian graces. From the moment when first she receives on bended knee, with hands crossed upon the breast, the Gabriel message, even to the last hour of agony, is she clothed in virgin purity, sorrowing yet beauteous. Womanhood, indeed, is the favoured theme of this art of ultra-purism, sensitive to emotion, and timidly trembling from contact with the ruder world. Look at Overbeck's five virgins going forth to meet the bridegroom, fleeting in substance as their flickering lamps, gentle and tender as the silvery moonlight. Look likewise at those holy women as they follow Christ to Calvary: too sensitive for so great a sorrow, they swoon to the earth and dissolve in tears, tremble as a reed and faint as a flower, while the coming storm bends their heads.

Such, then, is the so-called Christian and Catholic art of which Europe has heard so much. These are its rare merits. We are now bound, as a warning to all English imitators and sympathisers, to point out its no less singular defects. In its very origin it is an art beset with all the frailty of a cloistered virtue: an art of vigils and fastings, an art in which the steadfastness of faith supersedes the sternness of works, in which the brighter vision of heaven has blinded to the substantive realities of earth.

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Accordingly, this school of pictorial spiritualism would seem to have flourished in Germany just in proportion as practical and political enterprise has slumbered, and men have dreamed on in the mystic mazes of muddy metaphysics. In its very birth, it is obviously alien to those masters who choose the vigour of robust nature, the action of tumultuous life, for their models and their aim. Fra Angelico, the great apostle of all spiritual schools, prayed, painted, and wept, was mighty in vision, yet, when he came to wrestle with earthly powers, was feeble and faltering. Perugino and Pinturicchio, with others of earlier epoch in Umbria and Siena, were equally wanting and weak in physical structure, falsely seeking for the triumph of the soul in the overthrow of the flesh. Coming down, then, to modern times, it is not surprising that these German imitators, taking inspiration but at second hand, borrowing types which others had formed, should fail in the vigour of organic life, the vitality of a first creation. Thus, whether we visit the Basilica or the Palace Chapel in Munich, the studio of Overbeck in Rome, or churches painted by Ittenbach and Müller, we find ourselves alike wandering from the paths of nature, doomed to hold, it may be, a spiritual, yet withal a vapid converse with beings verging on the point of physical dissolution. These pictorial saints, indeed, however holy, are yet disfigured by bodily infirmities, which studied draperies barely disguise: the limbs are stiffly petrified, and defy all motion, or else so loosely held together, that the first breath of agitating passion must shatter and dissolve the tottering tabernacle. If the angel Gabriel kneel in the Virgin's chamber, or the Magi worship before the infant Saviour, there they kneel for ever, for to rise were certain death. Thus, again, do we see that pictorial ideas, handed down through centuries—attitudes stereotyped for ages—however spiritual and pure, cannot conserve the warm blood of throbbing nature, or give to life its vital action. It is even laid to the charge of Overbeck and his school, that, complaisantly content with their own inward conceptions, they have ceased in their studios to employ the living model; that thus, having lost faith in the evidence of the bodily eye, they turn the vision of the mind to brood on morbid contemplation. Can we wonder, then, that life should find itself ebbing from their works; that even the much-sought spiritualism, reduced from a revelation to a dead tradition, should filter and stagnate through choked-up channels, instead of breaking in by the floodgates of the soul? Can we be astonished that, in these works, though pure and holy, every figure is as the dying out of the species; that life, and energy, and nature, expiring at the central source of power, should have wholly departed from the paralysed extremities, leaving palsied hands devoid of action, and stumbling feet incapable of motion?

Neither is it less surprising that the causes which have thus preyed upon the physical structure of this art should have perverted its mental existence. The thoughts, instead of ranging through the wide circuit of mental phenomena, are ever turned inwardly upon self-consciousness, and thus narrowly centre upon the partial and biassed phases of individual eccentricity. The morbid and the moody hauntings of some one possessed idea prowl through the silent and solitary avenues of the mind, whispering to twilight echoes, till night comes in nightmare ravings, or day dawns on outwatched intellect. Thus distorted visions of a distempered imagination, which waking hours might fitly dispel, are cherished in the brooding consciousness, till at length the artist's eye searches for pictures less in the outer actual world than among the discoloured phantoms of distempered fancy. Painters of this ultra school seek not so much what nature has physically fashioned, as what the soul may metaphysically conceive. The task to be worked out is not how best to inform the outward visible realities of life with soul-like expression, but commencing at the origin and essence of all art with the immaterial conceptions and abstract ideas of the soul itself, the bodily structure and the pictorial form come but as a secondary and subordinate consideration. Hence in

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this school the shadowy frailty of the outer garb, the slovenly putting on for the occasion of the mortal coil, as if it were to be just as carelessly cast off when the passing purpose was accomplished. Hence is it that we can, as it were, touch the skeleton of the articulated thought beneath the thin tissue of the covering flesh; the morbid anatomy of mind lying as ribs of death beneath the mask of life, the convulsions of hectic passion rending an outlet through the racked and tortured tenement of clay. Hence is it that the study of this German art is as a course of morbid metaphysics, answering in mind to the walking of an hospital in medicine, wherein the student may note the ravings of fever, the inroads of disease, the palor and the agony of dissolution.

We fortunately, as critics, are merely of the number of inquiring students collecting and classifying phenomena as they arise. Entering, then, this hospital of German works, we find, as we have said, every figure beset with some fatal disease. To the entire host of angels sicklied through tears, or sedentary from prolonged singing, we should prescribe change of attitude and healthful exercise. The wings that have long drooped languidly, or afforded but guardian shelter to kneeling penitents, must take to vigorous flight among the stars. The angels at Overbeck's "Nativity" imperatively require change of scene, while the more substantial spirits which haunt Klein's mannered designs, like cold pillars of salt or hard figures in pasteboard, are probably far beyond the sphere of rational treatment or recovery. Many, indeed, of the biblical or legendary illustrations issued at Dusseldorf, for the spiritual comfort of the faithful, are replete with saints, who must inevitably close life in insanity, and can attain to the gate of bliss only through the portal of a madhouse. Others are secure in spotless innocence only through the protecting immunities of imbecility, error precluded because action is impracticable, sin shut out from a mind reduced to dead stagnation. Each character is indeed so one-sided and partial as to transgress the very possibilities of nature. The Virgin is so humble and meek, that nothing remains as a substratum to sustain the full attributes of womanhood. St Joseph again especially demands our sympathy. An old forsaken man, he stands disconsolate at a distance, as if unworthy even to look on while the Magi present their gifts, finding in the whole narrative no higher office than driving the donkey into Egypt, or teaching the infant Saviour the trade of a carpenter! So far indeed have monastic legends wandered from the simple truth, and modern Roman artists fallen the victims of diseased fancies, that biblical illustrations within our knowledge, intended for the higher phases of faith, are nothing short of irreverent and ridiculous. We now fortunately live in a day when it is scarcely less unpardonable for the artist than for the man of science to throw himself back into the dark centuries of our era, and obstinately ignore the discoveries of modern times. A modern artist has no longer a right to violate the natural laws, even where he would reveal to us truths supernatural. It is not to be tolerated that he should give us bodies barely able to hold together, and manifestly incapable of healthful function. After all the established discoveries of science, he is now imperatively bound to educe man's highest spiritual good and beauty from the most perfect physical conditions; to balance as in reciprocal relation laws organic and mental; to show the sane mind as an issue from the healthful body; to exemplify the truth that God's commands are one and indivisible; that to observe the physical is to advance the spiritual; that to live wisely and well on earth is the only path leading saint or wayfarer to the worship of heaven. Such is the only true basis upon which a really Christian art can stand.

We should be guilty of injustice did we not except from these strictures the pictures of Kaulbach. Time does not permit that we should now enter on the criticism of this painter's master-work, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," in the New Pinacothek of Munich; his great mural paintings in the New Museum of Berlin; his matchless illustrations to

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Goethe's Reineke Fuchs—all of which are now known at least through engravings to the English public. Suffice it to say, that the genius of this artist, as a contrast to all we have hitherto described, is at once Protestant in its freedom, and pantheistic in its universality. It seems indeed to be liberated from the restraint of every creed in the equal worship of all the gods. The Parnassian Hill and the Mount of Transfiguration are equally hallowed to its sympathies. The recitation of Homer to the attendant Greeks, or the overthrow of Jerusalem by the avenging angels, are themes alike favoured by this impartial Muse of history. We rejoice that there is at least one great artist in Germany who ventures to proclaim that the truly sacred is the godlike wherever found—the hero fighting for his country, the poet singing at once a history and a faith—that true art knowing no narrower creed sets itself to the noblest treatment of the noblest themes, evoking the poetry of nature, and rousing the best faculties in man. Thus we are glad to record that Kaulbach, certainly one of the foremost artists of modern Europe, has, by virtue of his works, raised a direct and successful protest against the monastic and exclusive creed held by Overbeck, Hess, and others, belonging to the so-called spiritual and Christian schools.

Ere we conclude our review of Munich art, it is needful that we should make more emphatic mention of those gorgeous church interiors to which the individual works already described are but subordinate. We now speak not of detail, but of grand general effect;—and in memory, at once revert to the great originals in Italy; to the Arena Chapel by Giotto at Padua; to the churches at Assisi; to the cathedral at Orvietto, with many a chapel in Tuscany and elsewhere glowing in all the intensity and harmony of colour. On the difficult subject of coloured decoration it will not be expected that we should now pronounce a decisive opinion. The whole question is in the very anarchy of confusion, especially in our own country, as seen in some of our Cathedral restorations, and not least, in the latest and most notorious of recent attempts, the church in Margaret Street. Let us then, for a moment, turn our eye to Germany; and in the very outset, in all frankness, let us confess that coloured architecture and coloured sculpture incite in our minds a lurking prejudice. In our own experience, we have found, that just in proportion as colour is sought after form has been neglected. In every example which has come within our notice, whether in Italy or Germany, the relief and the contrast of light and shade, the harmony of lines and the symmetry of proportion, have been sacrificed to mere surface decoration. The ready sweep of the painter's brush has outrun the slow carving of the sculptor's chisel. Architectural lines have become mere framework to pictures; architectural spaces so much plaster thirsting for colour. The walls of a church losing their solidity and flatness of surface, their massive sustaining strength have been converted into painted galleries, where the stability of structure, and the reality of material, are disguised into illusive semblances, and become but phantom-forms dying into indefinite distance.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we absolutely prohibit the alliance between painting and architecture, and that, under all conceivable circumstances, we object to the decoration of architectural forms by illuminated colours. Holy light is coloured light, white light and whitewash leave the mind as they find it, a sheet of blank paper. We regard, then, the use of colour less as an abstract principle, than as a question of detail and application, the right direction of fitting means to the required ends. When the architecture is merely constructional and accessory, serving, as in La Sainte Chapelle in Paris, for a simple casket to contain the painted picture or the jewelled glass: or, on the other hand, when the painting is kept duly subordinate to the general architectural design: when, again, the colour is made a fitting accompaniment to the form, each set in the same key, each subserving one concerted harmony—in all these instances we are

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bound to admit that chromatic decorations, whether in painted windows, precious marbles, or picture-frescoes, are permissible and laudable, observing the one great end,—art-expression. But we thank God that the ways of art are no less manifold than the works of Nature. The golden sunset closes the day in glory, and comes as a thanksgiving after Nature's banquet, and then, when the night's repose has laid to rest the fever and the passion of the full noonday, morn steps forth from the distant hill, clad in the cool of grey, the sober tones of thought, and toil, and duty. Each and all is lovely, each in its changing mood in sympathy with the life and thought of man in his aspirations and his sorrows, the sternness of his duty, or the rapture of his joy. There are times assuredly when the hoar antiquity of our stone-vaulted cathedrals in the solemn gravity of subdued grey is more consonant with the depths of devotion, and even with the soarings of a lofty imagination, than any painted church decorated even by Giotto or the German Hess. Yet perhaps, on the other hand, we might not always wish to worship in the severe sternness of the cold north. The imagination sometimes kindles with ardour, the emotions are aroused to transport, and instead of the neutral tones of calm contemplation, the ecstatic colouring of prismatic rays can alone respond to the transport of worship. Thus we confess that on entering that richest of modern interiors, the All-Saints Chapel at Munich, the intensity of colour which meets the eye reflects itself inwardly upon the mind—sacred light seems to illumine the thoughts—a halo surrounds the mental images, and visions of beauty robed in heavenly splendour enter the chambers of the soul. How far such mental states of raptured intoxication are compatible with the sobriety of reason or the steadfastness of duty, we do not here stop to inquire. Still, if we may appeal to experience, we believe that these sumptuous decorations may subserve some high spiritual growth. Certain glowing visions of prophecy, the new heaven and the new earth, the city of pure gold and the gates of pearl, may then seem an accomplished reality. Such mental states are necessarily in their occurrence exceptional, and in like manner architectural decorations of this ultra intensity will always, we hope, equally remain exceptional luxuries, for as it were the occasional jubilees of the soul. Christianity, which is specially the gospel for the poor, must not, at least in her ordinary walks, be adorned so sumptuously. We have never been able to regard these gorgeous churches as a fitting refuge for the poor kneeling in their rags, or as suited to the preaching of those plain practical truths which go to the governing of the daily life. Still it must be admitted that these triumphs and appliances of art—this bringing together for the honour of God, and as a foreshadowing of heaven, all that is most beautiful and costly on earth—have both in Germany and Italy given to Christianity itself a prestige with the multitude,—given to the ritual of Christendom, among the religions of the world, a fitting grandeur and supremacy.

High art has long been for us in England a watchword, and some few of our artists have striven to make it a national reality. Mr Watts has recently uncovered a great frescoe in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn; and Ward, Herbert, and others, have laboured earnestly in the Houses of Parliament to make historic art the worthy chronicler of their nation's deeds. They may possibly have failed in their endeavours; but, at least, of this one thing we are certain, that both in their failures and their successes they are alike dissimilar from their German brethren. To the German morbid spiritualism, we Englishmen oppose a healthful nature. To the sickly introversion upon self-consciousness, we contrast a bold seizure upon material truths and physical attributes. For the vagueness of a visionary and impossible ideal, we substitute the actuality of individual life, energetic and earnest. Still more, in place of a legendary Catholicism, which often only fosters art in the betrayal of genius, the Protestant painter emancipated from the grave-clothes and mortmain of catacombs

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and cloisters, can henceforth become the companion of science and the handmaid of civilisation, range through the fields of nature, and throw his healthful energies into the progressive life of a free and prosperous people.

It is good to cross the channel, if only to understand ourselves by contrast. The three great national schools, the French, the German, and the English, have alike been seized by mediæval fervour. Yet with what different result. French art, in its attempt to become religious, is notoriously irreligious. The French Madonna is a flirting, fascinating grisette, or a sorrowing Magdalen. The French saint is but a sinner in the sackcloth of suffering; the French heaven but a select company from the Champs Elysées; and their angels took to wings only when tired of tip-toe flight in the Casino. In England, too, under the name of pre-Raphaelitism, we have had our mediæval furor; yet how diverse either from French license or German austerity. Our English school is rather secular than sacred. The literal study of nature, rather than the servile copyism of early Italian masters, is its fundamental creed and practice. Instead of aspiring to a visionary ideal, it contentedly adheres to the sober truth of individual nature. Instead of dreaming on in shadowy mazes far away on the outlying frontier of matter and spirit, our English school boldly takes its stand on the actual and tangible, and depicts with utmost vigour just what it sees. Lastly, in lieu of a dun, dirty, and melancholy colour, falsely deemed the appropriate garb to solemn thought, our own pre-Raphaelites glory in prismatic lustre, seek to outvie the sunshine of nature, and to out-rival the richness of Titian. They certainly have special sins, peculiarly their own, for which to answer; but assuredly they stand exonerated from the defects, and even from the merits of German spiritualists.

In Munich we have seen there is much that is false, much which, pretending to the sublime, ends in the ridiculous. We have seen that the so-called religious art is often little better than whine, cant, and grimace—the refuge of mental weakness—poetasters taking to hymns because easiest of composition—men making sermons who are incapable of other work. But, at the same time, let us accord to Munich art and the German Christian school the honour which is their due. Honour assuredly accrues to patient plodding labour; reward awaits on learning; and knowledge, even in the arts, constitutes in some sense power. Princes, we have seen, have bestowed a regal patronage; and both artists and monarchs have been fired by noble ambition to restore to art its ancient glory. We are not unmindful of the high service thus conferred upon a nation and a people in these strenuous efforts to give to the religion, the history, and the literature of their country, adequate pictorial expression. To so noble an enterprise let commensurate honour be awarded. Even upon the works themselves we have endeavoured to bestow that measure of praise which is undoubtedly their due. But it is the misfortune of these efforts that the antecedents of Germany have not fostered germs indigenous to this exotic growth. A southern plant has been uprooted from the soil of its birth, and taken into exile far from the sun that had cherished its growth, its vigour is blighted, its flower faded. Better had it been to tend the hardy pine upon the mountain steep. But the life that once was in Germany—a burgher life of sturdy liberty, having died out, this country in art, as in polity, now finds her nationality in jeopardy. The art of Durer and Van Eyck is extinct. In its stead Perugino and Pinturicchio, ravished from the rest of hallowed tombs, are dragged over snowy Alps, across three centuries of history, and now come with the skeleton touch of death to mock the ways of Nature.

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CAPTAIN SPEKE'S ADVENTURES IN SOMALI LAND.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

JORDANS, *April* 1860.

MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—I now send you the narrative of my first adventures in Africa, and trust my experiences may prove in some degree as useful to succeeding generations of travellers as other men's "Travels" have been to me; and then I shall be fully repaid for the trouble of writing.

There is much in the old adage, "Experientia docet;" and if men did not give their experiences, there would be little use in what they did for the advancement of discovery and science.

In these pages I have endeavoured to explain how my natural bent and the habits of my life first led me to Africa, and how, by the leading-strings of fate, assisted and led on from one thing to another, I have been induced to return there, and am now going for a third time again.

Should these papers appear to you, on inspection, likely to be of any use to future travellers, I would beg you to insert them in your Magazine.

I must explain that I never kept diaries with a view to publishing what I wrote, and for this reason I regret to say that there are many very interesting stories and anecdotes, illustrative of this peculiar race as to their characters and minds, which were told me in ordinary conversation, but which I omitted to record, and now fear I do not recollect sufficiently well to be justified in publishing.

Further I would add, I have been obliged to extract nearly as much matter from letters which I wrote to my mother, and which have all been sedulously kept, as from the diaries themselves.

May this confession be a warning to others who travel, and a caution to be precise in recording everything they see and hear, for the better guidance of those who follow after them.

The papers recording my second and succeeding travels in Africa have already appeared in your Magazine for September, October, and November last; and I hope, with God's grace, I shall ere long (probably about three years hence) again return from the land of the blacks, and fully complete the history I have begun, and be able to give, from comparative views of the country and its various peoples, much more general and important information than any isolated accounts could furnish.

To explain my intentions in my third expedition to Africa, on which I expect to start in a few days, I may mention that the object I have now in view is to determine whether or not the Victoria Nyanza, which I discovered in 1858, is the principal source of the Nile; and to do so, I propose starting from Zanzibar, passing up the west flank of the Nyanza, and coming on the White Nile at Gondokoro, whence, if Mr Petherick, H.B.M. Consul for Soudan, comes to meet me, as he has offered to do, provided he gets the sanction of our Government, we shall probably sail down the great stream together.

This expedition, I must add, was proposed by Sir Roderick Impey Murchison the first morning after my last return from Africa, and has since been supported and carried out by the influence of the Earl de Grey and Ripon (President) and the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, they inducing the two governments (Home and Indian) to advance me money and other means for carrying it out.

It is strange that, on being obliged to abandon the prosecution of my discovery of the lake, I had made up my mind to return there again as soon as I could obtain permission to do so, being convinced in my own mind that it would prove to be the source of the Nile, then little suspecting that so much importance would be attached to it by the great geographers of Great Britain. My surprise may therefore be imagined when I [illegible]

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my maps to Sir Roderick the very first day, and explaining to him what I had done, he said, without a second thought about it, "Speke, we must send you there again."

What followed I need not tell.—Salaam.

J. H. Speke.

It was in the year 1849, at the expiration of the Punjaub campaign, under Lord Gough, where I had been actively engaged as a subaltern officer in the (so-called) fighting brigade of General Sir Colin Campbell's division of the army, adding my mite to the four successive victorious actions — Ramnugger, Sadoolapore, Chillianwallah, and Guzerat—that I first conceived the idea of exploring Central, Equatorial Africa. My plan was made with a view of collecting the fauna of those regions, to complete and fully develop a museum in my father's house, a nucleus of which I had already formed from the rich menageries of India, the Himalaya Mountains, and Tibet; my idea in selecting that field for my future researches being that I should find within it various orders and species of animals hitherto unknown. Although Major Cornwallis Harris, Ruppell, and others had by this time well-nigh exhausted, by their assiduous investigations, all discoveries in animal life, both in the northern and southern extremities of Africa, in the lowlands of Kaffraria in the south, and the highlands of Ethiopia in the north, no one as yet had penetrated to the centre in the low latitudes near the equator; and by latitudinal differences I thought I should obtain new descriptions and varieties of animals.

The time I proposed to myself for carrying this scheme into operation was my furlough—a lease of three years' leave of absence from India, which I should become entitled to at the expiration of ten years' service in India; but I would not leave the reader to infer that I intended devoting the whole of my furlough to this one pursuit alone. Two of the three years were to be occupied in collecting animals, and descending by the valley of the Nile to Egypt and England, whilst the third year was to be spent in indulgent recreations at home after my labours should be over.

I had now served five years in the Indian army, and five years were left to serve ere I should become entitled to take my furlough. During this time I had to consider two important questions: How I should be able, out of my very limited pay as a subaltern officer, to meet the heavy expenditure which such a vast undertaking would necessarily involve? and how, before leaving India, I might best employ any local leave I could obtain, in completing my already commenced collections of the fauna of that country and its adjacent hill-ranges?*

Previous experience had taught me the most economical mode of living was to be obtained in the prosecution of my chief hobby. In the backwoods and jungles no ceremony or etiquette provokes unnecessary expenditure; whilst the fewer men and material I took with me on my sporting excursions the better sport I always got, and the freer and more independent I was to carry on the chase. I need now only say I acted on this conviction, and I think, I may add, I managed it successfully. For there are now but few animals to be found in either India, Tibet, or the Himalaya Mountains, specimens of which have not fallen victims to my gun. Of this the paternal hall is an existing testimony.†

* Without exception, and after having now shot over three quarters of the globe, I can safely say, there does not exist any place in the whole wide world which affords such a diversity of sport, such interesting animals, or such enchanting scenery, as well as pleasant climate and temperature, as these various countries of my first experiences; but the more especially interesting was Tibet so to me, from the fact that I was the first man who penetrated into many of its remotest parts, and discovered many of its numerous animals.

† Jordans, near Ilminster.

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The 3d September 1854 completed my tenth year's servitude in India, and on the succeeding day, the 4th, I embarked on board one of the P. and O. Company's steamers at Calcutta, and left the Indian shore for Aden; but previously to departure I purchased various cheap articles of barter, all as tempting and seductive as I could find for the simple-minded negroes of Africa. These consisted principally of cheap guns, revolving pistols, swords, cheap cutlery of all sorts, beads, cotton stuffs of variety, and sewing material, &c., &c., &c., to the amount of £390 sterling. Arrived at Aden, my first step was to visit Colonel Outram, the brigadier in command of the station, to open my views to him with regard to penetrating Africa, and to solicit his assistance to my doing so, by granting introductory letters to the native chiefs on the coast, and in any other manner that he could. But to my utter astonishment and discomfiture, with the frank and characteristic ardour which has marked him through life, he at once said he would not only withhold his influence, but would prohibit my going there at all, as the countries opposite to Aden were so extremely dangerous for any foreigners to travel in, that he considered it his duty as a Christian to prevent, as far as he was able, anybody from hazarding his life there. This opposition, fortunately, only lasted for a time. After repeated supplications on my part, the generous kind nature of the Colonel overcame him, and he thought of a pretext by which, should anything serious happen to me, there would not remain any onus on his conscience.*

The Bombay Government at that time had been induced to order an expedition to be organised for the purpose of investigating the Somali country (a large tract of land lying due south of Aden, and separated only from the Arabian coast by the Gulf of Aden), and had appointed three officers, Lieutenant Burton to command, and Lieutenants Stroyan and Herne to assist in its conduct. To this project Colonel Outram had ever been adverse, and had remonstrated with the Government about it, declaring, as his opinion, the scheme to be quite unfeasible. The Somal, he said, were the most savage of all African savages, and were of such a wild and inhospitable nature that no stranger could possibly live amongst them. The Government, however, relying on the ability of one who so successfully made the pilgrimage of Mecca, in opposition to all preconceived notions of its impossibility, were bent at least in giving the Lieutenant a chance of showing what he could do in this even *darker* land, and he then was occupied in Aden maturing his plans of procedure.

This, then, was the opportunity the Colonel took advantage of, advising me to ask Lieutenant Burton to incorporate me in his expedition, at the same time saying that, if it was found to be agreeable to Lieutenant Burton, he would back my application to the Indian Government, obtain a cancel of my furlough, and get me put on service-duty as a member of the expedition.

Nothing could have suited me better. Lieutenant Burton was agreeable, and I was at once installed in the expedition. My travelling, mapping,† and collecting propensities, it was thought would be of service to the ends of the expedition; and by my being incorporated in it, there would be no chance of my running counter to it, by travelling on its line of march, and possibly giving rise to disturbances with the natives.

Before proceeding further in the narrative of events as they occurred, it would be as well, perhaps, to anticipate a little, and give a general impression of the geography, ethnology, history, and other characteristics of the country under investigation—the Somali land—and the way in which those investigations, it was intended, should be carried out. As will appear by the following pages, my experi-

* We very much sympathise with Sir James Outram in his attempt to prevent the perilous enterprise of our adventurous friend.—Ed. B. M.

† I had then mapped Tibet, and had laid down several new districts which even to this [illegible] trodden by any European but

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ences were mostly confined to the north central parts, in the highlands of the Warsingali and Dulbahanta tribes. The rest of my information is derived from conversations with the natives, or what I have read in some very interesting pages in vol. xix. of the Royal Geographical Society, written by Lieut. Cruttenden.

The Somali country is an elbow of land lying between the equator and the 11th degree of north latitude, which, from its peculiar form, might well be designated the Eastern Horn of Africa. The land is high in the north, and has a general declination, as may be seen by the river system, to the south and eastward, but with less easting as we come westward.

It is separated from the main body of Africa by the river Jub, a large and fertilising stream, which, rising in the mountains of southern Abyssinia, passes between the territories of the Gallas on the west and the Somalis on the east, and debouches in the Indian Ocean at the northern extremity of the Zanzibar coast. According to Lieut. Cruttenden's map, there are only two other rivers besides this of any consequence in the land,—the Webbe Shebéli, or Haines River, which is of considerable importance, having a large flow of water, trending down a cultivable district of rich red soil, and another less important to the eastward of these two, called very unfortunately by him the Wady* Nogal. The proper specific name for this river has never, to my knowledge, been given. It rises in some small hills close overhanging the north coast, and runs south-easterly into the Indian Ocean, dividing two large territories, called Ugahden, or Haud, on the west, and Nogal on the east. Ugahden is said to be a flat grassy country, of red soil, almost stoneless, and having water everywhere near the surface. It is considered by the pastoral Somal a famous place for keeping cattle, of which by report they possess a great abundance, such as camels, ponies, cows, and Dumba sheep—a fat-tailed animal, like the Persian breed. Game also abounds in this country, of which the gazelles and antelopes, I was assured, roamed about in vast herds like sheep. The Nogal country is the opposite of this, containing nothing of any material value in it. The rock-formation is all lime, very pure and white like marble, which consequently makes the soil white, and, being very stony, is almost barren. The Somal keep cattle here, but with much apparent difficulty, being, from the scarcity of springs and want of water, obliged to march about, following the last falls of rain, to obtain fresh herbage for their cattle. My first and greater journey gave me an insight into this portion of the interior of the country south of Bunder Goree. It was very interesting, though not profitable, from its never having been visited by any Europeans before. I observed here two distinct leading features in its physical geography. The first is a narrow hill-range, about 180 miles long, and 20 or more broad, which is occupied by two large tribes—the Warsingali on the east, and a branch of the Habr Gerhajis on the west. It is situated at an average distance of from 200 yards to 3 or 4 miles from the seashore, separated from it by a sandy flat or maritime plain, and, like the line of coast, extends from east to west. Immediately due south of Bunder Goree, the sea-face, or northern slopes of this range, are very steep and irregular, being trenched down by deep ravines, which, during the rainy season, shed their water across the maritime plain into the Gulf of Aden. The lower folds on this side of the range are composed of brown rocks and earth, having little or no vegetation upon them, and are just as uninviting in appearance as the light-brown hills which fringe the coast of Arabia, as seen by voyagers on the Red Sea. Further up the hill, in the central folds of the range, this great sterility changes for a warm rich clothing of bush-jungle and a little grass. Gum-trees, myrrh, and some varieties of the frankincense are found in great profusion, as well as a variety of the aloe plant, from which the Somalis manufacture good strong cordage. The upper part of the range is very steep and precipitous, and on

* *Wady*, river.

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this face is well clad with trees and bush-jungle. The southern side of the range is exactly the opposite, in all its characteristics, of the northern. Instead of having a steep drop of from 6000 to 7000 feet, it falls by gentle slopes to successive terraces, like a giant staircase, to scarcely half that depth, where it rests at the head of the high plateau land of Nogal, and is almost barren. Nogal, as I have said before, is also very barren, only producing trees, such as the hardy acacia and jujube, in sheltered places, in the valleys or watercourses which drain that land to the south-east. I had no means of determining it, but should judge this second great geographical feature, the plateau of Nogal, by the directions its streams lie in, to have a gradual decreasing declination, like all the rest of the interior, from the north, where it averages from an altitude of 3000 to 4000 feet to the level of the sea on south and by east.

By histories furnished me by the natives who accompanied me on the journeys I undertook, it appears the present Somalis are of rather recent origin, not more than four and a-half centuries old. About the year 1413, an Arab chieftain, Darud-bin-Ismail, who had been disputing with an elder brother for certain territorial rights at Mecca, was overpowered and driven from the Mussulman Holy Land, and marched southwards, accompanied by a large number of faithful followers, amongst whom was an Asyri damsel, of gentle blood and interesting beauty, whom he subsequently married, to Makallah, on the southern shores of Arabia. Once arrived there, this band of vanquished fugitives hired vessels, and, crossing the Gulf of Aden, came to Bunder Goree. Here they were hospitably received by the then governing people, who, for the most part, were Christians—probably Gallas and Abyssinians—who, judging from the few archæological remains they subsequently left behind them, must have lived in a far more advanced state of civilisation than the present Somali now enjoy. Those Christian people were governed by one man, Sultan Kin, who had a deputy called Wurrah, renowned alike for his ferocity of character and his ability to govern.

For some years Darud and his Arab followers led a quiet, peaceable life, gaining the confidence of his host, and inspiring Kin's subjects with a reverence for their superior talents. In process of time, by intermarriage and proselytising, these Mussulmans increased in number, and gained such strength, that they began to covet, and finally determined to take the country from the race that had preceded them. This project, by various intrigues and machinations, was easily effected; and Kin, with all his Christians, was driven back to his native highlands in Ethiopia. Darud now was paramount in all this land, and reigned until he died, when an only son by his Asyri wife succeeded to him. This man's name was Kabl Ullah, who had a son called Harti. On succeeding his father, Harti had three sons, called respectively, in order of birth, Warsingali, Dulbahanta, and Mijjerthaine. Amongst these three he divided his kingdom, which to this day retains the names. The Mijjerthaine dispersed over the eastern portions of the land, the Warsingali held the central, and the Dulbahantas the western territories.*

Subsequently to this period, an Arab called Isaakh came across from Southern Arabia and established himself forcibly at Meyet, and founded the three different nations who now occupy all the coast-line from Ras Galwénee on the eastward to Zeyleh on the extreme west of the Somali country. Isaakh, it appears, had three wives, who gave in issue three sons, and among these three men was divided the whole country which he subdued.

Forming themselves into tribes, the senior or Habr Gerhajis, by constant feuds and other causes, are much

* Lieutenant Cruttenden, in his geographical treatise, describes the Darood family as being divided into four tribes, and in addition to the three of which I heard, places the fourth or [redacted] in his map to the southward of the country of [redacted] and the Webbe Shebéli rivers.

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distributed about the country, but mostly occupy the hilly grounds to the southward of the coast-line; whilst the Habr Owel, or second in order of birth, possess all the coast of Berbera between Zeyleh and Kurrum; and the third, or Habr Teljala, hold all the rest thence eastwards to Heis.

The Somalis have been chiefly known to us since the time of our taking occupation of Aden, whither many of them resort with their tribes and families to carry on trade, or do the more menial services of porterage and donkey-driving. They are at once easily recognised by the overland traveller, by their singular appearance and boisterous manner, as well as by their cheating and lying propensities, for which they are peculiarly notorious; indeed, success in fraud is more agreeable to them than any other mode of gaining a livelihood, and the narration of such acts is their greatest delight in conversation. They excel as donkey-boys even the Egyptians. As may be concluded from their history, they are a mixed Ham-Shemitic race, but differing considerably from both in their general appearance, though retaining certain characteristics of both these breeds. They are a tall slender people, light and agile as deer; slightly darker than, though much the colour of Arabs, with thin lip and rather Grecian noses compared with blacks, but with woolly heads like the true negroes. Their natures are so boisterous and warlike, that at Aden it has been found necessary to disarm them. When they first arrived there, it was not an unusual sight to see the men of different tribes, on the hill-sides that form the face of the "crater," fighting battles-royal with their spears and shields; and even to this day, they, without their arms, sometimes have hot contests, by pelting one another with sticks and stones. There is scarcely a man of them who does not show some scars of wounds received in these turmoils, some apparently so deep that it is marvellous how they ever recovered from them.

Their costume is very simple. The men wear a single sheet of long-cloth, eight cubits long, thrown over the shoulder, much after the fashion of the Scotsman's plaid. Some shave their head, leaving it bare; others wear the mane of a lion as a wig, while those who affect the dandy; allow their hair to grow, and jauntily place some sticks in it resembling the Chinaman's joss-sticks, which, when arranging their toilet, they use as a comb, and all carry as weapons of defence a spear and shield, a shillelagh, and a long two-edged knife. The women clothe more extensively, though not much so. Fastening a cloth tightly round the body immediately under their arms, they allow it to fall evenly down to the ground, and effectually cover their legs up. The married ones encase their hair in a piece of blue cloth, gathering it up at the back of the head in the fashion of English women of the present day; this is a sign of wedlock. The virgins wear theirs loose, plaited in small plaits of three, which, being parted in the centre, allows the hair to fall evenly down all round the head like a well-arranged mop. On approaching one of these fairs, they seductively give their heads a cant backwards, with a half-side-jerk, which parts the locks in front, and discloses a pretty little smiling face, with teeth as white as pearls and lips as red as rubies. Pretty as they are when young, this beauty fades at once after bearing children, and all their fair proportions go with it. After that marked peculiarity of female negroes, they swell about the waist, and have that large development behind, which, in polite language, is called steatopyga. Although they are Mussulmans, none wear the yashmac.

In consequence of the poorness of their land, almost all the Somalis are wandering pastorals, which of itself is enough to account for their turbulent natures. The system of government they maintain is purely patriarchal, and is succeeded to by order of birth generally in a regular and orderly manner, attributable, it would appear, to the reverence they feel for preserving their purity of blood. The head of each clan is called Gerad or Sultan, who would be powerless in himself were he not supported by the united influence of

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all the royal family. When any disturbances or great disputes arise, the sultan is consulted, who collects his elders in parliament to debate the matter over, and, through them, ascertain the people's feelings. Petty disputes are settled by the elders without any further reference. In most cases war arises from blood-feuds, when a member of one clan kills the subject of another, and will not pay the recognised valuation of the party injured, or allow himself to be given up to the vengeance of the family who has sustained the loss. In such cases as these, whole tribes voluntarily march out to revenge the deed by forcibly taking as many cattle from the aggressor as the market valuation may amount to. Thus a war, once contracted, does not subside for years, as by repeated deaths among the contending parties the balance of blood-money never can be settled. Moreover, the inflicted punishment seldom falls on the immediate party concerned; added to which, in wars of tribes, everybody helps himself to his enemy's cattle in the best way he can, and men formerly poor now suddenly become rich, which gives a zest to the extension of the contest nothing else could produce. Indeed, the poorer orders of Somal are only too glad to have a good pretext for a fight, as a means of bettering their condition, by adding a few more head of cattle to their stock. Were this not the case, there would be no fighting whatever, as the sultan would be powerless to raise an army against the inclination of the people. War only ceases when both sides become exhausted, and withdraw as by mutual consent. The great object in these encounters is to steal away as many cattle as possible without risk of person, and such feats are boasted of with rapture when returning home with any prize. In the administration of justice they consult the Mosaic law, as given in the Koran, taking life for life, and kind for kind. The northern Somal have no permanent villages in the interior of the country, as the ground is not cultivated; but they scatter about, constantly moving with their flocks and herds to any places within their limited districts where water is to be found, and erect temporary huts of sticks, covered with grass mats; or, when favourable, they throw up loose stone walls like the dykes in Scotland. But on the sea-coast, wherever there are harbours for shipping, they build permanent villages on a very primitive scale. These are composed of square mat walls, supported by sticks, and all huddled together, and partitioned off for the accommodation of the various families, near which there are usually one or more square box-shaped stone buildings, the property of the chief of the place, which are designated forts, though there is nothing in their artless construction to deserve this name. They are all composed of blocks of coralline, cemented together with mortar extracted from the same material. Like nearly all places within the tropics, this country is visited by regular monsoons or seasons, in which the winds prevail constantly in one direction; consequently vessels can only come into the harbours during five months of the entire year, or from the 15th November to the 15th April, to trade with the people; and then the Somal bring the products of their country, such as sheep, cows, ghee, mats made by the women from certain grasses and the Daum palm, ostrich feathers, and hides, and settle on the coast to exchange them in barter with the outer merchants, such as Arabs and men from Cutch, who bring thither cloths, dates, rice, beads, and iron for that purpose.

Of all the trading places on the coast, the most important is Berbera; it is, in fact, the great emporium of Somali land, and we must call the reader's attention to it, since it forms the chief point of interest in these pages. It is on the same meridian as Aden, and only divided from it by the gulf of that name. Although it is of such great importance, it is only inhabited during the five months of the favourable monsoon, when great caravans come up from the rich provinces which lie to its south and south-west, the principal ones being those from Ugahden and Harar.

Having now given a general sketch

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of the country, we shall enter upon the objects of the expedition. It was obvious, by the lay of the land, that the richest and most interesting part of the country must be that which lies between the Jub and Webbe Shebéli rivers, and it was the most accessible to inspection, as large and powerful caravans, travelling southwards through Ugahden, much frequent it. Seeing this, Lieutenant Burton conceived the idea of waiting until the breaking-up of the Berbera fair, when the caravans disperse to their homes, to travel by the ordinary caravan route, through the Ugahden country to the Webbe Shebéli, and on to Gananah, to proceed further by any favourable opportunity to the Zanzibar coast.

It was now, however, early October, and fully five months must elapse ere we could finally enter on our march. In the mean time, Lieutenant Burton, desirous of becoming acquainted as far as possible with the habits of the people we were destined to travel amongst, as well as the nature of the country and the modes of travelling in this *terra incognita*, determined on making an experimental tour to Harar, a place which had never been entered by any European, and was said to be inaccessible to them. Harar, as I have said before, sends caravans annually to the Berbera fair, and therefore comes within the influence of British power. Taking advantage of this, Lieutenant Burton ordered Lieutenant Herne to go to Berbera whilst he was on this expedition, to keep up a diversion in his favour, arming him with instructions, that in case he was detained in Harar by the Amir of that place, Lieutenant Herne might detain their caravan as a ransom for his release.

Further, to obtain more accurate knowledge concerning the march of the Ugahden caravans, to gain an insight into the market transactions of Berbera, and to collect cattle for our final march, it was deemed advisable he should go there. Lieutenant Stroyan, as soon as he could manage it, was also to go to Berbera to assist him. Thus everybody had a duty to perform during this interregnum but myself.

Dreading the monotony of a station life, I now volunteered to travel in any direction my commandant might think proper to direct, and to any length of time he might consider it advisable for me to be away. This proposition had its effect, as affording an extra opportunity of obtaining the knowledge we all desired, and instructions were drawn up for my guidance. I was to proceed to Bunder Goree, on the Warsingali frontier, to penetrate the country southwards as far as possible, passing over the maritime hill-range, and, turning thence westwards, was to inspect *the* Wady Nogal, and march direct on Berbera, to meet our brothers Stroyan and Herne, at a date not later than the 15th January 1855. Whilst travelling I was to remark upon the watershed of the country, plot the route I travelled, keep *copious* notes on everything I saw, and collect specimens of natural history in all its branches, as well as observe and register all meteorological phenomena, and buy camels and ponies for the great future expedition.

Funds for the expenses of this undertaking were not available from the public purse, as the Government had stipulated that the whole sum they would advance for this great expedition should not exceed £1000, and, for security's sake, had decided on paying it by instalments of £250 at a time. I therefore, desirous to render as much assistance as lay within my power to further the cause I had embarked upon, volunteered to advance the necessary sum from my own private resources, trusting to the future for being repaid.

This project settled, I at once set to work, and commenced laying in such stores as were necessary for an outfit, whilst Lieutenant Burton, who had been long resident in Adén, engaged two men to assist me on the journey. The first was a man named Samater, who ranked highly in his country, to be my *Abban* or protector. The duty of abbanship is of the greatest importance, for it rests entirely on his honesty whether his client can succeed in doing anything in the country he takes him through. Arabs, when travelling

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under their protection, have to ask his permission for everything they may wish to do, and cannot even make a march, or purchase anything, without his sanction being first obtained. The Abban introduces the person under his protection to the chief of his clan, is answerable for all outrages committed on the way, and is the recognised go-between in all questions of dispute or barter, and in every other fashion. The second man was also a Warsingali,* by name Ahmed, who knew a slight smattering of Hindustani, and acted as interpreter between us. I then engaged two other men, a Hindustani butler named Imam, and a Seedi called Farhan: this latter man was a perfect Hercules in stature, with huge arms and limbs, knit together with largely developed ropy-looking muscles. He had a large head, with small eyes, flabby squat nose, and prominent muzzle filled with sharp-pointed teeth, in imitation of a crocodile. He had been tried in warfare, and was proved valorous and cunning in the art, and promised to be a very efficient guard for me. The next thing of most importance to be considered was the dress I should wear. I first consulted the Colonel (Outram), who said he was averse to our going in disguise, thinking that lowering ourselves in this manner would operate against me in the estimation of the natives. But this did not suit Lieutenant Burton's plans, who, not wishing to be conspicuous whilst travelling to Harar, determined on going there disguised as an Arab merchant, and thought it better we should appear as his disciples, in accordance with which Lieutenant Herne had already purchased his dress, and now I bought mine. It was anything but pleasant to the feel. I had a huge hot turban, a long close-fitting gown, baggy loose drawers, drawn in at the ankles, sandals on my naked feet, and silk girdle decorated with pistol and dirk. As an outfit for this especial journey, I bought at Aden £120 worth of miscellaneous articles, consisting chiefly of English and American sheeting, some coarse fabrics of indigo-dyed Indian manufacture; several sacks of dates and rice, and a large quantity of salt, with a few coloured stuffs of greater value than the other cloths, to give away as presents to the native chiefs. As defensible and other useful implements for the scientific portion of the expedition, I took rifles, guns, muskets, pistols, sabres, ammunition in great quantity, large commodious camel-boxes for carrying specimens of natural history, one sextant and artificial horizon, three boiling-point and common atmospheric thermometers, and one primitive kind of camera obscura, which I had made at Aden under the ingenious supervision of Lieutenant Herne. The whole was ready by the 18th October 1854, when I embarked in an Arab vessel, attired in my oriental costume, with my retinue and kit complete, and set sail that same evening at 6 P.M.

The voyage, owing to light and varying breezes, was very slow and tedious. Instead of performing the whole voyage in three days, the ordinary time, it took us nine. According to the method of Arab navigation, instead of going from port to port direct, we first tracked eastward along the Arabian shore three successive days, setting sail at sunrise, and anchoring regularly at sundown. By this time we were supposed to be opposite Bunder Heis, on the Somali coast, and the Nahkuda (captain) thought it time for crossing over the Gulf. We therefore put out to sea at sunrise on the morning of the 21st, and arrived the same evening, by mistake, assisted with a stiffish easterly breeze, at a small place called Rakudah, which, by report, contained a small fort, three mat huts, and many burnt ones, a little to the westward of Bunder Heis. My Abban accounted for the destruction of this place by saying it had been occupied surreptitiously for a long period by a people called Rer Dud, who sprang from a man called Sambur-bin-Ishak; but about four years ago, the Musa Abokr—a sub-tribe of

* This proved a great mistake. By having both men of the same tribe for my entire dependence, they invariably acted in concert against me like two brothers.

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the Habr Teljala, who were the former and rightful owners of the place, suddenly returned, took the usurpers by surprise, and drove them off by setting fire to the village. The next day, by hard work, tacking up the wind, which still continued easterly, we succeeded in reaching Bunder Heis, which, like the last place, was occupied by the Musa Abokr. There were four small craft lying here, waiting for cargoes, under lee of a spur of low hills which constituted the harbour; in which, fortunately, there was very good fishing to be obtained. We were detained here by adverse and light winds two days, during which time I went on shore and paid my respects to the Agil (chief) of the place, who lived in a small box-shaped stone fort, on the west flank of the village of Heis, which was very small, composed, as usual, of square mat huts, all built together, and occupied only by a few women, who made mats, collected gums, and stored the produce of the interior, as sheep, cows, and ghee, which their men constantly brought down to them, for shipping off to Arabia. The Agil's reception was very warm and polite; he offered me everything at his disposal, and gave as an honorary present a Dumba sheep and a bowl of sour camel's milk, which I thought at the time the most delicious thing I ever drank; it is sharp and rough, like labourers' cider, and, drunk in the heat of the day, is most refreshing. When first taken, and until the stomach becomes accustomed to it, it operates like medicine, and I on this occasion was fairly taken in. The fish we caught were not very good, but comical in appearance, and of a great variety of the most beautiful prismatic colours, changing in tint as different lights and shades struck upon them.

We left Heis on the 25th, with very light and unfavourable winds, and tracked along shore to the eastward, making very little way. The weather continuing the same, on the 26th I forced the Nahkuda, much against his will, on at night, as during the darker hours the winds were much stronger, and by this means we arrived at our destination at sundown on the 27th of October. I had now seen the Somali shore, and must confess I was much disappointed. All that was visible, besides the village mentioned, was a sandy tract of ground, the maritime plain, which extended in breadth from the seashore to some brown-looking hills in the background, from a few hundred yards to one or two miles distant. And hills and plains—for I could, by my close approximation to them, only see the brown folds of the hills near the base—were alike almost destitute of any vegetation; whilst not one animal or any other living creature could be seen.

28*th October*.—The Abban would not allow anybody to go on shore until certain parties came off to welcome us, and invite us to land, such being the etiquette of the country when any big-wigs arrive. After the sun rose we were duly honoured by the arrival of many half-naked dignitaries, who tenderly inquired after the state of our health, the prosperity or otherwise of our voyage, the purpose of our coming there, and a variety of other such interesting matters. Then again they were questioned by our people as to the state of the country, whether in peace or war; how and where the Sultan Gerad Mahamed Ali was residing; if rain had lately fallen, and where; if the cattle were well in milk;—to which it was responded that everything was in the most promising order; the cattle were flourishing in the hills, where rain had lately fallen, about twenty miles distant from that place; and the Sultan, with all the royal family,* were there, revelling on milk, under the shade of favouring trees, or reposedly basking in the warm morning sun. The height of Somali bliss!! The order was now given to go ashore, and we all moved off to a fort which the Abban said was his own property, in Goreeat (little Bunder Goree), three miles to the westward of Bunder Goree. There were two of these little forts near, and a small collection of mat huts, like those already described, and of the same

* The Sultan has four sons.

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material as all Somali forts and huts. The kit was now brought across, and placed within the fort I occupied, all except the salt, which afterwards proved a bone of contention between me and the Abban, and the Sultan was at once sent for. No one could move a yard inland, or purchase anything, without his sanction being first obtained. Although Gerad Mahamed Ali was living only twenty miles distant from Goreeat, it was not until repeated messages had been sent to him, and eleven days had elapsed, that he answered the summons by his presence. In the meanwhile, having nothing better to do during this tedious interval, as no people would bring cattle or anything for sale, I took walks about the plain, shooting, and killed a new variety of gazelle, called by the Somali Déra,* and Salt's antelopes, here called Sagaro, which fortunately were very abundant, though rather wild; catching fish, drawing with the camera, bathing in the sea, luxuriating on milk, dates, and rice, or talking and gossiping with the natives. On one occasion my interpreter came to me with a mysterious air, and whispered in my ear that he knew of some hidden treasures of vast amount, which had been buried not far off, under rocky ground, in such a way that nobody had been able to dig them up, and he wished that I, being an Englishman, and consequently knowing secret arts, as well as *hikmat* (scientific dodges), would direct how to search for these treasures. By inquiring farther into the matter, it appeared that an old man, a miser, who had been hoarding all his life, was suddenly taken ill about forty years ago, and feared he would die: seeing this, his relatives assembled around him to ask his blessing; and the old man, then fearing all his worldly exertions would end to no good purpose, asked them to draw near that he might tell them where his riches were hidden, but even then he would not disclose the secret, until he was in the last dying gasp, when he said, "Go to a pathway lying between two trees, and stretch out a walking-stick to the full length of your arm, and the place where the end of your wand touches is that in which my treasures are hidden." The wretched man then gave up the ghost, and his family commenced the search; but though they toiled hard for many days and weeks, turning up the stones in every direction, they never succeeded in finding the treasure, and had now given up the search in despair. The fact was, they omitted to ask their parent on which side of the path it was concealed, and hence their discomfiture. At my request the said family came to me, corroborated the statements of the interpreter, and begged imploringly I would direct them how to search for the money; saying at the same time they would work again, if I thought it of any use; and, moreover, they would give me half if the search proved successful. I lent them some English pickaxes, and went to see the place, which certainly showed traces of very severe exertions; but the strong nature of the soil was too much for them, even when armed with tools, unless they were fortunate enough to hit upon the exact spot, which they did not, and therefore toiled in vain again.

The Warsangalis complained to me sadly of their decline in power since the English had interfered in their fights with the Habr Teljala, which took place near Aden about seven years ago, and had deprived them of their vessels for creating a disturbance, which interfered with the ordinary routine of traffic. They said on that occasion they had not only beaten the Habr Teljala, but had seized one of their vessels; and that prior to this rupture they had enjoyed paramount superiority over all the tribes of the Somal; but now they were forbidden to transport soldiers or make reprisals on the sea, every tribe was on an equality with them.

They further spoke of the decline of their tribe's morals, since the time when the English took possession of Aden, and brought in civilisation with it. This they in most part attributed to our weak manner in

* This gazelle is slightly different from the Dorcas, and, I believe, has never been obtained before.

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prosecuting crime, by requiring too accurate evidence before inflicting punishment; saying many a dishonest person escaped the vengeance of law, from the simple fact of there being no eyewitnesses to his crime, although there existed such strong presumptive evidence as to render the accusation proved. When speaking against our laws, and their insufficiency to carry out all governmental points with a strong and spirited hand, they never forget to laud their own Sultan's despotic powers and equity in justice. Of course, no mortal man was like Mahamed Ali. In leading them to war he was like the English French,* and in settling disputes he required no writing office, but, sitting on the woolsack, he listened to the narration of prosecution and defence with his head buried in his hands, and never uttering a word until the trial was over, and then gave his final decision in one word only, without comment of any sort. In confirmation of their statements, they gave the description of a recent trial, when a boy was accused of having attempted to steal some rice from a granary; the lad had put his hand through a chink in the door of it, and had succeeded in getting one finger, up to the second joint, in the grain; this, during the trial, he frankly acknowledged having done, and the Sultan appointed that much of his finger exactly to be cut off, and no more—punishing the deed exactly according to its deserts. This, to Somali notions, seemed a punctiliousness in strict equity of judicial administration, which nothing could excel, and they bragged of it accordingly

Becoming dreadfully impatient at so much loss of precious time whilst waiting here, unable to prepare in any way for the journey, I sent repeated messages to the Sultan, demanding his immediate attendance; but it was not until the 6th of November I heard definitely of his approach, and then it was that he was coming down the hill.

On the 7th he came with a host of Agils to Bunder Goree, and put up in a Nahkuda's hut. This indignity he was obliged to submit to, as he had not cautioned the merchants who occupied his forts of his intended approach, and now no one would turn out for him. Finding him so near me, I longed to walk over to him, and settle matters personally at once; but dignity forbade it; and as he had come with such cautious trepidation, I feared any over-hastiness might frighten him away again. He seemed to observe the same punctiliousness towards me, so I split the difference by sending an embassy by my Abban, assisted with other powerful Agils, early the following morning, when they held durbar, and my intentions of travelling were fully discussed in open court. For a long time the elders on the Sultan's side were highly adverse to my seeing their country, considering no good could possibly arise from it, and much harm might follow — I might covet their country, and eventually take it from them, whereas they could gain nothing. Hearing this, the Abban waxed very wroth, and indignantly retorted he would never allow such a slur to be cast upon *his honour*, or the office which he held. He argued he had come there as my adviser and Abban; his parentage was of such high order, his patriotism could not be doubted. Had he not fought battles by their side, of which his scars bore living testimony? and now they wished to stigmatise him as a traitor to his country! The Sultan must decide it. How could jungle folk like them know anything of the English and their intentions? The Sultan listened silently during this discourse, which, though written in a few lines, took many hours of hot debating, by their turning and turning every little particular over and over again; and finally decided it in his usual curt and conclusive manner, by saying, "The Warsingali were on the most friendly and amicable relations with the English; and as he was desirous of maintaining it, he would

* In talking of white men or Europeans, the Somal always say English French, those two branches of the European community being all they are acquainted with.

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give me leave to travel anywhere I liked within his dominions, and to see and examine anything I chose. But out of fear for the consequences, as the English would hold him answerable should any disasters befall me, he could not sanction my crossing over his frontier in any direction, and more especially into the Dulbahanta country, where wars were raging, and the country so unsafe that even Warsingalis dare not venture there." This announcement was brought back in high exultation by Samater, who thought his success complete, and at the same time announced to me the Sultan's intention of honouring me with a visit in the evening, which was duly done.

He came a little before sunset, marching in martial order in the centre of a double line of men sloping their spears in bristling array over their shoulders, all keeping step in slow marching order, evidently got up in imitation of our soldiers. Not a word was spoken, and the deepest solemnity prevailed. On his arrival in front of the fort, I drew up my men, and fired a salute to give him welcome. This was done in right good earnest, by every man cramming his gun with powder, to excel his neighbour in a loud report, to show the superiority of his weapon; for such is the black man's notions of excellence in a fowling-piece. The march concluded, the Sultan, with his followers all huddled together and squatted on the ground outside the second fort, deeply agitated, and not knowing what to do, they evidently dreading what might follow. To dissipate their fears, I approached his royalty, salaamed, and tried to beguile the time by engaging them in conversation. Finding this had rather the opposite effect, I then retired, and soon found them all intently wrapped up in prayer, prostrating and rising by turns, with uplifted hands, and muttering for hours together without cessation. I then ordered a regal repast to be served them of rice swimming in ghee, and dates *ad libitum*. This, notwithstanding their alarm, was despatched with the most marvellous rapacity, to such an alarming extent, that I required to know how many men were engaged in eating it. The Abban replied there were only a few: he would not allow many to come over here out of a spirit of economy, knowing I had not much property to spare, though all had wished to come, and were greatly disappointed. But these men, as is usual amongst Somal, had prepared themselves for a feast by several days' previous fasting, and each man would, if I allowed it, swallow at one meal as much as a sheep's skin could contain. As a gun is known by the loudness of its report, and ability to stand a large discharge of powder, to be of good quality, so is a man's power gauged by his capacity of devouring food; it is considered a feat of superiority to surpass another in grubbing. I have seen a Somali myself, when half-starved by long fasting, and his stomach drawn in, sit down to a large skinful of milk, and drink away without drawing breath until it was quite empty, and it was easy to observe his stomach swelling out in exact proportion as the skin of liquor decreased. They are perfect dogs in this fashion. I may here add, that although the Abban in this speech seemed to show so much consideration for my property, by several recent tricks of his I entertained much suspicion of his honesty; and this little address, though uttered plausibly, was too common and transparent a trick in the East to beguile me. All Orientals have a proverbial habit of saving their master's property to leave greater pickings for themselves, and such I considered was Samater's dodge now.

8*th November*.—This morning the Sultan, having now recovered, came to return my salaam of the previous evening, when I opened to him the purport of my expedition in minute detail. He listened very attentively and politely, but at the conclusion repeated the words I had already heard; adding that the Dulbahantas had intestine wars; they had been fighting many years, and were now in hot strife, dividing the government of their country. Not many days since a report had arrived that the southern portion of them, who occupied the countries about 100 miles due south

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of Bunder Heis, had had a fight with the northern ones, who were living on the same meridian, immediately to their northward, and had succeeded in capturing 2000 horses, 400 camels, a great number of sheep and goats, and had wounded one man severely: it was therefore impossible I could go from the one division to the other, or I should be treated as an enemy; and that was the only line on which water could be found during this, the dry season. Had I come here during the monsoon, I might have travelled directly in a diagonal line, from the south of the mountain-range to the rear of this place, into their, the southerners', country, which was the older branch, and was now governed by the hereditary and rightful chief, Gerad Mahamed Ali, who was on the most friendly terms with the Warsingalis, and who, being an old chief, and well respected by his adherent subjects, might have granted me a hospitable reception. On the other hand, the northern Dulbahantas, who were also friendly with the Warsingalis, were under no control: the Gerad, by name Mahamed Ali, was recently installed in government, and was consequently very little respected. He (the Warsingali chief) could not, therefore, give his sanction to my going amongst them, by which my life would be endangered, and he, for permitting it, would be held responsible by the English. No arguments of mine would change the decision of this inflexible chief; I therefore changed the subject by asking him to assist me in procuring camels, by which I might go into the interior, and feel my way hereafter. This he readily assented to, and begged permission to return to Bunder Goree to give the necessary orders to his subjects. His escort then demanded a cloth a-piece from me, to be given them for their trouble in coming over here; arguing that, had I not required the Sultan's attendance, they would not have had to come;—a plausible, but truly Somali notion of justice; they knew their proper master would give them nothing for coming to support his dignity, but thought I might be softer.

10*th*.—The Sultan, not able to do business hurriedly with his rabble subjects, did not appear again until this morning, and then, instead of proceeding at once to work, hinted he should like to have the presents I had brought from Aden for him, as the best method of showing our feelings to one another. This was not so easily concluded. I portioned out the things that were intended for him, and wished he would take them at once away and clear the room, thinking, in my inexperience of savages, I had only to give, and it would be received with a hearty Bism Ullah; but I was soon undeceived: the things were taken with a grunt of discontentment; all looked over one by one. If a cloth was soiled, it must be changed; and then the measurements began—first, by the Sultan trying the length of his forearm against everybody's in the room, and then by measuring every cloth by turn, and remeasuring them again for fear of mistake; then they were divided into lots, to be disposed of to his wives, and children, and Agils, and servants, and, of course, found insufficient to meet everybody's expectations, and I must give more. Tedious hours passed in this way; as a final petition, the Sultan said I must give him for himself a gun and my silk turban, as I had given up wearing anything on my head, and did not require it: these were, after a certain amount of haggling, given, on condition that the Sultan would exert himself a little more energetically on my account. The way he handled the musket was very amusing: he had never had one in his hands before, and could not get it to sit against his shoulder; and when his people placed it for him, he persisted in always cocking the wrong eye, which tickled Farhan's fancy so much, that he burst into loud roars of laughter. Nevertheless, the Sultan took things quietly, and would not allow himself to be discomposed, but coolly said the gun would be of no use unless I gave him some powder to feed it with. This last straw broke the camel's back; all things must have an end, and I promised I would give him some after he procured enough camels for my wants, but not before. This settled the matter, and he walked off, with all

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the things I had given him, as sulkily as if he had been injured.

Camels were then brought for sale, and purchasing commenced. When the Sultan was present, he had to determine if the prices asked by the sellers were reasonable or not, and took for his office as mediator a tithe* on all purchases; but in his absence, Agils were appointed to officiate on the same conditions. This system of robbing, I was assured, was the custom of the country, and if I wanted to buy at all, I must abide by it. Cloth was at a great discount on the coast, for the men there had, by their dealings with Aden, become accustomed to handle dollars, and were in consequence inspired with that superior innate love for the precious metal over all other materials, with which all men, and especially those newly acquainted with it, become unaccountably possessed. No one would believe that my boxes could be made for any other purpose than for locking up money; and I was obliged to leave them open to inspection before they would sell anything for cloth.†

The Sultan lived at Bunder Goree, and seldom showed himself, promising to come to me every day, without the least intention of doing so; and only at last, after three days' absence, when I threatened to invade his dwelling, did he appear, bringing several camels with him: of these I purchased some good ones, and sent the rest away: this was the 15th November. He then returned home again, and promised faithfully he would bring on the morrow a sufficient number of camels to carry all my kit.

16*th*.—For the first time the Sultan kept his promise by returning, but the animals he brought were weak and useless, and I could plainly see I was being trifled with, and detained here for the mere purpose of being robbed in an indirect manner, so that no accusation could be laid against any one. Nothing, I may say, in all my experiences, vexes the mind so much as feeling one's-self injured in a way that cannot be prevented or avenged. Some might take such matters quietly, but I confess I could not. Indeed, I stormed and expostulated with the Sultan until he agreed to assist me in a move. I had now eleven camels, and wanted some five more, but thought it better not to wait; for as long as I remained in a comfortable dwelling, I knew my men would not exert themselves. That day, then, packing up what I most required, I started for Bunder Goree, and unloaded, after a three miles' march, at an old well in rear of the village, selecting as an encamping-ground the least comfortable place I could find, and not allowing the tent to be pitched, though the sun-heat was 112 degrees, and the sand was blowing in perfect clouds. Some days previously to my leaving Goreeat, Samater induced me to give him twenty rupees to hire donkeys for conveying the heavier things over the hills, and repeatedly assured me he had got them, but they never came; and now I asked him to return the money, as I had brought it with me as a reserve fund, to provide against any possible difficulty, and not to be parted with for any ordinary purpose. This commenced a series of rows between Samater and myself: he had made away with the money, and could not produce it. The salt also was never forthcoming.

17*th*.—I could not succeed in making up my complement of camels. The Sultan said he and his men must be fed before they could do work, and sat upon the date-bags so resolutely I was fain to open them that some business might be done. After feasting they all dispersed, under pretensions of bringing other camels, and I went into the town to inspect the place. There were five small forts, occupied by merchants, of whom one

* The system of tithe-gathering, as well as their other laws, the Somal, as Mussulmans, take from the books of Moses.

† It may appear strange that these men would not accept anything from me in payment, except such things as they were accustomed to; and many of the pretty baubles which I brought from Calcutta, and considered would allure them by their beauty, proved of no use here as a medium of exchange.

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was a Hindi from Cutch, and a large collection of mat huts, mostly occupied by women. Instead of finding a harbour (Bunder), as the name of the village implied, the shore was a gradual shelving open roadstead, in which two buggaloes were lying at anchor, waiting for cargoes, and four small sailing-boats were preparing, with harpoon and tackle, to go porpoise-hunting for oil.

18*th*. — Having made everybody as uncomfortable as I could wish, sitting in the sandy open plain, all the men were equally desirous with myself for a move on the journey; but still I was five camels short, and saw no hopes of getting them. The plan then settled was to move southwards half-way up the hill, leaving the few things still in the fort as they were, until I arrived there, and could send the animals I was taking with me back. Having now desired the Sultan, Samater, and Farhan to return to Goreeat, and leave the rear property in safe custody with the fort-keeper, I commenced the march across the maritime plain with Ahmed, Imam, a number of Somali camel-tenders armed with spear and bow, and the Sultan's youngest son, Abdullah, to direct the way until his father and the other two should arrive, which they promised they would do by the evening. The track first led us across the maritime plain, here about two miles broad, and composed of sand overlying limestone, with boulders in the dry shallow water-courses, and with no vegetable life save a few scrub acacias. This traversed, we now wound along a deep ravine called Duktura, lying between the lower spurs of the mountain-range, and commenced a slight ascent up its cracked, uneven passage, until we reached a halting-place called Iskodubuk, about five miles from Bunder Goree, when the camels were so fatigued by travelling over boulders, that we were obliged to unload and stop there for the day. The Sultan and Abban now overtook us to say the rear things were in safe custody in the fort, and, leaving instructions with the young Prince Abdullah about the road we should follow on the morrow, retired *nolens volens* back again to Bunder Goree, saying, as they went away, we might expect them at the next encamping-ground as soon even as we could get there with the camels. A little after sunset, some interesting rock-pigeons—very similar to the Indian painted bird, which I found there frequenting ground much of the same nature—lit at some pools in the bed of the ravine, and enabled me to shoot and stuff several of them.

19*th*.—We got under-way in the early morning, and commenced ascending the same ravine, when a messenger from the Sultan arrived, and desired we would stop until he came. We had scarcely accomplished two miles, and the morning was yet young and cool, and I strove with every effort in my power to induce the men to go a little further forward, but without the slightest effect; they were as obstinate as mules, and just as unruly. This was a fair specimen of Somali travelling; any pretext to save the trouble of moving is accounted too precious to be lost. The ground here was a little more wooded; tall slender trees, with thick green foliage, grew in the bed of the ravine, in which there were some occasional pools of stagnant rain-water, and the brown rocky hill-sides were decorated with budding bush-acacias, which afforded a good repast for the weary camels, whose journey over the boulders must have been very fatiguing to them.

20*th*.—As the Sultan did not arrive, and the young prince would not allow my men to load, I ordered the interpreter and Imam to remain where they were, whilst I returned to Bunder Goree to see what was the matter, and on no account were they to issue any grub until I came back again. As soon as I had gone two or three miles, I found the young prince and all the camel-men hastening after me, and entreating me to return; they said the Sultan was on his way, and would arrive in camp in the evening. I complied, conditionally that they were to march in the morning whether he came or not. Once again in camp, I had my food prepared, and sat savagely watching the effect its odour had upon my starving men, who, fearing they

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would get none, formed in a body, and came petitioning me to forgive them, as they consented to do my bidding for ever after. They were then fed.

21*st*.—After loading in the morning, with a great deal of beating and thumping, all the camels, save two or three weakly ones, were whipped up a winding steep ridge, one of the buttresses of the mountain, to an encamping-ground, six miles further on, called Adhai. Here we were at the first relieving-station, and, for the first and last time during the whole journey, I pitched the tent. The higher we ascended the hill the more abundant became the wooding, and green grass for the first time was visible amongst the stones. This freshness was attributed to a recent fall of rain. Altitude, by boiling thermometer, 4577 feet.

22*d*.—I sent all the freshest camels off to Goreeat for the remaining property, with orders that everybody should return on the following day. At this height the temperature of the air was very delightful, the mean at noon being only 79°, and I spent the whole day specimen-hunting; the rocks were full of fossil shells. I killed a new snake or variety of *Psammophis sibilans*, and shot an interesting little antelope, *Oreotragus saltatrix*, the "klip-springer" of the Cape colonist, as well as hyraxes and various small birds, which we duly preserved. My collections in this country were sent to the Asiatic Society's Museum, Calcutta, and have been described in their journals by Mr E. Blyth, the Curator.

23*d* and 24*th*.—Passed without anybody appearing, and I was becoming much alarmed at repeated stories I heard of the Abban's dishonesty. It then transpired that Samater was heavily in debt, and one of his principal creditors was at Bunder Goree detaining him there. A pony had been hired for my riding, and on this animal I wished to send Imam back, to find out the truth of everything, and to return to me the following day; but the wicked young prince got wind of my intention, and had the pony driven away, so that the unfortunate Hindustani had to walk.

25*th*.—Still nobody came. I now despatched the interpreter on the same mission, and was left alone with the young prince and two or three camel-drivers. After a little while had elapsed, a number of savage hungry-looking men came up the hill and settled themselves in my encampment, squatting on the date-bags and clamouring for food. The prince and camel-drivers joined them, and became so importunate, I was obliged to rebuke them with angry demonstration. No sooner did they see me vexed than they began hovering tauntingly around me, jeering and vociferating in savage delight at the impunity they enjoyed in irritating me when all alone and helpless. However, I stood by the grub with my gun, and prevented anybody coming near me. The prince and camel-men now seeing me determined, and no farther discomposed by their manœuvres, came supplicating for their daily rations. I gave it them at once, but could not satisfy them; they must have some more for all their brothers, or they would strike work. This stirred my blood; I took back what I had given, and resolutely declined to be passively cajoled out of anything, let happen what may. They saw I was determined not to submit to them, and suddenly, as if the same thought struck every one of them at the same instant, they dashed down the hill, flying over the bushes and stones in their way, with yells and shouts, and, seizing a goat from a neighbouring flock, killed and quartered it without a moment's hesitation. At this juncture, just as the robbed shepherd came crying to me for the price of the goat, Imam arrived from Goreeat, and tried to reason with him that it was no business of mine, and I could not be expected to pay it. The injured man then swore he would have justice done him at the Sultan's hands, and all yelled again for dates and rice. As they could not get it, the young prince, ever full of boyish tricks, now seized up a mussack (water-skin), and said I should have no more water until I complied with their demands. The others, following his example, picked up as many more as they could find, and left but one mussack re-

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maining. This one I immediately captured, and requested Imam to fill from a spring farther down the hill; but the men, thus far outdone, rather than allow it, said they would kill him if he dared attempt to go now. As Imam showed alarm at their wild threats, I took the water-skin myself and walked off to fill it, upon which the savages threw themselves out in line, flourishing their spears and bows, and declared they would kill me if I persisted in going. On I went, however, and had just passed through their line, when the Sultan's eldest son, Mohamed Aul, fortunately arrived, and rebuked them, together with his brother, for allowing me to be ill-treated. Finding Mohamed Aul very reasonable and obliging, I begged him to send Abdullah away as a nuisance, for I could never permit him to eat any more salt of mine.*

Imam now disclosed to me the results of his investigations at Goreeat and Bunder Goree. The Abban, as I had heard before, was detained there by a creditor to whom he had contracted debts in Aden, and now, in part liquidation of them, he had given away all my salt, the twenty rupees he took for hiring donkeys, several pieces of cloth, and he had changed my good rice for bad; and knowing Farhan to be cognisant of all his villanies, had tried by bribes to induce him to desert. The Sultan now arrived, and excused his long absence, saying that he had lost the time in fruitless endeavours to induce Samater to come with him. He said he had been remonstrating with Samater, and thought him very culpable in not obeying me. Hoping the Sultan was earnest in what he said, I now told him of all I had seen and heard about Samater, and begged he would assist me in sending him back to Aden, for no reliance could possibly be placed on a man who had proved himself so dishonest and unprincipled as he was. The interpreter also thought this would be a good plan, and advised my employing the Sultan's brother Hasan in his stead. However, the Sultan said he could not undo what the English had done in Aden, but said if I wished he would send for Samater and rebuke him in my presence. I replied I thought he could not get Samater to leave Bunder Goree, or he should have done so ere this. This touched his pride, and he raised his body indignantly, and said, "If I command, he must obey." "Then, for goodness' sake," said I, "order him with all—all my things at once, and lose no more time."

The following day they all arrived, and Samater with them, riding on a pony. I felt much incensed as the Abban came cringing up to me, and proclaimed him in presence of the Sultan and all my men a traitor and robber, mentioning all his villanies in detail, and begging he would leave my camp at once, for I could not travel with him. He appeared very humble, and denied flatly all the accusations I brought against him. Upon this I begged the Sultan, flattering him with his great renown for administering justice, that he would do me justice as his guest. He said he was willing to do anything for me, if I would direct the way in which I wished him to proceed. He did not understand the English law, and I must submit to Somali methods. This was agreed to, and we all assembled in my tent, and arranged the court as follows:—I sat at the gable-end of the tent with Imam, Ahmed, and Farhan, with Samater facing us. The Sultan mounted on the bales of cloth, and all his retainers and princes, and my camel-drivers, sat in a group on the ground at his feet.

In opening the proceedings of the prosecution, I first said to Samater—

P. Speke.—"Where is the salt which you confess came with us to Goreeat, and which you have told me daily you would give me; but as yet, though everything, you say, is in the camp, it has not arrived?"

D. Samater.—"I did not bring it because it was so heavy, and thought you would not want it."

P.—"Then why did you not land

* "Nimuck haram," in Hindustani, or faithless to the salt, is a general idiomatic expression in the East.

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it at Goreeat, and give it me there, or even buy it at all at Aden, if it was of no use?"

D.—"Because the Nahkuda took it to Bunder Goree."

After a few more questions and answers, and the subject was exhausted, the Sultan (judge), who had been sitting in silence with his head buried in his hands, now gave a grunt and motioned us to continue.

P.—"Where are the bales of cloth which by my account and Imam's are missing?"

D.—"I did not take them; somebody else must have."

P.—"They were in your charge, and you are answerable for them; besides which, Farhan here knows you gave them away."

Judge.—"Ahem!" and the prosecution continued.

P.—"Where are the twenty rupees I gave you for hiring donkeys, and which I particularly ordered should not be expended for any other purpose?"

Samater, putting his hand fixedly in his breast, said, "I've got them; they are all right. I will give them to you presently."

Speke.—"No! give them to me now; I want them this instant."

Samater, confused, and fumbling at his pocket, much to the delight of all the court, who burst with laughter, said, "No! I've left them at home in Bunder Goree, and will give them by-and-by."

Judge.—"Ahem!" and the prosecution continued.

P.—"Why did you change my good rice for bad?" (opening and showing the contents of the nearest sack).

D.—"I thought it would not signify: bad rice is good enough for the camel-drivers, and I have left enough good for your consumption. An old friend asked me for it, and I did it to oblige him."

Judge.—"Ahem!" and the prosecution continued.

P.—"Why did you attempt to bribe Farhan to leave my service, and say nothing to me about it?"

D.—"Farhan is a bad man; and I was afraid he would steal your things."

Judge.—"Ahem!"

Thus ended the prosecution and defence. The Sultan raised his head, and in answer to my appeal as to what judgment he would give, calmly said, he could see no harm in what had been done—Samater was my Abban, and, in virtue of the ship he commanded, was at liberty to do whatever he pleased either with or to my property. Words, in fact, equivalent to saying, I had come into a land of robbers, and therefore must submit to being robbed; which I plainly told him.

29th.—I had been now nine days waiting here, and had taken many walks about the hill-sides, investigating the place, and making sundry collections: the most interesting amongst these was a small lizard, a new species, afterwards named by Mr E. Blyth, the Curator of the Asiatic Society, *Tiloqua Burtoni*, after my commandant. The Somalis brought a leopard into camp, which they said they had destroyed in a cave by beating it to death with sticks and stones. They have a mortal antipathy to these animals, as they sometimes kill defenceless men, and are very destructive to their flocks. Besides the little antelope described, I only saw the sultana antelope, and the tracks of two other species which were said to be very scarce. Rhinoceroses were formerly very abundant here, but have been nearly all killed down, with spear and bow (they do not use firearms), by the Somali hunters, in consequence of the great demand for their skins for making shields. Amongst the bush and trees there were several gum-producing ones, of which the frankincense, I think, ranked first. These gums are usually plucked by the women, and transported to Aden. The barks of various other trees are also very useful; for instance, they strip down the bark of the acacia in long slips, and chew it until only fibres remain, which, when twisted in the hand, make strong cordage. The acacia bark also makes a good tan for preserving leather; but of far greater account than this is the bark of a squat stunted tree, called by the Somalis mohur, which has a smooth skin, with knotty-looking warts upon it like a huge turnip, reddish inside,

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with a yellowish-green exterior. It has a highly aromatic flavour, and is a powerful astringent. When making mussacks, the Somalis pull a sheep or goat out of his skin; tie its legs and tail, where incisions had been made, to make it a water-proof bag, and then fill it with bits of this bark, chopped up and mixed with water. They then suspend it in a tree to dry, and afterwards render it soft and pliable by a severe course of manipulation. The taste of the bark is considered very wholesome, and a corrective to bad and fetid water. Besides possessing this quality, the mohur is useful as a poultice, when mashed and mixed with water; and the Somalis always have recourse to it when badly wounded.

During my peregrinations at this place, I often dropped bits of paper about the jungle for certain purposes, little suspecting what would become of them; and, to my surprise, one day the interpreter came to me in some alarm, to say several Dulbahantas had arrived at Bunder Goree, and were canvassing amongst themselves the probable objects of my visit. I could not be travelling without a purpose, at so much expense; and they thought these bits of paper conclusive evidence I was marking out some spots for future purposes. They abused the Warsingalis for being such fools as to let me travel in their country, and said I should never cross over to them. This little incident of dropping paper, though fully explained to them, was ever afterwards brought up in accusation against me, and proved very perplexing.

30*th*.—We were now all together, and, I thought, ready to march; but the men had first to be paid their hire in advance—a monthly stipend of five tobes each. When that was settled, many other men, and amongst them the Sultan's second brother Hassan, coveting my clothes, wished to be engaged. Some tedious hours were wasted on this subject. The Sultan would have it, if I wished to travel according to the custom of the country, I must take more men with me as a guard. I, on the other hand, neither wanted them nor could afford to pay them, as I had been so extensively plundered—but wished to exchange Samater for his brother, and promised high rewards if he would take me through the journey. To put an end to the discussion, I struck my tent, never to be pitched again, and waited patiently until the camels came. It was not until near sundown that the camels were ready and the march commenced. The Sultan then ordered Hassan and the naughty boy Abdullah, against my wish, to accompany me on the journey; and we set off, leaving two or three loads behind to be brought up on the morrow. The march was a short one, made to relieve the one beyond; for the spring of water we were now drinking from was the last on this side the range. It led us up a gradual but tortuous ascent, very thickly clad with strong bushes, to a kraal or ring-fence of prickly acacias, which was evidently made to protect the Somalis' sheep from lions, leopards, hyenas, and freebooters suddenly pouncing on them.—*Camp Habál Ishawáls.* Altitude 5052 feet.

(*To be continued.*)

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JUDICIAL PUZZLES.—ELIZABETH CANNING.

EVERY one has heard of the case of Elizabeth Canning. It is constantly quoted, constantly relied upon as an authority for propositions the most diverse and even contradictory. There is a general vague idea that an ingenious fraud was by some marvellous agency detected, that innocence was rescued from imminent peril, and truth vindicated; but by what means or under what circumstances this took place, who was innocent and who was guilty, very few of those in whose mouths the name of the case is most familiar would be able to say. To any one who has taken the pains to make himself master of the case, this hazy condition of mind will be anything but surprising. It is, in truth, perhaps the most complete and most inexplicable Judicial Puzzle on record; and after reading four hundred and twenty-nine pages of close bad print, in the 19th volume of the *State Trials*, a candid man will find himself equally amazed at the zeal, the industry, the ingenuity, with which it was sought to discover where the truth really lay, and the way in which, notwithstanding the fullest and most patient inquiry, that truth, though apparently close at hand, still eluded its pursuers.

Elizabeth Canning was a servant-girl in the family of a man of the name of Edward Lyon, a carpenter in Aldermanbury. At the time in question (1753) she was about eighteen years of age. Her father had during his lifetime been also in the employment of Mr Lyon; her mother resided in the immediate neighbourhood. She had previously been in the service of another neighbour of the name of Wintlebury for nearly two years: there was every opportunity and every motive for the strictest examination of her character, and it bore the investigation without the slighest stain being detected. On the 1st of January 1753, her mistress gave Elizabeth Canning permission to spend the day with an uncle of the name of Colley, who lived at Saltpetre-Bank, now known as Dock Street, near Well-Close Square, and immediately behind the London Dock. In the evening Colley and his wife accompanied her on her way back to her master's in Aldermanbury as far as Houndsditch, where they parted from her soon after nine o'clock. At this point she was lost sight of. She did not return to her master's, nor to her mother. The surprise, alarm, and anxiety of her friends were extreme. Advertisements were repeatedly inserted in the papers, offering rewards for her discovery. It was said that a shriek had been heard, as of some female in distress, in a hackney-coach in Bishopgate Street, and attempts were made to find the driver, but in vain. No trace of the lost girl could be discovered. On the 29th of January, about a quarter after ten o'clock in the evening, just as they were preparing to fasten up the house and to go to bed, the latch of her mother's door was lifted, and a figure entered, pale, tottering, emaciated, livid, bent almost double, with no clothes but her shift, a wretched petticoat, and a filthy bedgown, a rag tied over her head, bloody from a wound on her ear. Such was the condition in which Elizabeth Canning returned after an absence of four weeks. Where had she been, what had happened to her during those weeks?

The first question which presents itself is, What was the account given by the girl herself? Then follows the inquiry how far that account is supported, or in what respects is it contradicted by evidence subsequently produced? As we proceed, we shall find ourselves involved in a most perplexing and difficult investigation, but for the present we may confine our attention to Canning's own account. It was given in the presence of many witnesses, without apparent preparation or concert with any one—indeed, there was no time for this, as, immediately upon her arrival, the neighbours flocked in to express their sympathy and satisfy their curiosity. Few minutes had elapsed before the house was full.

Her former master, Mr Wintlebury

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(who seems to have had a very kindly feeling towards her, and who gave her the highest character), was among them; another neighbour, of the name of Robert Scarratt, was also there, and many more.* The statement made by Canning in reply to their inquiries was, that as she passed through Moorfields, after parting from her uncle and aunt, she was attacked by two men, who robbed her of what money she had about her, stripped off her gown, and struck her a blow which rendered her insensible. That when she came to herself, she found that she was being dragged along a road; that about four o'clock in the morning they arrived at a house, into which she was carried by these two men; "when she came in, there was an elderly woman and two young ones: the old woman took hold of her arm and asked if she would go their way? and she said no. Then she went and took a knife out of a drawer, and cut the lacing of her stays and took them off, and gave her a great slap in the face, and told her she should suffer in the flesh, and opened a door, and shoved her up a pair of stairs into a room."* This room she described as a "longish, darkish room,"† in which there was some hay,‡ a pitcher of water, some pieces of bread,—about as much as would be equal in quantity to a quartern loaf; that there was a fireplace and a grate, out of which she took the bedgown she had on, and the rag which was tied over her head; that there was a cask, a saddle, a pewter basin, and a few other articles, which she specified, in the room; that the house was ten or eleven miles from London on the Hertfordshire road; that there was a staircase near the room, up and down which she heard persons passing during the night, and that she had heard "the name of Mother Wills or Mother Wells mentioned."§ Whether this last statement as to the name of Wells was made in reply to a suggestion or not, is, however, doubtful, Scarratt stating that it was in reply to an expression used by him when he heard she had been on the Hertfordshire road, that he would "lay a guinea to a farthing she had been at Mother Wells's;"‖ whilst Mary Myers states that Canning had mentioned the name of Wells to her before Scarratt spoke, and that if Scarratt had spoken previously she must have heard him.¶ She certainly said she had been confined in a room on the Hertfordshire road before any suggestion had been made to her;** and when asked "how she knew that?" accounted for it by saying that she had seen, through the crevices of the boards which were nailed over the window, a coachman, to whom she had been accustomed to carry parcels for her master addressed to Hertford, and by whose coach her mistress had been in the habit of travelling, drive past the house. She said, that after remaining confined in this room, with no other food than the bread and water, and a minced pie which she happened to have in her pocket, from the 1st of January till the 29th, she escaped out at the window by pulling some of the boards down, and in doing so tore her ear.†† She described the woman who robbed her of her stays as a "tall, black, swarthy woman."‡‡ Scarratt, whose suspicions had, as we have seen, pointed at Wells, immediately observed that "that description did not answer to her."§§ She then described very particularly the course she took through the fields, past a tanyard and over a little bridge into the high-road, after making her escape through the window. This description was, however, given in reply to leading questions put by Scarratt; but it is worthy of remark that she said she met a man, and asked her road to London,‖‖ a fact which, as we shall presently see, was subsequently confirmed by the evidence of a witness of the name of Bennett.¶¶

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* Evidence of Mary Myers, 19 *State Trials*, p. 504. † Scarratt, p. 496-501.
‡ Myers, p. 505. § Myers, p. 505. ‖ Scarratt, p. 495.
¶ Myers, p. 505; Wintlebury, p. 510. ** Woodward, p. 507; Wintlebury, p. 510.
†† Myers, p. 505. ‡‡ Woodward, p. 508; Scarratt, p. 496. §§ Scarratt, p. 496.
‖‖ Scarratt, p. 496. ¶¶ Bennett, p. 527.

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Such in substance was the account given by Elizabeth Canning on the evening of the 29th of January. Is it matter of surprise that such a story, told by a young girl at the moment of her restoration to her family, spoken in the starts and snatches of extreme debility and exhaustion, attested by her emaciated form, her pallid cheek, her numb and withered limbs, should find deep sympathy and ready belief from those who had known her from childhood, who had listened day by day, for four weeks, to the lamentations of her mother, and who had felt, as every day passed, their hopes grow fainter, and their fears assume more and more the aspect of certainty? And after all, is there such improbability on the face of the story as should induce us even now to reject it as incredible? The robbery in Moorfields was the most probable of occurrences. It is impossible to take up a newspaper of that period without finding scores of such outrages recorded. It is true that it is difficult to assign any motive that could induce the robbers to encumber themselves with the strongest proof of their crime, by carrying her off; but it is equally difficult to suggest any cause other than that which she herself assigned for the condition to which she was reduced. An attempt was made during the proceedings to show a connection to have existed between Elizabeth Canning and the witness Scarratt, but the attempt utterly failed. Scarratt swore (and he would have been easily contradicted had he sworn falsely) that he had no acquaintance with the girl; and although he resided in the neighbourhood, he believed he had never even seen her until the night of her return to her mother's house. It was upon her saying that she had been on the Hertfordshire road that his suspicions pointed to Wells's house, which he had before known as one of evil repute, as the place of her confinement; but his good faith is shown by his admission that he mentioned the name of Wells to her first, and the description which Canning gave of the room could not have been suggested by his questions, as he had never been in it.* The description which she gave of the woman who cut off her stays is also conclusive that she was not prompted by Scarratt, who, when he heard it, immediately said that it did not answer to Wells, who was the person he suspected.

On the day but one after, the 31st of January, Canning repeated her story to Alderman Chitty, who was the sitting alderman at the time, and who thereupon issued his warrant for the apprehension of Mother Wells.

On the 1st of February, Canning, accompanied by her mother and her friends, went with the officer who had charge of the warrant to Enfield Wash.

The house of Mother Wells still stands a little beyond the tenth milestone on the Hertford road. It is on the right hand, at the corner of the lane leading down to the Ordnance Factory Station of the Eastern Counties Railway. The shell has been but little altered, and the rooms still remain nearly the same as they appear on the plan which was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1753. If the truth of Elizabeth Canning's story was to be proved in the same way as Jack Cade's royal descent, "the bricks are alive to this day to testify it." The window through which she escaped still commands a view of the road to Hertford. Chingford Hill might still, but for the cottages which have sprung up in consequence of the railway station, be seen, as she described, from the other window. The pan tiles of the roof still remain unpointed, and everything bears testimony to the truth of her description. But instead of Mother Wells and her gang of tramps and gypsies, we found, on our visit to Enfield Wash, a comely matron presiding at a table surrounded by bonny lasses and chubby boys from sixteen downwards, whose laughing blue eyes and clear rosy complexions formed as strong and agreeable a contrast to poor Elizabeth Canning as the bright furniture, cheerful hearth, and blazing fire did to the desolation, filth, and discomfort which

* Scarratt, p. 498.

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formerly prevailed in that now comfortable dwelling. Assuredly fate seems to have mingled a very fair allowance of sugar and nutmeg in the cup of Mr Negus—for such is the jolly name of the present occupant of the house, who seems to be, and we trust is, driving a prosperous trade as a baker.

Canning was carried from room to room, and at last into the loft. She immediately said, "This is the room I was in, but there is more hay in it than there was when I was here;" * and she pushed some of the hay aside with her foot, and showed two holes in the floor which she had observed. She pointed out the cask, the saddle, the pitcher, the tobacco-mould, and the pewter basin,† which she had mentioned on her arrival at her mother's; and she correctly described the view which might be seen from each of the windows. On examination, the boards which closed up the window at which she said she had escaped, were found to have been only fastened there very recently, as "the wood was fresh split with driving a great nail through it, and the crack seemed as fresh as could be."‡

Could there be stronger confirmation of the truth of her story? By what means could Canning have acquired this accurate knowledge? It has been said that the room did not agree with Canning's description. A careful examination of the evidence shows, however, that it coincided with that description in the most remarkable manner. There were, no doubt, some discrepancies — for instance, Canning had mentioned a *grate*, and there proved to be none. She had spoken of *a* saddle, and *three* were found. She had spoken of being *locked* in, whilst in fact the door was fastened only with a button or bolt. There were some other trifling inaccuracies.

Suspicion had pointed at Wells as the person who had committed the outrage; but when Canning was brought into the room in which all the inmates of the house were collected, contradicting the expectation of her friends, she passed Wells by unnoticed, and, pointing to an old gypsy woman of the name of Mary Squires, who was sitting by the fire, said, "That old woman in the corner was the woman that robbed me." The gypsy rose from her seat, drew aside the cloak in which she was partially muffled, and displayed a face such as, once seen, could not easily be forgotten. She was, as Canning had described her, "tall, dark, and swarthy." She looked steadfastly at Canning, and exclaimed, "Me rob you! I never saw you in my life before. For God Almighty's sake do not swear my life away! Pray, madam, look at this face; if you have once seen it before, you must have remembered it: for God Almighty, I think, never made such another. Pray, madam, when do you say I robbed you?" Canning said it was on the first day of the new year. "Lord bless me!" exclaimed the gypsy, "I was a hundred and twenty miles from this place then!" George Squires, the gypsy's son, immediately added, "We were in Dorsetshire at that time, at a place called Abbotsbury; we went there to keep our Christmas." Here we arrive at the beginning of what makes this case so remarkable. We have insisted on the importance of the first account given by Canning. The gypsy and her son are entitled to a like consideration. This prompt and ready *alibi*, asserted without hesitation, specifying time and place with undoubting accuracy, and thus affording means for testing its truth, gave occasion to the very remarkable conflict of testimony which followed, and which entitles this case to its rank as one of the most interesting on record. An *alibi* is, as has often been remarked, the best or the worst of defences. It often depends upon a few miles or even a few yards of distance, or upon a clock being a few minutes fast or slow. No such nicety arises in this case. The robbery was committed early on the morning of the first of January — New Year's Day, a date easily fixed. Abbotsbury is a hundred and fifty miles, as the crow flies, from Enfield: the gypsy understated the distance. It also often involves difficult questions

* Myers, p. 506. † Scarratt, p. 497; Myers, p. 506. ‡ Ad-

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of personal identity. None such arise here. The gypsy spoke truly when she said that "God Almighty never made such another face as hers." She was not only singularly hideous, but deeply marked with the scars of disease; and the witnesses who were examined had many of them been long familiar with her appearance. These circumstances seem to exclude the possibility of mistake on the part of the witnesses. Must we then resort to the conclusion that one side or the other is guilty of perjury? This hypothesis, though easy and simple enough at first sight, will be found on investigation to be attended with nearly as many difficulties as any other. We must, however, go back to Elizabeth Canning, whom we left in Mother Wells's kitchen, confronted by the gypsy and her son. In the house, besides the gypsy and her family, was a man of the singular name of Fortune Natus and his wife, and a young woman named Virtue Hall. The whole party were forthwith taken to the residence of the nearest magistrate, Mr Teshmaker, of Ford's Grove, by whom all were discharged, with the exception of the gypsy and Mother Wells, who were committed to prison to take their trial, the one for stealing Canning's stays, and the other as accessory to the felony.

A new actor now comes on the stage, and a curious insight is afforded into the mode in which inquiries of this nature were conducted in the metropolis a hundred years ago.

Henry Fielding, the celebrated novelist, was then a police magistrate of London.

To tell a tale told by Fielding in any words but his own would indeed be presumption.

"Upon the 6th of February," he says, "as I was sitting in my room, Counsellor Maden being then with me, my clerk delivered me a case, which was thus, as I remember, indorsed at the top: 'The case of Elizabeth Canning, for Mr Fielding's opinion;' and at the bottom, 'Salt, Solr.' Upon the receipt of this case, with my fee, I bid my clerk give my service to Mr Salt, and tell him that I would take the case with me into the country, whither I intended to go the next day, and desired he would call for it on the Friday morning afterwards; after which, without looking into it, I delivered it to my wife, who was then drinking tea with us, and who laid it by. The reader will pardon my being so particular in these circumstances, as they seem, however trifling they may be in themselves, to show the true nature of this whole transaction, which hath been so basely misrepresented, and as they will all be attested by a gentleman of fashion, and of as much honour as any in the nation. My clerk presently returned upstairs, and brought Mr Salt with him, who, when he came into the room, told me that he believed the question would be of little difficulty, and begged me earnestly to read it over then, and give him my opinion, as it was a matter of some haste, being of a criminal nature, and he feared the parties would make their escape. Upon this, I desired him to sit down, and when the tea was ended, I ordered my wife to fetch me back the case, which I then read over, and found it to contain a very full and clear state of the whole affair relating to the usage of this girl, with a query what methods might be proper to take to bring the offenders to justice; which query I answered in the best manner I was able. Mr Salt then desired that Elizabeth Canning might swear to her information, before me; and added that it was the very particular desire of several gentlemen of that end of the town, that Virtue Hall might be examined by me relating to her knowledge of this affair. This business I at first declined, partly as it was a transaction which had happened at a distant part of the country, as it had been examined already by a gentleman with whom I have the pleasure of some acquaintance, and of whose worth and integrity I have, with all, I believe, who know him, a very high opinion; but principally, indeed, for that I had been almost fatigued to death with several tedious examinations at that time, and had intended to refresh myself with a day or two's interval in the country, where I had not been, unless on a Sunday, for a long time. I yielded, however, at last, to the importunities of Mr Salt; and my only motives for so doing were, besides those importunities, some curiosity, occasioned by the extraordinary nature of the case, and a great compassion for the dreadful condition of the girl, as it was represented to me by Mr Salt.

"The next day Elizabeth Canning was brought in a chair to my house, and being led up-stairs between two, the following information, which I had never

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before seen, was read over to her, when she swore to the truth, and set her mark to it."

Here follows Canning's deposition, somewhat expanded from the one made before Alderman Chitty, but in the main the same.

"Upon this information," continues Fielding, "I issued a warrant against all who should be found resident in the house of the said Wells, as idle and disorderly persons, and persons of evil name, that they might appear before me, and give security for their good behaviour; upon which warrant, Virtue Hall and one Judith Natus were seized and brought before me, both being found at Mother Wells's. They were in my house above an hour or more before I was at leisure to see them, during which time, and before I had ever seen Virtue Hall, I was informed that she would confess the whole matter. When she came before me she appeared in tears, and seemed all over in a trembling condition, upon which I endeavoured to soothe and comfort her. The words I first spoke to her, as well as I can remember, were these: 'Child, you need not be under this fear and apprehension; if you will tell us the whole truth of this affair, I give you my word and honour, as far as it is in my power to protect you, you shall come to no manner of harm.' She answered that she would tell the whole truth, but desired to have some time given her to recover from her fright; upon this, I ordered a chair to be brought her, and desired her to sit down; and then, after some minutes, began to examine her, which I continued doing in the softest language and kindest manner I was able, for a considerable time, till she had been guilty of so many prevarications and contradictions that I told her I would examine her no longer, but would commit her to prison, and leave her to stand or fall by the evidence against her; and at the same time advised Mr Salt to prosecute her as a felon, together with the gypsy woman. Upon this, she begged I would hear her once more, and said that she would tell the whole truth, and accounted for her unwillingness to do it from her fears of the gypsy woman and Wells. I then asked her a few questions, which she answered with more appearance of truth than she had done before; after which I recommended to Mr Salt to go with her, and take her information in writing; and at her parting from me, I bid her be a good girl, and be sure to say neither more nor less than the whole truth. During this whole time there were no less than ten or a dozen persons of credit present, who will, I suppose, testify the truth of this whole transaction as it is here related. Virtue Hall then went from me, and returned in about two hours, when the following information, which was, as she said, taken from her mouth, was read over to her, and signed with her mark."

The information of Virtue Hall, as might be expected from the circumstances under which it was taken, is a mere echo to that of Canning.

What should we think at the present day of a police magistrate who received a fee and instructions from a prosecuting solicitor, who hesitated to investigate a charge of felony because he wanted a day or two of relaxation in the country, who held such a conversation as the one here detailed with a prisoner who had been brought before him on his own warrant, and who then allowed that prisoner to be closeted in private with the attorney for the prosecution, and permitted her to be sworn to a deposition not taken in his presence, but produced ready cut and dried! The naïveté with which Fielding tells the story is amusing; he was clearly unconscious that he was doing anything wrong or even irregular, and no doubt such a proceeding was by no means unusual. But the evidence of Virtue Hall is under these circumstances utterly worthless. We need feel no surprise that she afterwards, when the pressure came from the other side, retracted every word she had sworn, and her testimony may be cast out of the case altogether. We still get no further than the evidence of Elizabeth Canning herself.

On the 21st of February 1753, Mary Squires and Susannah Wells were placed at the bar of the Old Bailey. Canning told her story; Virtue Hall corroborated it point by point. The condition in which she returned home, and the circumstances attending the capture of Squires and Wells, were proved as we have narrated them. Squires was then called upon for her defence. She said nothing, but called three witnesses. John Gibbons, who kept a public-house at Abbotsbury, near Dorchester, swore that Squires was at his house fro

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January to the 9th. William Clarke corroborated this statement. Thomas Greville of Coombe, near Salisbury, deponed that she was at his house on the 14th of January. To meet this evidence a man of the name of Iniser was called on behalf of the prosecution to prove that he had seen Squires in the neighbourhood of Enfield about the time in question—namely, the first week in January. Wells, on being called upon, admitted that her character would not bear investigation. She was what was called in the slang of the day (rendered classic by Mr Harrison Ainsworth and the Newgate-Calendar school of novelists) a "hempen widow." Her husband had been "unfortunate." It is curious to watch the changes of language. A word which then meant that a scoundrel had been hanged, now only implies that he has obtained a second-class certificate from a commissioner of bankruptcy. Both were convicted. On the last day of the session they were called up for sentence. Squires then said that she was at Greville's house at Coombe on New-Year's Day, on the next day at Stopage, on the Thursday in New-Year's week at Basingstoke, on Friday at Bagshot, on Saturday at Old Brentford, where she remained on Sunday and Monday; and that she came to Enfield on the Tuesday following. This account, being inconsistent with that given by Gibbons, who had sworn that from the 1st to the 9th of January she was at his house at Abbotsbury, was considered to be conclusive of the falsehood of her defence. It seems to have been overlooked that the gypsy reckoned by the old style, which reconciles the two statements within two days—no very serious discrepancy when made by an ignorant and illiterate woman. Squires was sentenced to death; Wells was condemned to be branded on the hand, and imprisoned for six months. The first part of the sentence was immediately executed, and as the poor wretch's hand hissed under the glowing iron, and she writhed and screamed in agony, a yell of delight burst from the brutal mob who crowded the session-house.

There was, however, happily one man present, of sense and humanity. Sir Crispe Gascoyne, who presided over the court by virtue of his office as Lord Mayor, doubted the correctness of the verdict. He instituted a close and careful inquiry. He found the evidence of the Abbotsbury men confirmed by their neighbours. Virtue Hall retracted her evidence. These facts he laid before the Crown on making his report of the convicts. They were referred to the law-officers. Squires was respited. The Attorney and Solicitor-General reported that the weight of the evidence was in the convict's favour, and upon this she received a free pardon.

A war of pamphlets now commenced; as many as thirty-six were published. Fielding on the one side, and Ramsay the painter on the other, became respectively the champions of Canning and the gypsy. The newspapers were filled with the controversy. Portraits of Canning and of the gypsy (the latter of which fully bear out the report of her ugliness) were displayed in the shop windows, together with plans and views of Wells's house, and terrific representations of the principal incidents of the story. Grub Street thrived. To its hungry inhabitants

> "Betty Canning was at least,
> With Gascoyne's help, a six months' feast."*

The town was divided into Egyptians and Canningites. Families were split up into factions. Old friends who took different sides quarrelled. Mobs paraded the streets, blockaded the entrances to the courts, and attacked Sir Crispe Gascoyne in his coach. Never, probably, has a case which involved no public question created so much interest and excitement.

This state of things continued for fourteen months. At length, on the 29th of April 1754, Canning was placed at the same bar at which Squires had formerly stood, to take her trial for wilful and corrupt perjury. Her trial lasted several days. The attention of the prosecution was directed principally to two points: first, to

* *Churchill Ghost*, p. 182.

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prove the *alibi* of the gypsy; and, secondly, to contradict Canning's story by the evidence of persons who had been in the room during the time she professed to have been confined there.

In support of the first of these issues they called as many as thirty-six witnesses; and certainly, if numbers, positiveness, and particularity could prove an issue, this was proved. But when the evidence comes to be examined, much of it is open to grave suspicion. George Squires, the gypsy's son, gave the most minute account of where he and his mother and sister were, and what they did during the month of January. He traced their course day by day, and from place to place. But when he was asked with regard to the rest of his journey, which he stated began about Michaelmas, he was totally unable to answer. His sister, who was in court the whole time, and who had accompanied George and his mother in their travels, was never examined at all, nor was the gypsy herself placed in the witness-box. It was obvious that the counsel for the prosecution feared that they would give inconsistent or contradictory accounts.

Upon the second issue, the principal witnesses were Fortune Natus and his wife, who swore that they slept in the loft every night during the month of January. If this was true, of course there is an end of the question. But it must be remembered that, long before they were examined, Virtue Hall had sworn that the hay in which they had slept in the kitchen was removed into the loft, and that they slept there after Canning's escape, on purpose to give colour to this very story. It may also be asked, why was not this tale told on the trial of Squires? If true, the very first thing that would have been said, when Canning stated that she had been confined in that room, would have been, "That cannot be, for Natus and his wife slept there the whole of the time." Yet Natus and his wife were present when Canning was first brought down to Enfield; they were taken before Justice Teshmaker; they were present during the trial of Squires, when they were *not* examined, and this fact, conclusive, if true, is never heard of until fourteen months afterwards! Is it possible to place any reliance upon evidence given under such circumstances?

The argument most strongly relied upon as invalidating Canning's story, arises from the absence of motive on the part of any one to carry her off and shut her up as she described. Canning swore that she understood the gypsy's question, whether she "would go their way?" to imply that she should lead a life of prostitution. This was the interpretation popularly adopted; and much of the sympathy which Canning obtained was given on the supposition that she was a girl whose virtue had been proof against both temptation and terror. But this hypothesis will not bear a moment's investigation. There is not one particle of evidence that she was exposed to any solicitations whatever of this kind. Nor, though it was the resort of tramps, gypsies, and other disreputable characters, does it appear that Mother Wells's was what is commonly understood by a house of ill-fame. But does the absence of assignable motive justify us in rejecting the story as untrue? Those who are familiar with criminal courts know well how slight and insignificant are the motives which often impel men to the most terrible crimes. Gleeson Wilson entered the house of Mrs Henrickson, at Liverpool, apparently with no other intention but that of pilfering such small articles as he might have an opportunity of purloining as a lodger; but before he left it the next morning, he had committed four of the most atrocious murders on record. It is not more than three or four years since two boys, returning home from their work, in broad daylight, in the middle of London, were met by an apparently respectable man driving a Whitechapel cart, who inquired his way to some place in the neighbourhood. One of the boys began to give him directions, when he asked the little fellow to get into the cart, and show him the road. Rejoicing in the certainty of a ride, and the hope of a sixpence, the poor boy got into the cart, and his companion went home to tea.

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He was never again seen alive. About six weeks afterwards, his body, naked, in a state of the most extreme emaciation, was found in a ditch near Acton. There was no external violence. *He had been starved to death.* The police exhausted every means that ingenuity could suggest, but in vain. No traces have ever been discovered how, why, or by whom this appalling crime was committed; nor has any motive for its commission been, so far as we are aware, even suggested. Had Elizabeth Canning died in the house of Mother Wells, and her body been thrown into a ditch in Enfield marsh, an equally impenetrable mystery would probably have shrouded her fate.

Highly improbable every one must admit Canning's story to be, and we must therefore look with the most critical caution upon the confirmatory evidence, before we permit ourselves to admit its truth. That confirmatory evidence divides itself into two classes. The first we may call the circumstantial confirmation, derived from its coincidence with existing facts. Such is the coincidence between her description of the room and its contents given on the 29th of January, with the condition of the room actually found on the 1st of February. Such, too, is the coincidence of the description previously given by Canning of the appearance of the woman who cut off her stays with the gypsy. This confirmation is of course weaker or stronger in proportion as it is tainted by or free from previous suggestions from other persons. Thus her description of the room, which was independent of, and her description of the gypsy, which was contradictory to, Scarratt's suggestions, are worthy of much consideration; whilst her description of the fields through which she passed, of the tanyard and the bridge, given in reply to his suggestive questions, is of little or no value. This we have already considered. The second class is the extrinsic confirmation derived from the testimony of witnesses, and this is again divided into that which supports Canning's story, and that which contradicts the *alibi* set up by Squires.

As to the first of these subdivisions, the evidence is scanty, but valuable as far as it goes. The keeper of the turnpike gate on Stamford Hill, about three miles from Moorfields, deposed that, one evening early in January, between ten and eleven o'clock, he heard "something of a sobbing crying voice," coming towards the gate from the direction of London. The night was still and dark, but as the noise approached, he saw two men dragging a young woman along. They lifted her over the stile by the gate, and one of the men laughed and said with an oath, "How drunk she is!" Supposing this to be the case, and that the woman was the wife or sister of one of the men, besides considering that he was single-handed, he did not interfere, and they passed on in the direction of Enfield. He did not profess to identify Canning, nor to fix the time with any greater certainty than that it was the beginning of January.

It will be remembered that, on her arrival at home, Canning said, that soon after escaping from Mother Wells's, she asked her road to London. Thomas Bennett deponed, that on the afternoon of the 29th of January he met a girl, in the most wretched and pitiable condition, and whose description exactly answered to Canning, about a quarter of a mile on the London side of Mother Wells's house; that she asked him the way to London, and he directed her. He fixed the date by other circumstances, and said that when, a day or two afterwards, he heard of Canning's escape, he exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if I did not meet the young woman near this place, and told her the way to London."

Daniel Dyer and Mary Cobb gave similar evidence as to having met a miserable-looking girl about the same time and place, and the former spoke with some confidence to Canning as being that girl. It will be observed that the other witnesses merely speak to general similarity. But this, though at first sight it appears to detract from the value of their testimony, in fact adds to its weight. Had they not been giving truthful evidence, they would have made little scruple in swearing positively to Canning as being the person they saw.

Is it then likely that another girl,

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so closely answering the description both as to person and circumstances (both being so remarkable), should have been dragged by two men along that road towards Enfield, at the same hour of the night, at the beginning of January, and have returned on the afternoon of the 29th? Such a coincidence appears almost beyond the bounds of possibility.

Here the evidence with regard to Canning ends.

To meet the *alibi* proved by the thirty-six Abbotsbury witnesses, twenty-six Enfield witnesses were called, who swore that they had seen Mary Squires at Enfield and in the neighbourhood at various times during the latter end of December and beginning of January. They swore to the identity of Squires, whom many of them had long known, with the utmost certainty; they gave their reasons, some good and some bad, for remembering the time with the greatest accuracy. Their testimony seems to be in all respects equal, and in some superior, to that of the witnesses who had proved the *alibi*.

Here, then, we find the extraordinary fact of thirty-six witnesses positively swearing that a particular person, whom they well knew, was in Dorsetshire at a certain time, and twenty-six other witnesses swearing that the same person, whom they knew equally well, was at the same time a hundred and fifty miles off, in Middlesex! What are we to make of this? We have turned it over and over, looked at it this way and that way, read it backwards and forwards and upside down, and there it remains, puzzling us like a horrid incubus or incomprehensible nightmare. Is any faith to be placed in human testimony? Read the evidence on one side, and it is impossible to refuse our assent to it. Read that on the other, and it is equally conclusive. The *alibi* and the *ibi* are each supported by a train of evidence which appears irresistible.

The Recorder told the jury that if they believed the Enfield witnesses, the Abbotsbury witnesses must be wilfully perjured; but he forgot to add, that if they believed the Abbotsbury witnesses, an equally unpleasant consequence followed as to the Enfield witnesses.

The verdict of the jury was of a piece with the rest of the case. They found that Canning was "guilty of perjury, but *not wilful and corrupt*."

This verdict was of course an acquittal, but the Recorder refused to receive it; whereupon the jury "turned their backs upon themselves," and having first declared on their oaths that she was *not* guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury, declared on the same oaths that she *was*. And to complete the mass of absurdity and contradiction, some of the jury afterwards made an affidavit that they believed Canning's story in the main, but found her guilty because they thought there was some discrepancy as to the day on which she had exhausted her pitcher of water.

Of the court, which, as then constituted, consisted of a mixed body of judges and city magistrates, nine members were for condemning the prisoner to transportation for seven years, and eight for inflicting only a short period of imprisonment, so evenly were opinions divided. She was accordingly transported. The sympathy and compassion which had been excited by her case did not cease. A considerable sum of money was collected for her. After the termination of her sentence she returned to England, and the last notice we find of her is the following, which is contained in the *Annual Register* for 1761, p. 179: "Elizabeth Canning is arrived in England, and received a legacy of £500, left her three years ago by an old lady of Newington-green." Wells returned to Enfield, where she died, as appears by the parish register, on the 5th of October 1763. What became of the gypsy we know not. Thus ends the case of Elizabeth Canning—a case eminently fitted to give occasion to the warmest, most eager, and most confident partisanship, inasmuch as it is almost impossible, after the coolest and most deliberate examination, to say to which side the balance of evidence inclines.

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WELLINGTON'S CAREER.—PART II.

THE operations of Suchet's army in the east of Spain, which, had it supported the others, might have changed the aspect of the campaign and the result of the war, produced only an indirect effect on the plans and movements of Wellington. Important in a narrative of the Peninsular War, those operations are, in an account of Wellington's career, to be noticed only as a disturbing cause, and may therefore be but briefly alluded to.

Suchet's army, not based like the others on the western Pyrenees, communicated with France by the eastern extremity of the range. To cover the great coast-road, on which he chiefly depended, he garrisoned numerous fortified places on the east coast, from the Pyrenees to the city of Valencia, behind which his movable columns maintained his authority in Catalonia, Valencia, and Arragon, thus completing the French hold on the country from east to west. Opposed to him were the Spanish armies of Elio and Del Parque, and the Anglo-Sicilian forces assembled at Alicant. The part which Wellington had enjoined these armies to play was by no means to fight pitched battles, but to manœuvre so as to prevent Suchet from aiding Soult. An expedition against the French communications at Tarragona failed, and Suchet seemed secure of maintaining his grasp on the eastern provinces, when the victory of Vittoria, uncovering his right, obliged him to fall back behind the Ebro. He had now to decide whether, abandoning for a time his present theatre of action, he would co-operate with Soult against Wellington, or whether he would continue to operate independently. He chose the latter course, for the political reason that he wished to influence the general negotiation in Germany by an appearance of extensive authority in Spain. He therefore left garrisons in those provinces, and instead of taking the pressure off Soult by threatening Wellington's right, continued to conduct isolated operations against the Allies in Catalonia. Thus Wellington's designs against Soult were disturbed only by the necessity of providing for a possible co-operation of Suchet, which never took place.

The Western Pyrenees, whose summits rose like a rampart in front of the Allies, and amid whose sheltering valleys the beaten army of Vittoria was recovering its order and spirit, is thus still the centre of interest. The command of that army had just been transferred to abler hands. Soult, who, at the outset of the campaign, had been removed from Andalucia to Germany, because of the disagreement between him and the King, was sent by Napoleon to retrieve the misfortunes of Joseph and Jourdan, who were recalled to France.

The two advanced posts of this army were at the fortresses of St Sebastian and Pampeluna. It was necessary for Wellington to take those places before advancing into the mountains. He saw, at the political juncture which followed Napoleon's victories at Lutzen and Bautzen, the likelihood of the dispersion of the Peninsular army, and the re-embarkation of the English troops. A convenient harbour was therefore indispensable, and it thus became necessary to take St Sebastian, the only suitable one afforded by the coast. It was also necessary to take it before winter should render that stormy coast precarious of access. He therefore cast the weight of his siege resources upon that fortress, while Pampeluna, which, though also necessary for the security of his right, was not of such urgent importance as St Sebastian, was blockaded by the Spaniards. To cover these operations, Wellington's line was pushed forward between them towards the passes from Fuentarabia to Roncesvalles. A reconnoissance which Wellington had made with great personal exertion, in three days, of the whole breadth of the Western Pyrenees, had satisfied him that, after securing the two fortresses, he might

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take up a defensive position as strong as that which he formerly occupied in Portugal.

Soult, full of vigour and invention, sought to turn the advantages which he possessed in the relative position of the armies to the best account. The Allies were for the present restricted to the defensive; they were widely spread; the communications along their front were difficult and precarious; and the district in their rear afforded no good defensive position. He, on the other hand, having excellent roads, and his movements being screened by the mountains, could easily concentrate on any point. While Wellington expected an attack on his left directed against the force investing St Sebastian, the French marshal, leaving a corps in observation on that side, suddenly concentrated on the allied right. His design was to throw his whole weight on the right wing, isolated from the centre by the main ridge of the Pyrenées; to relieve Pampeluna; and, passing along the rear of the Allies, to attack their divisions in detail as they descended the hills; then, finally, in conjunction with the corps of observation advancing by the coast, to assail the English left wing at St Sebastian. He would thus cover the line into France, and connect himself with Suchet, besides the other advantages which he pr mised himself in battle.

Along the deep devious valleys of those great mountains the French columns wound, hidden by a mist, till they touched the English outposts. Then from pinnacle to pinnacle for miles spread the musketry, marking the receding line of the Allies, who, overpowered by numbers, at last fell back, followed by Soult down the long valley leading upon Pampeluna, till Picton, lining a strong position, arrested his march. Wellington was then far away at the centre of his army. Riding at full speed for the point of attack, he marked, as he passed, the changing aspect of affairs, and despatched orders for new combinations, till, alone, he galloped into the ranks of his assailed right wing, where the cheer that hailed his presence swelled along the line from left to right. He reined up on a lofty ridge, from whence, across the deep narrow valley of Sorauren, he saw, on the opposing height, the French marshal, so near that his features could be distinguishd. "Yonder," said Wellington, "is a great commander, but he is cautious, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these cheers; that will give time for the sixth division to arrive, and I shall beat him." In fact, Soult did suspend his attack, and it was fortunate for the allies that he did, for he was, at the moment, greatly superior; and had he forced his way to Pampeluna, his plan of campaign would have had great chances of success.

During the pause, the divisions of the British centre were descending the passes of the mountains which separated them from the scene of action, and they arrived in time to meet the attack. Soult, after a fierce struggle, was repulsed, and finding his original plan foiled, and his enemies growing stronger in his path, he made a sudden movement to his right to turn the left of the English, and cut them off from their left wing at St Sebastian. But Wellington in a moment perceived and baffled the design. The French force left to cover the movement was attacked by the mass of the Allies, routed with great loss, and driven apart from the main body, while the victorious troops, pushing into the interval, threatened to bar Soult's retreat into France. There was a moment, at this period of the campaign, when Soult, imagining himself beyond immediate pursuit, paused a while to rest his harassed troops in the valley of the Bidassoa, while Wellington, looking down unseen from behind a rock upon their fancied security, directed the march of his divisions upon various points so as to form a network from which there should be no escape. But just then three English soldiers in search of plunder entered the valley; a French cavalry patrol captured and conveyed them to Soult; and in half an hour the marshal resumed his march and broke through the toils, succeeding, indeed, in effecting a retreat, but with immense losses in men and baggage. Such was the

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result of the great marshal's well-conceived attempt to outmanœuvre his bold and wary adversary.

St Sebastian, in spite of another action which Soult ventured for its relief at San Marcial, fell, and Wellington, with his base thus secured, at length agreed to strengthen the combination against Napoleon by invading the French soil. He therefore, in a series of skilful operations, effected the passage of the Bidassoa, the first of the great Pyrenean streams which pour from the mountains into the Bay of Biscay. On the fall of Pampeluna he resumed his advance, passed the Nive, Nivelle, and Adour, and finished the operations of the year by cutting Soult from Bayonne and blockading that fortress.

Notwithstanding the proofs of capacity and judgment, sufficient to satisfy the blindest, which he had given in his previous career, Wellington was, during the campaigns in the Pyrenees and south of France, no less embarrassed by those who should have assisted him than at the outset of the war. The Portuguese still left their troops unpaid and unprovided. The Spaniards, giving way to the envy and jealousy excited by the remarkable contrast which his successes afforded to the proceedings of their own generals, actually placed his hospitals, and the ships on which he depended for his supplies, in quarantine. Immediately on entering France, the Spanish troops, eager for reprisals on the nation that had so long oppressed their own, committed such depredations and outrages that, after vainly trying to restrain them by severity and example, he sent them back into Spain. There is hardly a general named in history who, at such a crisis, would, for such a scruple, so have weakened his force. But besides his sense of justice and his humanity, his far-seeing policy also led him to protect the French population. The result was, that the peasantry, with their cattle and effects, took refuge within his lines from the violence of their own countrymen, supplied him with provisions and information, and were ready to declare for the Bourbons against Buonaparte. French villagers returned to their homes when they were occupied by the English, from which they had fled when they were occupied by the French. The embarrassments which the feeling of the people occasioned to his adversary in some measure counterbalanced the absence of the Spanish troops, which, however, was of grievous detriment to his plans.

Lastly, Wellington had to contend with obstacles raised by the Government at home. They would not sanction his measures for the subsistence and payment of his army; they interfered with his plan of campaign, hampered him by dividing the command of the naval force on which he depended for supply, and even talked of transferring him and his troops from France, to play a subordinate part with the allied armies in Germany.

It was amid the distractions of remonstrating with the Spanish and Portuguese governments, advising his own, providing for the supply of all the allied forces, bringing the Spaniards to acknowledge discipline, and conciliating the Basque and Béarnese peasants, that he combined and executed the movements which conducted him to Toulouse. He had been throughout the campaign superior in numbers by a third to the French army opposing him, up to his arrival at Bayonne. But the main body of an advancing army in an enemy's country necessarily grows weaker, because it must place detachments to guard all important exposed points of its communications, and because the forces employed in besieging or blockading places must be much larger than the garrisons. Soult had left thirteen thousand men in Bayonne, and forty thousand were required to blockade them. During the series of critical movements and vigorous attacks, in which Soult was pushed back through Béarn and Gascony into Languedoc, the inequality of numbers was therefore constantly diminishing. Wellington fought at Orthez, gaining a brilliant battle, with nearly equal numbers—and the force with which he attacked at Toulouse was inferior to that with which Soult defended the position. The French were forced

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back; Wellington entered the city, where he found the statues of Buonaparte overthrown, and the inhabitants clamorous for the Bourbons. The armies were about to close again in fight, when the news, which ought to have arrived before the battle, came that Napoleon had abdicated. Eight thousand men had thus fallen absolutely in vain. Each general has been accused separately of fighting the battle when he knew of the abdication; a piece of sanguinary folly of which each was guiltless and incapable. This was the closing scene of the Peninsular War. Measures were immediately taken to withdraw the army, and Wellington, now raised to a dukedom, was called to Paris to deliberate with the allied sovereigns.

Such is the victorious career which has been depicted in the accurate, trenchant, glowing narrative of the great soldier-historian Napier; in the vivid battle-scenes of Alison; in that remarkable series of writings, not the least of his great public labours, the Despatches of Wellington; and which lastly, after diligent comparison of these as well as authorities on the other side, is now reproduced with excellent effect in the work which we have specially under review. No book with which we are acquainted affords such a clear, impartial, discriminating view of the public and private life of the great soldier in whose fame all Englishmen feel so deep an interest. That interest, we believe, will grow deeper with the lapse of time. Still too near us to be viewed in its just proportion, the career of Wellington will gradually settle into outlines of singular dramatic unity and completeness. It is a common complaint with writers of works of imagination, that the transactions of modern times afford no great themes for epic or dramatic treatment. But hereafter, when ages shall have done their hallowing work, and when the present generations of men shall have become as remote as the early Greeks or the founders of Rome are to us, it may be found that, in the range of poetry, there does not exist an epic the foundations of which are better shaped for artistic purposes than the story of Wellington's struggle with Napoleon's power. Touched by the finger of time, recast in the brain of a poet, matters not essential suppressed or subdued, its scenes forcibly conceived and forcibly rendered; viewed from such a point, we know not where to look, in fact or fiction, for an historic drama grander in theme, or more distinguished for gradual development, variety, and interest increasing to the close. It commences with the sense of oppression and doom produced by the predominance of Napoleon's dark spirit over the civilised world—landmarks submerged, nations crushed, all trembling before a malign resistless influence, such as the inhabitants of the ancient world used to figure as an inscrutable devouring monster, charged by an offended deity with a mission of vengeance against mankind. Almost unnoticed, he who is to be the deliverer of nations appears on the scene; but he attracts attention by his first feat of arms on the Douro, and fixes it by his victory of Talavera. In him the interest is to centre—he must do his work alone—and the jealousy of the Spaniards, the divided councils of the Portuguese, serve but to show the self-reliance and indomitable nature of the man for whom admiration is presently mingled with respect. No scene in Dante can be deeper in poetic gloom than the devastation of Portugal; a scared and ruined people flying (to use one of Dante's own expressions), "like frogs before a serpent," behind the protecting power which pauses to deal a terrible blow before retiring within its stronghold; while the confusion of the pursuer, as, pressing on, he suddenly sees the barrier in his path, is one of the most striking of dramatic effects. The tide of war that encompassed the ramparts ebbs slowly, and Portugal is free—one step is accomplished—but the chances against the hero's success are still so tremendous that it seems as if all his striving will but gild his destruction. Then, as if rising in blackness against an horizon of dusky fire, appear the scenes of Rodrigo and Badajos—the cannonade, the rush by night, the storm, with its heroism and carnage lit by flashes. Brilliantly contrasting with these scenes are the advance

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into Spain, the great victory of Salamanca, and the entry into Madrid. But this is only a promise of success—again the hostile armies close round, and the hero, though victorious, must retire outnumbered. And now from afar come rumours of disaster to the great foe, who, unseen, has been felt throughout like a predominating fate—and there are glimpses of snowy wastes, a ruined host, and a flying chief. The enemy draw together for a last stand in Spain—there is a march against them—a victory; and their headlong flight is followed by the retributive invasion of France, where stroke still follows stroke till the great hostile power is overthrown, and the ovation of the hero brings the drama towards its crowning scene and triumphant close.

In his life of toil and watchfulness there came a brilliant pause between Toulouse and Waterloo, in which he returned to England;—a kind of harvest-home, when, the burden and heat of the day being past, he could rest awhile and wipe his brow and count his sheaves. Five years before, he had left home a young general who had received knighthood for his victories in a remote province. He came back the greatest actor left on the stage by the course of the greatest events of modern times. He heard himself saluted by a succession of titles which, a short time before, would have seemed as fabulous as those with which the witches greeted the victorious thane on the blasted heath. He had run through the whole gamut of the peerage at a breath. In the Lords he was saluted at once as Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquess, and Duke. The same Commons that had kept so critical and grudging a watch on his career, sent a deputation to wait on him; and when he thanked the House, the Speaker, in reply, uttered a tribute, one of the finest, as it was one of the truest, that ever saluted the ears of a successful mortal.

But there was still, after all the achievements and all the rewards, one crowning act in store to complete the romance of his life. The extraordinary being whose power he had striven with and helped to overthrow, had never actually measured strength with him. These preparatory acts had cleared the lists for the final encounter of the champions.

In the Congress of Vienna, which met on the abdication of Napoleon to settle the confusions of Europe, the Prince Regent of England had at first been represented by Lord Castlereagh. On the return of that plenipotentiary, the Duke succeeded him at the Congress. But before his arrival, the distribution of territory, intended to form an effectual barrier to French encroachments, had been made. Belgium and Holland were cemented into the Kingdom of the Netherlands, and, with the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, closed the open road to the frontier of the Rhine, the possession of which would make France an overmatch for Europe. Austria was secured in Lombardy, and between her and France Sardinia held, with Savoy and Nice, the great passes of the Alps. But the interests of the public had not been the sole topics discussed in their councils. The combatants, still breathless and bleeding from the struggle, snarled over the prey which they had just compelled the common enemy to abandon. Unsoftened by calamity, unappeased by recent success, Prussia extended her clutch towards Saxony, while Russia growled over the well-mumbled bone of Poland. The western powers—England, France, and Austria—were on the point of forming, in self-defence, a league against the two northern monopolists, when a common peril once more united them. Buonaparte had escaped from Elba.

Though the Allies had an immense preponderance of troops, these were not immediately available. The Russian army was in Poland, the Austrian in Lombardy contending with Murat. Long marches lay between them and the French frontier. To meet the first shock, the only troops ready were the army with which Prussia had garrisoned her recently acquired Rhenish provinces, and the motley force of English, Belgians, Dutch, Brunswickers, and Hanoverians, who occupied Belgium. Upon them Napoleon's rush would be made, because he might hope to defeat and scatter them while they were [illegible] supported, and [illegible]

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him and his other foes the mighty obstacle of the Rhine from the Alps to the sea. That is the dream of every ambitious French monarch, and its realisation would enable him who realises it to give laws to the world.

The Powers concerned were unanimous that the man to meet the attack was the Duke of Wellington, who accordingly repaired at once to Belgium, and fronted the terrible foe that was again converting France into one vast arsenal and camp. The absurd Bourbon government, which in its misfortunes had, as Talleyrand said, learnt nothing as it had forgotten nothing, and which had occupied itself chiefly, during the past year, in measures of retaliation and persecution, had vanished before the sound of his name like a spectre at cock-crow. Again he summoned round him the disbanded soldiers who had made the Empire so powerful—again he called on France to lay aside all peaceful works, and to think only of burnishing her rusted arms, and retrieving her lost glory. Taking up the broken threads of his administration, he sent his electric energies to animate every department, and the resources of that great nation were all directed to the one object of equipping and supplying the myriads of soldiers that stept forth at his call. Then, stretching a cordon of troops to guard the eastern frontier, he prepared to direct the mass of his veterans upon the theatre of war.

That theatre, the boundary of which extended from Liege to the sea, the Allies sought to guard. The Prussians took the line of the Meuse and Sambre to beyond Charleroi, Blucher's headquarters being at Namur. The Anglo-Belgians extended from the Prussian right to beyond the Scheldt. At any point the enemy might break in—it was necessary, therefore, to guard all, and yet to preserve the power of concentration. The perplexities of the allied generals were enormously increased from this circumstance, viz., that the English were supplied from Ostend and Antwerp—the Prussians from Cologne and the Rhine—and that, pivoted on these divergent lines, they must unite to cover Brussels. Each, of course, must cover his own line besides covering Brussels; hence the wide extension which it was so difficult to render compatible with facility of concentration.

Three great roads lead from French fortresses across the Belgian frontier upon Brussels—the roads of Charleroi, Mons, and Tournay. The Charleroi road was guarded only by troops. Tournay and Mons, famous fortresses in the old Netherland wars, had been demolished by the revolutionary armies, but were now put by the Duke in a state to offer some resistance. It was not likely that Napoleon would advance by the right bank of the Meuse. The probabilities lay between the centre and the Duke's right—that is, the road by Charleroi, or those of Mons and Tournay. It is remarkable that the Duke was persuaded that Napoleon would attack by the latter roads, and that the Duke was wrong. In that view he posted most of the English troops towards the right; the cavalry also were far in that direction; the Dutch and Belgians were on the left towards the Prussians; and the reserves remained around Brussels. The Duke continued fixed in the idea that the allied right was the proper line for Napoleon to attack by, not only throughout the campaign, but throughout his life. In a memorandum which he wrote many years after on a foreign general's narrative of the campaign, he refers to his opinion formed at the time as still unchanged. As his arrangements were greatly influenced by his opinion, it becomes important and interesting to compare the merits of the course which Napoleon did adopt with that which the Duke thought he ought to have adopted, so far as existing means admit of; and it is greatly to be regretted that the Duke, in affirming and reiterating his opinion, did not support it by stating the grounds on which it rested.

In advancing by Mons or Tournay, as the Duke expected he would advance, Napoleon must either have taken those places, as well as Ath, or have detached from his army troops to mask them, which, with his inferior numbers, was a serious consideration. He would have found there the [redacted] cipal strength of the Engli[redacted] to retard his advance till

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sians could join them for the decisive battle. If defeated in that battle, and outflanked towards France, he might possibly be driven back upon the sea-coast. The sole advantage which he could promise himself would be the threatening of the Duke's communications. But he could threaten these only by imperilling his own, and he could not expect, in that case, to prevent the junction of the Allies, any more than he prevented it at Waterloo, to reach which point Blucher exposed his own communications to Grouchy.

On the other hand, the Charleroi road, by which the Duke did not expect him, was the most direct to Brussels. No fortresses existed on it. The union of the English left and the Prussian right was, owing to the nature of the country at the point of junction, weak and precarious. By attacking there he would separate the two armies before they could collect, and, destroying the communication between them, could direct his mass against either at pleasure, when, being stronger than either singly, he might expect victory; while, if defeated, his line back to France was still open. Lastly, the immediate successes he might reasonably anticipate would open the road to Brussels, the political advantages of the possession of which city were incalculable. Comparing, then, the respective advantages of these different courses, and seeing, moreover, that the latter was the one which Napoleon chose, we must believe the Duke in error. At any rate, when Napoleon had once decided to operate by the centre, the most fortunate thing that could happen for him was that the Duke should persist in expecting him on the right, and so far fortune favoured the Emperor.

Having formed his resolution, Napoleon took measures to conceal to the last moment its execution. He marched national guards into the fortresses, thus setting free the regular troops, tripled the line of sentries along the frontier, forbade all passing of the boundary on pain of death, and behind the veil thus extended, concentrated his army in three columns close to the Sambre. These movements were not entirely unnoticed; cavalry officers beyond the river saw and reported the march of troops, and the direction in which they moved; but no change took place in the disposition of the Allies. The Duke still expected the attack on the right, and what he appears most to have feared was to make a false movement; that is, being induced to move his troops on a point when the real peril lay elsewhere. It would seem as if his pertinacity might be accounted for by supposing that some secret information had biassed his judgment, though the evidence of Lord Ellesmere is quoted by Brialmont to the contrary. However that may be, the Allies, on the night of the 14th of June, remained distributed as before, while a few miles distant from their centre, animated by one of those addresses which made every Frenchman believe himself an Achilles, the French army bivouacked around its Emperor.

At daybreak the Prussian cavalry beyond the Sambre came galloping in across the fords and bridges, announcing the march of the enemy's columns. Sending to apprise the generals, the good soldier Zieten collected his *corps d'armée*, and fell back fighting along the great paved road that leads from the river upon the town of Fleurus, making good each advantage of ground, but at that expense of men which inferior numbers suffer in opposing the advance of a determined enemy. Napoleon followed him with his main body, and while Zieten's Prussians lay down near the field of Ligny, towards which Blucher's other corps were hastening, the French bivouacked in long and loose array, extending from before Fleurus backwards to the banks of the Sambre.

About three o'clock that afternoon the Duke had been apprised of Napoleon's advance, though, as the distance from Charleroi to Brussels is only thirty miles, he should have known of it long before. He then issued orders for the army to concentrate, not on Quatre Bras, but on Nivelles, seven miles to his own right of the road from Charleroi to Brussels. This singular mistake has never been explained, indeed has

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hardly been noticed. Yet it carried terrible consequences, for Napoleon's object being to insert the point of his wedge between the two armies, to concentrate at Nivelles was to assist him by making a great opening for his wedge. Had it taken place, the ultimate concentration of the Duke's army must have been effected at some point other than Waterloo, because the French would have been at Waterloo before him. Fortunately the officer commanding the Dutch-Belgians at Nivelles and Quatre Bras neglected the order, with the concurrence of his chief the Prince of Orange, and assembled his division at Quatre Bras. Yet subsequent orders, despatched by the Duke at ten that night, had confirmed the movement on Nivelles; while within two miles of Quatre Bras lay the head of the French left wing, which stretched backwards, nearly fifty thousand strong, to the river, under the orders of the great Marshal Ney.

The Duke has been praised for remaining under these circumstances to take part in the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels, listening to the "sound of revelry by night;" because he thus prevented by his presence an alarm in the capital. Yet, until it is shown that it is more urgent for a general to prevent alarm in the population than to guard against the approach of the enemy, we must believe that the Duke was throwing away golden minutes in staying where "music arose, with its voluptuous swell." By riding towards Charleroi at the first alarm, he would have seen for himself that this was no feint, but an advance in force, and by next morning he might have assembled troops there sufficient to beat Ney and to aid Blucher. There would have been no mention then in his orders of Nivelles—no delay in marching his reserves—but words inspired by certainty, short and decisive.

Next morning he arrived at Quatre Bras, and seeing nothing on the Charleroi road to alarm him, for Ney's forces were still scattered on the march along it and showed no front, he galloped along the undulating highway between Nivelles and Namur to confer with Blucher. He found him in a windmill, which (or another on the same foundation) still stands on a gentle eminence close to a farm between the villages of Ligny and Bry. From thence they looked together over that rolling green carpet of rich crops dotted with white villages and grey spires, crossed by the long avenues that border the few great roads, and glittering with the glancing sails of windmills, which includes the field of Ligny. Close below them stretched the long lines of the Prussians, while on the opposite ridge the French came forming for attack; and beyond the French, in a stone windmill, close to Fleurus, stood, also regarding the field, their redoubted adversary. The Duke briefly expressed an opinion that the Prussian position was not suitably occupied by the troops, and then proposed to aid Blucher by marching from Quatre Bras down the Charleroi road, and attacking the left of the French during the coming battle. Ultimately, however, as it appeared that this would occupy too much time, he decided to bring his troops more directly, though less effectually, on the scene, by the road which he had himself come by. He never suspected that in a few hours he would be sorely tasked to hold his own ground at Quatre Bras. Nor was his sagacious and practised adversary less deceived in his previsions; for at the same time he was warning Ney to prepare to be at Brussels by seven o'clock the next morning, and was anticipating only a trifling affair for himself, instead of a bloody battle, at Ligny.

The Duke rode back to Quatre Bras just in time to meet Ney's attack. At first it was not very vigorous, for he had as yet but few troops in hand, and, moreover, his movements were dependent on Napoleon's. It was fortunate that he did not at once put forth his strength, for the English came up only at intervals. Anxiously the Duke looked for them during the hour that the Dutch-Belgian division, unsupported, sustained the attack. Then 2000 Netherlands cavalry came trotting in from the line of the Sambre, at the same time with Picton from Brussels, who was followed by the Duke of

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Brunswick. Ney, too, was reinforced; but one of his two corps, that of D'Erlon, by some misdirection, vacillated like a shuttlecock between the two fields of Ligny and Quatre Bras, on either of which it would at once have turned the scale, but struck no blow on the one or the other. Then came Alten's men from Braine-le-Comte—lastly, Cooke's from Enghien—and the position of Quatre Bras was at last safe. Nevertheless the English had a narrow escape; for the Duke had that night but 31,000 men in line, while Ney, after the wandering corps of D'Erlon finally joined him, bivouacked opposite with more than 40,000. In the mean time Napoleon had, late in the evening, forced Blucher from Ligny. At an inn near Sombref an old woman still lives who tells how she remembers, as a young girl, seeing the house filled with wounded Prussians, and how, in the dusk of the evening, she saw the French dragoons, who had ridden over Prince Blucher, moving in the twilight amid the corn close by.

Day found Wellington with most of his troops united at Quatre Bras; and the cavalry, none of whom had arrived in time to share in the battle, had reached the field after their long march. He was thus more than strong enough to defy Ney, yet he was for some hours in greater danger than at any period of the preceding day. For while Ney, strengthened by D'Erlon, lay in his front, Napoleon, with the army which had just beaten the Prussians, lay only seven miles on his left, which it could approach by an excellent road; while, behind him, the only road to the selected position of Waterloo lay over the narrow bridge and through the close winding street of the town of Genappe. Had the opposing chief been still the general of Jena and of Ratisbon, the thunder of whose pursuit followed like an echo on the thunder of his battle, the English army would have been in extreme peril. But Napoleon, whose energies were now fitful and spasmodic, seemed to have exhausted himself in the combination which brought his columns to the Sambre. The loose march of the 15th, the long delay in attacking on the 16th, while the Prussians were growing stronger, and the advantages he had sought and obtained were melting with every hour, showed that, though still sagacious as ever to plan, he was no longer vigorous to execute. Until three in the afternoon of the 17th he loitered over the field of Ligny, reviewing the troops and talking of Parisian politics; while Wellington was extricating himself from his dangerous position by withdrawing his troops through the defile of Genappe. Then the Emperor detached Grouchy with the right wing in pursuit, giving him instructions that were both vague and founded on a wrong conjecture of the Prussian line of retreat; and, marching with his main body to join Ney, they followed Wellington, who was not yet quite clear of Genappe, so closely, that the leading French cavalry regiments fought hand-to-hand with our rearguard through the long street, till the fields on each side of the road, on the hill beyond, enabled the English to show a front that could not be lightly assailed. Both armies then continued their march till, in succession, they filed on to the opposing ridges of the field of Waterloo. On finding that Blucher had been beaten at Ligny, Wellington had sent to him to say that he would retreat, as agreed, on Mont St Jean, and would stand fast there, if his ally would aid him with two corps. "I will come," said the old Prince, "not with two corps, but with my whole army." He kept his word, by bringing three of his corps to Waterloo, while the fourth remained to fight Grouchy; and in doing so, he gave a noble proof of his good faith and devotion to the general cause; for in moving to join his ally he was perilously uncovering his own communications with the Rhine.

To the last the Duke's apprehensions for his own right, which never was menaced in the least, did not cease to haunt him, and to influence his dispositions. It might be supposed that so practised a general would have read in all the French movements—especially in the battle of Ligny, where the inner flank or right of the Prussians was the point sought to be forced (the breaking of

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the centre being an after-thought, ensuing on the failure of the first design) —the steady aim of Napoleon to thrust himself between the Allies, and push them asunder, leaving the road to Brussels clear. To turn the English right would be to force that very junction which it had been the aim of all his operations to prevent. Yet the Duke not only detached a considerable force to Hal on the 17th to guard against the movement which he feared, but kept it there during the battle of Waterloo, though it was sorely needed on the field, though Napoleon could then only have reached Hal by the perilous measure of making a flank march in presence of a powerful enemy, and though, even if summoned so late as eight o'clock, it might still have been in line before the battle began. But these and the other errors we have alluded to were amply redeemed by the issue. The Duke never displayed a cooler and more indomitable resolution than during the great crowning action of his life. For posterity he will always live most vividly in the events of that day—succouring the hard-pressed garrison of Hougoumont —encouraging with word and look his shattered squares—calling on the Guards to arise and charge—leading his diminished line in its final advance—and embracing Blucher in the twilight, while the last remnants of the foe were swept from the darkening field towards the faded gleam of the sunset.

After that storm of battle had passed, one object remained pre-eminent amid the wreck of Napoleon's fortunes, which went drifting on the swell. The great hereditary sovereigns of Europe were leading hosts into France; but no eye regarded them, or anything else, except the great Englishman before whom the world's incubus had vanished into night. Accompanied in his march by the acclamations of Europe, to swell which eight crowned monarchs lent their voices, he, with his ally Blucher, advanced up the Sambre and down the Oise towards Paris. The parts then played in that scene by the two commanders differed widely in importance. Fortunately for the Duke, England was the only one among all the nations then confederated against France which had no outrages to avenge, no insults to retaliate, nor mementoes of defeat to erase. While Blucher expressed the exasperation of Prussia in his avowed resolutions to shoot Napoleon, to blow up the bridge of Jena, and to overturn the Column of Austerlitz, Wellington, impelled by no national feeling of injury to push his advantages beyond the conditions which civilisation and honour impose on war, was tracing the future of France on the palimpsest from which the great despotism had been expunged. And if it was well for the Duke, it was also well for France that England, and not another, had gained the predominating influence. Had all the rest of the confederated powers taken part in the final victory, and thus entitled themselves to equal influence in the final decision, their rivalry in vengeance would have despoiled and dismembered France. But the provisional government, established on the fall of Napoleon, were enabled to treat with one who was at once powerful, wise, and moderate.

The two great questions to be decided—namely, the establishment of a government for France, and the definition of the demands of the allied sovereigns—are clearly discussed in two letters of Wellington to Lord Bathurst, dated 2d July and 11th August. The confederated sovereigns had been the enemies of Napoleon, not the supporters of Louis XVIII. The short interval of the monarchy in the preceding year had been so employed by the King as to create a widespread dislike to his restoration; and on the 1st July the Chambers had decreed the proscription of the Bourbons. The commissioners sent to confer with the Duke submitted several expedients, proposing a regency to be administered in the name of Napoleon II., and when that idea was set aside, suggesting that some other prince of the royal house might be called to the throne with more general approbation than the King. "I told them," says the Duke, "that in my opinion Europe had no hope of peace if any person excepting the

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called to the throne of France; that any person so called must be considered an usurper, whatever his rank and quality; that he must act as an usurper, and must endeavour to turn the attention of the country from the defects of his title towards war and foreign conquests; that the powers of Europe must, in such a case, guard themselves against this evil; and that I could only assure them that, unless otherwise ordered by my Government, I would exert any influence I might possess over the allied sovereigns, to induce them to insist upon securities for the preservation of peace, besides the treaty itself, if such an arrangement as they had stated were adopted. The commissioners replied that they perfectly understood me, and some of them added, '*Et vous avez raison.*'"

The Duke's arguments prevailed. The feeling of the country had already shown itself hostile to Napoleon; indeed, but for that circumstance Blucher and Wellington could not have advanced to Paris until the junction of the other allied armies with theirs should have taken place. But the French troops still demanded the restoration of the Empire in the person either of Napoleon or his son. The Duke, therefore, foreseeing that the King, if he should return while the French army remained in Paris, would be entirely in its hands, insisted, as the indispensable preliminary to the cessation of hostilities, on the withdrawal of the French forces across the Loire. This being at length effected, the King, who had been judiciously advised by the Duke to pledge himself to moderate measures and constitutional government, was restored, without opposition, to the throne.

The Duke's opinions on the question of limiting the power of France, deserve to be read with no less interest now than at the juncture which called for their expression. The allied sovereigns, besides levying a war-contribution on the country, wished to give Alsace and Lorraine to Austria, and the Basque provinces to Spain, to extend the border of Rhenish Prussia, and to make the Belgian frontier include the northern line of French fortresses. On this the Duke says, "My opinion is that the French Revolution and the Treaty of Paris have left France in too great strength for the rest of Europe, weakened as all the powers of Europe have been by the wars in which they have been engaged with France, by the destruction of all the fortresses and strongholds in the Low Countries and Germany, principally by the French, and by the ruin of the finances of all the Continental powers."

But notwithstanding that France was thus disproportionately strong, he opposed any material alteration of her limits; because, whether the King should or should not agree to the cession of territory, the stability of the peace of Europe would be equally endangered. "If the King were to refuse to agree to the cession, and were to throw himself upon his people, there can be no doubt that those divisions would cease which have hitherto occasioned the weakness of France. The Allies might take the fortresses and provinces which might suit them, but there would be no genuine peace for the world; no nation could disarm, no sovereign could turn his attention from the affairs of this country." If he did agree to the cession, great armies must be maintained by the powers acquiring the territory. "Last year," says the Duke, "after France had been reduced to her limits of 1792 by the cession of the Low Countries, the left bank of the Rhine, Italy, &c., the Allies were obliged to maintain each in the field half of the war establishments stipulated in the treaty of Chaumont, in order to guard their conquests, and what had been ceded to them; and there is nobody acquainted with what passed in France during that period, who does not know that the general topic of conversation was the recovery of the left bank of the Rhine as the frontier of France, and that the unpopularity of the Government in the army was to be attributed to their supposed disinclination to war to recover those possessions." In either case, he thought the war would be merely deferred till France could see her opportunity to recover the ceded territory. Therefore the Duke advocated, instead of dismemberment, the

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occupation of France for a definite time by an allied army, which should also hold the strong places, and which should be maintained by the French Government. Of that measure he says—"There is no doubt that the troops of the Allies stationed in France will give strength and security to the government of the King, and that their presence will give the King leisure to form his army in such manner as he may think proper. The expectation also of the arrival of the period at which the several points occupied should be evacuated would tend to the preservation of peace, while the engagement to restore them to the King, or his legitimate heirs or successors, would have the effect of giving additional stability to his throne."

The despatch from which the foregoing extracts are made is worth studying, both because it proves what his ideas were respecting the reconstruction of a power from the wreck of that old dominion which he had devoted his energies to overthrow, and because it is an excellent specimen of his clear and deep sagacity. We have never seen the State-Papers produced on the same subject by the great professors of diplomacy, but we feel assured that the subtlety of the Nesselrodes and Talleyrands would show like gossamer beside the solid wisdom of the Duke.

The army of occupation was accordingly formed of equal contingents from all the powers engaged, and the Duke was appointed generalissimo. At the same time, at the request of the Emperor Alexander, he undertook and completed the settlement of the complicated claims and counter-claims for the expenses and damage sustained by wars between France and other countries. Finally, at his recommendation, the occupation of France by foreign armies was terminated at the end of three years, and in 1818 he returned to England as Master-General of the Ordnance and a member of the Cabinet.

In that year, then, at the age of forty-nine, he finally sheathed the good sword which had struck its finishing stroke at Waterloo. He passed at once and for ever from the command of a victorious army to the duties of a peaceful citizen. That destiny in which Napoleon had put his faith had issued its final decrees. For thirty years the nations of Europe were to let their wounds heal, and to forget their sufferings and humiliations: for more than that space Wellington was to be the foremost man of England and of the world; while his great enemy, of whose glory Europe had been but the pedestal, was to wear away his few bitter years, chained like the Titan to his rock. So he descended to his grave, and seemed to vanish, but neither his power nor his empire passed away. He bequeathed disquiet to Europe, and his ambitious dreams to France. His will has found an executor; and the present generation will witness the fruits of that portentous heritage.

The remainder of the public life of Wellington was spent in the discharge of the different functions of a diplomatist, of a statesman, and of that peculiar office which he filled at a later period, when he might almost be considered a separate power of the State, as the moderator of party spirit, and the counsellor of its leaders and of the Crown. And as for the first few years of his civil career he took no prominent part in politics at home, we will first follow him in the two diplomatic missions which gave him once more a voice in the affairs of the peoples in whose liberation he had borne so eminent a part.

It is with his military life that that portion of the work under review, in which M. Brialmont is the writer and Mr Gleig the annotator, terminates. The remaining volumes, most luminously and pleasantly descriptive of his subsequent public and private life and opinions, are written entirely by Mr Gleig. He brings to the task peculiar advantages—his personal memories of the Duke, who was frequently his correspondent and friendly adviser, and whom he often visited at Walmer; a long, close, and sagacious observance of the political era which he describes, and access to important papers never before published. From the State-Paper Office he pro-

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cured the records of the congresses; the present Duke laid open to him the papers of his father; and he has conferred with many of Wellington's friends and subordinates. The materials thus accumulated demanded space, and Mr Gleig makes an apology for extending his share of the history to a second volume, which, to those who have read the first, will appear entirely unnecessary.

The Duke joined the sovereigns of most of the European states, or their representatives, in 1822, at the Congress of Verona. A variety of questions were agitated in their councils, but only a few of these came within the scope of Wellington's instructions. Omitting the Austrian debt, the abortive attempt to induce the other powers to join actively in the suppression of the slave-trade, and the disputes of Turkey with Greece on the one hand, and with Russia on the other, we come to the principal feature in the negotiations, the state of Spain. The obstinate misgovernment of the King had provoked a revolution which had been so far successful that a popular government had been established, greatly limiting, indeed almost extinguishing, the regal authority. Bitter recollections had impressed Austria, Russia, and Prussia with the belief that they would find their best security against the spread of revolutionary principles in joining to trample out the first sparks of revolt wherever they might appear. Accordingly, the Emperor Alexander, having a large army just then out of employment, was desirous of marching it into Spain to restore Ferdinand's power. But to none of the allied sovereigns did the necessity of armed interference appear so urgent as to the King of France. As a prince of the house of Bourbon he was most interested in maintaining Ferdinand's prerogatives; and as sovereign of the only adjoining territory, he had most reason to fear the spread of the revolution. He had therefore drawn a cordon of troops across the Pyrenees, and assembled a great army behind it.

England's policy then, as now, was to leave foreign governments to settle their disputes with their own subjects. Passing through France on his way to the Congress, the Duke pointed out to the King and his minister the probable consequence of a movement of French troops on Madrid. It would look like a determination to put down free institutions—it would cause the revolutionists in France as well as in Spain to combine for active resistance: in such a cause England could never support France; and if France should call on the Allies for aid, the question whether absolute government or free institutions should be supported, would divide Europe into two hostile camps. Admitting this, the French King, without relinquishing his purpose of intervention, assured the Duke that in no case would he demand support from without. The Duke's remonstrances, therefore, had effected thus much, that if there must be war, it should be at any rate limited to France and Spain.

The main question agitated at the Congress was, whether, and to what extent, France should be supported in her forcible interference. The Czar still wished to march his troops into Spain, but on hearing from Wellington, not without surprise, that Louis was determined to stand alone in the enterprise, and would not permit the passage of other troops through France towards Spain, he relinquished his intention. But the Continental powers were unanimous in aiding France by their joint protest to the Spanish government, menacing it with their united intervention in case of violence to Ferdinand or his family. In this measure the Duke refused to concur, on the ground that, if intentions of violence did not exist, to impute them would be to insult the Spanish nation; while if they did exist, the result of such interference on a proud and sensitive people would be to precipitate rather than to prevent the deprecated result. But the influence which Wellington's character and achievements naturally lent to his views and opinions, was at this time to a great extent neutralised by the jealousy which the allied powers felt towards England. Impossible as they knew it to be for a constitutional government to sympathise fully with their despotic views, those sove-

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reigns conceived, that if not with them she must be against them, and regarded her rather as a hostile influence than a dissenting ally, and as the friend less of order than of revolution. All wished alike for peace; all dreaded alike the recurrence of the events that had lately desolated Europe; but they differed as to the method of attaining the common object. The Continental powers, not knowing how soon a spark might become a general conflagration, were unanimous for a system of force and repression. England put her trust in concessions to freedom, such as had laid the foundations of her own liberty and greatness. Nevertheless this natural, and, for her, inevitable line of policy, was stigmatised by the Congress as a desire to protect Jacobins all over the world; and the Emperor of Russia, when the Duke, at the close of their proceedings, took leave of him, held similar language. Wellington replied, "that there was no sympathy, and could be none, between England and Revolutionists and Jacobins anywhere. The system of English government was founded on respect for property—Jacobinism or Revolution, in the sense which his Imperial Majesty applied to the term, on the confiscation of property. All for which England pleaded was the right of nations to set up over themselves whatever form of government they thought best, and to be left to manage their own affairs so long as they left other nations to manage theirs. Neither he nor the Government which he represented was blind to the many defects which disfigured the Spanish constitution; but they were satisfied that the best remedy for these would be provided by time, and to that greatest of all practical reformers he advised that Spain and her constitution should be left."

Convinced that his arguments had been of no avail with Ferdinand's supporters in the Congress, he made an effort, on his return to England, to induce the revolutionists to offer concessions. He commissioned Lord Fitzroy Somerset to proceed in a private capacity to Madrid, and to communicate to persons of influence in the constitutional party the Duke's view of the course to be pursued by the Spanish government at this juncture, as contained in a memorandum, in which he states with his usual force and clearness the concessions reciprocally due from the King and the Spanish people. All his efforts, however, were in vain. The persons to whom the memorandum was communicated professed themselves convinced of the justness of its arguments, but stated that no minister would dare, in the existing temper of Spain, to follow the course indicated. The menace of the Congress was received by the Spanish government with defiance, and the French army in irresistible force moved on Madrid, suppressed the revolution, and reinstated the King. This result was so unpopular in England that the Duke was warmly assailed in Parliament for his conduct of the negotiations. His defence, however, in which he recapitulated the steps he had taken to assert the policy of his Government, was completely successful.

His next and final essay as a diplomatist was in 1826, when he was sent to St Petersburg. The Czar Alexander had recently died, and his brother Nicholas, in pursuing the traditionary policy of his house, was supposed to be seeking an opportunity, by quarrelling with Turkey, of weakening the slight barrier which separates Russia from vast dominion and prosperity. As if through closed gates, she looks longingly upon the great sea-road between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, which would open to her powers of development almost unlimited. Those gates she is for ever seeking to burst asunder, that she may realise her dreams of magnificent destinies; and they would long ago have fallen, but that France and England have charged themselves with the custody of the keys. She feels herself cabined, cribbed, confined—hemmed in by snowy wastes, sandy deserts, and barbarous hordes; while she sees the fertile territory, the imperial city, the spacious ports, the sunny seas, where she could expand into glorious life, desecrated by a race whose institutions, once vigorous and glowing, are sinking and crumbling like faded

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tapestry on ruined walls. It is not to be wondered at that, in these circumstances, she should persuade herself to take the promptings of ambition for the voice of destiny, and her own interests for the interests of the world.

It was to prevent an attack on Turkey, which then appeared imminent, that Wellington was despatched to St Petersburg. The young Czar, ambitious, yet honourable, grave and stern, yet frank and unreserved, received the Duke with cordiality, listened to him with respect, replied candidly, and finally, at the termination of his mission, took leave of him with affectionate regard. Wellington bore with him to England assurances that Russia would not seek war with Turkey, would not extend her frontier in Europe, would agree to the mediation of England between Turkey and Greece, and would join her in enforcing the settlement of the dispute between those countries.

"There was," says Mr Gleig, "a story current at the time, which we have since heard repeated, that at the parting interview the Emperor assured the Duke, that out of the love which his Majesty bore for him, he would never, unless driven to it by the sternest necessity, wage war with the Porte. We do not vouch for the truth of this tale, but it is a fact, and a remarkable one, that the future policy of Nicholas, whether he came under this obligation or not, was strictly in keeping with its tenor. The war between Russia and Turkey, which occurred a few months later, was not of his seeking. It was forced upon him, partly through the blunders of England, partly through the obstinacy of the Porte; and it was not pushed to an extremity. But scarcely was the Duke removed from the stage of life ere the old views of the court of St Petersburg revived. Prince Menschikoff's mission to Constantinople took place, and the campaign of the Crimea, and the fall of Sebastopol, with all the evils attending them, soon followed."

It has been said that the Duke, for some time after his return to England, played no prominent part in politics. But it was impossible that one who had taken so important a share in great affairs, and who had so long been the controller of governments and the counsellor of kings, should subside into a private nobleman. Yet he seems at first to have distrusted his own capacity for English politics, and perhaps not altogether without reason. His thoughts had for so long been strongly impelled in a different direction that he had fallen behind the age, and was unable to appreciate in their full extent the new elements which the success of the French Revolution had introduced into politics and statesmanship. Popular desires and popular opinion now exercised an influence on the State very different from that which they possessed when he was a boyish member of Parliament or Secretary for Ireland. Moreover, he was by nature less fitted for administration under the new than under the old conditions of government, for he was an aristocrat of the most consistent kind. There is a kind of aristocrats who, anxious to impose restraint on others, are unwilling to submit to it themselves, and who consider all changes with reference to their own ambition or their own intolerance. But the Duke's whole life proves that he considered obedience a duty no less for him to render than to exact. Submission and discipline were not in his view hardships, but necessary conditions of the general welfare. He was thus especially unfitted to sympathise with the particular demands and concessions which formed the distinguishing features of the politics of his time, and he resisted them with a steadiness that was popularly ascribed to a partiality for arbitrary government; though the man who advised the King of Spain to give his people a constitution, and who counselled moderation and amnesty to the King of France, was not likely to be the advocate of despotism at home.

It was, then, with a conservatism derived from nature, and with a horror of revolution inspired by experience, that he came to the consideration of the questions of Catholic Emancipation, Free Trade, and Reform. He opposed encroachment up to the extreme point where opposition was consistent with the preservation of order. His dread of change was great, but his dread of revolution was greater; and the moment resistance seemed to render a collision between the elements of the constitution imminent, he yielded. In such circum-

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stances, the principle on which he acted is at once the most decried, and the most legitimate feature of conservatism. He sought to control and moderate tendencies which could no longer be resisted, by undertaking the task of shaping them into measures, instead of leaving that task to triumphant rivals, already committed to extremes by their intemperate advocacy of the principles that had prevailed. It was in this way that he originated the Catholic Relief Bill, and that he desired to frame a Reform Bill, but was unable to do so, because Peel, as a Conservative, would not join in devising a measure of reform. It will assist in determining his consistency and his merits as a politician, to consider briefly the grounds on which he resisted these measures, the circumstances under which he abandoned his opposition, and the manner in which he proposed to modify changes which he could no longer prevent.

As Master-General of the Ordnance, the Duke had been a cabinet minister for many years, and had always been the determined opponent of emancipation. In 1828 he became Prime Minister, and it was during his administration that the Catholic Relief Bill was framed and passed.

His sentiments on the subject in an earlier stage of the question are thus stated by Mr Gleig:—

> "He could not bring himself to regard the exclusion of Roman Catholics from political power as the keystone of the British constitution. Nor was he able to perceive that the Roman Catholics had any right to complain of political, far less of personal injustice, in consequence of such exclusion. The laws which shut them out from Parliament operated as other laws do, which place more or less of restraint on individuals, or on classes. They had been passed with a view to the public good, and till it could be shown that the public good would be more advanced by their repeal than by their retention, he saw no reason, on the ground of abstract right, for interfering with them."

Had Catholics in their proportion to Protestants been equally diffused over the United Kingdom, the Duke's views might have been generally acquiesced in. At any rate, organised opposition to the existing laws would have been difficult and improbable. But in Ireland there were three Catholics to one Protestant—and the Catholics, besides being compelled by law to pay tithes to the Protestant clergy, were compelled by their religion to support their own priesthood. In Ireland, then, the injustice of the existing laws took its most exaggerated form, and had long been the cause of great perplexity to successive governments. But while the Duke was Prime Minister, the irritation of the people, no longer venting itself in desultory discontent, found expression in a most perfect organisation, in which the Catholic population yielded implicit obedience to the priesthood, who, in their turn, were directed by the great demagogue O'Connell. By a system of passive resistance to the law, both it and the Government were daily brought more and more into contempt: no opening was afforded for forcible expression, which, besides, on such a scale, would have borne the appearance of a civil war—and the powers of the State were inadequate to deal with the emergency. It was in these circumstances that the Duke, feeling the necessity of at once settling the question, abandoned his long opposition to emancipation, and introduced a Catholic Relief Bill, in which, as originally shaped, he sought, by a system of licenses revocable at the will of Government, to form a guarantee that the priesthood would not use their enormous power for purposes injurious to the State. This, as well as some other points which formed the essential features of his measure, met, however, with so much opposition, that he was obliged to withdraw them, and the law in its present form was established. In thus yielding to the necessities of the time, the Duke sacrificed not only his long-asserted opinions, but his popularity, which, great almost beyond precedent before the introduction of the bill, now vanished in a moment, and left him with a disunited party and diminished influence to meet the question of reform.

His opinions on this subject are briefly expressed in the following extract, from a speech which he made when Lord Grey first introduced the measure, and in which

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present point of view, it is difficult to discover grounds for the storm of indignation which it excited in the country.

"I have never read," he says, "or heard of any measure, up to the present moment, which can in any way satisfy my mind that the state of the representation could be improved, or be rendered more satisfactory to the country at large, than at this moment. I am fully convinced that the country possesses at the present moment a legislature which answers all the good purposes of legislation, and that to a greater degree than any legislature ever has answered in any country whatever. I will go farther, and say that the legislature and the system of representation possess the full and entire confidence of the country—deservedly possess that confidence,—and the discussions in the legislature deservedly have a very great influence over the opinions of the country. I will go farther, and say, that if, at the present moment, I had imposed upon me the duty of forming a legislature for any country, and particularly for a country like this, in possession of great property of various descriptions, I do not mean to assert that I could form such a legislature as we possess now, for the nature of man is incapable of reaching such excellence at once, but my great endeavour would be to form some description of legislature which should produce the same results."

With such convictions, he never ceased to oppose a change which, after it took place, he characterised as "the greatest revolution that ever occurred without bloodshed in any country;" and from which he anticipated the most disastrous consequences to the State and to society. And although he exaggerated the rapidity with which the agencies thus set in motion would operate, yet it is now evident that his apprehensions were in other respects well founded, and that under the new electoral system it was impossible to render any limitation final till that lowest depth should be reached, where ignorance swamps intelligence, and freedom sinks beneath the worst of tyrannies. Against these contingencies he made the most determined stand, at first in office, and afterwards in opposition. It was principally by his exertions that the bill, carried in the Commons, was defeated in the Lords: and when the Grey Ministry thereupon resigned, the Duke, true to his principle of controlling what was inevitable, attempted to form a ministry, with the expressed intention of diminishing the mischief he anticipated, by himself introducing a measure of reform. He failed in this attempt, and the Grey Cabinet, returning to office, again introduced its bill, and exacted a promise from the King, that, if the Lords still opposed it, a creation of peers should take place, sufficiently large to bear down all resistance. Refusing to agree to a proposed resolution of the House condemnatory of the intended creation, on the ground that it would be an attack upon the royal prerogative, the Duke also abandoned, and persuaded his supporters to abandon, further opposition to the bill, lest by the swamping of the House of Lords that body should lose its position in the State, without averting the catastrophe. The measure thereupon passed, and the Duke's unpopularity, increasing with every stage of his opposition to the bill, reached such a height, that, on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the once-idolised victor in that fight was hunted along the city by a mob, and escaped their violence only by a fortunate accident.

We have never before seen these, and other less important, though very interesting passages of the Duke's political career, set forth in a manner at once so consecutive and so detailed, and so fully illustrated by original papers, as has been done by Mr Gleig; and, judging from the evidence, we think the affectionate solicitude to rescue his hero's conduct as a minister from the aspersions that have been cast on it, is entirely successful. In these pages, Wellington as a politician appears to have been guided by the same large principles of duty, disinterestedness, and perfect honesty, which distinguished him in the other phases of his public life. But that his abilities for politics were as remarkable as his abilities for war, we by no means believe. Though a sound political thinker, and a sagacious political observer, he wanted the adroitness necessary for political achievement.

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Absolute success, in the shape of the defeat of the measures which he opposed and condemned, was out of the question, for his adversaries invoked that terrible auxiliary, popular force, which neither he nor they could master. But such an amount of dexterity as inferior statesmen have often displayed, might have secured all the success possible in the circumstances, by enabling him to retain the power of directing events which had become inevitable. As it was, his concessions were so timed as to leave his opponents convinced that he was obstinate, and his friends that he was vacillating. His supporters were thus alienated, while his adversaries were not conciliated. Some may ascribe this result to his want of practice in the management of party; some to his unyielding temper; some to that honesty of character which made expediency a doctrine he could not away with, which caused any gain by a subterfuge to be in his estimation a loss, and which made him disdain to countenance a pretence, or to disguise an opinion, no less than to advocate a falsehood. Whichever view may be taken, we incline to coincide with the general impression which prevails, that, though a great administrator and a great statesman, he was not a great politician.

But whatever may be thought of his conduct of party warfare, his disinterestedness, his high principle, and desire for the public welfare, were disputed by none. The excitement of the great contest had not yet cooled down when the feelings of the people towards him who had so well served them began to flow in their old channels; and thenceforward not a year passed, to the end of his life, without leaving him richer in the respect and affection of England. He held no civil office, but he filled that singular position in the State in which he had neither predecessor nor successor, nor possible rival, and to which we alluded at the commencement of this sketch of his career. The vast weight of his world-wide reputation fell into the scale with his opinions, and the one source of his opinions was the desire for the public good. He was, as he described himself in a letter to Lord Derby, the servant of the Crown and people, and seldom has either Crown or people had such a servant before.

As Commander-in-Chief he was no doubt just in his decisions, and unsparing of his time and attention to the duties of his office. But that he administered the affairs of the army in time of peace with the same talent and success as he had exhibited under other circumstances, is an opinion that we cannot concur in. Great reforms have taken place in the army—the soldier is better cared for, better instructed, better treated, and better disciplined, than he was twenty or thirty years ago. But the ameliorations in his condition were not effected by the Duke of Wellington. He seemed to the last to hold the opinion, so often expressed in his correspondence from Spain, that the British soldier, though unequalled in action, was too lawless in his propensities to be a valuable member of the community. Accordingly, he appears to have acted on the principle that the less that was seen or heard of a personage of this description the better. In his extreme desire to keep the military subordinate to the civil power, he treated the army as a machine to be taken to pieces and packed away in small fractions till it should be needed. To the officers the consequence was, that none of them, even of high rank, ever had, while in England, an opportunity of seeing a division assembled, and that they could consequently have no practical acquaintance with the relation which the dry details of evolution and regimental duty bear to the operations of a force composed of the different arms. As for the men, if they had not been of a higher stamp than the Duke assumed they were, the sentiments of pride in their calling, and of self-respect, so essential to soldierly spirit, would, under circumstances so unfavourable, have been in danger of extinction. Nobody else could pretend to initiate military reforms which the greatest soldier of the age did not think necessary. Nobody else could attempt to raise the army to a position in the public esteem more dignified and more commensurate with its importance, when its most

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acquiesced in its depression. Thus this paramount and unquestioned nature of his influence had in this case, we think, a pernicious effect; for had the Commander-in-Chief been an officer of less celebrity and experience, anxious for his reputation, or open to promptings from without, the salutary changes which have taken place would not have been so long postponed. Nor was this the only circumstance which those who desired to see the English army efficient had to lament, though it was the only one for which the Duke could be held in any degree responsible. It was under his military administration that the forces of the empire remained, in compliance with the clamour for economy, at a point far below that which common prudence dictated; so that when war came we were totally unprovided to meet it. But his remonstrances to successive governments were urgent and frequent. We find him at one time asserting that our whole army barely sufficed to furnish the necessary sentries for our fortresses and posts all over the world. And at length his growing apprehensions on this subject produced the famous letter to Sir John Burgoyne, the writing of which was perhaps the most useful act of his later career, and in which he points out the perils of our situation, and the measures proper for defence.

We confess to have been unprepared for the degree of affection which the biography attributes to the Duke's nature. "A more tender heart than his," says Mr Gleig, "never beat in a human bosom." But the few instances quoted, in which the Duke felt a strong regard for his friends, and sorrowed for their death, by no means confirm the statement. They merely prove that he was not inhuman, as a man who should not in any case feel thus certainly would be. Far more than this is evidently necessary to constitute unusual tenderness of heart. The popular impression certainly is, that the same unyielding quality of nature which preserved him amid the turmoil of crashing kingdoms, rendered him also somewhat impervious to softer influences. That he was perfectly just and even kind in his domestic relations is quite in unison with that impression; but that his sympathies were very extensive, or his feelings very acute, is not so. Nor is there any reason apparent why, apart from his great qualities and fame, he should have won for himself an unusual measure of affection or regard. Instances might be adduced where his severity took a form rather capricious than just; and that his affections were warm, is rather inconsistent with what his biographer says in the following passage: "Though retaining to the last a warm regard for his old companions in arms, he entered very little with them, after he became a politician, into the amenities of social life. We have reason to believe that neither Lord Hill, nor Lord Raglan, nor Sir George Murray, ever visited the Duke at Strathfieldsaye; nor could they, or others of similar standing, such as Lord Anglesey, Sir Edward Paget, and Sir James Kempt, be reckoned among the *habitués* of his hospitable gatherings in Apsley House. The circle in which he chiefly moved was that of fashionable ladies and gentlemen." Nobody can doubt which of these two groups would have harmonised most pleasantly and advantageously with the principal figure. We imagine, too, that the claims of good and faithful military service to recognition and reward, were sometimes received by him in a way that would have been more becoming in a Cincinnatus amid his turnips, than in the possessor of all the honours which the courts of Europe could bestow.

But this is a question on which his fame in no way depends. The warm regard which his countrymen felt for him in life, and which they continue to feel for his memory, rests on sure and sufficient grounds. They knew that he was a good and a great man. They were proud of his deeds and his virtues. They loved his personal dignity, his manliness, his simplicity and strength. Their confidence in his judgment and sagacity was profound, and they were assured that those pre-eminent qualities were absolutely, without reservation, at the service of the State, unbiassed by the hope of popular applause, or the fear of popular censure. He had thus become

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a kind of court of appeal of the people from their own impulses. In him, too, they believed they saw an embodiment of the national spirit in its best aspect—the spirit which, in its most practical aims, is directed still by the noblest influences. His most remarkable characteristic was the union of common-sense with lofty feeling—of matter-of-fact and chivalry. He was a man of great actions, but small professions — a knight-errant without extravagance; a man of business whose career was a romance. Recalling the memory of mighty contests and of great successes, that good grey head, with its halo of former glories, stood amid the later times like the peak of a submerged world. Yet his was not the dignity which lives apart, and calls exclusiveness to its aid. He was by sight, as well as by reputation, the best-known man in England. He was not only the adviser of the Crown and the arbiter of parties, but to the public a universal referee and correspondent. People would consult him as if he were infallible, and treasure up the rebuffs which they sometimes extorted as priceless heirlooms. His very peculiarities of manner and costume came at length to be regarded as popular possessions; and that he should wear a hat with a wider brim, or a coat of a different colour, or return a salute otherwise than with two uplifted fingers, would have been a disturbing innovation. But with all this publicity, the respect of all who met him in his walks, who saw him in society, who stood to watch him as he mounted his horse at Apsley House, or dismounted at the Horse Guards, seemed only to deepen more and more into something like personal affection. Thus it was that he passed through life in a charmed circle of deference, as if surrounded by an invisible body-guard of his victories; and when he died, at an age when most great men have long receded from the public regard, he was mourned for as universally and sincerely as if he had still been in the freshness of his achievements, and had but yesterday delivered Europe.

Two incidents, akin to the portents which, in a more imaginative or a more superstitious age, have been held to foreshadow the death of great men, preceded his decease. A fortnight before that event, he took an engraved portrait of himself from its frame in the dining-room at Walmer, to present to a guest whom he wished to honour. There was unexpected difficulty in procuring another, and the frame remained empty, the substitute arriving the day after the original had left the world. His illness, which proved fatal in a few hours, attacked him on the 13th of September; on the 12th he wrote to a friend, "I had a letter this morning from a madman, who announces that he is a messenger from the Lord, and will deliver his message to me to-morrow morning: we shall see."

His body lay in the old castle for a time, while the people came to look on his well-known face. Then his remains were taken through London by night, to lie in state at Chelsea; and the Queen came, first of the mourners, to look upon the remains of her trusty counsellor and greatest subject. The spontaneous mourning of a people lent solemnity to the funeral splendours in which England sought to express her respect; and great assemblies have rarely felt such profound and general emotion as that which shook the multitude when, amid the cathedral gloom of St Paul's, deepened by the storm that beat upon the dome, the coffin of "the high and mighty Prince," whose long list of titles had just been recited, and whose form was so familiar, descended through the pavement to the vault beneath. With it seemed to vanish some of the force and majesty of England, and much of the old traditionary loyalty and reverence for authority which yet continued to leaven the utilitarian character of the age. But he left to his country a rich inheritance — the increase of reputation abroad, which sprang from his achievements and his policy, and the gain at home which a people derives from a noble example and a great name.

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THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

A GOOD many persons probably—such is the vanity of human nature—would like to have written a novel which had such a high success as *Adam Bede*. Indeed, some portions of that book read so naturally and so easily—the characters had so little of the grand and the heroic, and the talk was so entirely that of this everyday world, that it might have been pardonable in some readers, inexperienced in pen-craft, to think that they *could* have written it themselves, if they had been so fortunate as to seize the idea. One enthusiastic gentleman, we remember, went a step further than this: he persuaded himself, and persuaded his friends—or his friends persuaded him, for the parts played by the different actors in the joke were never very satisfactorily explained—that he *had* written it. It was denied, certainly, by those who had the best means of knowing; but they were politely assured that they were labouring under a hallucination. Some well-known initials took up the question in the *Times'* best type. At last the claimant's friends were satisfied—so, we believe, were the public. But the former rested their satisfaction on a proof which was soon to be forthcoming. Another work was to appear, which, by the indisputable authority of internal evidence, should establish an identity of authorship for ever.

Here, then, we have the book. It does not, indeed, bear on its title-page the name which under those circumstances we had a right to expect—it professes to come from the same hand as the former. But there can be no doubt that, if the actual sword with which Balaam smote the ass be not forthcoming (for excellent reasons), here we have at least the very sword which the prophet wished for. We need no title-page to inform us that the *Mill on the Floss* is by the author of *Adam Bede*. It is scarcely possible that it should meet with a warmer welcome than its predecessor; it would be an ungrateful comparison to say that it deserves it. Yet if we are to treat it merely as a *novel*, in point of dramatic interest it is incontestably superior. There is the same keen insight into nature, the same truth and force of description, the same bright and graceful humour; but the story, which in *Adam Bede* was subordinate to the other attractions of the book, is here one of its greatest charms. As before, the personages whom we are to accompany through some of their life-struggles are very carefully introduced to us at the outset, and we have to make their acquaintance thoroughly before the story is suffered to proceed; but the result is that we know them so intimately that they keep fast hold of our sympathies to the end. And the interest, when once fairly started, though not rapid, never flags. It is not of that intense and exciting kind which tempts the reader, unable to finish at a sitting, to turn over the last half-volume "to see the end;" but we lay the book aside thoughtfully, content to feel that there is so much enjoyment still behind.

One jewel alone *Adam Bede* contains which is still unmatched—there is no character in this new work which even aspires to a rivalry with Mrs Poyser. This we cannot altogether regret; and the author will perhaps, like ourselves, be well content to let the portrait of that inimitable woman hang alone, with the superscription, "*Nihil simile aut secundum.*"

The date chosen for the present story, as in *Adam Bede*, is that of a past (or passing) generation. The Great Duke, whose

> "Good grey head that all men knew,"

we have laid to its rest with sorrow as hearty as ever nation bestowed upon its dead—the free-will offering of men of all ranks and sympathies and parties—was then in the pride of his fame, alive and vigorous enough to give a zest to detraction. The farmers, after dinner, at Dorlcote Mill, decide that "by what they can make out, he was no better than he should be." It was in those elder days,

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"When ignorance was much more comfortable than at present, and was received with all the honours in very good society, without being obliged to dress itself in an elaborate costume of knowledge; a time when cheap periodicals were not, and when country surgeons never thought of asking their female patients if they were fond of reading, but simply took it for granted that they preferred gossip."

We are glad to find the writer touching the failings of these bygone times with a loving hand—assuredly from no sympathy with their ignorance—without feeling it a duty to bestow upon them that contemptuous pity which they usually receive from the critics of our terribly intellectual generation. The actors in the story are of the middle class—what we may call the *lower* middle class—even more exclusively than in *Adam Bede*. There is not a full-bred gentleman or lady (in the conventional sense of the words) in the whole of the three volumes; for even Mr Stephen Guest, the rich young banker, must be supposed to have risen from the ranks. Mr Tulliver, miller and maltster, owner and occupier of Dorlcote Mill, well to do in the world, and thought to be even more so than he is; his wife and family; his three sisters-in-law, who have respectively married a farmer, a wool-stapler, and a junior partner who has lately worked his way into the great mill and shipowning house of Guest & Co.; a lawyer and his son—all living in or about the provincial town of St Ogg's,—these are the very commonplace personages in whose sayings and doings we are asked to interest ourselves. This is not a picked sample of human life. Such materials require a true workman's hand to fashion them into an attractive shape; but it is done here with such a masterly ease of touch, and such a perfect result, that those who trace the process long to seize the tools, almost sure, for the moment, that they could do likewise.

But though the material is drawn from a similar stratum of society to that which furnished the pictures for the previous story, it is distinct in kind. The good people of St Ogg's and its neighbourhood are very different from the villagers of Hayslope. They are more decidedly and essentially *vulgar*—to use a much-abused but very expressive term. There is comparatively little of what we understand by the term "vulgarity" in thoroughly rural life; amongst the peasantry it hardly exists at all. There may be rudeness, ignorance, boorishness, brutality—there is, too often; but of that indescribable compound of pride with meanness, grasping selfishness with ostentatious display, coarse familiarity with utter want of sympathy, intense ignorance with intense self-satisfaction—all which we include more or less in the term "vulgarity"—there can be but little, by the very nature of things, amongst the labouring classes; there is not much of it even amongst the farmers. There was not a tinge of it in Mrs Poyser of the Hall Farm, or her excellent husband, any more than in Lisbeth Bede and her two sons. We are bound to say it finds its most natural home in the breast of the thriving British tradesman. Let there be no offence to the merchant-princes of our people; nay, are we not "a nation of shopkeepers?" "By this craft we have our wealth." Yet the old Romans had a glimmering of the truth, when they denounced trade as "servile." It had elements in it which made those who engaged in it no longer "free." On some such hidden foundation of truth rests that prejudice which weighs with many a poor English gentleman, when he shrinks with a proud reluctance from bringing his son up to "trade;" pinches himself to give him a liberal education, and thrusts him, too often without abilities or interest, into the overcrowded ranks of a "profession." It is not always that he looks down upon mere buying and selling as unworthy of the "gentleman;" he shrinks, perhaps unconsciously, from the something which, as the son of Sirach teaches, "sticks close between." It is not, or it ought not to be, the shopkeeper's apron and counter that alarm him, but the shopkeeping mind. With this feeling he, like the Roman, prefers the plough to the loom; he will make his boy a farm-bailiff rather than a grocer. With some such feeling too, let us

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hope, the prosperous merchant gives to his own son that "liberal" school and university training which he perhaps never enjoyed in his own case, in order that the heir of his successful fortunes may take his place in due course in the firm, not to consider himself lowered by his business, but prepared, by taste, and habits, and associations, to maintain the honour and liberality of its dealings at the level of his own.

Yet it is from that worst aspect of the money-making middle class—their narrow-minded complacent selfishness, their money-worship, their petty schemes and jealousies—that much, not only of the comedy, but even of the tragedy, of the *Mill on the Floss* is drawn. Mr Tulliver himself, indeed, is rather of the country-farmer type; but his wife's family, the Dodsons—who are richer people, and consider Mrs Tulliver's a poor match—have all the selfish hardness which the successful pursuit of small gains breeds in their class—their very virtues are mean.

"The Dodsons were a very respectable family indeed—as much looked up to as any in their own parish, or the next to it. The Miss Dodsons had always been thought to hold up their heads very high, and no one was surprised the two eldest had married so well—not at an early age, for that was not the practice of the Dodson family. There were particular ways of doing everything in that family: particular ways of bleaching the linen, of making the cowalip wine, curing the hams, and keeping the bottled gooseberries; so that no daughter of that house could be indifferent to the privilege of having been born a Dodson, rather than a Gibson or a Watson. Funerals were always conducted with peculiar propriety in the Dodson family: the hat-bands were never of a blue shade, the gloves never split at the thumb, everybody was a mourner who ought to be, and there were always scarfs for the bearers. When one of the family was in trouble or sickness, all the rest went to visit the unfortunate member, usually at the same time, and did not shrink from uttering the most disagreeable truths that correct family feeling dictated: if the illness or trouble was the sufferer's own fault, it was not in the practice of the Dodson family to shrink from saying so. In short, there was in this family a peculiar tradition as to what was the right thing in household management and social demeanour, and the only bitter circumstance attending this superiority was a painful inability to approve the condiments or the conduct of families ungoverned by the Dodson tradition. A female Dodson, when in 'strange houses,' always ate dry bread with her tea, and declined any sort of preserves, having no confidence in the butter, and thinking that the preserves had probably begun to ferment from want of due sugar and boiling. There were some Dodsons less like the family than others—that was admitted; but in so far as they were 'kin,' they were of necessity better than those who were 'no kin.' And it is remarkable that while no individual Dodson was satisfied with any other individual Dodson, each was satisfied, not only with him or her self, but with the Dodsons collectively. The feeblest member of a family—the one who has the least character—is often the merest epitome of the family habits and traditions; and Mrs Tulliver was a thorough Dodson, though a mild one, as small-beer, so long as it is anything, is only describable as very weak ale."

They could honestly boast that, whatever disgrace might have happened in less-favoured families,

"No Dodson had ever been 'cut off with a shilling,' and no cousin of the Dodsons disowned; as, indeed, why should they be? for they had no cousins who had not money out at use, or some houses of their own, at the very least.

"The religion of the Dodsons consisted in revering whatever was customary and respectable; it was necessary to be baptised, else one could not be buried in the churchyard, and to take the sacrament before death as a security against more dimly understood perils; but it was of equal necessity to have the proper pall-bearers and well-cured hams at one's funeral, and to leave an unimpeachable will.

"To be honest and poor was never a Dodson motto, still less to seem rich though being poor; rather, the family badge was to be honest and rich; and not only rich, but richer than was supposed. To live respected, and have the proper bearers at your funeral, was an achievement of the ends of existence that would be entirely nullified if, on the reading of your will, you sank in the opinion of your fellow-men, either by turning out to be poorer than they expected, or by leaving your money in a

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capricious manner, without strict regard to degrees of kin. The right thing must always be done towards kindred. The right thing was to correct them severely, if they were other than a credit to the family, but still not to alienate from them the smallest rightful share in the family shoe-buckles and other property."

Of this successful and affectionate family, two married sisters, Mrs Glegg and Mrs Pullet, play a very important part throughout the first two volumes. Their husbands—the first a retired woolstapler, the second a (so-called) *gentleman*-farmer—are naturally less prominent figures, being somewhat overshadowed by the Dodson majesty. But both (though perfectly distinct as individual characters) are men of the same hard money-worshipping class, and have chosen their partners in life from a heartfelt appreciation of the Dodson virtues. Mrs Glegg, at the period of our introduction, is a comely woman of fifty, majestic in person, and severely virtuous in character. Rich enough to afford everything of the best, she feels it due to herself and to society to have them—but not for use or wear, except on high and rare occasion. Her personal wardrobe lies preserved in layers in oak chests; whence they seldom come into the upper air of daily life until their fashion has passed away, and the rich silk is covered with "constellations of small yellow spots." The "primeval strata" are disposed of in gifts to poorer relations. When she quarrels with her husband, which is frequently, she retires to her room, has the blinds put down, and sulks for the rest of the day upon water-gruel — studying Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest.* Mrs Pullet is a thinner-shelled species of Dodson. She is a fountain of tears on all occasions, adopting this "compendious mode of expressing her views of life in general," which are of a gloomy character; seldom trying on a new bonnet without the solemn reflection that "perhaps she may never live to wear it twice." She is also a liberal patroness of "doctors' stuff," with great "experiences in pink mixture and white mixture, strong stuff in small bottles and weak stuff in large bottles;" an array of which bottles (empty) fills two of the long store-room shelves already; but, as she adds tearfully—"it's well if they ever fill three"—she "may go" before she has "made up the dozen of these last sizes." Both sisters, however, are firmly attached to the leading principles of the Dodson religion—that poverty is the one sin never to be forgiven unto men, and that to die the death of the righteous is, to die —"leaving more money out at interest than other folks had reckoned."

These characters are admirably developed in the successive scenes and dialogues which make up the first half of the story. Each figure is filled in by a series of minute touches, which are really the perfection of art; while the conversation between the speakers seems to the reader to flow as easily and readily as though it had been taken down from actual life. In this point, too, the present book seems to us superior to *Adam Bede;* exquisite as the dialogue was there, it sometimes bore the marks of the artist's hand; the reader felt, from time to time, that he was listening to the writer in his study—not to the speakers in the carpenter's shop. We hope the whole explanation does not lie in the humiliating truth, that the Gleggs and the Pullets represent such a much larger portion of the world around us than Seth or Adam.

So very natural, indeed, and therefore so very disagreeable, are these relations of Mrs Tulliver's, that we should feel we had too much of their company—that, like pictures of diseased organs in medical books, they were too accurately truthful to be pleasant—but that they are wholesomely relieved by two of the very best portraits of child-life that have ever been drawn. Not that Tom and Maggie, the children of Dorlcote Mill, are perfect ideals of any kind. They are quite different from those happy families of wingless cherubs that we hear of occasionally (in books), or those very disagreeable little girls and boys whom we also read of, and who are occasionally introduced to our admiration by fond parents. These are two real children, compounds of flesh and spirit, good and evil. They merely say and do

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what children have said and done, with variations, a thousand times over, and yet it all reads to us fresh and new. Why is it so delightful to read what we have all known and felt so well already? Is it a confirmation of the assertion which some philosophers have hazarded, that all knowledge is nothing more than recollection? We have neither space nor inclination to discuss the principle; the fact remains. Tom and Maggie Tulliver delight us, because they say and do nothing more or less than either we remember to have said and done when children ourselves, or have known other children say and do. Tom is thirteen years old, and has just returned home from Mr Jacobs' Academy, where he has learnt very little indeed from that gentleman, but has taught himself a good many things. He "can't abide books," but is clever at fishing, and making whipcord, and throwing stones. He can fight, too, and is a boy of remarkable determination and obstinacy; showing very early in life a strong desire for "mastery over the inferior animals, wild and domestic, including cockchafers, neighbours' dogs, and small sisters;" with strong unconscious notions of strict justice, and little sympathy with weaknesses of any kind—especially in girls. These qualities serve him both for good and evil in his after-life; but it is in the history of his boyhood that he interests us most. His boyish tyranny over his sister, who is four years younger, and almost his sole companion in his holidays, alternating with an intention to be kind and protecting towards her—both founded on his sense of justice and of female inferiority; his troubles over the Latin Grammar, and his dealings with his familiar, Bob Jakin, are a perfect photograph of boyhood. Bob himself, the bird-keeping boy, with his "snub-nosed face and close-curled border of red hair,"—"his trousers always rolled up at the knee for the convenience of wading"—whose most aristocratic acquaintance, of which he makes proud boast, is "a chap as owns ferrets," and who "would sooner be a rot-catcher nor anything—he would"—Bob is as true a bit of country life as ever was presented. No wonder Tom fraternises with him cordially. Who, in the days of their boyhood, would not have been proud of a humble friend with such accomplishments, and such a circle of acquaintance? Who would not have felt all maternal warnings on the point of low company and torn trousers powerless as against the attractions of Bob Jakin?

"It must be owned that Tom was fond of Bob's company. How could it be otherwise? Bob knew, directly he saw a bird's egg, whether it was a swallow's, or a tomtit's, or a yellowhammer's; he found out all the wasps' nests, and could set all sorts of traps; he could climb the trees like a squirrel, and had quite a magical power of detecting hedgehogs and stoats; and he had courage to do things that were rather naughty, such as making gaps in the hedgerows, throwing stones after the sheep, and killing a cat that was wandering *incognito*. Such qualities in an inferior, who could always be treated with authority in spite of his superior knowingness, had necessarily a fatal fascination for Tom; and every holiday-time Maggie was sure to have days of grief because he had gone off with Bob."

Maggie Tulliver, the sister, is a contrast to Tom physically and morally. Tom is fair and fresh-looking—quite a Dodson in appearance, his proud mother is glad to think, though the obstinacy in his disposition comes from the father's side; the girl has a brown skin, "gleaming black eyes," and "dark heavy locks" that refuse to curl, and which she tosses out of her line of vision with "very much the air of a small Shetland pony." Aunt Pullet even fears that "the gell's being so brown" will "stand in her way i' life." Aunt Pullet, with her experience, should have known better. It is not poor Maggie's brownness and heavy dark hair that "stand in her way" in this "puzzling world," as poor Mr Tulliver calls it,—at least not in Mrs Pullet's sense. Nothing of the kind. These little brown gipsy-like girls grow up sometimes, as many of us know, into most distracting women. It is from something else, which beats already underneath the brown skin, that poor Maggie's trials in her womanhood will arise. This unhappy deviation, however, from the

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Dodson type, together with sundry outbursts of temper—especially in the matter of vain attempts to curl that said rebellious hair—excite in the mind of poor Mrs Tulliver a complaining wonder at the dispensations of Providence—"Folks 'ull think it's a judgment on me as I've got such a child—they'll think I've done summat wicked." The moral characteristics of the two children differ as widely as their physical. Tom never does any wrong that he is not prepared to justify in some way to his own conscience—"I'd do just the same again," is his usual mode of viewing his past actions; while poor Maggie is "always wishing she had done something different." "A bitter sense of the irrevocable" is an "almost every-day experience of her small soul." She "rushes to her deeds with passionate impulse, and then sees not only their consequences, but what would have happened if they had not been done, with all the detail and exaggerated circumstance of an active imagination." This faculty of hers implies, of course, a love of books, her brother Tom's abhorrence; of books of all kinds, some most unusual in the catalogue of a little girl's library—including even Defoe's *History of the Devil*, by an enthusiastic extempore lecture upon which subject she very much alarms and astonishes her father and his friend the auctioneer as they sit over their brandy-and-water. She is a strangely imaginative child in many ways; she can tell stories, at a moment's notice, for her own and her companions' amusement, of "all the live things they come upon by accident;" can invent biographies for the toads in whom Tom takes a lively interest (being "one of those boys who are fond of animals—fond, that is, of throwing stones at them"); if an earwig hurries across their path, she has its private history all ready—"how Mrs Earwig had a wash at home, and one of her children had fallen into the hot copper, for which reason she was running so fast to fetch the doctor"—until Tom, stern and contemptuous, sets his foot upon the unlucky subject, and so hurries the catastrophe. But her character is best shown in her solitary pursuits in the great attic under the high-pitched roof at home.

"This attic was Maggie's favourite retreat on a wet day, when the weather was not too cold; here she fretted out all her ill humours, and talked aloud to the worm-eaten floors and the worm-eaten shelves, and the dark rafters festooned with cobwebs; and here she kept a Fetish which she punished for all her misfortunes. This was the trunk of a large wooden doll, which once stared with the roundest of eyes above the reddest of cheeks; but was now entirely defaced by a long career of vicarious suffering. Three nails driven into the head commemorated as many crises in Maggie's nine years of earthly struggle; that luxury of vengeance having been suggested to her by the picture of Jael destroying Sisera in the old Bible. The last nail had been driven in with a fiercer stroke than usual, for the Fetish on that occasion represented aunt Glegg. But immediately afterwards Maggie had reflected that if she drove many nails in, she would not be so well able to fancy that the head was hurt when she knocked it against the wall, nor to comfort it, and make-believe to poultice it, when her fury was abated; for even aunt Glegg would be pitiable when she had been hurt much, and thoroughly humiliated, so as to beg her niece's pardon. Since then she had driven no more nails in, but had soothed herself by alternately grinding and beating the wooden head against the rough brick of the great chimneys that made two square pillars supporting the roof."

Or let us look at her again in one of her gentler moods, especially as it will give us an opportunity of introducing one of those minor characters, quite perfect in their way, whom the writer, prodigal of such wealth, throws into the tale as mere embellishments—Luke, the miller's man, "tall and broad-shouldered, black-eyed and black-haired, subdued by a general mealiness, like an auricula." Maggie is very communicative to Luke, "wishing him to think well of her understanding, as her father did."

"As she sat sliding on the heap of grain near which he was busying himself, she said, at that shrill pitch which was requisite in mill-society—

"'I think you never read any book but the Bible—did you, Luke?'

"'Nay, Miss—an' not much o' that,' said Luke, with great frankness. 'I'm no reader, I arn't.'

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"'But if I lent you one of my books, Luke? I've not got any *very* pretty books that would be easy for you to read; but there's "Pug's Tour of Europe"—that would tell you all about the different sorts of people in the world, and if you didn't understand the reading, the pictures would help you—they show the looks and ways of the people, and what they do. There are the Dutchmen, very fat, and smoking, you know—and one sitting on a barrel.'

"'Nay, Miss, I'n no opinion o' Dutchmen. There ben't much good i' knowing about *them*.'

"'But they're our fellow-creatures, Luke—we ought to know about our fellow-creatures.'

"'Not much o' fellow-creaturs, I think, Miss; all I know—my old master, as war a knowin' man, used to say, says he, "If e'er I sow my wheat wi'out brinin', I'm a Dutchman," says he; an' that war as much as to say as a Dutchman war a fool, or next door. Nay, nay, I arn't goin' to bother mysen about Dutchmen. There's fools enoo—an' rogues enoo—wi'out lookin' i' books for em.'

"'O, well,' said Maggie, rather foiled by Luke's unexpectedly decided views about Dutchmen, 'perhaps you would like "Animated Nature" better—that's not Dutchmen, you know, but elephants, and kangaroos, and the civet cat, and the sun-fish, and a bird sitting on its tail—I forget its name. There are countries full of those creatures, instead of horses and cows, you know. Shouldn't you like to know about them, Luke?'

"Nay, Miss, I'n got to keep count o' the flour an' corn—I can't do wi' knowin' so many things besides my work. That's what brings folk to the gallows—knowin' everything but what they'n got to get their bread by. An' they're mostly lies, I think, what's printed i' the books: them printed sheets are, anyhow, as the men cry i' the streets.'"

Such a boy and girl, it may be supposed, are not enthusiastically loved by such uncles and aunts as the Gleggs and Pullets, who have no children of their own. Tom and Maggie, for their parts, do not affect much show of dutiful affection. "Maggie," the mother observes, "is ten times naughtier when they come than on other days; and Tom doesn't like 'em—bless him!" They tolerate their aunt Pullet, but "chiefly because she was not their aunt Glegg." They scamper out of their sight "with the alacrity of small animals getting from under a burning-glass;" Tom, indeed,

"Generally absconding for the day with a large supply of the most portable food, when he received timely warning that his uncles and aunts were coming; a moral symptom from which his aunt Glegg deduced the gloomiest views of his future. It was rather hard on Maggie that Tom always absconded without letting her into the secret; but the weaker sex are acknowledged to be serious *impedimenta* in cases of flight."

Uncle and Aunt Pullet "tolerate" their nephew and niece in return; and even invite them now and then to their house, Garum Firs, where Mr Pullet farms his own rich land. Garum Firs is a prosperous place, and has its attractions for the children, containing as it does all kinds of living animals, all well cared for and well to do. Even the toads there, Tom finds, are of unusual size; "toads who paid rent were naturally leaner." Uncle Pullet has also a musical-box, Maggie's great delight; a possession which is held to imply some musical talent on Mr P.'s part (who is not a bright man otherwise); for he alone can wind it up, and knows what tunes it is going to play beforehand. But that the visits to Garum Firs,—where the stairs are polished to such a pitch that even Mrs Tulliver "thinks it a mercy when she and the children are safe on the landing," and where the chairs and tables look "like the corpses of furniture in white shrouds"—were hardly of that free-and-easy nature which Tom and Maggie would have preferred, may be gathered from Aunt Pullet's first words of welcome, uttered as soon as her visitors are within hearing—

"Stop the children, for God's sake, Bessy—don't let 'em come up the door-steps; Sally's bringing the old mat and the duster, to rub their shoes."

Tom, however, has soon to begin his school-life afresh. Not again under Jacobs at the "academy;" Mr Tulliver is more ambitious for his son. Not that he wishes to make a gentleman of him; his views as to Tom's future do not leave a very distinct impression on the reader's mind—

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perhaps because they were not very distinct in his own. Something like a lawyer, only without the rascality; for it is a part of Mr Tulliver's religious belief that all lawyers are, in more than a figurative sense, children of the Evil One. The model whom he appears to have in view is his friend Mr Riley, the auctioneer and valuer; partly because he considers that class of professions, though tolerably lucrative, require little capital beyond a massive watch-chain and a high office-stool. Mr Riley has been to the Mudport Grammar School in his youth, and has learnt Latin; indeed, still "has a sense of comprehending Latin generally, though his comprehension of any particular Latin was not ready." Therefore Tom is to learn Latin, and is sent to a clerical private tutor with that object—though "mapping and summing" are especially stipulated for in addition. Tom makes very little progress in any of these branches of knowledge: the Latin he can't digest, and the others are never taught him. And here the author indulges in a little good-humoured severity touching the absurdity of applying a Procrustean system of instruction to all tastes and capacities—filling the only two or three pages throughout these volumes which we could allow a conscientous novel-reader to skip. A writer like George Eliot, who can give us lessons in a line, and satires in an epithet, is really not justified in cheating us even out of those pages to introduce or to demolish a theory of education. First, the subject is a large one, and refuses to be done in the space. Secondly, it has been done already,—alas! so often. Is it not written in the solemn drab of the *Quarterly*, the jaundiced buff of the *Westminster*, the hideous blue and yellow of the *Edinburgh*? why must we have it imposed upon us—a powder between two layers of preserve—in the pretty apricot covers and pleasant pages of the *Mill on the Floss*? Besides, if we were not determined to ignore this perverting on our author's part, we should have to express our unfeigned regret that a writer whose own pages are jewelled with the brightest and most graceful hints of classic literature, should condescend to easy jests against "Supines"* and the Eton Grammar, and should leave even apparent ground for the advocates of a moribund heresy—the superiority of a *special* to a *liberal* education—to claim another of our great novelists as a champion of their theory. We should deny, too, the possibility of any boy whose brains were in the right place (and Tom Tulliver's evidently were) having "no capacity" for either Latin or Euclid. It may have been foolish in Mr Tulliver to insist upon his son's learning Latin in order to qualify him for a successful auctioneer; Mr Stelling was not the wisest of tutors; but his "fixed opinion, that all boys of any capacity could learn what it was the regular thing to teach," is, to say the very least, shared in the main, if not quite so sweepingly and dogmatically expressed, by much wiser men than Mr Stelling. The mastering of difficulties is at least as important a branch of education as the fostering natural inclinations. In one point, at any rate, Mr Stelling's system was a good one. "He'll have you up ten times," says Tom confidentially to his fellow-pupil, "if you say '*ham*' for '*jam*'—he won't let you go a letter wrong, *I* can tell you." A boy who has learnt that it may or may not be necessary to go through the same distasteful process ten times, but that it *is* necessary to get it right, has something to thank his instructor for, at all events. We are inclined to hope that Tom Tulliver learnt more at Mr Stelling's than his present biographer gives him credit for. For Tom does set to work manfully, however much "against collar;" even adding a short appendix to his prayers, in his honest

* Why do all writers who "feel easier" in having a fling at classical education, fall foul especially upon *supines* and *gerunds*? What has that unfortunate branch of the family done to disgrace themselves above the rest? A supine is one of the most harmless of the philological creation; seldom seen, and giving very little trouble. Gerunds certainly are rather more dangerous.

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boyish sincerity—to be made "to remember his Latin."

"He paused a little to consider how he should pray about Euclid—whether he should ask to see what it meant, or whether there was any other neutral state which would be more applicable to the case. But at last he added—'*And make Mr Stelling say I shan't do Euclid any more. Amen.*'"

He meets with his difficulties early in his after-life, and faces them manfully—we are inclined to think the hardly-learnt "supines" came out strong. We laugh heartily of course—who can help it?—when at last it flashes upon poor Tom's mind, as the result of Maggie's pertinacious questioning of the tutor, that there really "once were people on the earth who were so fortunate as to know Latin without learning it through the Eton Grammar;" but we could not expect it to occur to him, as it surely must to the author, that this was the very reason why Latin, to a Roman, would have been no education at all.

Maggie also goes to school, but of her school-girl life no revelations are given us. What training she found at Miss Firniss's provincial boarding-school was probably not of the highest order. But both her physical and intellectual growth were fast developing. The dark hair has become long and massy, the lustrous eyes are growing eloquent. And when painful family circumstances summon her home at the age of thirteen, she has already had such early experience of "conflict between the inward impulse and outward fact,"—"she had been filled with so eager a life in the triple world of reality, books, and waking dreams,"—that she is "strangely old for her years, in everything but prudence and self-command." Her life at Dorlcote Mill, for the next four years, is of a kind to drive her more and more into herself, and to excite that passionate intelligence within to a diseased activity.

"Everybody in the world seemed so hard and unkind to Maggie: there was no indulgence, no fondness, such as she imagined when she fashioned the world afresh in her own thoughts. In books there were people who were always agreeable or tender, and delighted to do things that made one happy, and who did not show their kindness by finding fault. The world outside the books was not a happy one, Maggie felt: it seemed to be a world where people behaved the best to those they did not pretend to love, and that did not belong to them. And if life had no love in it, what else was there for Maggie? . . . A creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come near to her; with a blind, unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it."

She has recourse to books—again of a strange kind for such a reader. Virgil, Euclid, and Aldrich's *Logic*, are her companions in her solitary rambles in the fields. No wonder that sometimes she looks up "with a startled sense that the relation between Aldrich and this present world is extremely remote." It is an impression which has occurred even to the masculine minds of Oxford undergraduates.

At length the young inquiring spirit, that is looking everywhere for the secret of life, suddenly finds a teacher. She meets with an old well-worn copy of the *De Imitatione Christi*—that wonderful book of unknown authorship,—the most beautiful, it has been said, "that ever came from the hand of man, since not from his hand came the Gospel."* Let George Eliot's beautiful eulogy recommend it to those who as yet know it only by name:—

"This voice out of the far-off middle ages was the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience, and came to Maggie as an unquestioned message. . . . . I suppose that is the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness: while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompt-

* Fontenelle.

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ing; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph —not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations: the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."

So Maggie casts aside that heathen knowledge, which she now begins to regard as vanity and vexation of spirit, and reads on enraptured in the little old volume, where "some hand, now for ever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen-and-ink marks, long since browned by time." She reads, with a strange thrill of awe,—"as if she had been wakened in the night by a strain of solemn music," —and thinks that she has solved the secret of life. It is resignation—self-abnegation. She seizes and adopts the solution with all the enthusiasm of her impulsive nature. Its results are real—for the time at least. She complains no more to herself of her empty life. The troubles of this present (and there are plenty of troubles now at Dorlcote Mill) vex her no longer—"this life will not last long." In spite of "some volcanic heavings of imprisoned passions" that live within her still, the new light shines out in her softening face and gentler household ways; even her fretful mother becomes fond of her, and wonders that Maggie is "growing up so good."

But when she is eighteen—when the dark hair is woven, after the fashion of the day, into a coronet over the queenly brow, when the "brown cheek is firm and rounded, the full lips red," and she is grown to the tall stature of her womanhood, and nothing but the resolved humility which refuses to look in the glass prevents her from knowing that she is beautiful—there comes to her another teacher. Teacher—shall we call him? or Compeller and Conqueror, whom the classic ancients were content to paint as a rosy boy with mimic weapons, but for whose more fitting attributes might sometimes be borrowed the mighty chains and rivets borne by Strength and Force, or the "clamps of adamant" in the hand of Dread Necessity? This new influence appeals at first, in her hours of lonely trial, to the girl's intellectual nature. For the first time in her life, she finds some one who has a sympathy with her tastes and feelings. It is so pleasant to be loved; it had been always "the strongest need in her nature"—though not in this way; and the language of admiration is so new and strange. It had seemed to her "so far off—like a dream—only like one of the stories one imagines—that she should ever have a lover." But she welcomes the new guest in her heart with a gentle gratitude and gladness, sobered by some forebodings—for there are ominous difficulties in her path. She kisses her lover at their first parting, "almost as simply and as quietly as she had done when she was twelve years old." Are these the invisible footsteps of him who is strong as Death? It may be so, sometimes; the same Power energises variously in various temperaments; but in natures like hers, if it be the true inspiration, it comes in a rapture or an agony.

It does come to her at last. The appeal which has been hitherto made to her intellect and imagination, reaches those other depths of that "highly-strung, hungry nature" which have as yet lain undisturbed. Through these stormy gates she enters upon her third and last school—the school of error and repentance. Of the details of that struggle—the more heroic for its elements of weakness—let the book itself speak. They are told there, from first to last, in the writer's most eloquent language; and to present fragments of it here would be only to mar its interest for the future reader. Still more idly to weary those who have already read it, with disjointed reminiscences of what forms in their memories an harmonious whole.

We have endeavoured to give some outline of the character on which the author has bestowed, it seems to us, even a larger share of those remarkable powers of analysis and expression that were so evident in *Adam Bede*.

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Not that Margaret Tulliver occupies the stage too exclusively. Here, as in the former work, the artist has studied carefully the harmonies of colour. The complement to this impulsive, imaginative, vigorous, but yielding nature is put in with equal care, and perhaps with equal success. The brother—with his resolute will, hard self-reliance, narrow inflexible justice, honest and true, but with only that "hard rind of truth, which is discerned by unsympathetic minds," —is probably as true to nature, and even more original in fiction, than the sister, who absorbs the larger share of our sympathies. He too has his trials and his struggles. If we hear less of them, it is only because, with a manful determination, he buries them in his own breast. If they fail to interest us, that may be not the hero's fault, but ours.

Those who read the volumes before us with vivid recollections of *Adam Bede* (as who will not?) may notice how much more strongly our sympathies are roused by imperfect characters. In that story the author designed, we may suppose, that we should be most interested (of the male characters) in *Adam*. And certainly, if a noble portrait of all that we profess to admire and love in the manly character, yet not too perfect to be human, could have effected this, we found it there. Yet it will scarcely be denied, that, to most readers, the heart all along went with the weaker brother, Seth. That Dinah cannot love him—though we know it to be impossible, and do not wish it—yet strikes the tenderest chord, we have always thought, in the whole story. In the *Mill on the Floss* none of the characters approach perfection; the heroine as little as any; yet we will venture to assert that Maggie's passionate and rebellious weakness has more interest for us, however undeservedly, than Adam's enduring strength. The true heroic struggles, which are silent and successful, are a spectacle for gods, not men. The indications of weakness and peril must be patent, to gain any deep sympathy from mortal lookers-on.

Enough has been said to show something of the character of the volumes before us. But every word here written should be cancelled, if we thought it would prevent a single reader from seeking to know more. Let it not be supposed that the few passages here extracted are the best in the book. Such are not to be torn from their context merely for the sake of carrying away specimens. If we had to name the most powerful scenes in the story, perhaps we should point to those "in the Red Deeps," and the short passage with Stephen in the conservatory. But the whole working of those "Laws of Attraction"* is singularly well told. The descriptions of the quiet English scenery on the Floss are few, but very truthful. Not many eyes may be educated enough to see the charms of a mill-dam in February; yet, painted in these words, how exquisite it looks!—

"And this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at —perhaps the chill damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnut that shelter it from the northern blast. The stream is brimful now, and lies high in this little withy plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above."

Take the following passage again —one of quiet natural pathos, like that which charmed us so often in *Adam Bede*:—

There is no sense of ease like the ease we felt in those scenes where we were born, where objects became dear to us before we had known the labour of choice, and where the outer world seemed only an extension of our own personality: we accepted and loved it as we

* See vol. iii. page 72.

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accepted our own sense of existence and our own limbs. Very commonplace, even ugly, that furniture of our early home might look if it were put up to auction; an improved taste in upholstery scorns it; and is not the striving after something better and better in our surroundings, the grand characteristic that distinguishes man from the brute—or, to satisfy a scrupulous accuracy of definition, that distinguishes the British man from the foreign brute? But heaven knows where that striving might lead us, if our affections had not a trick of twining round those old inferior things—if the loves and sanctities of our life had no deep immovable roots in memory."

Nor, on the other hand, have we done much more than indicate, by such tempting illustrations as fell within the line of this notice, the pungent and yet playful humour which lights up the story throughout, especially in the chronicles of Tom and Maggie's early years. The division of the jam puff; Maggie's visit to the gypsies; the dialogues on Latin and Euclid between her and Tom; or, when we get amongst the aunts and uncles, the momentous conference on aunt Pullet's new bonnet, held in that awful best bed-room at Garum Firs—all, happily, much too long for extract—are perhaps more irresistibly ludicrous than anything which we have quoted.

It may possibly disgust some critics to find that, in spite of our rapid progress towards the intellectual, the most striking novel of the day is but "the old, old story." Love is still the life of fiction. And not that deliberate process which sometimes bears the name, when the marrying gentleman looks about him and "chooses" his wife as he would his horse, and the lady weighs the advantages of a home and a position,—but the strong force that seizes and binds its victims, whether they "choose" or no. Even the author seems, in one place, to tender half an apology; "the happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history." We venture to question the new and the old aphorism, prettily as they are combined. All depends upon our definition of happiness, for the nation or for the individual.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

If absence of emotion be happiness, then the zoophyte's (with which Aristotle was not acquainted) is the beatific life. His "vapid vegetable loves" can seldom be highly tragic. The young people who walk into love cautiously, feeling their way by a process of courtship, are highly respectable and much to be commended; but in fiction, as in actual society, are apt to be tiresome. When Cœlebs sets out "In Search of a Wife," and goes the round of his eligible acquaintance "to select a deserving companion for life," as Mrs Hannah elegantly phrases it, who that has ever read the book (we have) does not long that he may get a brimstone? And after all, this quiet well-regulated life, of which reason and not passion has taken hold of the leading clue, may or may not be peaceful. Calm affections, a sense of mutual duties, may fill the vacant place in many hearts, or at least bar the door successfully against the master-passion; but woe to some natures, which have dared to satisfy themselves with such substitutes, if at any time, while man or woman's life is young, the rightful lord comes uninvited to the quiet banquet, and takes his place in that "siege perilous."

The moral of these volumes is not obtrusive. The reader will probably draw it for himself according as he is predisposed. But he will gather nothing but good from it, read it how he will. On one point only, we think, the writer has shown an undue severity—though, even here, it is a severity in the cause of charity. The little provincial world of St Ogg's is of course highly censorious, has little of that charity that thinks no evil, and punishes, with all the emphasis of such a small Rhadamanthus, an aberration from the recognised proprieties. In several pages of brilliant sarcasm, we are drawn to infer that the world of St Ogg's is very mean and wrong. But we have been watching the struggle of which St Ogg's sees only the *apparent* end. It is quite true that the world judges harshly and uncharitably often, because it judges from appearances and from results; it belongs to a higher Power to look at the heart and the motives. If society were to claim this "discerning

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of spirits," its judgments would be erroneous oftener still, and infinitely more mischievous than now. In the present instance, Dr Kenn, the rector, alone judges by a larger and more charitable standard. He braves in this quarrel—not quite successfully—public opinion at St Ogg's. Dr Kenn was right—grandly, heroically right; does it follow so certainly that society at St Ogg's was wrong? That Higher Authority whose example he pleads, is indeed the great court of appeal from every human judgment. Even he could do, as the recognised exponent of that Authority, what others could scarcely venture upon. For society cannot shift its landmarks; they may be arbitrary, but they are well known; it is at our peril if of our own will, to our sad cost if by force of circumstances, we overstep them. For there is a large floating mass of weak morality for which such definite restrictions are the best safeguard. Society sits as a court of law, and gives judgment according to its written statutes; in the main it does justice. Those on whom it presses hardly—and they are many—must be content with that other Court of last appeal. If "their own hearts condemn them not," they may find their judgment reversed there.

But we have closed the book. Only in striving to right what seems a wrong, does even satire in these hands wear its common bitterness. Alike in power, but how very different in its use, is George Eliot in this point from another of our great novelists; he, with the same keen perception, and knowledge of the universal disease, slashes remorselessly through the fair skin, and shows us, as with a fierce professional satisfaction, the lurking evil within; here we watch a hand not less steady or less skilful, which, if it cuts deeply through the cancerous growth, does so in confidence that there is wholesome life beneath. After all the hard words of truth dealt against our neighbours on the Floss side, it is as if the author—like Maggie in the story—could not part even from the most narrow-minded of them without a word of forgiveness. Mr and Mrs Stelling (with the last half-year's bills never likely to be paid) dismiss poor Tom with a blessing and a basket; even Lawyer Wakem was doing something which he meant for kindness, when we saw him last; and aunt Glegg—that Dodson of Dodsons—when circumstances occur which are quite out of the line of the Dodson experience, and to which the rules of the Dodson religion no longer apply—astonishes the reader as much as the world at St Ogg's. It is remarkable, indeed, that neither here nor in *Adam Bede* are any of the characters esteemed so evil in their author's sight, as to stand in need of the usual penalties of poetic retribution.

"Retribution may come from any voice: the hardest, cruelest, most imbruted urchin at the street-corner can inflict it: surely help and pity are rarer things—more needful for the righteous to bestow."—(Vol. iii. p. 257.)

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NARCISSUS.

LIKE as some solitary woodland flower,
Far out of reach, upon a perilous ledge,
Flaunts its rich colours in a maiden's eyes,
And seems more fair because desired in vain,—
So he, a stream-god's son, more beautiful
Than all his peers, serene and passionless,
Lived whole of heart, in scornful self-delight
Vacant for ever. Love, that comes to all,
Sought not nor found him. Many raving words,
The multiplied despair of aching hearts,
Thickened around him, and he heeded not;—
Ay, though enamoured Echo, woodland nymph,
Pursuing him with love, filled the deep air,
The caves, and the bleak rocks, valleys and hills,
With murmurs meaningless to none save him,
Wasting away till she became a voice,
Vague, incorporeal.—And thus it went,
Till one who also loved him all in vain
Uttered this dying curse:—"So let him love
"A fiery love, and, loving, not enjoy!"

And the suns travelled till there came a day,
When, heated from the chase and tired with toil,
Whether of chance, or by some envious Fate
Misguided, he bore on with flagging steps
Unto a pure cold fount, where never bird
Nor mountain-goat frequented, clothed around
With fresh green turf, and secret from the sun.
Thither no devious track of mortal feet
Led through the shady labyrinth of wood;
No sound of shepherds, calling from the bowers
With melody of flute or vocal play,
Made welcome for the weary flocks at noon;
Only the immemorial silences
Kept haunt for ever on those flowery floors,
Where the sweet summers ever came and went,
And went and came, and even from the bees
Year after year their customary spoil
Concealed, as in a secret treasure-house;
And there, in evil hour slaking his thirst,
He in his spirit conceived a thirst tenfold,

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Which water could not quench. For, as he drank,
Leaning to the cold lymph, he saw therein
The phantom of himself clear as the life,
The mirrored white and red upon his cheek,
The loose locks clustering round his snowy neck,
Full of divinest beauty—saw and loved.

O Love! thou art the theme of many songs;
And some have thought thee but a froward boy,
Risking thy random arrows here and there,
Careless who suffer from thy pastime wild:
Some paint thee pensive and serene of mood,
Gentle, with very heaven upon thy face,
Planting the deadly nightshade at the heart,
Whereof men die, and leave wild words behind,
And melancholy music strange to hear.
But whether thou wert born in Rhodope,
And sharp winds sang around thy couch of snow,
And thy young heart grew hard among the hills—
Or, cradled in the warmth of tropic isles,
The softnesses of life corrupted thee,
Till, to wear out the languid summer hours,
Thou couldst not but be cruel to mankind—
Or whencesoever or of whom thou art—
Herein thou wast supremely merciless,
That the twin shafts, whose piercing should create
A mutual sympathy in different hearts,
Thou without pity at one single breast
Didst aim too surely, so that wild desire
Tended to no sweet haven, but must rave
In desolate unrest without a home!—

Ah! there and then hot hope, with eager eye,
Sprung from that first fierce hunger in his blood,
Flashed change upon his face, and o'er his soul
Rolled moments like to years. Ah! then and there
Were passionate strivings with extended arms
To fold a shadow; and he sought not rest
Nor food; the hours went on; and still he lay,
Gazing upon the form that answered him
With silent gestures, silent moving lips,
Seeming to mean a not unequal love,
Till the truth dawned upon him, and he knew
Himself alone of all to his own heart

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Was cruel—for himself was his own love,
Himself his own despair. Then in his ear
Sudden there spake, or seemed to speak, a voice :—
"Life without love, or with a love unreaped,
"Makes every hour a death ; but death comes once—
"Better to die, for death will make an end."

Then spake he, weaving his own funeral dirge,
Accents whose wildness might unnerve the rage
Of wolves that wander in the Hercynian glens,
Roll back the rivers from their seaward march,
And rive compassion from the core of rocks :—
"O forests, dreaming of the years of old,
"Ask of your branches, whether green or sere,
"Whether by night or day, in calm, in storm,
"They may remember any love like mine.
"O Love, dread Love, I know thee—but too late :
"Come, feast thine eyes ; thou art indeed avenged!"
And lovelorn Echo, startling at the cry,
Paused in her bower a moment, then took up
The shrill-toned sorrow, and from hill to hill
Tossed it in mocking mood, until the voice
Failed in the far-off clouds—Avenged ! Avenged !

So when the sun unyoked his flaming steeds,
And through the glimmering silence, calm and slow,
The dark world drifted to the bourne of sleep,
Came the death-angel in the cool of eve,
Who seals impermeable to life and light
The charm-constrainèd orbs, and solemnly
O'er the lost lover bending in the gloom,
Touched the pale brow with ceremonial wand.
Whence a sad wonderment, the pain of dreams,
Hung round his trancèd spirit like a mist ;
And all about him snatches of old songs,
Heard in old hours among the Oréades,
Mixed with a meaning never felt before,
Floated—dark legends of mysterious love
Unhappy, and of hope for ever fallen,
Fallen for ever, like his own—and still
Haunted him more than all a simple strain
Sung by Liriopè, the naïad-nymph,
His mother, how a maiden golden-haired,
Trusting to treachery and led by love,

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Followed a stranger from her father's halls:—
'She like a rose just opening into bloom,
'Which one hath paused in passing to admire,
'Anon hath gathered, and against his heart
'Worn for a little hour, then cast away
'For ever, and remembers it no more;
'But all the while it lieth where it fell,
'Silently drooping on an alien earth,
'Alone, unpitied of the passers-by;
'Nor any more availeth that the showers
'Strive with sweet influences to lend it life,
'And golden suns caress it as of old;
'Nor to have been in native loveliness
'First among flowers availeth any more,
'So lowly doth it lie, so far hath fallen.'—
Here Echo seemed to answer—Fallen! Fallen!
Slowly and sad, like one that hath her wish,
And finds it other than she hoped, not gain,
But bitterest loss—which when the dying heard,
The pulses of his heart grew faint and still,
The life-stream halted and then ebbed away;
From limb to limb crept the damp languor cold;
And he lay silent in a seeming sleep,
Moveless like marble, with unlighted eyes
Changelessly fastened on the crystal pool,
And countenance snow-cold, which even in death
Bore impress of unutterable desire.

Then, after twilight, the stars one by one
Peered from the broad blue curtain of the heavens,
And the blanched delicate features of the dead
Showed whiter in the broken misty light.
There he lay all night long, until the birds
Sang in the mirthful morning, and the sun,
Piercing a slant path through the woven green,
Rested upon a flower, ambrosial, sweet,
Alone in grace among the forest flowers;
And therein lay embalmed the love, the life,
Of that bright being, who but yesterday
Was Beauty's youngest-born upon the earth.

P. S. Worsley.

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THE SNOWDROPS.

WITHOUT the dry trees groan and shiver,
The curtained sun in his cloud doth sleep,
And through the chamber-casement ever
Murmurs the roll of the distant deep.

By the maiden's side on the couch were lying,
Blending their delicate green and white,
Children of winter, half-closed and dying,
Flowers that are born ere spring is in sight.

Slowly she spake in a voice of sorrow—
"Gentle flowers, live yet to-day,
"But when I shall have died to-morrow,
"Droop ye, and wither, and fall away.

"Yet a few hours, then droop and wither;
"Silently fade and fall with me;
"Far from the sun we will rest together,
"Shut from the sound of the moaning sea."

Ah, poor maid! nor father nor mother
Soothe thy spirit passing away;
Only my hands, the hands of a brother,
Gathered those snowdrops yesterday.

Why wilt thou take the heart I cherished?
Rightly, O Death, art thou called unkind—
Victims twain by this stroke have perished,
One in body—and one in mind.

P. S. WORSLEY.

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A FEUILLETON.

LAHURE (MATHIEU) had taken a lodging at Enghien.

It was summer. Lahure loved the country, its roses, balmy air, quaint festivities, and Sunday visitors. Lahure was a native of Bordeaux, nursed on claret, young and good-looking, impetuous and combustible; picturesque himself, and the lover of the picturesque in others; honest at heart, gay in manner, an observer of life under every aspect, a writer of no mean merit, and a caricaturist of the first calibre, even in Paris.

And he had taken lodgings at Enghien, whence he occasionally journeyed to Paris, so as not to lose the true smack of Parisian humour.

An artist, whatever his branch, weaves his art into his life, and devotes his life to his art; who separates the two is not an artist, but a mechanic. The result is not a life—at times scarce a livelihood. So Lahure used to repair to the capital, not as a traveller, but a caricaturist. He never went by railway. He either walked or clung to a cart, or, when the day was wet, took his place in the omnibus.

The day was wet, and Lahure took his place in the omnibus. He was late, and chance led him to the remote and dark end of the vehicle. A young lady sat on his right, occupying the corner. Lahure commenced an examination of her face; he was always on the search for a new countenance to adorn his easel. The profile of Lahure's neighbour was worthy the pencil of a Guido. Lahure, a humble follower of that great master, paid homage to his memory by studying the model accordingly.

But artists are not always content with still life; they require animation as well as purity of outline. It behoved, therefore, Lahure, by dint of his conversational powers, to produce that play of feature which perplexes and delights others besides artists.

So he began—about the weather.

"It rains," said Mathieu, addressing his neighbour.

"What extravagance of resource!" soliloquised, spitefully and aloud, a notary's clerk.

"Lucky fellow," murmured an old bachelor playfully, while one or two elderly married couples smiled conjugal smiles on each other's ample proportions, and approved the young gentleman's advances.

"It rains, Mademoiselle," repeated Lahure.

"It does indeed," answered the young lady.

"I fear it will rain all day," continued the artist.

"There is much cause for apprehension," responded the Guido face.

"Bad for the crops," commented an agricultural couple.

"Bad for my digestion," smiled Lahure.

"How do you account for that interesting statistic?" sneered the notary's clerk.

"Because, not being accustomed to trot about the streets with a waggon-load of papers on my back, I enjoy a walk from Paris to Enghien, and rely upon it for my appetite."

A chuckle ran round the carriage, in which the young lady partook with an angelic smile, the clerk having offended her previously by odd smirks in the way of advances.

The culprit relapsed into silence, and, carriages not being incentive to conversation, each relapsed into his own thoughts, except the artist. Bent on an interchange of ideas with some one, his right-hand neighbour seemed to present the majority of qualifications.

"Perhaps Mademoiselle will be returning this evening?" hazarded Lahure.

"No, Monsieur, I shall not."

"Does Mademoiselle then not live at Enghien?"

"Only occasionally."

"Perhaps Mademoiselle resides at Paris?" continued the artist, with a copious readiness.

"Occasionally only."

"Ah, I perceive;" and Mathieu smiled as one pleased with his own adroitness: "Mademoiselle divides

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her time equally between the two fortunate spots."

"As Mademoiselle, she would not admit a compliment." While speaking she arranged her veil in graceful folds on the further side.

"Pardon, Madame, the insipidity of my conversation."

"Make no excuses, Monsieur; its insipidity was the only part of it that pleased me."

"Can I make up for it by offering you this morning's *Charivari?*"

"Thank you; I have seen it."

"Perhaps Monsieur *votre mari* is connected with the press that you receive it so early?"

"I am a widow."

"I beg pardon again, a thousand times."

A face such as that could not seem mortally offended; on the contrary, it spoke in gentle accents.

"I am a great amateur of the *Charivari*, and a friendly publisher supplies me with early copies."

"*Ma foi!*" soliloquised the artist. "A widow, and one who can afford to receive early copies at Enghien. Madame," he continued, "I am enchanted to hear of your *bienveillance* towards the *Charivari*."

"Wherefore this great joy?" asked the widow, in a tone of surprise.

"You said, I think, Madame, that you protected that journal."

"Rather it protects me, by causing me to spend many a pleasant hour. I look on it as one of my best and oldest friends."

"Then, Madame, I have a little right to your good-will. I am a constant contributor to its pages, and, I trust, to your pleasures."

"Are you really? Then I am indeed glad. I have so long wished to know personally—or at least to see some of the very clever writers who maintain that journal with such unflagging spirit."

"Madame, you will make me appear like one of our favourite idiots."

"Impossible."

A bow.

"But can I ask, without indiscretion, which are your productions?"

"Ah, Madame! The proverb says, '*Chacun a son gout.*' It might add, '*chacun a son secret.*' I know your taste; it is the *Charivari*. In return, I will tell you mine. It is to know something more of every beautiful widow I meet with in an omnibus. We are now quits on the score of taste, but we each retain our secret. These we can preserve—or——"

"What?"

"Exchange."

"Let us preserve them, then," rejoined the widow, drily.

"To hear is to obey."

"But will you give me no indication?"

"Indication for indication."

"Well—agreed."

"Are you a draughtsman or a writer?"

"First tell me whether you live most at Paris or at Enghien?"

"I live equally at both."

"And I write and draw with equal merit."

"Provoking. But I see you must be a *journaliste*, from your self-conceit."

"I have, on my part, long perceived that you were a wit as well as a beauty."

"There you return to your first insipidity."

"For you reduce me to my wits' end."

"Well, to our compact: hint for hint."

"Hint for hint."

"But fair-play."

"What do you mean?"

"Make use only of your wit to discover my secret—no underhand means. Do not follow me when I leave the omnibus, or ask questions about me."

"Madame, I flatter myself I am a man of honour. I give you my promise. In return, you must pledge yourself not to ask any questions about me, or to follow me when I leave the omnibus."

"Monsieur, I am a woman of honour. I give you my promise."

"Then, now for our battle."

"What have you contributed today to the journal?"

"You inquire into the past; I only peer into the future. Shall you return to Enghien by omnibus tonight?"

"I do not think I shall ever travel in an omnibus again. It was by

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pure accident you have met me here this morning."

"A happy accident."

"Insipidity again. But answer my question as frankly as I answered yours: What have you contributed to this day's paper?"

"To answer truly and sincerely, without reserve, equivocation, or reticence—nothing!"

"What am I to do? Here we are close to your bureau — you see I know where it is — and I am no further advanced than I was before."

"No more am I. But it is the easiest thing in the world to arrange. Tell me your name and address; I will tell you mine. We have exchanged a challenge: by the rules of society, we should exchange cards."

"Although a writer in the *Charivari*, you must feel your proposition a little too enterprising. Ask yourself what you would think of a lady who consented to such an arrangement."

"Perhaps, Madame, you are right. But the fear of losing so charming an acquaintance makes me hazard more than perhaps I have a right to stake."

"Well, we shall meet again, depend upon it."

"Is that a promise or a consolation?"

"Take it as you like."

"Will you remember that a letter directed to Mistigris, 180 Rue du Bac, will find me?"

"I will *remember* it."

"Is that an engagement or a *politesse*?"

"A *politesse* may be an engagement, though an engagement is not always a *politesse*."

"The omnibus is stopping for you to alight. *Bon jour*, Monsieur."

"May I not say *au revoir*, Madame?"

"Say what you like."

"Will you reciprocate?"

"Yes, yes; *au revoir*."

"Is that a *politesse* or a——"

He was on the pavement before his sentence was concluded, urged by the rough mandates of the guard.

For a week Monsieur Lahure was desperate; for another week he was anxious; the third he was melancholy; the fourth resigned. At the commencement of the second month, he was drifting into love with another, when a brougham dashed past him in the Rue de Rivoli, and the section of the Guido face greeted him with a bright smile.

Regardless of promises and philosophy, the young man rushed after the carriage. A crowd of foot-passengers intercepted his career, and he returned home more in love than ever—a sadder and a sillier man. For some days he was gloomy, abstracted, and irritable. His thoughts flowed wearily, at a loss for an expedient. He went to sleep one night, and dreamt of Vanity. In the morning he rose rejoicing. The next day there appeared in the *Charivari* a little story in a column of short sentences. The title was taken from the old proverb that every medal has its reverse. It was surmounted by a vignette of the Guido face *en profile*.

CHAPTER I.

It rains.

One jumps into the omnibus from Enghien.

One sits next a pretty profile on one's right.

The profile is a young widow.

A veil hangs in graceful folds on the further side of her countenance.

One falls in love with the profile.

One enters into conversation.

The red lips part, and betray pearly teeth.

One becomes still more enamoured of the profile.

One proposes to the profile an ice at Tortoni's.

Proposition declined.

One offers a dinner *chez Philippe*.

Rejected.

One presses one's suit.

Profile sighs.

Champagne and *marrons glacés*.

Inexorable.

CHAPTER II.

One writes a burning letter.

It is answered.

One entreats an interview.

It is refused.

One writes again.

Protestations doubted.

One adores.

One receives for an answer that

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love such as this will not bear the test of misfortune.

Further protestations.

A walk to-morrow in the Bois de Boulogne.

CHAPTER III.

The walk begins.

Profile leans on one's right arm. More lovely than ever. Veil still in graceful folds over right cheek.

Adorable creature!

Then you really love me?

One does indeed—and—adorable creature!

Also a little.

May one not see the whole of that adorable face? Will that jealous veil never be removed?

A blush.

Nay—prithee.

Remonstrance and tremor.

A short silence. Distant thunder. Wind blows. Rain falls fast. Shelter beneath a tree. Arm disengaged to run for fiacre. Fiacre found. The door opens. One assists profile with left arm. A gust of wind. Veil flies back. Profile has but one eye.

Adieu, Madame.

One pays the fare of the fiacre, shuts the door, and walks home—alone—blessing the unknown philosopher who invented flight.

At the end of the tale was a vignette of the counter-profile, with a great splotch for an eye.

Sure enough the next morning Monsieur Lahure (Mathieu) received a letter, not Rue du Bac, but at the bureau of the *Charivari*.

If Mistigris went a little into respectable society, instead of secluding himself to write libels, "one" might perhaps meet young widows with two eyes.

Mistigris bought some new clothes, and straightway resumed his lodgings at Paris. He accepted indiscriminately every invitation he received; but he did not meet his widow.

One day a friend of his, a painter, invited him to a soirée. The painter was a rich man, and gave sumptuous parties. Large saloons, flowers, music, lights, everything to intoxicate the mind or stimulate the senses. Lahure (Mathieu) was equal to the occasion. He wished to do honour to his vocation, and draped himself magnificently. In addition to the ordinary costume of the nineteenth century, he adorned his button-hole with two small crosses dangling to a golden bar, the Legion of Honour and S. Gregory—orders gained at the point of his pen and pencil.

The young man entered the ball-room to watch the dancing. His arrival soon became known, and the dancers executed their best steps gloomily, and deployed, their best graces depressed with the incisive reputation of the artist's pencil, and fearful, as are Parisians, of their own powers of ridicule. Lahure, to reassure them, assumed the smile of a philanthropist, the equanimity of a philosopher, and the abstraction of a poet. Standing half concealed near some flowers, he allowed the dancing to proceed undisturbed, and yielded his mind to pleasure; his vanity somewhat tickled by the sensation his presence had created, and his mind disposed to view with complacency his friend's hospitality. Conversations buzzed about him.

GROUP 1.—*Elderly Gentlemen.*
Nos 1. and 2.

No. 1.—Our friend is giving a brilliant feast.

No. 2.—Lucky brigand! with his pictures and his wife, he must have at least a hundred thousand francs yearly.

No. 1.—At least—and what a charming wife!

No. 2.—Not more charming than himself—I dine here Wednesday.

No. 1.—I agree with you. I dine Saturday.

GROUP 2.—*Younger Gentlemen.*
Nos. 3 and 4.

No. 3.—What lovely women! An artist has an eye for the beautiful.

No. 4.—Beauty is enhanced by gold. So thinks our host.

No. 3.—Do you see Lahure? It is not often he goes into the world. Perhaps he seeks for models.

No. 4.—Beware he does not fix upon you.

No. 3.—He might do worse.

No. 4.—Perhaps he seeks, like our host, to unite the profession of a husband with his original career.

No. 2 (*from group* 1).—Well, there is a good chance to-night for some

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one. Madame Dumesnil-Lacondrage once more honours society with her presence.

No. 4.—Society will greet with enthusiasm the incarnation of seventy-five thousand francs a-year.

No. 1.—And how very beautiful she looks!

No. 3 (enraptured).—Like a Guido.

GROUP 3.—*A young Lady*, No. 5; *and a young Gentleman*, No. 6.

No. 5.—How very curious!

No. 6.—It is indeed extraordinary.

Nos. 1 & 3. What extraordinary?
Nos. 2 & 4. is curious?

No. 5.—A lady in the boudoir.

No. 6.—A very beautiful person.

No. 5.—Not exactly beautiful.

No. 6.—Well, perhaps not—but so like.

No. 5.—So like a caricature by Monsieur Lahure.

No. 6.—The lady with one eye.

Group 2.—But has this beautiful lady but one eye?

Group 3.—No; two eyes.

Omnes.—Who can it be?

The sounds murmured in the distance. Lahure, as he afterwards declared, with his heart beating, moved into the boudoir. There—there, occupying a whole sofa, dressed richly and artistically, sat the lady of the omnibus, dazzling in beauty and in diamonds, smiling triumphantly, and surrounded by a platoon of admirers.

Lahure again half concealed himself by a curtain, and gazed on the beautiful vision before him. Her white neck rose majestically from her massive but symmetrical shoulders, which, in their turn, stood out in bold relief from the sharp outline of her velvet dress. Every turn of her head was graceful, and the well-gloved hand that held her bouquet or her fan was small and taper as a child's.

For the first time in his life Lahure felt abashed. He could not hear her words; but as she spoke her admirers laughed in chorus, and Lahure thought she was telling his story, and that the laugh was against himself. He was simple-hearted, though a caricaturist, and he did not yet know that an ample jointure adds a peculiar pungency to the witticisms of a handsome widow. But the idea of being ridiculed steeled the young man's heart. Girding himself with the armour of his trade, he placed a smile upon his lips and walked jauntily to the sofa. The widow observed him for the first time, and a blush spread over her face and neck. It was a good sign, and Lahure became relentless.

The widow bowed.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur.* It is some time since we met."

He bowed in return, silently.

"We have been laughing almost foolishly," she continued.

"I trust not at the humble individual who now addresses you."

"Ah! you who joke others are the first to resent jokes yourselves. I suppose you were the hero of our dithyramb."

"It would probably supply me with a supplement to a romance."

The widow gazed at the young man with that imploring look common to women and dogs.

"Be reassured," she rejoined, "we were only canvassing a play."

"I did not know you were acquainted with my friend Lahure," interposed the host, who was passing at the moment.

"Oh yes, indeed. We are *collaborateurs.*" As she spoke, she moved her skirts on one side with that gesture peculiar to ladies when they invite you to sit next them on a sofa. The gesture dispersed the platoon of admirers.

"What induced you to attack me in the *Charivari?*"

"To effect one of two objects; and I have succeeded."

"What were they?"

"Either to pique you, and thus revenge myself; or to flatter you, and thus to find you."

"And you think I was flattered?"

"I am sure of it."

"Do you think it legitimate to bring your powers to bear against a defenceless woman?"

"As legitimate as you consider it not to keep your word. I gave my word not to follow you nor inquire after you, and I kept it."

"I made the same promise, and kept it."

"But you gave hopes."

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"Can one give hopes in an omnibus?"

"Ah, Madame, an omnibus may contain as true a heart as a gilded *coupé*."

"Bravo!—a capital sentence for your next article."

"Brava! You wish to humiliate me by my profession."

"You do me an injustice."

"You have treated me badly, and I cannot trust you."

"If you really knew the truth, you would not think yourself ill used."

"I can conceive no possible excuse."

"What would you have thought of a woman who wrote to you without knowing your name?"

"You might have known me."

"No sooner did I discover your real name than I wrote to you."

"But you did not give me yours. You left my finding you to chance."

"You wish to humiliate me by avowals."

"What do you mean?"

"It was not quite chance that made us meet to-night."

"Why, our host did not know that we had ever seen each other."

"But his wife is a friend of mine."

"When I did see you," burst out the young man in a transport, "my knees almost gave way under me."

"I suppose it was only the *sang froid* of a writer that supported you?"

"As a writer I should have succumbed. It was my artist-half sustained me."

"Then you are two men against one woman. The game is unequal."

"Yet the woman has beaten the two men."

"Explain yourself."

"You who have learnt my name, and I am ignorant of yours."

"Really. Do you assert that you do not know who I am?"

"On my word of honour."

She looked at him fixedly—then continued in a low tone—

"Guess it then."

"I shall guess your Christian name."

"What is it?"

"Constance."

"Then you must know me. I have always been called Julie; but my name is Constance likewise."

"I give you my word it was a guess, but I knew I could not be wrong."

"Then how did you discover it?"

"It is the name I love best."

A pause.

"Now guess my surname."

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Surnames are vulgar, commonplace. They were invented for purposes of civilisation and utility. We never think of those we love by their surnames—our sisters, our children, our mothers, our wives. If we lived with them in a desert island, we should soon forget any names but those of baptism. It is a Christian name that lies in our hearts. Society may require me to salute you as Madame So-and-So. Shall I thus recall you in my dreaming hours?"

Another pause, and the widow, in a tremulous whisper—

"Then I must tell you myself. My husband was an old man, who treated me as his daughter. His name was Dumesnil-Lacondrage."

"In that case, Madame, I must bid you good-by."

"Why?—why?"

"Madame Dumesnil-Lacondrage is in every one's mouth, the beautiful widow and the rich one, with seventy-five thousand francs a-year, and the world at her feet. I thought I was speaking to my companion of the omnibus, equal to myself in fortune, and perhaps not above my love. No, Madame, I will not contend with the world, where there are so many rivals to mortify my pride during the race, and to win it at the end. Let me stop short at the starting-post, not to lose my self-esteem as well as my happiness."

The handsome features of the young man flushed as he spoke, his eyes half filled with tears.

"So farewell, Madame," he continued.

"No, Monsieur. I will not say farewell. It is not thus I part with Mistigris. Stay!"

Not many months afterwards Monsieur Lahure (Mathieu) gave a ball on his own account, and the Guido face received the guests.

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SWITZERLAND AND FRENCH ANNEXATION.

TURIN, *April* 12, 1860.

IF the talent for organisation which distinguishes our Gallic neighbours enables them to send into the field an army better fitted to undergo the hardships and overcome the difficulties of a campaign than we can, we may at least find consolation in the reflection that, in all departments not connected with the Government, we are not subject to the thraldom which is the result of this tendency. In the mere arrangements of travel, for instance, the Englishman abroad is constantly conscious of an undue interference, on the part even of non-official employés, with his personal liberty. He dislikes being obliged to be at the station half an hour before the train starts; he is insulted by the presence of a gendarme at the ticket-office, to see that there is no cheating on either side; he is anxious for the rest of his journey about his luggage, because he did not see it put into the train, although he has got a ticket for it; and finally, he is indignant at being kept waiting in the "salle d'attente" until five minutes before the train starts. While seated here, he has time to consider his grievances, and determines, on his return to his native land, to be less ardent in the cause of administrative reform—for he finds, after all, that he is a fortunate individual to have his lot cast in a free-and-easy country, where people have learned "how not to do it." On the night of the 25th of last March, I found myself precisely in the condition of a British traveller making invidious political comparisons of this nature, while standing, in a highly irritable frame of mind, jammed against the glass door of the waiting-room of the Lyons and Geneva Railway, between a fat and somewhat offensive Belgian, and a lady with a baby, which she allowed to rest temporarily on the bundle of wrappers I held under a very tired arm. We were all waiting to make that rush for seats which is the usual preliminary to a night-journey, and casting longing eyes on the carriage ticketed "Geneva," when, to our horror, a side-door opened, and a posse of gentlemen appeared upon the platform, coolly clambered into the aforesaid carriage, and appropriated all the best seats. It was evident, now, that I had no chance of getting into the corner with my back to the engine, and securing the seat opposite for my legs, by putting my cloaks into it, as though they belonged to some one else. Bulky men were making themselves comfortable in each compartment, so that even the usually perverted sense of their own rights, which distinguished my companions, was roused, and we clamoured vociferously. At last the door was opened by a responsible official, with an air of authority, of whom I inquired, with that polite irony peculiar to persons in a state of suppressed virtuous indignation, what the amount of the sum might have been which he had privately received for giving the choice of seats to the stout gentlemen? (who had by this time filled all the compartments with tobacco-smoke).

"Sir, you insult me!"

"That was my intention; but I feared you might not feel insulted by the remark."

"Take care, sir—but, in fine, I am not master here. It is not my fault; let me show you a seat."

So I was crammed, as the eighth passenger, between seven men—all smoking, all talking, and some of them whose proximity was disagreeable for other reasons. They were to be my companions for the next fifteen hours, during the first ten of which I was fully occupied in making futile endeavours to sleep. My neighbours, when they did not talk, snored, letting their lighted cigars drop feebly out of their mouths as they went to sleep, and carefully retaining as much smoke in the carriage as possible, by keeping both windows shut. At last morning dawned, and we stopped for "café au lait," and under the genial influence of the early meal one's faculties became once more roused, and one's better nature protested against ten hours of unamia-

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bility. I made a mental apology to the railway official, which I am happy to repeat here, should this meet his eye, and also to call his attention to the remainder of the article, and entered into conversation with the cleanest of my seven companions. "You must be old travellers," I said, "to break through the rules of a French railway. How did you manage last night to get into the carriages before any one else?" "Why, to tell the truth," replied my friend, with a modest downfall of the eye and a quiet simper—"to tell the truth, we are—ahem"—and he looked me full in the face, as though to prepare me for the astounding revelation—"we are the SAVOYARD DEPUTATION." Rallying as well as could be expected from the shock which this announcement produced, I congratulated him upon the success which had attended the mission, and begged to be introduced to the other delegates who had so richly earned any little advantages which a patriotic railway company could grant them.

The rest of the journey proved interesting and agreeable. My companions were men of a certain position in Savoy, advocates, newspaper editors, and political agitators, of whom, however, I think it was bad taste in the French Government to be ashamed. Their names are well known in Savoy, and though, to a certain extent, they were probably self-elected, still they represent a party, the composition of which I shall notice later. It was only to be expected that they should describe the state of feeling in Savoy as being unanimous in favour of annexation to France. The Savoyards, they declared, had had great cause of complaint against the Piedmontese, more especially since the establishment of constitutional government; the local offices were filled for the most part by Piedmontese authorities, and the interests of Savoy had been permanently slighted and passed over. The Emperor, on the other hand, had promised a very different régime. In the first instance, provisional authorities were to be appointed by the King of Sardinia and the Emperor, each nominating a certain proportion. The good-will of the Emperor towards Savoy might be gathered from the fact that several of the deputation themselves had already been nominated in this way, although it is not for a moment to be suspected that in coming to Paris they were actuated by any motives of so base a nature as those of personal aggrandisement. Since then it was proposed to the Sardinian Government that Count Greffier, the chief of the deputation, should be appointed Provisional Governor of Savoy. Meantime they considered, no doubt, that the Emperor might be deterred by conscientious scruples from annexing Savoy, unless quite certain of the favourable disposition of the people, and it was to set the Imperial mind at rest upon this important point that they undertook the journey to Paris. They were now enjoying the gratification which success in a self-imposed mission must always bring with it, more especially when attended with circumstances so complimentary to themselves. There was an evident difficulty in repressing their feelings of exultation when describing the dinner at the Tuileries with the Emperor and Empress, at which only four aide-de-camps and four maids-of-honour were present besides themselves. The courtesy of the Emperor, and the affability of his charming consort, was a theme upon which they naturally loved to dilate; while portraits of these distinguished personages, with the name of the deputy, and "Souvenir du 24 Mars" inscribed on the back in the royal handwriting, were exhibited with a pardonable pride. It was touching, too, to hear how the little Prince Imperial blew kisses to them on his tiny fingers, and how genial and reassuring altogether was the atmosphere of the Tuileries generally. It was indeed difficult to understand how any Savoyard could be so infatuated as to prefer the King of Sardinia, whose only claim consisted in dynastic ties that have not their equal for glory and antiquity in Europe, to an Emperor who displayed so much tenderness and sympathy towards comparative strangers. Let us hope that a closer connection and more intimate acquaintance may only serve to increase these sentiments, and that the members of the Savoyard depu-

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tation may continue to look back, to the last day of their lives, upon their experiences at Court with the same feelings of pride and gratification which they exhibited when I saw them last. It is pleasant, also, to think that, upon future occasions during the life of the Emperor, when deputations may find it necessary to visit the capital for the purpose of preferring requests or having grievances redressed, they will find the same ready ears, and the same cordial anxiety manifested to carry out their wishes. Thus, for instance, when the deputies represented that, upon the removal of the Douane, large losses would be sustained by Savoyard merchants, upon whose stock in hand the duties had been paid, his Majesty, with an amiable generosity, at once promised that they should be reimbursed to the amount of the loss thus incurred.

Again, the people of Savoy are somewhat of an aristocratic tendency, with a prejudice in favour of primogeniture, and opposed to those principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, which are so strongly developed in French institutions. They even dislike the law of Sardinia by which the eldest son only gets half the property: the French rule, therefore, upon the subject, by which a father cannot leave more than a quarter of his property to any son, is particularly objectionable; but no sooner was this represented to the Emperor, than he considerately consented to postpone to an indefinite time the operation of the law of France, and in so far as it applied to Savoy.

As to the provinces of Faucigny and Chablais, of which I shall have occasion presently to speak, arrangements were made with reference to them, which provided in the kindest and most thoughtful manner for the welfare of the interesting natives of that section of the "bare rock." As to whether or not the vote was ultimately to be taken by universal suffrage, that would remain doubtful until the Sardinian troops and Sardinian influence should be removed—not, in fact, until the people should be free to vote unanimously in favour of France. Meantime French troops were to occupy the country, partly to protect the voters, but chiefly "because," in the Emperor's own words, "the presence of troops always imparts an air of gaiety and animation to the scene." How little did I imagine, the night before, that I should be quite sorry to part from my friends when we arrived at Culoz; their naïveté had been refreshing, while it was to a certain extent gratifying to be associated, even indirectly, with men who had so recently filled a prominent place in the public eye. Thus at Bourg, for instance, I found myself in the character of a distinguished Savoyard, when the prefect, who wore lustrous boots and a faultless cravat, came down to the platform and invited us to spend a few hours in his town, where an elegant repast had been prepared, and a *posse comitatus* of citizens were waiting to do us honour. This we regretted to be obliged to decline. I say *we*, because I trust I may be permitted the vanity of identifying myself temporarily with these eminent men. Two hours after parting from them I reached Geneva. The election of deputies to the Turin Chamber was at this time being held throughout Savoy; and a good opportunity would thus be afforded of observing the actual disposition of the inhabitants upon a subject which was of such vital importance to them, more especially as the accounts in the French papers differed widely from those received from other sources.

As might have been expected, there is no difference of opinion on the matter in Geneva itself. All sections of politicians are united in their determination to resist, by every constitutional means, the aggression of France in Northern Savoy. The danger to Geneva itself of the extension of the French frontier in this direction is so evident and so imminent, that the most fierce political opponents combine in the common cause against the common enemy, and follow with an intense interest and anxiety the protocols of European powers, the debates in the English Parliament, the declamations of the French press, the proceedings of the Federal Council at Berne, and the progress of the elections in Savoy.

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There are circumstances under which it may be gratifying to a small community to feel that "the eyes of Europe are upon it." But when it becomes a shuttlecock for the diplomacy of Europe, the situation is not enviable. Poor, quiet, unoffending Geneva, what had it done that it should be forced into such prominence, and exposed to such peril? This snug retreat of theology and watchmaking only asks to be left alone in its unassuming corner, but finds itself like a bashful girl struggling in the arms of a detested suitor, obliged to call for help. Unhappily she has had some experience of the nature of the advances of the same persevering lover; under specious pretexts he still seeks to entangle her in the toils of his unlawful affection, until, stifled with his caresses, she must fall an easy victim to his embrace. Upon the last occasion the pretext was purely of a sentimental character. The æsthetic nature of that impulsive and enthusiastic creature Talleyrand could not be satisfied unless the residence of Voltaire was comprised within the French frontier, and so it was carried across the mountains of the Jura, the "natural boundary" of France, down to within two miles of the northern shore of Lake Geneva, including the whole "Pays de Gex," a district some thirty miles long by ten broad, and securing the passes of the Jura, and an easy access for the enamoured one to the feet of his mistress.

Now, it is not from the sentimental but the picturesque point of view that attentions are being paid in the same quarter. It is not from any associations connected with Faucigny and Chablais that the Emperor desires to occupy them with troops, but because soldiers dotted about a mountainous country make it look gay and animated. With France extending along both shores of its lake, Geneva will be like the starling in its cage, until at last its feeble note, "I can't get out," will cease to be heard by the chivalrous nations who guaranteed its free existence. It is not difficult to foresee how the process of absorption will be carried on if the neutralised territory becomes French. Geneva will then become, to all intents and purposes, the capital of a French province, enclosed on one side by the Pays de Gex, and on the other by the provinces of Faucigny and Chablais: it is now the market upon which the inhabitants of both districts depend almost entirely for their subsistence. At present Faucigny alone annually exports into Geneva produce amounting to about seven millions of francs. Its imports from the same emporium exceed three millions. Chablais is also dependent entirely upon this city as a source both of supply and demand, though I was not able to obtain exact data as to the extent of its trade with it. One of the representations to which I have already alluded, made by the Savoyard deputation regarding these provinces, was with reference to the ruin which must be entailed upon them by the establishment of a line of douane along what would then become the French frontier, thus virtually destroying their trade with Geneva. To meet this difficulty, it has been arranged that, while they should be comprised within the frontier, they should be excluded from the line of douane, which would thus intersect, in an altogether anomalous manner, a portion of France. Surely, if the principle of natural boundaries is worth anything, it should be applied here. It is a palpable inconsistency to contend that a district belongs naturally to a country, when it becomes necessary to have recourse to the very unnatural expedient of excluding it from its customs arrangements, in order that it may have the means of subsisting upon another. The interests of Faucigny and Chablais are so intimately connected with Geneva, that the nationality of the one must, in the end, become the nationality of the other. That it has not done so already in the case of Sardinia, arises from the extremely liberal and unaggressive policy of the latter country as regards Switzerland —a policy which, unfortunately, we have no right to expect from the French Government. The natives themselves are so fully alive to the truth of this, that their almost unanimous desire to be united to Switzerland arises not so much from their

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appreciation of the institutions of this latter country, as from the fact that Geneva forms part of it. If Geneva had been French, it is very possible that these populations would have been contented to have become French also. As it is, the douane arrangement above alluded to, although it will secure them easy access to the Geneva market, will render their position as French subjects in the highest degree inconvenient. They will now become enclosed by a double cordon of French and Swiss douanes; obliged, whenever they wish to enter their merchandise into France, to produce a certificate of origin; whenever they take it into Switzerland, to pay duty on it. Again, inasmuch as the railways of Lyons and Paris have their termini in Geneva, they will never be able to carry either themselves or their produce into France without passing through another country, and crossing their own frontier twice. But as Geneva is the mercantile emporium of these provinces, it will be in this city that the merchant will have to take account of his merchandise, and have it verified by the authorities; then take a Swiss transit for it to one or other of the frontiers, then return from the frontiers to Geneva to prove that he has paid the duty on it. In fact, it is evident that the complications and inconveniences arising out of such a state of things must be endless, and lead to the annexation of the impediment which Geneva would then become to commercial intercourse between one part of France and another.

For Geneva to be Swiss, while Faucigny is French, will be about as convenient to France as it would be to us, if Lancashire belonged to this latter country. Nothing can be more annoying to a proprietor of landed property than for a neighbour to have a field in the centre of it. In our own country, the former would buy it; in America, he would take it; I don't know what they do in France.

At all events, the prospect was not reassuring to the good folks at Geneva, who might be pardoned if they regarded Northern Savoy from a practical rather than a picturesque point of view. There being, then, no doubt whatever as to the unanimity of all classes of the Genevese community upon the subject of the annexation of the provinces to France, I was anxious to investigate the state of feeling in the neutralised territory itself, and therefore chose the day of election for the deputy to Turin, at Bonneville, to visit that town, which is the *chef-lieu* of the province of Faucigny. Just thirteen years had elapsed since, armed with a "Murray" and an alpenstock, I had traversed the same road, and revelled in the same scenery; since then I had seen finer scenery, and loftier peaks than Mont Blanc; but the pleasure of a second acquaintance was in no degree diminished, as I gazed on the clear, bold outline of my old friend sharply defined against the cloudless sky. Tourists who confine their explorations of Switzerland to the summer months can scarcely appreciate the effect produced by the bracing, exhilarating air of these valleys in March, when the snow lies low upon the mountain-slopes, and objects are distinctly visible at great distances, and there is a stillness in Nature, as though she had not shaken off the winter's sleep. Everything is hard and crisp yet, and we jog merrily along in a one-horse chay up the valley of the Arve, and think, as we look upon the hoary summit before us, that, at all events, the destinies of Europe have chosen a respectable pivot to turn upon. I have, indeed, heard it affirmed, that in the annexation of Savoy the Emperor is actuated partly by his desire to advance the interests of science, and hopes, by becoming possessor of the highest mountain in Europe, to pave the way to fresh discoveries. Whatever be his motives, the rural population of the country do not appreciate them, as we very soon discovered on entering the usually quiet little town of Bonneville. Quiet it would still have been considered, in any other part of the world, or, at anyrate, not more excited than a small English country town on a very badly attended market-day. There were groups of men in the *Place* discussing the question of their future nationality; but they were not half so excited as the same num-

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ber of farmers would have been with us discoursing on the price of wheat. This apparent apathy was in a great measure accounted for afterwards, but it struck me very much at the time.

The contrast between the development of free institutions in a country unaccustomed to them, and their development in one where the people are used to self-government, was strongly marked in the election at Bonneville. One looked in vain for election squibs or flags; listened in vain for party cries; sought in vain for active bustling agents canvassing the electors; hoped in vain for a row. The first impulse of the stranger, if not of the native, was to "rush to the poll." It was held in an upper chamber of the Hotel de Ville. Scrambling up its deserted and dirty staircase, I found myself in a room where three snuffy old gentlemen were smoking cigarettes in a window. Their office was to register the votes, but they evidently did not think I had one, for my appearance created no sensation. A notice was stuck up at the door, that the first *appel* was to be beaten at ten o'clock, and the second at one; also strictly warning voters that any person creating a disturbance should be summarily punished. It was now nearly twelve, and the room was empty. I found afterwards that all the votes had been registered within the first hour, and that the books were to be closed till one, when the second batch would be admitted. When the importance of the occasion was considered upon which the public were now called upon to vote, the pervading apathy seemed unaccountable. To enable the reader to appreciate it, I should explain that, from the result of the present election, the general sentiments of the population were to be gathered by the world at large. The question at issue was one upon which the future destiny of the country turned. It was asserted on the part of France, that the general feeling throughout Savoy was in favour of its union with that country. On the other hand, it was no less confidently declared that the opposite was the case. The deputies who were now being returned to the Piedmontese Parliament were the representatives of one or other of these views. The question was not one of internal politics, of Conservative or Radical principle, but simply for or against annexation. In Southern Savoy the elections were unanimous in favour of a union with France. In Northern Savoy the same question was put, not so much as between France and Piedmont, as virtually between France and Switzerland. The province of Faucigny returns three members to the Turin Parliament, Chablais sends two. They compose the greater portion of the neutralised territory; and it is evident that if all five members had been returned in favour of Switzerland, it would have been considered so decided an indication of public feeling as against France, that the Chamber of Deputies at Turin, when called upon to ratify the Treaty, would have been considerably embarrassed, so far as these two provinces were concerned, had the deputies returned by them unanimously protested against their transfer to another power. The rest of Europe would have regarded such a protest as a distinct refusal on the part of the inhabitants of Northern Savoy to become annexed to France; and in addition to the political objections which exist to such a measure, the important constitutional principle would have been established, to which the Emperor himself has so often appealed as absolute—namely, the will of the populations interested. It was therefore clear that, if the inhabitants of Faucigny and Chablais desired to retain their independence, now was the opportunity to make a decided stand. They had been bartered by Piedmont for its own ends, and might therefore feel indisposed to show partiality to a power desirous to dispense with their allegiance; but Switzerland, with which all their interests were so closely bound, was waiting with open arms to receive them into a confederation by which their commercial interests would be advanced and their political liberties secured. It was incomprehensible to suppose that, in the face of the advantages which must accrue to them from annexation to Switzerland, and the

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nature of which I shall explain more fully presently, they should desire to form an obscure province of an Empire with which they had no commercial interest in common, and in which political liberty was utterly extinguished. Yet inasmuch as four out of the five deputies returned to the Chamber at Turin by these provinces were in favour of this union, such, to the superficial observer, would seem to have been the case. That these returns were, in fact, no criterion of the public feeling, my own observations during these elections lead me confidently to assert. But it is difficult for those educated under free institutions, conversant with them by tradition, and possessing a special aptitude for putting them in practice, to form a conception of the results of ignorance and timidity among a simple mountain population, when subjected to a moral pressure such as that brought to bear upon it during these elections. For months past, when only the few initiated knew of the bargain which had been effected between France and Sardinia with reference to these provinces, French agents had been at work and French influence exerted in every form. Sardinia being a party to the transaction, and other countries being ignorant of it, there could, of course, be no counter influence brought to bear. The consequence was, that insidiously the idea that annexation was inevitable became insinuated into the minds of the clergy and employés, the most influential classes in the country, and the least patriotic. How thoroughly it had taken root before the actual annexation was announced, may be gathered from the readiness with which the Savoyard deputation adopted the idea, and availed themselves of their previous information of the inevitable destiny of their country to hasten to Paris, and make political capital. Three principal causes conspired to induce almost all the employés, more especially of Southern Savoy, to throw themselves into the cause of France. In the first place, they have a very just opinion of the Emperor's diplomatic talent, and are fully persuaded that when he has determined to do a thing, he will do it, though he may have denied any such intention. Consequently, they felt perfectly convinced that, however much they might protest and object, Savoy, to use an American expression, "was bound" to become French. It was its "manifest destiny." It was a case in which the highest wisdom was shown by making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness. Any man who was known to have patriotic sympathies now, had destitution hereafter vividly before his eyes. If he was possessed of a lively imagination, he even saw Cayenne looming in the distance. There was a short struggle between heart and stomach, but in a poor country like Savoy stomach is sure to carry the day. Then, by being active in the cause of France, not only did he save his berth, but, in all probability, would obtain promotion. The employés at Bonneville were not ashamed to admit the motives by which they were actuated. They had the highest regard for Switzerland; if by voting for it they could secure annexation to it, they would not hesitate; but as this was not the case, they really must vote for France, for the sake of their wives and families. Secondly, a great number of the employés in Savoy are actually French, or foreigners who have no sympathy with the country; they naturally vote for France. And, thirdly, ambitious young men want decorations, and have visions of great careers, which humble little Switzerland cannot offer them.

The proportion of employés who were voters in Savoy may be gathered from the fact, that out of 144 votes in the college at Bonneville, 60 were given either by employés or those dependent upon them. For it is to be remarked that a great deal of power rests in the hands of these men, who are considered by the peasantry as omnipotent, and regarded with a degree of awe which it requires a considerable amount of courage on the part of a rustic to shake off. There are a hundred ways in which these petty officials can make a peasant's life miserable to him; and it was only enough to listen to the subdued and frightened tones in which they told you that they had

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abstained from voting at all out of a desire for Swiss annexation, to perceive how thoroughly demoralised upon the subject they had become. When it is considered a great sign of courage and independence not to vote at all, it must be admitted that electioneering loses all its interest, and its results all their value. Yet such has been the case throughout Savoy and Nice,—it has everywhere been found difficult to get the necessary two-thirds of the voters to come to the polls. At Bonneville itself, the election had been held the week previous to my visit, but found void on this account. The French party had whipped up their people since, however, and there was now little doubt about the result. Besides the influence brought to bear upon the people by the employés, must not be forgotten that exercised by the priests. Some of these were for annexation to Switzerland, it is true, but the great majority were in favour of France, upon the general broad principle that they preferred belonging to an Empire professing the same state religion as themselves, and under whose protection they would consequently come, to being united to a confederation in which the proportion of Protestants was greater than that of Catholics, and where there was perfect religious liberty. Those of the priests who were independent enough to take an opposite view, did so on the ground that Roman Catholicism was more likely to flourish free than trammelled to the State, and that, moreover, the accession of Northern Savoy to Switzerland would turn the balance in favour of the Catholics, giving about 1,300,000 Catholics to 1,000,000 of Protestants. Very few ecclesiastics, however, were enlightened enough to take this view of the case, and their opponents employed those weapons which, where an ignorant peasantry are concerned, the Papist priesthood know so well how to wield.

But the partisans of France did not confine themselves to threats; inducements in the shape of vague commercial advantages, and promises of railways, &c., were put prominently forth: Chablais was promised a railway along the southern shore of Lake Geneva, and Faucigny a railway to Sallenches. Then advantage was taken of a natural rivalry which exists between the two provinces, and it was said that, in the case of their becoming a Swiss canton, Chablais would be merged in its larger neighbour, and get bullied. In fact, my memory and my paper would alike fail me were I to endeavour to recount the devices, or specify the arguments, used to influence the peasantry in favour of France: one most transparent was the posting of placards telling them that it was useless to vote against France, because they already formed an integral part of the Empire. This was calculated to produce so serious an effect upon the rustic mind, which would immediately imagine, that whoever voted against France under these circumstances, would be guilty of an act of rebellion, that the Swiss party issued an opposition placard, the only one I observed at Bonneville. I have unfortunately lost the French placard, the nature of which, however, may be gathered from the following contradiction.

It will be observed that one of the inducements held out to become French was in the promise that the Savoyards in the Piedmontese army were to return home, no mention being made of a possible French conscription.

"CONCITOYENS.

"Des affiches mensongères viennent vous dire aujourd'hui, que tout est terminé, et que notre pays est definitivement incorporé à l'Empire Français.

"On vous trompe audacieusement, et on calcule sur notre crédulité pour égarer vos votes.

"Le traité passé entre la France et la Sardaigne réserve aux grandes puissances, et à la Suisse, le sort definitif de la Sávoie du Nord. Nous ajouterons que les dernières nouvelles reçues hier sont excellentes pour nous. Elles établissent que les puissances de l'Europe, entre autres l'Angleterre et la Suisse, sont fermement resolues à empêcher l'annexion de notre pays à la France.

"C'est a nous aujourd'hui de montrer notre volonté, et de publier le choix que nous avons fait pour notre nouvelle patrie. Soyez certain qu'on respectera notre vote.

"Citoyens, et vous surtout propriétaires, artisans et habitants de la Cam-

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pagne notre sort est entre vos mains. On vous dit que les soldats Savoyards vont rentrer dans leur foyers.

"ERREUR! MENSONGE!

"Vos frères, vos fils quitteront le Piémont; ils reviendront en Savoie, mais pour être immediatement incorporés dans les régiments Français et partir ensuite pour la Bretagne ou la Normandie, si ce n'est pour l'Afrique ou l'Asie.

"Vous voterez pour la Suisse parceque ce n'est que là que vous pouvez trouver la liberté, le bien être et l'affranchisement, de l'impôt de sang.

"Vous voterez pour M. Pierre Blanc, Avocat, parcequ'il est décidé à soutenir votre cause devant le Parlement.

"Dejà les collèges de Cluses et de Saint Jeoire ont donné une immense majorité aux candidats de notre choix. Que le collège de Bonneville suive leur exemple, et la patrie leur devra à tous sa prosperité et son bonheur.

"*Vive la Suisse.*"

This placard, which was rendered absolutely necessary to contradict the false statements contained in those posted up by the French party, was the only one to be seen in Bonneville. Nor had any facilities been given for conveying electors to the poll. The consequence was, that as most of these lived in distant valleys, they never made their appearance at all, and the townspeople had it all their own way. Almost every peasant I spoke to had made an effort to come expressly to vote against France, although at the risk of compromising himself and offending the town authorities. The qualification of the voters was a one-pound annual rating, so that a comparatively large proportion of the peasantry were excluded. There can be not the slightest doubt that a vote taken throughout the communes of Faucigny and Chablais by universal suffrage, would even then, notwithstanding the influence which has been used, have given a large majority in favour of Switzerland. Had it been taken two months ago, it would have been unanimous *against* France: when it is taken some weeks hence, it will be unanimously *in favour of* France. The dice will not be thrown until they are properly loaded. The process of loading them is going on now, otherwise how can we account for the delay in appealing to the will of the people? The Emperor of France and the King of Sardinia have both solemnly promised the people of Savoy and Nice that their countries shall not be transferred to France until after they have been consulted by a popular vote, yet at this moment both countries are occupied by French troops; French money is being extensively distributed; French emissaries are active; yet the treaty has not yet come before the Turin Chamber for ratification, the reason being that the people have not yet been kneaded into shape. When the vote is taken, there will be the nominees of France and Sardinia as the presiding civil authorities, both with instructions to see that the people vote the right way—for those conversant with the affairs of Italy know that the Government of Sardinia is as anxious for its late subjects to vote according to treaty, and thus avoid the rupture with France which a hostile vote would entail, as the Emperor himself is. So far as Southern Savoy is concerned, its fate is sealed, and it is fair to say that a large section of the population is satisfied with that fate. But Northern Savoy is in a very different category. In the first place, in the case of a popular vote being taken, it should not be confined to a choice between France and Piedmont alone, but between Switzerland, France, and Piedmont. The whole of the peasantry *en masse* are in favour of Switzerland, the bourgeoisie, who are more divided, do not deny it; and a French agent with whom I conversed frankly admitted that the popular feeling was strongly in favour of Switzerland, but went on to say, "we do not care about feelings, we want results." Unless steps are taken to prevent it, they will get the results. How can it be supposed that a poor, ignorant, timid race of mountaineers, accustomed to implicit obedience to, and reverence for, authority, should apprehend so strange a fact as that they should be free to vote upon their own interests? It does not enter into imaginations trained under despotic influences, for their nominal freedom only dates back a few years. They ask what they are to do, and find the authorities and agents of two great powers

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—one of whom they are used to obey, and the other to dread—pushing in the same direction. It is lamentable to think that agents of the Sardinian Government should be almost as active in favour of France as the French themselves. Yet we have too good reason to believe such to be the case, and we expect these mountain sheep to fly in the face of the pressure thus exercised by two formidable Governments, and pronounce themselves Swiss. You are either Piedmontese or French, say the political guides in whom they have always been accustomed to trust. Whichever is the case, a vote for Switzerland must be one of rebellion. The only opposition which can be made to this overwhelming combination is offered by those of the bourgeoisie who are fearless and independent. These men have had long odds to contend with, besides labouring under inexperience in election tactics, and the methods of popular agitation. No public meetings have been called in Northern Savoy, or widespread system of canvassing been organised. In the first place, the funds are wanting; and in the second, though so many favour the cause, the number of those hardy and energetic enough to figure prominently and work zealously in it, is comparatively few. Nevertheless, nearly thirteen thousand of the inhabitants of the two provinces have been found bold enough to sign a declaration in favour of Switzerland; and when it is remembered that many of them did so under the impression that they were committing an act of presumption which bordered on rebellion, they deserve all credit for so fearless a demonstration. It is, however, to the untiring exertions of those patriotic and courageous men, MM. Bard, Bétémps, and Faurax, that the success of this manifestation is principally due. The delicate position in which the people are necessarily placed with reference to their own Government, appears on the face of this document, the translation of which runs as follows:—"The undersigned, residing in the commune of , province of , disturbed by the rumours which have been spread, and according to which Savoy will cease to form a part of the States of His Majesty the King of Sardinia, desire to confirm here the expression of their devotion to the King, and their desire not to see any alteration made in their union with the Sardinian Monarchy. But, on the other hand, and in a case where political reasons, of which they will not constitute themselves the judges, render a separation inevitable, they are convinced that their Sovereign will not dispose of his faithful subjects without their being allowed to declare their wishes upon a matter so important as their future destiny.

"In spite, therefore, of the sympathies which a great and glorious empire might awaken, they distinctly signify their desire to be reunited to the Swiss Confederation, with which they have long been bound by a community of interests and of sentiments, as well as by those relations of friendship of which they have received so many proofs." Here follow nearly 13,000 signatures, among which Alpine travellers will be glad to recognise the well-known names of Balmat, Couttet, Favret, Simond, and many others famous in Chamounix, whose daring feats as guides to British tourists will have prepared us to find them in their right places in the day of need. To such men the notion of their own mountain becoming French is intolerable; they have not contented themselves with signing a protest against it, but are the only community throughout the whole of northern and southern Savoy who have returned a deputy in favour of Switzerland—M. Chenal. The Member for Sallenches, a town well known to the Swiss explorer, in the immediate neighbourhood of Chamounix, occupies the proud position at this moment, in the Turin Chamber of Deputies, of being the sole representative of Savoyard freedom. His will be the only protest made against that outrage to the feelings of the loyal and devoted people, who have been sacrificed to "an idea." Will it be considered a piece of very egregious vanity on our part if we attribute this result, to some extent, to that close and intimate contact with our own countrymen, into which a great proportion of the small number of

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voters have been thrown, and which must have familiarised them with an independence of thought and action unknown amongst Continental nations? Whether this be so or not, the valley of Chamounix has alone ventured on the decided demonstration of returning a member in favour of annexation to the Swiss Confederation; and surely, now that it is about to become French, its natives are entitled to the sympathy of every Englishman who has ever wandered, under their guidance, beneath the shadow of Mont Blanc.

I have already alluded to the difficulties which present themselves to the formation of an organised opposition to the pressure which will be brought to bear, in order to obtain a majority in favour of France, in the case of the promise being carried out of referring the question to a popular vote. Unless some such opposition is organised, and machinery at once put into operation to give it effect, the result of this vote is certain; but the question is, Who is to head the movement? At this moment, the northern Savoyards are like sheep without a leader. When the wolf comes in sheep's clothing, they follow him, though they know him to be a wolf, in sheer despair. The shepherd has made them over to the safe keeping of the wolf, and has deserted them; they bleat pitifully, and make short, wild rushes in different directions; but the spell has been thrown over them, and they resign themselves hopelessly to their fate, fearful lest a struggle against it might entail a worse calamity. What can a few individuals do against the weight and prestige of a kingdom and an empire both working for the same end, and pressing upon both flanks of a mountain district containing little more than 150,000 souls? Unless moral aid is afforded them from without, they must yield to the external pressure. The only nation in a position to supply this assistance and offer this encouragement is Switzerland, but even she is in a situation of great delicacy. Until the treaty was officially announced, and during the many months that France was working out her own ends steadily in Savoy, Switzerland was obliged to ignore the possibility of a transfer of this description. Had she commenced canvassing in favour of annexation to herself when Count Cavour was denying that annexation to any other country was in prospect, she would have given Sardinia a just cause of quarrel; but, at this very epoch, canvassing was going on vehemently in favour of France. Moreover, any efforts made in this direction would subject her to the charge of a desire for territorial aggrandisement—though it is one of which, in the present state of European politics, she need not be ashamed. Were she to attempt to give her support to the population at present, she would probably cause the occupation of the provinces by French troops, who would be sent in to protect the inhabitants against Swiss coercion. Even now, the most scandalous calumnies are circulated with reference to the undue influence she is supposed to exert,—as if the inhabitants of Geneva could frighten the Savoyards into resistance to France! In the mean time, the people understand that they are absolved from their allegiance to the King of Sardinia; but inasmuch as he has made them solemnly over to the Emperor of France, their habits of obedience lead them to suppose that, whatever may be their inclinations, they are bound to conform to the arrangements made in their behalf by their sovereign. Did they see their own position truly, they would feel it to be one of absolute independence; and, morally speaking, Switzerland has as much right to canvass, and, if necessary, to bribe, as France. The obligation of allegiance to Sardinia having been removed by that Government, the people of Northern Savoy need not surely feel obliged to vote in the direction indicated by their late rulers. It would have been better to have spared them the mockery of offering them the choice familiar to us as "Hobson's." If Sardinia has not placed before them the other alternative, they at least owe her no longer any allegiance—let them place it before themselves. The vote, when it is taken, is to be *taken* by the French Emperor. The ex-

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pression is significant. It is he, and he alone, who will put the question and extract the response. Every Hotel de Ville and voting place will be occupied by his agents, and no person *will be allowed* to vote in favour of Switzerland. They will be told they are free to vote, but not in that direction. Each book will contain two columns—one for France, the other for Piedmont; and voters must choose either one or other, or not vote at all. At present, there is nothing to prevent the people from erecting their own polling-booths. There are already 13,000 men pledged in favour of Switzerland. Let these men organise committees, and take a popular vote for themselves, instead of tamely submitting to a dictation which is unwarrantably assumed by a foreign power. The will is not wanting to do so, but there is no independence of action, no habit of self-government, no experience in popular movements. "Ah," said my friend, "if the Savoyards were as adept at self-organisation as they are at *hand-organisation*, how different would be the result!"—and he embodied the history of their future destiny in that audacious pun. Switzerland fears to supply the deficiency, because success would only bring about the crisis in a manner seriously compromising to herself. In this I think she is mistaken. Were the sentiments of the population, thus expressed, to be, as they would be, almost unanimous in her favour, she herself would be supported, and Northern Savoy would occupy a very different position in the deliberations of a Congress of European nations, called together to decide upon its fate. If those protestations were sincere which I heard on every hand from persons who had even voted under pressure against their convictions—if there was any honesty in that enthusiasm which animated the open partisans of the Swiss cause, and which I saw afterwards manifested at Bonneville—if those groups of country people, with whom I conversed on the subject, gave vent, as I believe they did, to the genuine desire of their hearts,—then there only needs a few skilful hands to open the flood-gates of a torrent of public feeling which would carry all before it. Now, every day that passes is allowing time for these pent-up waters to subside; and when at last the river has become manageable, the hand versed in opening flood-gates of this description will open these, and lead its waters along the prepared channel of universal suffrage. I should be doing an injustice to the indefatigable exertions of Messrs Maréchal, Bruel, and other leading members of the committee (which is composed entirely of Savoyards resident in Geneva) for the protection of Savoyard interests, if I allowed it to be supposed that nothing was being done to encourage the free expression of public opinion in Northern Savoy. Whatever has been so far achieved in this direction is owing to the fearless energy and perseverance with which these men, aided by several Swiss gentlemen of talent and influence, have endeavoured to counteract the improper pressure to which their countrymen have been exposed. But they are too heavily weighted, and the race is not equal. You might as well enter half-a-dozen Shetland ponies for the Derby, as expect half-a-dozen honest patriots to carry the day against the perfect training on the other side. It will end in "a walk over." I was rather struck with the apparent calm and security which pervaded the French camp at Bonneville, for I saw something of both sides; and after in vain looking for popular excitement, I found a resting-place in the bosom of a political clique. It consisted of partisans of Swiss annexation, who were nevertheless on most cordial and amicable terms with the enemy. We met in cafés, and pledged each other in Vermouth over sloppy tables. We jocosely asked Frenchmen whether they were meeting with much success, and they replied good-humouredly that we should know by the voting. We asked renegade Savoyards what they sold their conscience for, and they only smiled blandly. The quantity of insulting insinuations which one of my Savoyard companions heaped upon his opponents in a strain of facetious irony, would have led to his extermination under ordinary circumstances. As it was,

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the French only laughed, for they were probably paid by the job, and success was certain, and the Savoyards pocketed the insults with their dollars.

As is often the case, those who had been bold enough to compromise themselves decidedly, were recklessly imprudent in their language, and expressed themselves about France in terms calculated to make a more cautious countryman shudder. The only satisfaction left them was to go about frightening timid men by the violence of their opinions; they addressed groups of electors, and swaggered about till dinner-time, when we all went and toasted Freedom, coupled with the names of England and Switzerland, in bad champagne. While doing so we heard the drum beating the second *appel*, but we heeded not; either my companions thought the day irretrievably lost, or the champagne unusually good. Poor fellows! they had worked hard latterly, and had nothing left now but to kill care by conviviality. They found consolation in the debates which had recently taken place in the English Parliament. Lord John Russell's speech, which had just appeared in French in the local paper, was already distributed far and wide, and inspired fresh confidence in the breasts of those who had been vainly exerting themselves in the cause of liberty. Humble peasants, who could not read or write, but who had trudged from distant valleys to vote for their freedom, listened eagerly to the news that the Foreign Minister of England had protested in their behalf, and the words spoken that night in the House of Commons will find their way to many a distant châlet in the mountains of Savoy.

While listening to the universal expressions of satisfaction with which this speech was received, it was a curious and instructive contrast to read the reply of the Emperor to the Savoyard deputation, in which his Majesty expresses his reluctance at being obliged to annex Northern as well as Southern Savoy, in consequence of the repugnance manifested throughout the province to its dismemberment.

I am not prepared to say what the feelings of Southern Savoy may be upon this subject. It is just possible that persons who have thrown off one nationality, and adopted another, with the same facility with which a man would change his coat, nor felt a twinge of sentiment at abandoning a dynasty which had its birthplace in their mountains—it is, I say, just possible that people who have thus disregarded all considerations of nationality and race, should be sentimental upon the subject of Faucigny and Chablais. If so, their affections are entirely unrequited, for neither Faucigny nor Chablais feel the slightest reciprocity of sentiment. There is very little sympathy and very little intercourse between Northern and Southern Savoy. Their interests, like their rivers, flow in totally different directions. A natural boundary of almost impassable mountains, extending from Mont Blanc to La Roche, traversed only by difficult paths, separates them. Whatever a deputation from Southern Savoy may have been instructed, after their arrival in Paris, to say upon this subject, a deputation from Northern Savoy, left to speak their minds freely, would have represented the matter in a very different light.

It may perhaps be shown that Southern Savoy, with a frontier conterminous with France, and all its means of communication leading into French markets, has interests so closely connected with that country, as to make its annexation to it commercially beneficial. Such is not the case with Northern Savoy. Its frontier is not conterminous with France; its markets are not in France; its commercial interests are actually injured by annexation to France. Every argument which a southern Savoyard can bring in favour of the annexation of his province to France, the northern Savoyard can, with much greater force, apply in favour of the union of his province to Switzerland.

He can, moreover, show that he would pay more, both in direct and indirect taxation, derive no advantages, and suffer in every material interest, by annexation to France.

This is not mere assertion, but may be statistically demonstrated, if the reader has the patience to glance at

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the following results; the process by which they have been arrived at will be found in the admirable pamphlet of M. Bard, himself a native of Faucigny. All his calculations have been based upon the official revenue returns for this province. It contains a population of 94,000 inhabitants. By reference to the statistics of the provincial treasury, we find that it actually pays to the central government of Sardinia an annual sum of 1,951,736 fr. of direct taxation. If transferred to France, it would pay an annual sum of 2,755,536 fr. If it became Swiss, its annual taxation would be 967,656. Thus it would, in this latter case, pay nearly one million less than it does at present, and nearly two millions less than if it became French. Besides this, it would have the advantage of employing at home the greater part of that taxation, which in both other cases finds its way into the coffers of the Imperial treasury.

Then the connection with great empires involves serious obligations in the way of indirect imposts. Mons. Bard does not fail to point them out:—

"Piedmont is ambitious," he says; "after one crown she would like another—then, after this one, still another. The *gourmet* knows how many leaves there are in an artichoke. Therefore she must have a standing army. France makes war for an idea. Now, as there are ideas of all colours, and she has only one of them, France must fight always and everywhere. Therefore she must have a standing army. Now, would you know what the taste of Piedmont for the artichoke and the worship by France of an idea would cost Faucigny in the shape of an indirect war-tax?—here are the figures." The dry calculations to which we are ushered by this humorous prelude, give as the cost to Faucigny of a standing army over Swiss militia as being 721,000 francs in time of peace. What it may be in time of war, or how often, when annexed to France, it may be a time of war, he does not venture to conjecture. But it is not merely the amount of capital drawn from a province which should be considered in the effects produced by its taxation, but the mode in which its taxes are employed. Properly speaking, taxes ought merely to be considered as an investment placed out at interest for the benefit of the country taxed. Mons. Bard draws the following comparisons:—

"In France, as in Sardinia, one-third of the revenue of the State is consecrated to the maintenance of the army, to the war-budget in the time of peace. It is about 50,000,000 for Sardinia, more than 500,000,000 for France. Interest on this investment, *fumée, fanfares, cadavres.* In Switzerland there is scarcely any war account. They prefer there the noise of the workshop, the life of industry, the song of the labourer. In France, as in Sardinia, a large proportion of the floating surplus is consecrated to State ceremonies—to the cost of *frais de representation* of prefects and new governors, which the Ratazzi government supplied us with. Interests of this investment *festins, parfums, bals, sourires de femmes.* In Switzerland nothing is allowed for *frais de representation.* People there are simple enough to believe that a magistrate is seen to most advantage when at work."

But while in France, as in Sardinia, a third of the revenues are absorbed in the military estimates, in Switzerland so little is thus appropriated, that Faucigny, as a Swiss canton, would make an annual saving over Faucigny, as a Sardinian province, of 1,903,698 francs; and over Faucigny, as a French arrondissement, of 2,707,499 francs.

Tax-payers would also have the satisfaction of knowing that the money went to the soldiers who were to defend them; for hitherto, according to treaty, in the event of a war the Sardinian troops were bound instantly to evacuate Faucigny and Chablais, and retire to a place of security beyond the mountains. So that the country to whose military chest these provinces contributed in time of peace deserted them in time of war; and the country to whose military chest they never contributed a farthing for their own protection, became in time of war the only country bound to protect them. The advantages of annexation to a country with a surplus instead of to one with

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a national debt of 3,422,000,000 are not overlooked, and the inconveniences of the new douane system I have already alluded to. There are other considerations which must appeal to the common sense of every man weighing the relative merits of a choice between France and Switzerland. Morally, politically, commercially, socially, pecuniarily, the interests of these provinces are with Switzerland; and I must say, for the credit of the inhabitants, that I never met a man of the country, even though a partisan of France, who did not admit it. Many of those who voted for France acknowledged that they did so from personal and not from patriotic motives.

All that has been said with reference to the advantages which Faucigny would derive from its annexation to Switzerland applies more strongly to Chablais, a province removed even more remotely from the French frontier, and containing a population of sixty thousand inhabitants, whose commercial intercourse must always be confined to the Canton de Vaud and Geneva. Instead of forming an integral portion of the Swiss republic, and entering it as an important canton, calculated to add strength to the Confederation while participating in its free institutions, these countries will now become an obscure and distant province of the French Empire, exposed to all the annoyances which must attend its unwieldy and unsubstantial greatness, without any of its glory. Like the shores of some mighty ocean beaten by the surge of its incessant waves, the extremities of a state like France feel the violence of every revolution and every war that agitates the country, but profit little from the calm when the storm is past.

Hitherto I have considered the question of the annexation of Faucigny and Chablais to France from a local point of view; but it is evident, that however strongly we might, upon philanthropic grounds, regret the "manifest destiny" of these provinces, we should confine ourselves to offering them the very meagre consolation of our sympathy, did we not believe that our own interests were to some extent involved in their transfer to our powerful and dangerous neighbour. A glance at the map will confirm this impression. A new kingdom is being formed in Italy; it will possess a standing army of at least two hundred thousand men. It will either remain, as it is at this moment, a willing and servile slave to France, absolutely devoted to its ruler, in which case the French army becomes eight hundred thousand strong, and Italy continues to be a French province; or it will assert its independence, and its plains will then be open to invasion by the legions of France from the Simplon to the Cornice. Italy is now occupied with the toy procured for them with some trouble by the Emperor, but which he has reserved to himself the power to break at any moment. Deprived of all possibility of self-defence, she becomes not a valuable ally, but an irksome charge to any European power rash enough to burden itself with her friendship. She has got the shadow of liberty without the substance, for her fate is in another's hands. Her fetters are unlocked for the moment, but she has purchased her deliverance at the price of the key. Perhaps she was right. It is not for others to judge of the respective merits of the gaolers. But had Nice and Northern Savoy been retained, Italian liberty would have been founded on a firmer basis. It might have prospered and strengthened, sheltered behind the rocky barrier which nature has interposed between Europe and the peninsula, as though expressly to guard it. In a strategical point of view, then, the possession of Faucigny and Chablais by France is fatal to the independence of Italy; and inasmuch as the independence of Italy is of great importance to Europe, all Europe is interested in the fate of Faucigny and Chablais.

Every constitutional nation must desire to see Italy free. We all sympathise with Italian liberty, but French liberty—that is, liberty by the sufferance of France—is not so popular a development of the principle amongst us. There can be no doubt that the greatest service which could be rendered to Italy now, by a European congress, would be the preser-

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vation to it of its Alpine defences. But the political importance of Northern Savoy is not confined to Italy alone. Germany and Switzerland take an intense interest in the fate of this mountain district. If the guarantees under which their neutrality is provided for are thus set at naught, Switzerland, existing only by virtue of similar provisions, has no security for the future: these provinces are to Switzerland what the Principalities were to Turkey. Geneva is the Constantinople at which France is aiming; and when the whole southern shore of its lake becomes French, the lake itself ceases to be Swiss. A base of operations on Italy or Germany may be formed here, available equally as a "point de depart" in either direction. It is a strategical centre from which Italy and Switzerland may be retained within the grasp, while Germany is permanently menaced. As for the stipulation that the neutralised territory is to be held by France, only subject to the conditions under which it was held by Sardinia, and as to the plea that its neutrality was only established in favour of this latter country, the stipulation is about as valuable as the plea is sound. The object of neutralising this territory was to protect not merely Sardinia, but Switzerland; and indirectly not merely these two countries, but all Europe. It was very properly considered as the key to Italy; and Sardinia, as most nearly interested, was intrusted by Europe with this key. The object was to lock out the very power into whose hands it has now passed. A man who has determined to force a door open, is not likely to content himself with kicking at the panels when he has got the key in his pocket, even though he may have promised not to use it, particularly after having been put to enormous trouble and expense in getting hold of it. One fails to see the object of the sacrifices made to obtain possession of the neutralised territory, if its strategical advantages are never to be made any use of.

If it is worth the while of France not merely to engage in a costly war, but to incur the suspicion of Europe, for the sake of these provinces, surely it must be the duty of Europe to resist any such attempt, not only because it is unjust towards the populations whose liberties are being bartered, but because its own interests are at stake. Any opposition in this sense, must come from this quarter alone. Nothing is to be expected from the populations themselves; they will vote almost unanimously in favour of the country to which they consider themselves sold. Universal suffrage is looked upon as a mere formality, that means nothing more than a sort of oath of allegiance which they are bound to take. Nothing is to be expected from the Parliament at Turin. Properly speaking, the votes of the populations of Savoy and Nice ought not to be taken until after the treaty is ratified; but the treaty is not to be ratified till next month, and the votes are to be taken at Nice on the 15th, and in Savoy on the 22d of April. How far, in a constitutional point of view, this course is justifiable, it will be for the Chamber to determine; but to the bystander it would scarcely seem *en règle* for a portion of the inhabitants of a country governed on constitutional principles to vote themselves away to another, without the sanction of both houses of the Legislature. From the fact that this will probably be the case, may be inferred the readiness of the Italian government to facilitate the dismemberment of this portion of their new kingdom, and the only chance of a modification of the treaty concluded between France and Sardinia, lies in the deliberations of a congress composed of the European powers principally interested in the important alteration which the formation of an Italian kingdom, and the tenor of its first treaty, has effected in the balance of power in Europe.

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THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

INSTRUCTION—as the old proverb says concerning charity—should begin at home. Once firmly seated there, it may expand outwards—the wider the better. To bring the reader at once to our point, we take him to visit a school, in town or village, in which children of the poorer classes—the progeny of peasants and artisans—are instructed. He is to hear the pupils examined by their teacher, and distinguish themselves, as the local newspaper says, "by the promptness and accuracy of their replies, showing a state of advancement creditable alike to themselves and their instructors;" and having done so, he is to put a few simple questions of his own to them. He will probably find that, after they have answered with minute precision about Babylon and Nineveh—perhaps also about Athens and ancient Rome—it is a chance if any of them can tell the name of the county town, and whether or not it is an old cathedral city or a modern manufacturing borough. They have shown a marvellous acquaintance with the Jordan, the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Scamander; but ask them about that dingy puddle in which you have seen some of them make-believe to angle, while their mothers are drawing out its fetid waters, and complaining that poor folks can get nothing better, you will find that few of them are acquainted with its bright fountains in the hills, or the manufacturing machinery washed by it in its course; and that none of them can comprehend what has changed it from a pellucid stream to a filthy ditch. Turn over another leaf: you find that these humble scholars have ready answers to give about the priests of Baal, the Oracle of Delphi, and the Temple of Janus; but they know nothing whatever of the half-dozen different religious communities whose temples they pass in their daily walk to school. They are charged with a noble array of "dictionary words" about monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, illustrated by facts about the Council of the Areopagus, Ostracism, the Senate, the Tribunate, and the Comitia; but they know nothing whatever about the select vestry, or the police commission, or in what a parish beadle differs from a member of Parliament, and a colonel of a regiment from both. They can speak so well to the purpose about Aristides, Alcibiades, and Cincinnatus, that you might suppose them to have known the men, or at least to have conducted extensive biographical researches about them; but they don't know the name or function of the chief magistrate, or the sheriff, or the

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chairman of the quarter sessions; they attach no identity even to the distinguished member for the city, nor do they know that such is the position of the man whom everybody is speaking about as having brought forward in Parliament a fiscal measure calculated very materially to influence, whether for good or evil, their future prospects in life. Science is not wanting: there are glib answers about primary and stratified rocks, fossiliferous deposits, and anticlinal axes; but find, if you can, the boy who recognises the hard crystalline causeway as the unstratified granite of the neighbouring mountains, and the softer flagstones of the footpath as sedimentary rock, or who knows that the tough clay in which he flounders home is the close-packed detritus of silicious rocks, which must be enriched by organic mixtures before it can become fruitful mould. If they have learned a smattering of the technicalities of botany, you will probably find that it has not sufficed to make the town-bred ones aware that potatoes are roots and chestnuts seeds.

In the wear and tear of their rough journey through life, the isolated morsels of knowledge thus committed to the memory of those who have to work for bread, grow dim and disappear. They are at best but vague abstractions. They have no real appreciable substance in them —nothing to anchor them to the memory. Between what the workman experiences of practical life within his own narrow round of duties, and these distant generalities, there is fixed a vast gulf of ignorance which he cannot see across. It is otherwise with his more fortunate contemporaries of the middle and wealthy classes. Though much useless knowledge is thrown away on them too, yet they are so saturated with instruction that a portion of it remains, and realises itself through pursuits in after life, which make a nearer approach to a practical connection with the school lessons than the pursuits of the workman are likely to afford. They join the learned professions — they become members of Parliament or statesmen, or at least justices of the peace, town-councillors, select vestrymen, or members of parochial boards. They are merchants, with dealings abroad; or they travel, and thus obtain notions of territorial distance, and difference in climate, ethnology, and institutions,—things which are mere vague ideas to those who plod in one mechanical routine at home.

It is difficult to realise to any member of the educated classes how impracticable it is for their less fortunate brethren to acquire the larger and more general facts and doctrines of ordinary science. The difficulty of realising the impracticability arises from this, that for the purpose of isolating in the mind of the experimentalist the idea which he has to realise, there must be a certain blank space or arena of ignorance, or rather uninstructedness, in the midst of which it must be placed. In this highly-enlightened and technological age, it would be extremely presumptuous to profess to discover such an arena in any intellect; and if it were discovered, there might be some question about the politeness of exposing it. We can therefore only modestly ask the reader to run over the sciences and departments of science which occur to him, and fix on that which he least knows. There will naturally occur to him, among a host of other topics, trigonometry, plane and spherical — the calculus, integral and differential — porisms, dynamics, barology, catoptrics, palæozoic entomology, palæography, hagiology, ecclesiology, iconography, the predicates, the sentences, ontology, and porphyrian dichotomy. If in any of these, or in any other that may occur to him, the reader is conscious of some isolated spot to which his instructed intellect has not penetrated, we desire him to take up the most profound and searching work bearing upon the topic, and, without going through any preliminary study, to find the most abstruse formula or theory, or the most erudite technical definition which its pages disclose. Our proposition is, that having done so, he will have about as distinct a notion of the real import of his acquisition as the working man's boy in an ordinary school has about such simple affairs as the four

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quarters of the globe, the equator, and the eastern and western hemispheres, the Emperor of China, and the President of the United States.

Whether or not he is ever to realise these things, the problem is to get the boy to realise—to know in reality—what he carries in his memory. Let there be a synthetic system—a putting together of parts, that it may be known what they consist of before there is an analysis. Let him have a firm position in geography, by understanding practically the land and the waters close around him, before he is taken to the poles, and carried round the world in circles, none of which come near his own humble door. Let him prove and feel that he lives either in a town or in a country parish, and understand the difference between the two. Let him note the secret of the nature and powers of the authorities who rule over himself and his neighbours, before he masters the dicasts, the Areopagus, and the senate. It is surely possible to open his mind to some further knowledge of the stiff figure who walks the streets in blue coat and glazed hat, than that he is the policeman, and the general enemy of mankind. He may, it is believed, without danger, be instructed in the sources of these solemn functionaries' powers and duties, so as to imbibe some germs of the origin and character of constitutional and responsible power in representative government; and it may not be amiss that he should recognise in the power of the law a praise and protection to those that do well, and not solely a terror to evil-doers.

We are not to suppose that our schoolboy is a thief, or that, if he were, mere school-teaching would convert him to honesty; but still it is a pregnant illustration of the effect of ignorance of the character and conditions of our social institutions, that most criminals have never from childhood had any other notion of the power of the law save that it is the common enemy to be dreaded, and either fought or fled from as occasion serves. Some years ago there appeared among the police reports in the London newspapers a stray notice of a boy committed for theft, who was supposed, from the nature of a couplet which he had chalked on the wall of his cell, to have made a faint inductive approach towards the philosophy of punishment. This effort at authorship—perhaps it is too simple and quaint to be genuine, but never mind—was embodied in the lines following:—

"Him as prigs vot isn't hisn,
Ven he's cotcht, he goes to prisn."

The induction is very clearly and neatly put; it gives utterance to a too common occurrence. Thus the jail is the first thing to teach the uninstructed youth the power of the law; and, indeed, without looking exclusively to the criminal portion of our population, it is a sad truth that the humbler and less educated are apt to acquire their first distinct acquaintance with the institutions under which they live by running against them, and suffering in the collision—as dogs find out the places where they should not be, from the kick they get when casually straying in them.

Among the matters important to themselves, about which it were well for the working population that they were trained to a better knowledge, are the ordinary physical materials of their wellbeing,—the knowledge that would make them acquainted with the condition of the food they eat, the raiment they wear, and the dwellings they live in. It would perhaps be of still more moment to some of them to have their faculties opened to a perception of the elements of strength, durability, and general fitness for their proper use of those materials which they have to work up into mercantable commodities. In the various fibrous substances which pass unnoticed through their hands in the daily routine of the manufacture of textile fabrics, there is an immense world of peculiarities and nice distinctions to reward, not only with curious knowledge, but practical advantage, the close observer. So, too, of timbers, metals, and stones. A little science might not be thrown away on such matters, provided it is kept within reach of practice. If two stones be alike in colour, the mason will seldom know that the one of crystalline formation is hard and durable, while the other of mechanical

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rock is soft and friable: he knows no difference, save what he is conscious of in the course of working; and even that will not teach him that the stone he is hammering on is of a kind to exfoliate, and fall speedily to pieces. It might be as well for him to prove that the sparkling metallic dust so like gold on the block he is smoothing for an ornamental gateway, is in reality a sulphate of iron which will oxidise on exposure, and cover his work with great blotches of tawny red. Handicraft trades are susceptible of numerous practical improvements, which are only likely to suggest themselves to intelligent and observant operatives. On the other hand, traditional practices, which are tedious or ineffective or costly, are repeated from generation to generation for centuries by men who, like most of our workmen, listlessly and blindly follow the routine in which they are trained. A few years ago, when a building was to be erected of freestone in Aberdeen, where the local material is granite, some masons, accustomed to work in the new material, were imported along with it. They remarked with much contempt, that instead of using the mallet and chisel like themselves, the Aberdeen masons dressed the granite with a sharp-pointed hammer like a small pickaxe. The freestone men called on their brethren of the primitive rock to abandon their absurd tool, and adopt a more enlightened method; but the Aberdeen men maintained that granite could not be otherwise dressed than as they did it. Both stood on the traditions of their craft. It did happen, however, with a good fortune unusual to such occasions, that the mallet and chisel were tried on the granite, that they were found completely effective, and that not only was a more perfect dressing than the old spotted surface communicated to the stone, but that dressed granite was ever after a much cheaper commodity than it had been.

In advocating for the working man an education of which he can make practical use, we are not to be set down as questioning the blessings which literary pursuits are capable of conferring on man, if he have a taste for them. Our present dealing is, in fact, rather with the elements of his physical well-being, than of his purely intellectual elevation and enjoyment. By all means let him have books of every kind at his leisure hours, and learn how to enjoy them: such exercise of the mind, spontaneously undertaken, and consequently pursued with relish and purpose, will have a totally different influence over him from the barren technicalities in remote regions of knowledge, which the schoolboy commits to memory at the will of another. Still, limiting our present suggestions to the line of his material advantage and wellbeing, a sort of literature we would not have him totally ignorant of is embodied in those brief compendiums of information on the practical things of the day and place, which are often the only literature of the affluent merchant. There is the Almanac, for instance, which informs him of the working length of the different days in the year, of the terms, of the markets, and of the different local institutions around him. There is the Directory, which, with a variety of other apt information, lets him know how many and what people are in any town giving employment in his own or kindred pursuits, and shows him the way to the door he wishes to find. It is curious to observe how few of the working classes ever seek these prompt methods of finding those with whom they have business concerns. In the newspaper, instead of perusing with flushed face and angry eye the leader which exposes the folly of strikes and combinations, and then throwing down the sheet with a curse at its destitution of all sympathy with freedom and manly aspirations, he might do something to protect himself from those difficulties which lead to the combination and the strike, if he were accustomed to notice the prospects of employment and labour, the condition of markets, and the prices of commodities, whether those which he makes, or those which he buys.

We are not oblivious of the fact that systems of teaching from real objects have been largely expounded in theory—as what good system has not? The names of Pestalozzi, Mayo, and Fellenberg, have only to be men-

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tioned to call up a series, not only of literary exhortations, but of practical exertions worthy of all attention and praise, and not entirely unproductive of good. Unless, however, there be a great exception, as there seems to be, among the Swiss peasantry in the districts radiating from Pestalozzi's old castle school at Yverdun, it can scarcely be said that object-teaching has had any material influence on the world as yet; and, in fact, for the reason to be presently referred to, it would seem that the teaching from practical objects has degenerated into the lifeless routine of all other cheap and bad teaching. A box is opened, and the articles in it held up one by one. "That is sponge: sponge is an animal product—it is amorphous, it is porous. That is caoutchouc or india-rubber; it is soft, it is not brittle; it is elastic, inflammable, insoluble in water," and so on; then the box is shut, and the school dismisses with the impression of having had a lesson more than usually dull.

Voltaire, in his essay on epic poetry, after examining the various theories laid down by preceding authors to account for the absence of high works of this class in the French language, concludes by announcing it as his own opinion, that the reason why France has not a great epic poem, is because France has not had a great epic poet. On a similar principle, we find it more satisfactory to attribute all deficiencies in teaching to deficiencies in the teachers. If we must go a step farther back into causes, it will be to say that the schoolmaster has not his proper position among us; that he is underestimated and under-paid; that instead of being, as he should be, the head and director of the education of the generation under his charge, he is treated as a subordinate who has to carry out the projects and plans of others. Hence, both high and low, teachers are among us too abjectly the slaves of the book. In inferior schools, where their pay is very humble, they are but the mere medium through which the contents of schoolbooks are imparted to their pupils; they neither think nor act as independent instructors. A great deal of the sort of teaching we have been referring to is not to be imparted by means of books; but when the instructor, instead of a bound volume, has placed in his hand a box of Pestalozzian objects, it does not alter the flat routine of his communication, taken from some work intended for this kind of teaching. In fact, he himself generally knows but little about the matters he professes to teach, except the contents of his books.

As to what these books consist of, or what kind of men make them, the parental world is trustingly indifferent. There are deep prejudices and even keen discussions about the creed and the opinions of the parish schoolmaster, who, poor drudge! only imparts what he finds in the text-books that come in his way: but where is he who deigns to make inquiry about the opinions or the principles of the authors of the text-books themselves, the contents of which are communicated by the jealously-watched teacher with confiding simplicity? Those engaged in the preparation of this large and momentous department of literature, know well that they need never expect any objection or any improvement to be suggested by the teachers who use the books, unless these contain matter very flagrant or deleterious indeed. Some schoolbooks are, in this country, issued under the sanction of Government—in despotic countries, of course, they all are. Others, again, are written by men of note, whose attainments and principles are conspicuous to the world. But probably by far the greater part of them are the work of unknown writers, who probably have prepared them with the perfectly irreproachable motive of earning the wages of hard labour. The parent who is so fastidious about the opinions and character of the schoolmaster to whom he commits his children, does he ever inquire into those of the author whose works are not merely to be read in school, but, if the teaching be thorough, to be absorbed into the creed and understanding of his child? Does such a parent ever peruse the books themselves, to see what principles they inculcate? Not he. They are dry reading, and he is

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satisfied that his young folks are in good hands. Good enough hands they may be negatively, in their innocence, and indisposition to do mischief themselves, but poor protection from those which may be contained in the printed books for which the common schoolmaster has a superstitious veneration. There are few more flagrant instances of that common error which seeks responsibility in the wrong place, and thinks it is found when it is far off—that error which consists, according to a slangish way of putting it, in not knowing what thimble the pea is under.

If we have raised a momentary alarm in any mind—if we have raised a suspicion that we know some unpleasant truths about school literature, let us put such a mind at once at ease again. We doubt not that if the various schoolbooks in common use were passed under a rigid scrutiny, they would be found free of anything pernicious, or tending to undermine either religion or morality, and susceptible of censure solely for blunders and dulness. But we are not indebted even for their negative good qualities to those who use them as their tools of trade. The censorship of the press in this department is performed by the publishers. The wholesale trade in schoolbooks is peculiar. It requires considerable capital, which has to remain long sunk without return, as authors who attempt to publish such books on their own account soon find out to their cost. Hence the schoolbook publishing houses are generally substantial concerns, aiming at respectability, and their owners are peculiarly alive to anything which might give even one book out of many a bad repute, and damage the reputation of their large stock. Hence we believe that in general, indeed almost universally, our schoolbooks are void of offence. We wish we could say as much for their scholarship and accuracy. In a few laborious articles which have lately appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, an array of popular and well-appreciated school histories has been subjected to inspection with sadly damaging results; the extent of ignorance and carelessness found in some, which have been issued under high auspices, is appalling.

The influence of the mere book upon all instruction, as superseding sagacity and practicability in the teacher, is, we fear, not likely to be corrected by the new arrangements for qualifications for office in the civil service. These arrangements, indeed, have the effect of propagating the notion that to know the contents of books is to know and do everything. Intelligence and a good education are valuable qualities in a public servant, as in every other man, yet there are first-rate public servants who are unlearned in the Brut—cannot tell, in answer to the geographical questions, where St Jingo and Powkeepsy are—could not distinguish the predicate from the copula—and would break down entirely in the drafting of a letter from Ben Jonson to Milton on the beauties of the legitimate drama. But notwithstanding such flagrant deficiencies, these men are good arithmeticians, make no blunders in the geography they are concerned with, write grammar and sense, and prepare distinct and perspicuous letters to the Home Office or the Treasury. The worst of this matter is, that examinations cannot bring out those practical business qualifications which are the most valuable in the public servant. It is impossible to test by this, or by anything else than practice, a good book-keeper, or penner of office documents. It is notorious, indeed, that from the uncertainty of the test applied, young men of considerable practical ability have been rejected for deficiency on those practical branches with which they are best acquainted, in consequence of the defectiveness, not of their own qualities, but of the test applied to them.

But to return to the class to whom these remarks are specially devoted. Education, in as far as it is to promote the worldly prosperity of the working man, resolves itself into two distinct objects: first, to enable him to obtain the greatest remuneration for his labour, and, second, to enable him to make the best of his money when he has got it. Having already cast a casual

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glance at some unfulfilled requisites for imparting to working people the best use of their productive faculties, let us throw out some views on a defect both in the education and training of youth, and the social opinions about the conduct and claims of adults, which probably may not at first sight command assent, but must, we are convinced, come closer home to the reader's conviction the more he thinks of them, and the more completely he works out the social problem they suggest for himself.

There is too little versatility of capacity among our working men, and too much adherence among them each to his own line of work and business, as if they were all divided, like Orientalists, into castes, of which it is the privilege and duty of the members to follow out to the end of their existence some one simple function, never diverging from it into other occupations, and never liable to have their own intruded on by the members of other castes.

At the beginning of our plea we admit at once the soundness of the proverbial old prejudice against the "Jack-of-all-trades," and the "Davie-do-a'-things." Both in high and humble occupations, a certain continuous steadiness of purpose and distinctness of aim are necessary to individual success, and consequently to general usefulness. In the days of very imperfect science, one man pursued feebly and vaguely a variety of branches, each of which is now sufficient to tax the chief exertions of one man. The restless and versatile portion of the community have a proverb that "a gangin foot is aye gettin'," but it is contradicted by another which assures us that "a rolling stone never gathers moss." The sanguine restless schemers—the Cousin Jacks—of the upper orders rarely hit on fortune, and cannot keep it when they do so; their life is to themselves a restless transit from difficulty to difficulty, a panting and floundering after the marsh-lights of fortune down to the hapless end of their careeer. In the humbler classes, the man of small versatile powers and restless habits, who disdains the beaten track of any fixed occupation, is equally marked in the characteristics of his life, which vary only from that of the better-born vagrant, by the lower depths of privation and suffering to which he is subjected in his checkered but never bright career.

Let us farther admit, at the beginning, the value of training, and the facilities given by long-practised uniformity of pursuit. It would be a very hopeless task to take a venerable sewer of trousers, who has squatted on the same board for thirty or forty years, or a cobbler who has lappered away in the same stall for a like period, and convert him into an able seaman, a jockey, a rope-dancer, or a chimney-sweep. There are physical faculties the powers of which are developed by their continued use. Partly the practised muscles acquire strength, but also, to a certain extent, they learn a sort of trick for economising strength, by involuntarily adjusting themselves to the position in which they can accomplish the accustomed movement with the smallest possible exertion. Hence not only will the tailor and the shoemaker be incapable, in their utmost desperation, to bring forth the proper muscular action for heaving themselves up with ropes, and balancing themselves on booms; but taking the other side of the question, set the herculean ploughman or navvie who has not tried such occupations before, to wield the tailor's needle or the shoemaker's awl, he will find that a very few efforts will tire him—that he has not sufficient strength within his brawny limbs for the task of the pallid city artisan, whom he could shake to pieces with one hand. Such are the advantages of custom and training.

Our doctrine is, however, that the bounds of their efficiency have not been rationally and accurately defined in this country. We desire a revision of that social law which partitions our workpeople into "castes," or "lines" as they call them, to which they are thralled for life. We hold the practice, in its present rigid form, is a superstition, and that, like other superstitions, good may

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be done by shaking it well, that we may see what it is really made of.

To those who contemplate the perpetual shifting of occupation, necessitated by the adoption of machinery and the progress of invention, the momentous character of such a question must be at once obvious. It is the question to thousands—we might say to millions—of idleness or work, of pauperism or of prosperity. The story of our handloom weavers fighting for half a century in a death-struggle against machinery—wearying successive generations of statesmen with their protracted wailings, and driving commissioners of inquiry distracted to find a remedy for their mighty sufferings, is the epic of this social calamity. Their trade was doomed when their distresses began, and the salvation of themselves and their generation would have been in the knowledge of this simple fact, which yet no one taught them. The source of their prosperity in the last century was not the legitimate influence of skill and hard work: it arose from fortuitous and temporary causes. Arkwright's and Hargrave's inventions produced the yarn with the rapidity of magic, and laid it at the weaver's door. Before the world got benefit from the machinery, its produce had to pass through the weaver's simple process, and thus his trade became highly lucrative. But it was too simple and easy a process not to be superseded by the very power which was now ministering to it. After pushing him onward in its fierce career, this power soon came alongside of the poor weaver, and snatched the bread from his grasp. From being an easy, lucrative trade, the loom sank into the symbol of starvation. Rightly instructed or rightly advised, the weavers would have seen that their fate was doomed—would have sought, such of them as were not too old, other and better trades, and brought up their children in a horror of the pauperising pursuit of jerking a stick from left to right, and from right to left. What they did, however, was to cling to their broken trade, as if adherence to it in adversity were a heroic duty worthy of martyrdom; and not only so, but their decreasing remuneration tempted them to bring their children into partnership—thus rearing a race of pauper workers still lower in grade than themselves; for the better days which the old race of weavers had seen, gave them a respectability and degree of humble refinement, which brightened their existence even in its sorrowful close.

There is no human being, free of disease or palpable defect in mind or body, who cannot learn what is called light plain hand-weaving in a very short time, though perhaps it is not every one who is gifted with the serene patience necessary to pursue it as a trade. There is a story about the capture of a ship by the Algerines, and their devoting all its inmates as slaves to some productive labour, except a fat metaphysician, for whom no better occupation could be found than the incubation and hatching of eggs. Had he been set to handloom weaving, the pursuit had scarcely been less monotonous and dreary. A change from this trade to any other involves no discarding of any acquired skill or peculiar training, as the abandonment of the joiner's or the tailor's trade, for instance, would. It is remarkable, however, that just as we ascend in the scale of skill and training, we ascend in the capacity to change from one occupation to another—the skill in question predicating a certain amount of available intelligence. It is for the intellectual professions and occupations that the most tedious, minute, and difficult training is required; yet we constantly see men of the educated classes changing their pursuits, and adapting themselves to their position. Take the lists of members of the Bar, and of the different medical incorporations, and see how many are engaged in pursuits quite different from those to which they were trained. The qualifications of a newspaper editor, among the most special and thoroughly conventional in existence, requiring a prompt and skilful adaptation of tactics, varied knowledge, and a ready fluent pen, have generally been acquired by men trained to some totally different fixed pursuit, owing to

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those peculiar conditions of the literary profession which deprive it of any school or system of training of its own. Men who have entered life as officers in the army or navy, have attached themselves to the civil service, and in many instances have risen in it to great distinction. Chatham was first known in Parliament as "that terrible cornet of dragoons;" and Chancellor Erskine was brought up as a sailor. The Church generally keeps in hand those who have solemnly attached themselves to it as a profession, since it is not deemed creditable to be defrocked. Yet literature, art, and science owe many a service to members of the profession whose position has not restricted them to duties purely clerical. The percussion-cap was the invention of one clergyman, the power-loom of another. Every new invention—the steam-ship, the railway, the electric telegraph — while it testifies that some one man has taken great strides out of the course of all the known beaten paths, at the same time draws after it a multitude of educated and skilled men to perform the new function of carrying the invention into practical execution, and it may be of improving and perfecting it. When a man of education, who has leisure and taste for such a thing, tries any of the higher mechanical trades, such as those of the joiner or the blacksmith, he is generally amazed at his own proficiency, and at the ease with which he acquires the special faculties and mechanical devices suited to bring forth the desired result. His knowledge of natural philosophy and the mechanical powers informs him promptly of those little secrets about the strength of materials, and the fitting of parts to each other, which the uninstructed mechanic practises, without understanding them, as the result of a tedious monotony of training. An eye cultivated to nicety of observation, at the same time adjusts proportions and detects deficiencies, looks to the finish and edge of tools, and naturally adapts itself to many petty services which also are to the uninstructed the fruit of tedious and unintelligent routine.

Some foreign workmen are a reproach to our own, in the resources at their disposal from their ability to do more than one thing. The Swiss peasantry of the Jura occupy themselves with their little farms during the warm months, and when snowed up in winter betake themselves to the extremely delicate and intricate task of constructing the works of those Geneva watches which are renowned all over the world for their neatness and accuracy. In those deep awful valleys of the Alps, where the people are so often stricken with organic disease, it is beautiful to see the versatile ingenuity with which they employ their remaining faculties in ornamental woodwork and other minor arts. With us it is too often seen in the humbler classes, that a natural deformity, or the accidental loss of a sense or a limb, is held to justify an abandonment of all effort at self-support, and a recumbency on pauperism. There are many exceptions, it is true. There are few country districts which have not known, at some time, the possession of a distinguished "lamiter"—some poor bedridden creature, whose highly developed ingenuity has made him the resort of the country-side, in all cases where there were difficult jobs out of the ordinary routine of the mechanical trades to be accomplished. Those exquisitely-cut Lawrencekirk snuff-boxes of fifty years ago, the peculiar structure of which gave origin to a staple manufacture of the country now extensively pursued, were, if we mistake not, first invented and made by a lamiter. The delicate furnace-heating necessary for the perfection of that noblest of our pottery manufactures, Wedgwood ware, was discovered by the man whose name it bears, at a time when the calamity of a broken leg compelled him to abandon his usual occupation as a mechanic, and his active mind sought a pursuit in such experiments and contrivances as one thus disabled could carry through.

The versatility of our French rivals in all handicraft occupations has often made itself conspicuous, to the disparagement in some measure of our own people, in the face of all the other and nobler qualities which these possess. The resources of the French soldier in cooking, finding quarters

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and comfort for himself, improvising substitutes for the proper munitions of an army when these are not at hand in the legitimate shape, and generally in overcoming mechanical difficulties, were frequently noticed during the Crimean war. Our rivals wondered how troops so transcendent in their purely warlike discipline, and so brilliant in battle, could be so helpless in all the small, but, in the aggregate, important details of a soldier's duty; and our own commanders admitted the defect, and groped about rather hopelessly for a remedy. The fathers of the same Frenchmen, when they were our enemies, and filled our prisons of war, scattered over the whole country the touching testimonies of their ingenious industry in toys and light movables. They were things not of an enduring nature, most of which have probably disappeared; but many people will remember how often, when their boyish admiration was excited by some little article, conspicuous at the same time for the simplicity of the materials and the prettiness of the construction, there was the same invariable answer about the makers—"Ah, yes, the French prisoners, poor fellows." In those dire pandemoniums, the Convict Bagnes, where thousands of the most accomplished ruffians in France were chained to the pavements, their natural ingenuity and activity still developed itself, and out of their polluted manufactory has come many a pretty toy or decoration, such as the mind naturally associates with youth and innocence.

It is a general practice among French artisans to learn how to obtain a livelihood by more than one occupation. True,—but the patriotic reader questions if it would be a good bargain to exchange for these qualities the steady, continuous, working power, the muscular strength, the sound practical sense, and the independent spirit of our working classes. Perhaps not, but at the same time the Parisian *ouvrier* is not a being to be despised like the lazy lazzaroni of Italy, or even the unenterprising peasantry of France itself. When fully developed, he is an active, clever, intelligent man, who makes a good income, and knows how to extract the greatest quantity of enjoyment from it, while he goes through the world ennobled by a certain feeling of independence in the consciousness that if his present trade fail him he can take to another.

But why should nothing but an exchange of qualities be anticipated? Why not seek to add the ingenuity, the tact, and ready adaptability of the foreigner to the sturdy strength and manly steadiness of purpose of our own people? Greater social ameliorations like this have been witnessed, and probably, like many other good results, it requires but to be believed in as a practicability, to exist as a reality. Even where that intelligence and knowledge of common things which we deem necessary to enable the workman to adjust himself to his position have been wanting, there are instances where an entire change of occupation has been attempted and successfully adopted through the pressure of dire necessity. Few occupations hold out less hope to the in-door worker than that of the collier, with its discomforts, its hardships, its dangers, and the very peculiar manual skill required to hit the proper blow in the right place amid wet and darkness, and under the difficulties of a constrained attitude. The great colliery strikes, however, of 1842, happened to be contemporary with the crisis of the fate of the handloom weavers. The pits were recruited from the exhausted ranks of these unfortunates, and the rapidity and success with which they overcame the difficulties of the situation, and established themselves as practical colliers, furnished an alarming example, frequently referred to by political economists, of the folly of strikes. Even in the history of the mistakes into which our working people have fallen through their ignorance, there is also evidence of the faculty they possess for righting themselves when the blunder is desperate and the position next to hopeless. Very few people of any class pursue in an emigration field the occupation they have been trained to at home; and if it were not for their latent adaptability to new pursuits, the majority of our

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emigrants would have died of starvation as soon as they had reached their destination. Their history is indeed a sad narrative of ignorance and blundering, causing anxieties and sufferings which have only, in a proportion of instances, ended in success. The ignorance of the resources of emigration fields, and the services there required—the ignorance, in short, of how they are to live—in which people cast their destinies on the other side of the world, is astounding. It is, perhaps, seldom that a young woman, departing for Australia, takes even so thoughtful a view of her future lot as one we once heard of, who, after her trunk was packed and all ready, remembered how at school she had seen that the globe was round, with the southern hemisphere on the opposite side from the northern, and reflected that in her new home her position would be inverted—a condition so inconsistent with the decorum in which she had been trained, that no persuasion would induce her to submit to it. The inducements which have taken many out have not had so much real knowledge at their foundation as this which made her stay at home. Often the restless dissipated artisan, to whom city life at home did not afford sufficient excitement, has found himself deposited on a boundless plain of arid grass, hundreds of miles from a town, and many miles even from the next station, where he has had to tend sheep and feed on tea and damper. The general notion with which artisans and other working-men have emigrated, has not been a specific understanding founded on inquiry, that they have qualifications which will bring them a better return in the colonies than at home. They have little more than a vague feeling of expansiveness—an idea that there is plenty to divide, and more room for them at the common table. An artisan, unless he is ambitiously bound for the gold diggings, where he is to make a sudden fortune, has little notion of changing his pursuit, but rather, if he thinks at all about the matter, expects to find that it is more needed and better paid in the land of promise than at home. If he be a coach-varnisher, or a bookbinder, or a picture-frame maker, he expects to have more coaches to varnish, or books to bind, or pictures to frame, than the overstocked trade at home can supply him with. A stone-mason from Forfarshire, emigrating with such views, was suffering much despondency from the unhappy prospect afforded by the flat mangrove shores of New South Wales, until he rounded in between the heights of Port Jackson, when he brightened up, and, turning to a fellow-pilgrim, said, "Man, this maun be a capital country for stane efter a'."

This feature of emigration has exhibited on a broad scale the way in which our working people drift rather than steer themselves into their position as members of the productive community. A rumour of the making of some new railway, or the establishment of some new manufactory, penetrates into Dorsetshire or far Tipperary, and a gradual stream sets in the direction of the additional labour field—a stream of beings acting under a sort of epidemic impulse, and scarcely more conscious of the specific object of their journey than a drove of Highland cattle. Thus the mass of labouring hands sway this way and that way through the land, as large openings for work occur here and there. But the individual members of these gregarious masses might, if they possessed a little thought or knowledge, each find out for himself some place and some pursuit which shall be, in comparison with others, the best suited for his faculties, and far more advantageous, probably, than that to which some vague inarticulate rumour draws him. In short, what we desiderate is, that the workman should have knowledge enough to be able to take a proper estimate of the value of his work in the great market of the world, and sell it for nothing less than its value. If he is to be, like inert matter, at the disposal of the capitalist, he will be taken and cast off as it may suit his employer's interest, not his own; and if the work he has come to is soon finished, or is found impossible, or if any other change is made, he may find himself left high and dry in all his

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natural helplessness, until he drifts unconsciously with some other labour current.

Whoever has been told the sensations of a respectable mechanic—the head of a family—on the first day on which he has found himself out of work for a permanency, has got a glimpse of one of the most painful ordeals which the poor human heart has to endure, even in this world of troubles. It is an ordeal from which increased intelligence would rescue thousands. When great revulsions in trade come, there *will* be widespread suffering, no doubt; but among the sufferers of all ranks, the active and intelligent set about righting themselves, and in doing so they go far to redeem the general calamity of which they are victims. But it is from mere local and incidental shiftings in occupation, which have no effect on the working classes as a body, that the greatest aggregate amount of suffering is caused to them. The shifting influence of machinery is its chief source. Take some uniform occupation, like spinning, weaving, or nail-making: a machine is invented to do the work, and the hands employed in the department are thrown out of it, while among the rest of the working classes there is abundant work and good pay. What too often happens is, that the people, whom machinery thus sweeps past, exhaust themselves in frantic efforts to keep up with the tireless monster, and sooner or later sink in apathy, sullenly ruminating on the injustice of which they are the victims, and maintaining that the pursuit of their own trade, in which they have been trained, is a vested right, which cannot, without an outrage on all justice, be taken from them.

Few things are more solemnly touching than a body of men willing to do work, but unable to obtain any—at least any which, according to their own notions, they are able to do. It may seem harsh to say it, yet, on consideration of the case, it will be found that there is no more unreasonable demand which man can make on his fellow than the demand to supply him with the special kind of work which he is able or which he chooses to do. Grant, for instance, that all the property in the country is in pledge for the support of destitution, and that no one inhabitant of the land shall be permitted to starve while another possesses that wherewith life can be saved—it is far more reasonable to demand our hard cash on this principle than to insist on receiving it as the wages of labour. The insisting on having it in this shape of course predicates that the labour is not profitable, otherwise there would be no necessity for the coercive rule. To say, then, that the men who possess the capital available for the purpose, shall be bound to keep up unprofitable concerns, is not only requiring them to part with their money, but is a sort of condemnation to slavery, in the form of a life of anxiety and labour, for which there is no reward. When the splitting roller was invented, to have required that the dealers should continue to employ hand nail-makers at a loss to themselves, would have been not merely requiring them to part with so much money daily, but to undergo all the exertion and anxiety of a merchant's business—and these are often not light—for the purpose of giving away this money in a proper manner. It were well if the working classes, who take generally a fair estimate of things when they have a fair medium of knowledge to see them through, had the means of perceiving the gross injustice of all such demands.

Besides the old staple mechanical trades and the working of machinery, there are here and there in the recesses of our vast productive organisation a much greater number of specialities requiring a peculiar skill, or "knack," as it is aptly termed in Scotland—for it is generally confined to one movement, which is learned more by habit than exertion. Such a faculty sometimes becomes a temporary monopoly; and an absolute reliance on its continuing to be so, may turn out one of the most seductive delusions of the workman. These specialities are often closely allied to machinery; they abound in button-making, struck work, and other branches of hardware manufacture; and they generally consist in preparation of the material for the machine,

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or in doing something to it between the operations of the machine, which mechanical ingenuity has not yet found out a way of doing without human fingers—filling, as it were, with hand-work, a blank in machine-work which wheels and springs have not as yet, but shortly will, fill up. In the great ironworks there are, between the roasting of the ore and the shaping in the mill, several of these specialities; and conspicuous among them is that of the puddler, who, in his own fierce little furnace, twists the crystalline metal molten in the blast-furnace until it becomes sinewy malleable iron. These functions, however, besides their peculiar adroitness, exact a degree of attention, strength, and endurance which must always keep them at a high rate of pay. The workman may always calculate, however—though he hardly ever does so—that if he be getting a good income for small services by the possession of some easily-acquired dexterity of movement, competition or machinery will some day snatch his monopoly from him. Among the occupations of this kind which have long been so extensive as to be a sort of staple trade, are the heckling of flax, and velvet-cutting, or the operation of cutting with a small knife those minute loops in the woven fabric, the severed ends of which, then sticking forth from the web, constitute the pile of the velvet. In both occupations desperate attempts were always made by combinations and strikes to preserve a monopoly, but in vain—the really easy acquisition of the necessary dexterity bringing down the occupation through competition to the level of low wages. Almost every new device in our ornamental manufactures generally gives a monopoly and high wages to those who first learn to practise it; but the golden harvest is soon over. We remember once, in a hot room of a leather-manufactory, seeing a dusky, half-naked being occupied in laying on a fine japanned surface, which could only be finished by a peculiar turn of the hand. The man had been taken from London to a distant province, and was employed at about a pound a-day. The moral of his posi-[illegible]ver, lay in another apartment in the same establishment, where a few boys were learning the peculiar art, their teachers having in fact employed the adept, not so much for the sake of his work, as of observing how he did it.

A consciousness of the exceeding feebleness of the working classes in adjusting for themselves those transactions in which their own material interests are concerned, is betrayed in the nomenclature which all schools of political economy have bestowed on them and on their services. We are told of "the labour market,"—the market in which labour is bought and sold. Now, no doubt, the produce of labour—of a given amount of work, may strictly be so estimated in money, and bought and sold; and when labour has always a fixed extent, and, consequently, a fixed produce, it may be estimated, and bought and sold; but labour in the abstract—the amount of labour which any man or set of men can accomplish in the full exercise of their faculties—is indefinite and inappreciable, and cannot form, like a chattel, a value in exchange. Look at the same thing in another shape. The working classes are told, not much to their content, that when labour is abundant in comparison with capital, their wages will be low; but when, on the other hand, capital is abundant and labour scarce, their wages will be high. It is not wonderful that the working people, especially in the existing state of their knowledge of their own interests, should recoil with horror at a doctrine which seems to place their fate so absolutely at the disposal of wealth, and so utterly to strip them of every legitimate capacity for shaping their own destinies. The man who is merely an element in the general material mass called labour,—who may to-day be an item of labour scarce and well paid, and to-morrow may be an integral part of labour superfluous, whether as a surplus and actually discarded hand, or as one still precariously provided for—where is such a man to find inducements to rise up early and late, take rest and eat the bread of carefulness? What is it to him to be sober and frugal and prudent? He is in

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the hands of an unseen destiny, walking under laws which he cannot control or even know. The hour of trial, the hour when he falls under the definition of "superfluous" in the labour market, comes upon him like a thief in the night. When his little savings are exhausted, he is in the end no better than his dissipated spendthrift neighbour, with whom he has now a bond of alliance in common destitution. We all know the frantic and fruitless struggles from time to time made by the working classes against this law of the economists; how, for instance, the London builders, when they found themselves getting alarmingly into the "surplus" condition, proposed to bring in the unemployed hands by taking an hour off the day's work and requiring the old wages; in fact, by a forcible reversion of the common rule, and the establishment of *one* instance, at least, where labour should become more remunerative the more superfluous it was, or the more abundant in comparison with capital. We all know, too, the miserable results of that and of similar frantic efforts to break through such laws, which are as obdurate as the laws of resistance and gravitation, so long as the conditions from which they arise continue.

But are these conditions in their nature appropriate to free men in a free country? Let us look at them with a view to that question. The work which is thus stored in the labour market, to be taken either in whole or in so many parcels or lots as capital buys it, does not profess to be a property in the hands of people who can do anything themselves to affect its value. If they could, there would not be the direct interchangeable value of capital and labour out of which the political economist frames his formula. It is an inert mass this same labour, which is bought like so much horse or steam power, or like the transaction which in the Louisiana slave-market transfers for so many dollars the labour of profitable work extractable from a human being. If we suppose the labour to be endowed with vitality, the formula of the political economist drops to pieces, just as the beautiful laws of the equivalents of chemistry come to nought in dealing with the chemistry called organic, where the laws of animal life rule. The difference between labour as an inert mass, and labour as an element of vitality, is practically the difference between men in their own hands and men in other people's. Vital labour expands and grows—it shifts its place or its purpose—it adapts itself, in short, to the true end of labour, the endowment of its owner with temporal advantages. Such a thing can no more be estimated at such a value in the market, than the elements of happiness or general prosperity can.

A strike, a crisis, a glut in the market, or other like disaster, making desolate homes among the working people, is of course an excellent opportunity for editors, lecturers, and all that large class who have imbibed the rudiments of current notions on political economy, to open countless batteries of advice upon the poor victims. They are told that no man obtains aught for nothing by fair means, and that there is no system framable by human brains, through which they can obtain more for their labour than just what it is worth, unless through force or fraud. They are told that the result of a strike, when a trade is overcrowded, instead of improving their position, will only aggravate it, for new hands will be brought in, while the old are idle; and that when starvation at last forces them sullenly back to work, they will find that there is less room for them than ever. The losses which they have themselves incurred in idleness, and those which have fallen around among others who work into their hands, and must be idle when *they* drop work, are all represented to them in formidable rows of figures, from hundreds to millions, as the extent of the strike may be. Their sense of philanthropy and justice is appealed to in demonstrations that beyond themselves the punishment they intended to inflict has not fallen on the great capitalist, who has been all the while husbanding his means and watching his opportunity for a judicious use of them, but that

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it has alighted on humble employers, who have risen by sagacity and frugality from their own grade, or on the consumers of the commodity they manufacture, who are almost entirely of the working classes.

The lessons so taught contain, no doubt, much good sense, and it is highly desirable that the working people in general should be better acquainted than they are with the larger and practically established truths of political economy. But the want of a knowledge coming closer to their own personal interests, has disabled them from reaching the border of those more general and abstract truths, and the day of their calamity and misery is by no means a good opportunity for inculcating it, even were they intellectually in a position to receive and acknowledge an abstract proposition of which they have ever before been denying the truth. It is the character of all those sciences and branches of knowledge which personally relate to man himself, and the elements of his happiness or misery, that they are least capable of appreciation, in all their symmetry and truth, by those who are at the moment suffering specimens of these qualities. The bankrupt merchant who, in the midst of his own desolation, looks out for an abject clerkship, and meets his accomplished daughters returning from vain errands to sell sketches or procure pupils, is not ready to acknowledge that the Act of Parliament which brought him to the Gazette, is fraught with incalculable advantages to the commercial prosperity of the country at large. The tourist picked up after a collision, with a compound fracture, and certain undiscoverable internal injuries, is not easily reconciled to his position by the information that the Registrar-General's returns show the accidents on railways to be, comparatively to the number of travellers, a considerable per-centage less than those from other classes of vehicles, including carts and waggons; nor by a formula which shows that the accidents on the railway whence he has just suffered, are in reality some figure of five decimals less than the average of accidents on all the railways of the kingdom, taken collectively. He is even scarcely more contented with his lot, when he is told that the critical operation it is thought expedient to subject him to, is one of a character for which surgical science has long been on the watch, impatient of so favourable an opportunity of testing its efficiency, and that, whether the results be favourable or fatal, the consequence to the world must be highly valuable, by finally settling a difficulty in the healing art. None of us like to be the *corpus vile* on which the experimentum is made, and the ordeal by no means tends to awaken us to a sense of the valuable consequences to the world. It is our nature, and we cannot help it.

> "What is it to him who reaps no harvest
> in his early joys,
> Though the deep heart of existence beat
> for ever like a boy's?"

It is, in fact, from the very want of that knowledge, which must be to each of them his own personal introduction to the wider knowledge of the laws of trade and industry, that the social victim of the union or the strike has suffered. When he shall have become successful and comfortable, in virtue of that humbler personal knowledge which enables him to make the best of his strength and abilities, he will then be better fitted to learn the wider laws which rule his destinies, and to profit by the wisdom they contain. A hint to change ground, and take up another trade, in conformity with the laws of political economy, will receive a more healthy consideration than a hint to starve in order that the unvarying rigidity of these laws may be illustrated. There are very few indeed among us who have philosophy enough to admire the beauty and the justice of a general law, which promises to ourselves nothing but suffering for having neglected, or been unable to see it. Stories are told of gravediggers lamenting over the evil times that have followed on the establishment of improved drainage, and sighing over the good old days when business was rife, and the many deaths made the place worth living in. Instances there are, we are told, of jailors under deep depression concerning the alarming and

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hitherto unchecked annual decrease of committals: those of a serious turn of mind arguing therefrom that it points, along with other alarming symptoms of the times, to the speedy coming of the millennium. Perhaps the happiest instance on record of the power of selfishness to identify its own interests with actual goodness, is in Scott's story about the Orcadian boatman, who recalled the happy days of numerous shipwrecks and much plunder, and observed, that had it pleased Providence that fewer lighthouses had been built, he might have had new sails to his boat this year.

In such grotesque instances, that law of assimilation which makes us identify the good of the community in whatever furthers our own personal interests, is no doubt caricatured. But it is not the less true that average men cannot see the beneficence of laws, whether artificial or material, from the benefit of which they are excluded. Take, for instance, the laws of Physiology—very valuable laws, even if they be not so irrefragably established as their enthusiastic friends deem them to be: it is labour wasted to teach them to the tattered mendicant or the hardened drunkard. You prove the tender susceptibility of the pores of the cuticle, and the mischief of closing them with foreign bodies. What humbug is all this, to him who has naturalised himself to existence within an encrusted outer hide of dirt, and would feel wretched by its removal? You show the craving dram-drinker that he has probably already destroyed the coat of his stomach, only to be met with a "here goes at the waistcoat!" Even that acute dry-grinder of Sheffield is deaf to the demonstration that he is wilfully saturating his lungs with iron dust, and could keep them clean and healthy by a few simple precautions. He himself is habituated to a second nature stronger than all teaching. He is in for "a short life and a happy;" and there is nothing strong enough either in physical or in ethical philosophy to change his course. The teaching in these cases is altogether too late. The training in the minor and simpler good habits of daily life, which would make the men feel the reality of the broader doctrines, has not been vouchsafed to them in their earlier years, and no persuasive oratory or skilful elucidation can supply the want.

And now for a short glance at the other side of the account; for in the complicated condition of present society every man keeps a sort of account of charge and discharge with the world—what he gets forming one side, and what he spends the other. It is justly remarked by some one that there are two classes who pay double—the very rich and the very poor. On the matter of the wine-merchants' and milliners' bills of the former we are not at present engaged, nor do they naturally call up associations of hardship and misery. But the loss and waste which infest the commercial transactions of the poor are a deep and far-spread social evil, productive of cruel hardship and privation. They arise, of course, in many cases, out of sources too deep and permanent to be within the hope of remedy in any one generation—too deep, indeed, to be probed in an article which, like the present, deals only with the superficial question of making money, and getting a good bargain for it when it is made. As Byron judiciously remarks, "Man is an unfortunate devil, and ever will be." Vice and imprudence are no doubt the great enemies to the happiness of the working classes; but they are the enemies of all classes, cultivated and uncultivated, and the highest scale of intellectual enlightenment has not availed to secure an absolute victory over them. Great things are anticipated from popular instruction in political economy and physiology; yet men of great repute and authority in economic science have outrun their incomes or meddled with *rouge et noir*, and the profoundest science in physiology or anatomy does not always protect its owners from the wine-cup, and from many another infraction of the laws of health.

If the uprooting of the evil passions, and their evil fruits, intemperance, and improvidence, be too hard a task, it may not be quite so difficult to teach people how to know

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a peck of frosted or diseased potatoes from a sound sample of the commodity, or how to distinguish felt or shoddy from good broadcloth. The quantity of adulteration in the workman's provisions astonishes us when we are told it by the chemical adept; but no police organisation, except that which is provided by the purchaser's own senses, can protect him from the hardship. If the mechanic knew what an exhilarating and pleasurable thing a cup of good coffee—not of coffee and water—is, it might prove a formidable rival to the dram; but he may pass through life without tasting the genuine thing, unless he be committed to a well-regulated convict prison, where the commodities supplied by contract are examined by a skilful officer. Dr Hassall tells us that the composition called coffee in the humbler coffee-shops, consists chiefly of burnt oxliver. If the consumer cannot protect himself from such adulterations, we question if any sanitary police can do it for him, or should be set to make the attempt. Such artificial protections from evils against which we should be our own guardians, only lead to fallacious security and ultimate disappointment. If the artisan *will* have his gin or whisky, we would rather that he took even that genuine, its strength and stringency consisting in alcohol rather than in turpentine and nitric acid. As to tobacco, if he knew anything about it, he would never submit to consume the mucilaginous rubbish of the home manufacturer, which is protected by a duty of a thousand per cent, against the purer and comparatively light and wholesome commodity of the foreign manufacturer.

There are sources of enhancement in the commodities they buy, of which the poor seem unconscious, though one would think they are not hard to see. They are matters, to be sure, of an economic character; but they come so close to every man's door in practical life, that they may be known to him without his acquiring scientific views on economic science. The shape taken in the dealings of the humbler classes heaps up a great per-centage of profit and commission on the natural price. Look, for instance, on the tally or club-ticket system, through which working people obtain goods to be paid for in periodical instalments as they are paid their wages. No doubt the great support of this trade is that improvidence which makes some people, in all classes of the community, anticipate their income, and the workmen who so deal are paying the usual penalty of their extravagance. But they are at the same time, by this form of extravagance, supporting out of their hard earnings other people who are earning their bread by unproductive and even deleterious labour. The tally-shop man, as the trade is pursued in Glasgow and some other manufacturing towns, requires an official organisation to carry it out. Scouts are continually employed in the double task of entrapping new victims, and drawing the periodical instalments from those already secured. The most costly and potent legal proceedings are not grudged, since they are a debt against the victim, and any leniency which rendered the collection of the instalments uncertain would destroy the trade. Even if he escape costly law proceedings, the purchaser must pay from twenty to thirty per cent of commission for maintaining the system. For example, if he pay four shillings for a hat, he gets the worth of three shillings, the fourth going to remunerate a certain gang of plunderers for the exercise of their profession.

The temptation of a small increase of wages often induces the workman to pitch his tent without a due consideration for the items of the discharge side of the account, which would often counteract the increase by an enhancement in the price of necessaries, occasioned by distance of markets and other like causes. There are, on the other hand, services for which the working people have a rooted objection to parting with the current coin of the realm, however advantageous the purchase might be shown to be. Though time and labour are worth money to them, they will spend a large value in these commodities, waiting and toiling at the pump, in preference to paying a

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trifle in the shape of water-rate; and observe how far a workman will walk, at a waste of valuable time, rather than expend a halfpenny on a ferry or a taxed bridge.

Dickens remarks somewhere, in reference to the traffic in the shops of a sordid suburb, that it is hard to say whether the poverty of those who sell or of those who buy is the more to be commiserated. And yet this poverty is caused by, and in its turn causes, enormous wastefulness. The humbler classes, both buyers and sellers, are calamitously deficient in that wisdom of the serpent which, whether accompanied or not by the harmlessness of the dove, is necessary to getting one's own in traffic. The young spendthrift of the peerage, who, if he did not carry his recklessness into larger affairs, might be excused for overlooking price and quality in petty purchases, cannot have a more lordly disdain of higgling and bargaining than this class generally exhibit in buying and selling. The profits they pay to dealers are scarcely ever taken into account by them. At the shops of the large tradesman, who turns over his capital several times in a year, they will be served for a profit of from two to three per cent, while the seller is making his fortune. The petty dealer, who draws a starving livelihood, and scarce that, from his business, sells at a profit of ten, twenty, or thirty, sometimes of a hundred per cent. The charm of these shops is that they give a short credit, the previous week's score being cleared off by the Saturday wages. It may be questioned if this little accommodation is in the end more calamitous to the receiver or to the giver, who finds it insensibly expanding, and getting beyond what he can control or stand. These establishments are generally ephemeral, becoming early exhausted, but *uno avulso non deficit alter.* They arise out of an inveterate superstition among the humbler classes—that commerce demands neither skill nor industry, and that the owner of a shop once stocked becomes for life a person in easy independent circumstances, free of all toil and anxiety. Hence, if a few pounds be obtained by the death of a hoarding relation, or be even saved from the wages of labour, it is invested in the stock of a new concern, to which all the workmen who have exhausted their credit at the old shops resort, and get a week's start again. After anxieties, sorrows, and hardships, the dream of ease and affluence is dispersed, and the money saved or gained is found to have brought nothing to its owner but a curse. If we could obviate such evils by instruction in the common affairs of life, how great a blessing would we bestow!

It is far from our object to question, in the faintest degree, the importance of the moral, and the still higher importance of the religious, element in the education, whether of poor or rich. We do not propose, in the slightest degree, to supersede either by the humbler style of teaching we are now advocating. Our views are open, we admit, to the charge that they deal with advantages purely material, and appeal to grounds of appreciation rather selfish than disinterested. True enough. But, poor fallen creatures as we are, we have all of us more or less of the earth earthy in our composition, and if we overlook this element, and treat mankind as pure saints or angels, there will be some blunder in the result.

The odd thing is, that if we look to the practical bearing of current opinions in this matter, we shall find that it is in the working classes that all that abstract purity which is not to be found in human nature at all, is expected to be concentrated; and if it be not actually found there—as hitherto it certainly has not—then it is to be forced into that vast mass by some hydraulic pressure, guided by those who call themselves the "better classes." The working man is to be ceaselessly laborious; he is to moderate his appetite, partaking only of just as much simple food as will keep up his working strength; he is not to partake of any stimulant or luxury whatever, such an act on his part being a gross waste and immorality; and finally, he is to be contented with his lot, abstaining from all comparison with other men's lots, and thankful for that distribution of the gifts of Providence which makes him what

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he is. We do not by any means expect the same lofty virtues in the "better classes." The literature specially addressed to them deals with a number of enjoyments and pleasures which it does not denounce, but treats as blameless and natural. The ladies in our works of fiction go undenounced to balls and pic-nics, or even to the theatre; the gentlemen like field-sports and good dinners, for which they are not subjected to solemn rebuke. Nay, men of matured judgment and worshipful standing, will offer, without compunction of conscience, the result of their experience to guide their younger brethren in the choice of their wines or their cigars; and instances have been known where respectable old gentlemen, conspicuous in the lists of many benevolent and religious societies, have imparted to their younger friends the important truth that, in the end, a little brandy-and-water after dinner suits a man's constitution better than champagne or claret.

Then as to that virtue of contentedness with their lot, it is a thing which the upper classes are never seriously taught, though they may detect a well-turned period about it in an occasional sermon. The plots of all works of fiction, and the precepts of all books dealing with the objects of life, tend to encourage ambition and a straining after promotion. Books are dedicated to the task of teaching young men how to get on in the world, and the authors of them feel under no reproach as teachers of egotism and selfishness—on the contrary, they are apt to think that in teaching people how to benefit themselves, they are teaching them how to confer a benefit on the community at large.

The working man, on the other hand, is told day by day, through pamphlets and lectures—if not more emphatically by some interfering and tyrannical law—that he must never here, or on any occasion, seek after the gratification of his appetites; and if the monotony of these week-day exhortations by worldly men devoted to social regeneration, is varied by the tenor of the Sunday sermon, any grain of practical advice which he will be able to derive from *it*, will probably be in the shape of an admonition to beware of worldliness. Celebrated statists have proved before learned convocations, that the working classes, by their indulgences, impose a yearly tax upon themselves and the community of we forget how many millions—as if other people also did not indulge in expensive luxuries which they could sustain life without, and as if that perfect kind of human being had ever yet been discovered, who will go through the arid daily labours of life with the meekness and steadiness of the costermonger's donkey, claiming nothing more than the reward extended to that meritorious animal, the smallest amount of the most sordid food necessary to keep him in life and drudging condition. If ever there was a thorough illustration of what is typified in muzzling the ox which treadeth out the corn, surely this is it. For what do we all, high and low among us, toil, and hope, and wait, but for those things which are to us enjoyments and rewards of labour? and if these are to be cut off, where are the inducements to exertion? Make out that all the money spent by the workman on his enjoyments is an illegitimate expenditure—a tax, a forfeiture which he voluntarily subjects himself to, and might avoid—where will be the inducement to his working at all? In fact, it is the best guarantee for vigour, industry, and acuteness among working men, that they have wants—luxurious wants, if you please—which they are determined to find the means of gratifying. Take a people with meagre desires and a very humble appreciation of enjoyment—you may be sure you have also found a people feeble, lazy, filthy, and prostrate, heartless and false.

True—many of our workpeople are, God knows, sufficiently injudicious, if not worse, in the method of their enjoyments, the elements of which they consist, and the extent to which these are used. But because their coarser natures impel them to be more sensual than better educated people, we will not mend matters by saying that they are to mortify their appetites altogether,

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and become more abstractly pure even than their betters. Let us not pitch the virtues we demand of them at too high an estimate. Let us descend to something near the same level with their natural propensities, in seeking a remedy for their excesses. Perhaps we may find it even in close association with that mammon and worldliness which they are exhorted by their spiritual guides to cast aside. There is, for mere human purposes, no such beneficent quality in the workman's home as that which is so odious when we meet with it in the homes of wealth—a love of money, exemplified in the practice of saving. Without coinciding in the views of a paradoxical friend, who says he has often thought of establishing a chaplaincy for inculcating a love of mammon among the working-classes—so convinced is he that it is the quality they most need—we may yet venture to doubt whether frugality and forethought—the savings-bank and the investment society—represent among the working-classes that mammon-worship, which we are taught to deem inconsistent with the worship of the Eternal. Nay, we incline to think that the pandering to the immediate appetites may be much more of mammon in the sense in which it is denounced as a base and selfish object of pursuit, than a saving from the customary tribute to the gin-shop for the purpose of putting the children to school, or even for the more specifically personal object of spending the close of life in humble independence, undishonoured by the workhouse.

In short, we believe that one of the most effectual counteractions of enfeebling and tantalising indulgence among the working population would be found in an infusion of those very propensities which we chide as worldliness, when they appear among the rich—a knowledge and appreciation of the value of money, and a desire, by its means, to acquire and hold a good social position. It is a solid, however equable counterpoise, to the present miseries of vicious excess, and to the future slavery and degradation which want and disease entail upon the workman. In fact, the tirades which he hears against mammon-worship are all of a general and indefinite tenor—no honest man in his senses, lay or clerical, ever exhorts the working-man to live for the present and disdain the future. There is but one instance, and that a signal and suggestive one, in which we ever found frugality denounced as a vice. Louis Blanc, in his *History of France during the Reign of Louis Philippe*, mentions as one of the alarming symptoms of the time that the working-classes of Paris were parting with their old disinterested recklessness—were becoming provident and selfish, saving money, and actually investing it in the savings-banks! The prospect was alarming to one whose projects were directed to depriving them of all individual self-management, and governing them by absolute philosophical rules, as if they were inert matter, subject to the laws of dynamics and hydraulics.

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NIGHT.

O THE beautiful strange visions seen within the silent night!
Then when heavy eyelids weigh on heavy eyes that hate the light,
When the careworn spirit, resting from the penance and the pain,
Sees in dreams long-vanished Edens rich with love and life again.

Then dark thoughts no more molest us: dull and leaden-hearted men,
Cruel in their lust of riches, make not breath seem bitter then.
Doubt casts not its poisonous shadow. Slow despairs, that rankle deep,
Pass away, as if for ever, exiled from the land of sleep.

Then once more we see the faces that are laid beneath the mould;
Then we hear sweet-meaning voices—voices that we loved of old;
Then the stainless life returneth laughing through the merry hours
On the ancient paths of childhood, sown around with starry flowers.

Who would lose the dear illusion—who would wish to feel it less,
Though it make the radiant morning thick with blight and barrenness?
Let the weary waking hours, forlorn of hope, creep slowly on,
So on slumber's couch we borrow joyaunce from the summers gone.

O Sleep, dear to all, then dearest when strong sorrow bows us down,
Charming care with golden hours, and smoothing out the furrowed frown;
Thou that blottest from existence half the fever and the fear—
Come, kind minister of healing, come, for thou art needed here.

Come, as yesternight thou camest. I had deemed that nevermore,
Save to grief, my darkened spirit should unlock its sealed door;
For within my breast I shuddered, shadowing forth the things unseen,
And the Past, save in its sorrow, seemed as it had never been.

For I thought on wasted life—I saw a future fearful hour,
Dread misgivings, formless terrors, evil sights of evil power,
When the clock ticks slow, the minutes linger in their sullen flight,
And the ghastly day's oppression is but trebled in the night.

When no more the shattered senses round the throne of reason dwell,
Thinking every sight a spectre, every sound a passing bell;
When the mortal desolation falleth on the soul like rain,
And the wild hell-phantoms dance and revel in the burning brain.

Now the months and years of old, far from the outer feud and strife,
Lay before me like a picture breathing with the breath of life;
And I saw my early home, as when it was a home to me,
In a happy land, and fairer than bright lands beyond the sea.

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There it stood—the self-same village—even as in hours of old,
When the stately sun descending dipt the dazzling panes in gold;
And methought for many an hour, yea many a peaceful day and night,
All that space of earth was steeped in one delicious faery light.

And I marvelled not, though round me clustering life and beauty grew
In the paradisal stillness visited by forms I knew;
Yet there were, beyond all others, features that I loved to trace—
Ah! too truly I remember—for it was my mother's face.

'Twas no wonder that I knew thee, as thy kind eyes turned to mine,
Happy in my happiness, while I was thinking not of thine;
And I heard thy silver accents sweeter than all music flow—
Ah me, but the lapse of summers changes many things below!

"Mother, we will dwell together evermore," I seemed to say,
"Far from hence life's wheels are whirling; scarce an echo comes this way.
"Here an uneventful rest shall fold us in a dream of peace,
"Here our love through silent seasons grow with infinite increase."

But I woke—as one who, coming from far lands beyond the wave,
Finds not any face of welcome—all he loved are in the grave.
Scarce the ancient house remaineth, bartered for a stranger's gold;—
Foreign fires upon the hearth, whose very flame is deathly cold!

Surely 'twas some evil angel woke me ere the dawn began—
Fiend, who could have heart to break the slumbers of a wretched man!
Time enough grief's drooping banners once more to behold unfurled,
When the warm imperial sunlight widens through a weeping world!

Breathing soon a finer sorrow, I, who had not wept for years,
As I pondered on the vision felt my eyes grow dim with tears;
And I know that never, never, while Time wings his weary flight,
From my heart of hearts shall perish the remembrance of that night.

God be thanked that thy sweet phantom swept across my dreary way,
Lighting up thine own dear footprints lest thy child should turn astray.
Now for me, like loving sisters, Hope and Memory embrace,
Each alike henceforward living in the sunshine of thy face.

Let me pass in some sweet vision of the seasons long gone by!
Some stray touch of dreamy fancy haunt me slumbering ere I die!
Kindred hands of welcome lead me to the country far away,
Where the spirit never needeth interchange of Night and Day!

P. S. Worsley.

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Never say that good is waning,
  Virtue falling from the van;
Nor in saddened strains complaining,
  Preach the thanklessness of man.

If some profitless self-seeker
  Win much praise and public gold,
Not for this thy work be weaker,
  Not for this thy courage cold.

Whoso in life's task hath taken
  Glory for a worthy goal,
Hath for a light dream forsaken
  True magnificence of soul.

Think it then nor shame nor pity
  That no crowds applaud thy name;
Strive on—save the leaguered city,
  Though another reap the fame.

If thy prowess hath not found thee
  Meed of honour in the state,
Think of many a martyr round thee
  Daily doing something great.

So thy people reap the harvest,
  Little recks who cast the seed;
Guerdon, high as thou deservest,
  Dwells in thy own holy deed.

P. S. Worsley.

MILTON.

God gave to thee the keys of heaven and hell,
With power to bring their secret things to light.
His hands upbore thee in thy fiery flight.
He who inspired the seers of Israel
Fashioned thy tongue to speak the unspeakable;
So that for ever with the sons of men
Thy sacred sentences shall deeply dwell,
Graven and grafted with an iron pen,
As of a ruler by the might of mind.
As Zion standeth with her crown of hills,
So thou, above Earth's storms and wasting wind,
Art crowned of God. His is the thought that fills
Thy utterance. His own breath thy being doth move.
I tremble and bow down—I feel and love.

P. S. Worsley.

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CAPTAIN SPEKE'S ADVENTURES IN SOMALI LAND.—PART II.

We remained here three days, sending the things I had brought in relays across the mountain, and in fetching up the rear ones. The Sultan could not lose the opportunity afforded by my detention to again come and beg for presents, and I gave him a razor to shave his head with, and make a clean Mussulman of him. On finding he could get nothing further from me gratis, he demanded that a cloth should be paid to the man whom my camel-drivers had robbed of the goat at Adhai, and, before retiring, wished me urgently to take a letter for him to Aden, petitioning the English to allow him to form an expedition by sea, and take retribution on the Musa Abokr at Heis, who had recently killed one of his subjects.

4th December 1854.—At dawn of day the last of the camels was loaded, and we set out to clamber up to the top of the mountain-range, and descend on the other side to the first watering-place in the interior of the country. It was a double march, and a very stiff one for the camels. Directly in our front lay an easy, flattish ground, with moderate undulations, densely wooded with such trees as I had already seen; but beyond it, about three miles from camp, the face of the mountain-top, towering to a great height, stood frowning over us like a huge bluff wall, which at first sight it appeared quite impossible any camel could surmount. At 9 A. M. we reached this steep, and commenced the stiffest and last ascent up a winding, narrow goat-path, having sharp turns at the extremity of every zig-zag, and with huge projecting stones, which seemed to bid defiance to the passage of the camels' bodies. Indeed, it was very marvellous, with their long spindle-shanks and great splay feet, and the awkward boxes on their backs, striking constantly against every little projection in the hill, that they did not tumble headlong over the pathway; for many times, at the corners, they fell upon their chests, with their hind-legs dangling over the side of the hill, and were only pulled into the path again by the combined exertions of all the men. Like Tibet ponies, when they felt their bodies slipping helplessly over the precipices—down which, had they fallen, they would have met instantaneous and certain death—they invariably seized hold of anything and everything with their teeth to save their equilibrium. The ascent was at length completed after an infinity of trouble, and our view from the top of the mountain repaid me fully for everything of the past. It was a glorious place! In one glance round I had a complete survey of all the country I was now destined to travel over, and what I had already gone over. The pass was called Yafir, and, by the boiling thermometer, showed an altitude of 6704 feet. It was almost the highest point on this range. From a cedar tree I cooked my breakfast under, on facing to the north, I saw at once the vast waters of the Gulf, all smooth and glassy as a mill-pond, the village of Bunder Goree, and the two buggaloes lying in its anchorage-ground, like little dots of nut-shells, immediately below the steep face of the mountain; so deep and perpendicular was it, that it had almost the effect of looking down a vast precipice. But how different was the view on turning to the south! Instead of seeing this enormous grandeur—a deep rugged hill, green and fresh in verdure, with the sea, like a large lake below—it was tame in the extreme; the land dropped gently to scarcely more than half its depth, with barely a tree visible on its surface; and at the foot of the hill, stretched out as far as the eye could reach, was a howling, blank-looking desert, all hot and arid, and very wretched to look upon. It was the more disappointing, as the Somalis had pictured this to me as a land of promise, literally flowing with milk and honey, where, they said, I should see boundless prairies of grass, large roomy trees, beautiful valleys with deep brooks running down them, and

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cattle, wild animals, and bees in abundance. Perhaps this was true to them, who had seen nothing finer in creation; who thought ponies fine horses, a few weeds grass, and a puny little brook a fine large stream. At noon we reloaded, and proceeded to join the camels and men sent forward on the previous day. The track first led us a mile or two across the hill-top, where I remarked several heaps of stones piled up, much after the fashion of those monuments the Tibet Tartars erect in commemoration of their Lahma saints. These, the Somalis said, were left here by their predecessors, and, they thought, were Christian tombs. Once over the brow of the hill, we descended the slopes on the south, which fell gently in terraces, and travelled until dark, when we reached a deep nullah, here called Mŭkŭr, in which we found our vanguard safely encamped in a strong ring-fence of thorn bushes. The distance accomplished was seventeen miles; the altitude of place 3660 feet. The two following days (5th and 6th) we halted to rest the cattle, whilst I went shooting and collecting. There were a great number of gazelles and antelopes, some bustard, many florikan and partridges, as well as other very interesting birds and reptiles. These were mostly found in ravines at the foot of the hills, or amongst acacia and jujube trees, with patches of heather in places. We now held *durbar*,* to consult on the plan of proceeding. It was obviously impossible to march across the plateau directly upon the southern Dulbahantas, as there was not a blade of grass to be seen nor any water on the way beyond the first ten miles from the foot of the hills. To go to Berbera, then, I must perforce pass through the territories of the northern Dulbahantas; and this was fixed upon; but hearing of some ancient Christian ruins (left by Sultan Kin), only a day's march to the south-eastward, I resolved to see them first, and on the 7th made a move five miles in that direction to a kraal, called Karrah, where we found a deep pool of stagnant water.

8th.—My kit was now so much diminished, we all marched together down a broad shallow valley south-eastward, in which meandered a nullah, called Rhut-Tug, the first wady I came upon in Nogal. The distance accomplished was eight miles when we put up in the kraal of Rhut; for, as I have said before, there were no villages or permanent habitations in the interior of the Nogal country. All the little wooding there is, is found in depressions like this, near the base of hill ranges, where water is moderately near the surface, and the trees are sheltered from the winds that blow over the higher grounds of the general plateau. Rhut is the most favoured spot in the Warsingalis' dominions, and had been loudly lauded by my followers; but all I could find were a few trees larger than the ordinary acacias, a symptom of grass having grown there in more favoured times, when rain had fallen, a few puddles of water in the bed of the nullah, and one flock of sheep to keep the place alive. Gazelles were numerous, and many small birds in gaudy plumage flitted about the trees, amongst which the most beautiful was the Lamprotornis superba, a kind of Maina, called by the Somal Lhimber-load (the cow-bird), because it follows after cows to feed.

9th.—Halt. Kin's City, or rather ruins of, I was told, lay to the northward of my camp, in the direction of the hills, at a distance of about two miles, so I proceeded at once to see it, hoping by this means I should be able to advance westward on the following day. After an hour's walk, I came upon those remains of which I had heard so much at first on landing in the country, as indicative of the great advancement in architectural art of Kin's Christian legion over the now occupying Somal; but I was as much disappointed in this matter as in all others of Somali fabrication. There were five objects of attraction here:—1. The ruins of a (said to be) Christian church; 2. The site and remains of a village; 3. A hole in the ground, denoting a lime-kiln; 4. A cemetery; and, 5. The ground-lines of a fort. This certainly showed a degree

* *Durbar*—Eastern Court.

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of advancement beyond what the Somalis now enjoy, inasmuch as they have no buildings in the interior, though that does not say much for the ancients. The plan of the church is an oblong square 48 by 27 feet, its length lying N.E. and S.W., whilst its breadth was directed N.W. and S.E., which latter may be considered its front and rear. In the centre of the N.W. wall there was a niche, which, evidently, if built by Christians, was intended to point to Jerusalem; and this might have been conclusive evidence of its having been a Christian house of worship, and consequently of great antiquity, did it not unfortunately point likewise in the direction of Mecca, to which place all Mohammedans turn when saying their prayers. Again, I entertained some suspicion that the walls, which were in some parts ten feet high, had not sufficient decay to warrant their being four and a half or more centuries old. But one thing was remarkable at this present time—there were no springs or any water nearer than my encamping place, which could not have been the case when this place was occupied, and denotes a certain amount of antiquity, without any doubt. The walls of the church were composed of limestone rocks, cemented together with a very pure white lime.

The entrance fronted the niche, and was led up to by a street of round pebbles, protected on each side by semicircular loosely thrown-up stone walls. There was nothing left of the village but its foundation outlines, which at once showed simplicity of construction, as well as economy of labour in building. It lay about 50 yards to the east of the church. One straight wall ran down the centre, from which, as supports, ran out a number of lateral chambers lying at right angles to it.

To the northward of the church was the cemetery, in which, strange to say, if the Somalis believe their own story, they even at the present time bury their dead, and erect crosses at the head of the tombs, in the same manner as we Christians do. The kiln was an artless hole in the ground, in which there was a large collection of cinders and other debris not worth mentioning. Lastly, the fort, or rather remains of what the Somalis said had been one, was situated on an eminence overlooking the village, and about 70 yards to the S.W. of the church. Now, having completed my investigations of the ruins, I returned to camp, where I was met by the Abban, looking as sulky as a bear with a sore head, and frowning diabolically. He had been brooding over my late censures, and reflecting on the consequences his bad conduct would finally have upon him, if he could not obtain a pardon from me. And should he not be able to elicit it by fair means, he thought at any rate he would extract it by foul, then and there, without condition or any clause whatever. This was preposterous. I frankly told him exactly what I thought of him, saying I could not forget what had happened; that he had abused the trust reposed in him by the English, and I was bound in duty to report the whole matter in every detail to the Government; but should he discontinue his evil way, and take me safely to my journey's end, I would promise him a full pardon as soon as ever I arrived at Berbera. This would not answer his purpose—bygones must be bygones without any condition whatever, and he went to his bed as wrathful as he rose.

10*th*.—I rose early and ordered the men to load, but not a soul would stir. The Abban had ordered otherwise, and they all preferred to stick, like brother villains, to him. And then began a battle-royal; as obstinately as I insisted, so obstinately did he persist; then, to show his superior authority, and thinking to touch me on a tender point, forbade my shooting any more. This was too much for my now heated blood to stand, so I immediately killed a partridge running on the ground before his face. Seeing this, he wheeled about, prepared his pony, and, mounting it, with his arms, said to the people standing by that he would kill me if I dared shoot again. I was all this while standing prepared to shoot again, without understanding a word of what was said, when the interpreter rushed towards me pale and trembling, and implored me not to

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shoot, but to arrange matters quietly. He would not tell me, however, what had occasioned the great anxiety his excited manner showed. I of course was agreeable at any time to do anything I could to help me on the journey, and again stated the terms on which I would grant the man a pardon. At this juncture, Hassan, the Sultan's brother, came and interceded between us. I told him everything that had happened, how the Abban had even superseded the Sultan's order, by forbidding me to do what I wished in his country, and again begged him to be my Abban in Samater's stead. This he said he could not do, but gave Samater a wigging, and desired me to go and shoot anywhere I liked. Thus ended this valuable day.

11*th*.—Last night I shot a female hyena (here called Durwa) in the act of robbing. These tiresome brutes prowl about at night, and pick up anything they can find. Their approach is always indicated by a whining sound, which had prepared me on this occasion. She was caught in the act of stealing away some leather thongs. The specimen was a fine one, but until dissected I could not, from her hermaphrodital form, determine which sex it was that I had killed. We now prepared for the march westward, when Hassan said he would go back to near the Mijjerthaine frontier, where rain had lately fallen, and all the Warsingalis had migrated with their cattle, to fetch some ponies, which he would bring to me in a few days, even before I could arrive at the Dulbahantas' frontier, and begged a gun at parting, as payment for his settlement of the Abban question, and as an earnest that he would bring the five ponies which I wanted. We then got under way, and travelled westward, bidding Rhut-Tug adieu, but every one was stiff and formal. Samater had not confessed contrition, and I had not committed myself to saying that I would hush the matter up, assuring him that in duty bound I could not, though I promised a pardon as before. After travelling a little way, we emerged from the low land of the valley, and ascended a higher track to the normal level of the plateau, which, as I have said before, was all bleak and barren, with scarcely a tree growing on it, and very stony. Here I saw a large troop of ostriches and numberless gazelles stalking away out of the line of the caravan's march. My men were all highly anxious I should shoot them, but I would not, to try what effect it would have on the Abban, saying, sport was of secondary importance to me, and I now only wished to finish the journey quickly. By his detentions I had lost so much time, I despaired of reaching Berbera agreeably with my instructions, and, moreover, he had not begged my pardon, from which I doubted his intention to serve me faithfully. This caused a halt. Samater and all the men alike said, "Of what good is your coming here, if you do not enjoy yourself? We all came on this journey to reap advantages from serving you, and now if you don't shoot, what may we expect?" I said, prove to me that I shall not be thwarted again, and I will even shoot or do anything to create good-will. Then appointing three men as Samater's advisers to hold him in restraint in case any wrong-headedness on his part should get the mastery of him, I begged they would proceed. This proved successful for the time. Samater wrote me a letter, stating his intentions of abject servitude, and ratified it by presenting his spear and shield, through the hands of the interpreter, for me to return it to him as an acknowledgment that I would henceforth forgive him, and we again proceeded on the journey. After travelling ten miles without seeing a single habitation or human being of any sort, we arrived at a nullah, in which there were several pools of bitter spring-water, and some Egyptian geese swimming on them. This place was called Barham. On the right or northern side of the line of our march was the hill-range, about ten miles distant, at the foot of which, in the beds of small ravines, grew some belts of the jujube tree and hardy acacias; but to the south the land was all sterile, and stretched away in a succession of little flat plains, circumscribed by bosses or hillocks of pure white limestone

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rock, which appeared standing unaffected by the weathering which had worn down the plains that were lying between them. Again these plains sunk in gentle gradation to their centres, where nullahs, like the one I was encamped upon, drained the land and refuse debris to the south and eastward, possibly to join eventually the Rhut-Tug.

12*th*.—At 9 A.M. we were again in motion on our westward course, rising by a gentle incline to about half-way between Rhut-Tug and a second Wady Nogal farther on, called Yubbé Tug. Here, at the water-parting, between these two large watercourses, was the tomb of the great founder of these mighty nations, Darud bin Imail, and an excavated tumulus. There were also several bitter springs in the neighbourhood, with stone enclosures, and numerous flocks of sheep tended by Somalis. On passing the tomb I scarcely remarked it, so insignificant did it appear, whilst the Somalis paid no homage to it whatever. But the tumulus excited more attention, and I was requested to examine it. Six years ago, the interpreter said, a Somali who wished to bury his wife in it, broke through its exterior, and found a hollow compartment propped up by beams of timber, at the bottom of which, buried in the ground, were several earthenware pots, some leaden coins, a ring of gold, such as the Indian Mussulman women wear in their noses, and various other miscellaneous property. I was very much struck with the sleekness of the sheep, considering there appeared nothing for them to live upon; but I was shown amongst the stony ground here and there a little green pulpy-looking weed, called Buskàlé, succulent, and by repute highly nutritious. It was on this they fed and throve. These Dhumba sheep—the fat-tailed Persian breed—appear to thrive on much less food, and can abstain longer from eating, than any others. This is probably occasioned by the nourishment they derive from the fat of their tails, which acts as a reservoir, regularly supplying, as it necessarily would do, any sudden or excessive drainage from any other part of their systems.

After crossing over this high land we began descending to the westward, and at the completion of the twelfth mile dropped into a nullah tributary to the Yubbé Tug, made a kraal for protection against hyenas close to a pool of water, and spent the night. This plain was called Libbahdilé (the haunt of lions).*

13*th*.—The air was so cold, the men could not bestir themselves until after sunrise, when, to my great surprise and delight, without one angry word or attempted impediment from the Abban, we were on the move at 8 A.M. I now fondly hoped the Abban had really turned over a new leaf, but was soon undeceived, and also disappointed. He was married to a Dulbahanta woman, and this wife, for he had two others, with her family, was residing in that country. I was therefore, unawares to myself, travelling directly on his home. Hence these three consecutive marches. Gradually we descended into a broad valley, down the centre of which meandered the Yubbé Tug, or the second Wady Nogal of my acquaintance. This formed a natural boundary-line, separating the Warsingali from the northern Dulbahanta frontiers. Where we first came upon the nullah it was deep and broad, with such steep perpendicular sides, camels could not cross it. We therefore turned suddenly northward, and followed up its left bank till we turned its head, which begins abruptly, and marched five miles to the Yubbé Kraals. Had this valley been blessed with a moderate quantity of rain, there is no doubt it would have been effective for agricultural purposes; and as it was, there were more trees growing in the hollow here than in any other place I had seen, and several flocks and herds were congregated in it. Whilst travelling today the interpreter narrated the circumstances of a fight which the Warsingalis had with the Dulbahantas about ten years ago in this valley, in which it appeared the Dulbahantas were the aggressing party,

* Lions, as well as other large animals, are said to come into the Nogal during the rainy season, when water and grass are abundant.

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having sent a foraging-party over their frontier to lift some cattle. The Warsingalis, seeing this, mustered their forces and repelled the enemy; but would not follow them up, preferring rather to tease them into submission than to engender a bloody contest. This they effected by exposing all their flocks and herds to the view of the Dulbahantas on the bank of the impassable nullah, whilst they guarded its head and protected their flank by stationing a strong party of warriors there. The Dulbahantas, tantalised at this tempting yet aggravating sight, for they had not strength enough to cope with the Warsingalis in full force, waited covetously gazing across the nullah for some time, and then retired in such great disgust, they have never attempted to steal again.

When once ensconced in the new camp, the Abban came to me with an air of high importance, to announce that we were now on the Dulbahanta frontier, and that, if I wished to see their land, I must allow him to precede me, and pave the way, taking the young Prince Abdullah with him to magnify the purport of his mission, as the Dulbahantas were a terrible and savage nation, governed, not like the Warsingalis, by an old and revered chief, but by a young sultan whom nobody listened to. Moreover, the Dulbahantas had sent word to say they had heard of my marking the Warsingali country out with paper, and would not admit me on any consideration. Besides which, it was a custom in the country that strangers should ask permission to enter through the medium of an abban, and as I had acted on that custom in the Warsingali country, so also must I do it here.

I was kept at this station eight days, sometimes hearing ominous announcements of the terrible Dulbahantas, sent to frighten me by the Abban, and sometimes amusing myself in other and various ways. The Dulbahantas could not conceive my motive for wishing to travel in their land; no peddling Arab, even, had ever ventured there, so why should I desire to go? Fortunately I had a good deal of employment with my gun, for, besides gazelles, antelopes, a lynx, florikans, and partridges, I shot many very beautiful little honey-birds, as well as other small birds. Of these former the most beautiful was the Nectarinia Habessinica. It has an exceedingly gaudy plumage, that glistens in metallic lustre as the rays of light strike upon its various coloured feathers. This is the more remarkable on a warm sunshiny day, when the tiny bird, like a busy humble bee, bowing the slender plant with its weight, inserts his sharp curved bill into the flower-bells to drink their honey-dew, keeping its wings the whole time in such rapid motion as to be scarcely distinguishable. Without animal flesh I do not know what I should have done here. The water was so nitrous I could not drink it. To quench my thirst, I threw it in gulps down my throat, and rice, when boiled in it, resembled salts and senna. After returning from sport one day, the interpreter brought up one of the camel-drivers, to be punished for having stolen some deer flesh when sent to clean it. He was a Midgar, or low-caste fellow, who does not object to indulge in cannibalism when hard pressed by hunger. I would not decide the case myself, but handed him over, much against his wish, to the *tender* mercies of the interpreter and two other men whom the Sultan, at parting, appointed judges on any sudden occasion. It was everybody's interest to make him guilty, and therefore he was condemned to find two sheep, to be killed and eaten in the camp. Another case of theft, much more vexatious than this, occurred when I first arrived here, and turned off some spare camel-drivers, who took away all the packing-ropes with them, and I have been obliged to employ the remaining men ever since in chewing acacia bark into fibres to make new ones. I was now becoming so much alarmed at the Abban's delay and tricks, that I wrote a letter to the Assistant Political Resident at Aden, complaining of what he had done, saying I felt very uncertain of being able to reach Berbera by the time appointed, and requesting him to send a letter of remonstrance to the Sultan. This I forwarded by a man

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called Abdie, *vid* Bunder Goree. Prudence would have suggested my returning with the letter, for I had now received intelligence that the Abban was in his home, and after experience gained by the tragedies on the coast, I could have expected no good from him. But as long as life and time lasted, I was resolved to go ahead.

It was very remarkable to see the great length of time animals in this country can exist, even under hard work, without drinking water. In an ordinary way, the Somalis water camels only twice a-month, donkeys four times, sheep every fourth day, and ponies only once in two days, and even object to doing it oftener, when water is plentiful, lest the animals should lose their hardihood. I do not think antelopes could possibly get at water for several months together, as every drop of water in the country is guarded by the Somal. We were now in "the land of honey," and the Somal nomads constantly came to me to borrow my English pickaxe for digging it out of the ground; for the bees of this country, instead of settling in the boughs of trees, as they do in England, work holes in the ground like wasps, or take advantage more generally of chinks or fissures in the rocks, to build their combs and deposit their wax. It was a great treat to get a little of this sweet nutriment, to counteract the salts which prevail in all the spring waters of the interior. When out shooting specimens, I often saw the Somalis chasing down the Salt's antelopes on foot. I killed many of them myself, when running like hares, with common shot, much to the astonishment of the Somalis, for they are too small a mark for their bow-and-arrow shooting. The little creatures cannot stand travelling in the mid-day sun, and usually lie about under favouring trees which line the watercourses. Knowing this weakness, the cunning Somali hunter watches him down from feeding to his favourite haunts, and, after the sun shines strong enough, quietly disturbs them; then, as they trot away to search for another shady bush, they follow gently after to prevent his resting. In the course of an hour or so, the terrified animal, utterly exhausted, rushes from bush to bush, throwing itself down under each in succession, until at length it gets captured. Somalis, from their roving habits of life, are as keen and cunning sportsmen as any in the world. They told me of many dodges they adopted for killing elephants, ostriches, and gazelles, which they do as follows:—If an elephant is ever seen upon the plains, a large body of men assemble on foot, armed with spears, and bows, and sharp double-edged knives, with one man mounted on a white horse, to act as teaser. This man commences by riding in front of the animal, to irritate and absorb his entire attention by riding in repeated circles just in front of him. When the huge beast shows signs of distress by fruitlessly charging on his nimble adversary, the footmen rush in upon him from behind, and hamstring him with their knives, and then with great facility soon despatch him with their arrows and spears. Ostriches, again, are killed in two ways; the more simple one is by finding out what places they usually resort to in search of food, and then throwing down some tempting herb of strong poisonous properties, which they eagerly eat and die from. The other method adopted in catching them is not so easy, but is managed with great effect. The ostrich is, as is generally known, a remarkably shy bird, and is so blind at night it cannot feed. Again, the Somali pony, though wonderfully hardy and enduring, is not swift; therefore, to accommodate existing power to knowledge of these various weaknesses, the Somal arms himself with a pony, and provisions for two or three days, and begins his hunt by showing himself at such a considerable distance from the birds he has formed his designs upon, that they quietly stalk off, and he, at the same rate, follows after, but never draws near enough to scare them out of sight of him. At night, the birds stop in consequence of the darkness, but cannot feed. He, on the other hand, dismounts to rest and feed with his pony, and resumes the chase the following day. After the second or third day, when he and the pony are

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as fresh as ever, the ostriches, from constant fasting, become so weak, he is able to ride in amongst them, and knock them down one by one as many as there happen to be in the flock. The flesh is eaten, and the feathers are taken to the sea-coast for transportation to the Aden market. I once saw a donkey-load of feathers carried to market that had been taken in this way. There are two methods, also, of killing gazelles; the more usual one is effected by two men walking into a bushy ground to search for them, and when discovered, walking in such large circles around them as will not scare them; gradually they draw their circles in, until a favoured bush, down wind, is found, which the herd is most likely, when once moved, to pass by, and behind this one of the men stops, with his bow and arrows, whilst the second one, without ever stopping to create alarm, continues drawing in the circles of circumvention until he induces the gazelles to walk up to the bush his friend is concealed in, when one or more may be easily shot. The other plan for killing them is extremely artful, and is done on horseback, and therefore on the open plain. Fleet animals, as antelopes and gazelles, always endeavour to head across their pursuers, no matter in which direction they go. The Somali, therefore, taking advantage of this habit, when they wish to catch them on ponies, which are not half so swift as the gazelles in fair open chase, economise their strength by directing their animals' heads towards the leading gazelle, and thus inducing the herd, as they continue heading on, to describe double the circumference of ground to which their ponies go. In process of time, the gazelles, by their extra exertions, begin to flag and drop, and the hunters rush in upon them, and cut them up in detail.

20th.—To-day the young prince returned, to say the Dulbahantas had been conferred with, and had shown the strongest objections to my seeing their country, enumerating at the same time all their reasonings, such as I had already heard; but added, as a great concession on their part, as a particular favour they wished to show to my Abban, that I might be permitted to advance a little way, to the next valley; but then only on condition I would surrender to them the whole of my remaining property.

I now heard more particulars of the Dulbahantas' fights, and the manner in which they first originated. For full thirteen years they had been disputing amongst themselves, and many cabals had sprung out of it. Whilst these intrigues were gaining ground, a minor chief, named Ali Haram, with a powerful support in connections, about five years ago determined on alienating himself from the yoke of the government, which was headed by an old Gerad, called Mahmud Ali, the rightful and hereditary chief. Since then the original kingdom has been divided into two portions, called the Northern and Southern Dulbahantas; but although the northerners declare themselves independent, the chief of the south still fights for his lawful rights, and at this present time had driven the northerners, with all their cattle and stock, to Jid Ali Tug, the next valley beyond this, which I was now desirous of visiting. Ali Haram was an old man, and consequently incapacitated from taking an active part in these tumultuous filibusterings; he had therefore, since his first accession to power, deputed a son called Mohamed Ali Gerad to act as Regent in his stead, and this was the man of whom the Warsingalis spoke to me at Bunder Goree so disparagingly.

21st.—I was now preparing to start again westward, when an order came from the Abban to my men, that no property should accompany me, excepting what little I felt disposed to part with in presents to the Dulbahantas; as an Agil, by name Husayn Hadji, the senior man present at Jid Ali, had decided, as a final measure, on seizing everything I brought with me immediately I set foot in Jid Ali. Though I had had experience enough with the Abban's tricks to see that this was merely a farce, though a very useless and inconvenient one, I permitted the arrangement rather than make a row and retard my progress, and

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set out with the young prince, Hamed, Farhan, and two camels and drivers, leaving Imam and the other nine camels, with their drivers, behind, to follow after as soon as I should send back. At the western extremity of the valley we came upon a small mound of earth, all white and glistening, covered with nitre in an efflorescent form, which shone so conspicuously in the sun, it could be seen at many miles' distance; from the base of it a clear spring of water trickled, so disagreeable in taste that no one, save Somalis, could possibly drink it. Now, emerging from the low land, we again left the trees behind us, and rose by a well-beaten foot track to the primary level of the country, where stone and bare ground prevailed. Each of these elevations and depressions was a mere reflection of the other, only varying more or less according to their size; and as my line was directed due west, I always had the mountain-range at even distance on the north, whilst every feature on the south remained the same. It was monotonous in the extreme. At the fifth mile we came upon some springs of bitter water, sunk in deep cavities in the earth, from which we filled our water-skins, and travelled on till night; when, dark overtaking us, we slipped into a hollow in the ground, called Ali, cooked a little rice with the water we had brought, and slept it out till morning. Distance thirteen miles.

22*d*.—As soon as the morning was well aired with the sun, and the black men had recovered from their torpor, I struck out for Jid Ali, hoping to surpise the Abban, and thereby counteract, if possible, his various machinations. But this was not to be done. At the thirteenth mile, as we were descending in full view of Jid Ali, at a place called Birhamir, I was met by the Agil Husayn Hadji himself, who, instead of showing any disposition to hinder my approach, was very affable and kind in manner. He politely begged me to remain where I was and rest the day, and on the morrow he would take me to the Tug (river) below. He had never felt indisposed towards me; but one Galed Ali, an Agil, superior to himself, was averse to my proceeding further. Unfortunately for the Somalis, their lies are very transparent, and they were too fond of uttering falsehoods ever to be trusted. I neither believed in the existence of Galed Ali, nor in his own kind intentions towards me, and therefore begged him to prove it by allowing me to pass. This began a a long discussion. The wars were raging. The Dulbahantas would not let me see their country, as they could not see why an Englishman should wish to travel where even beggars were afraid to go; and then followed a hundred other excuses, all of which I rejected as freely as he advanced them. Then at length, Somali fashion, the true meaning of his unwelcome visit transpired. He then said—"Well, if you have no fear of anything, and will join us in our fight, to represent your nation's disposition in our favour, I will give you as many horses as you may wish to have, and a free passage to Berbera, as soon as it is concluded." This was certainly a tempting offer, as I told him; but I said, although, as far as I was individually concerned, there was nothing which would please me better; still, being a servant of the Government, I could not represent anything they had not sanctioned; and, moreover, I was bound to be at Berbera by a certain date, which I could not do if I went southwards with them. They argued there would be no delay in finishing the battles, if I merely showed myself as a representative of the English, for the enemy would retire before a shot was fired, concluding that the opinion of the world was against them. They all declared the war had lasted so long, and had been so harassing, they wished ardently to put an end to it. This, I told them, in my opinion, was their fault; that they ought never to have commenced it, for the chief they now recognised was a mere usurper—a traitor, in fact, who ought to be punished.

The Abban's mother, Mrs Awado, who was living at Birhamir, in a hut close by, then hastened towards us, joined our party, and interrupted the conversation by clapping her hands and beating her knees, exclaiming, in

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wild dismay and terrifying words, "Oh! why have you come to this land, where there are no laws, or any respect for life? You don't know what these people are you've come amongst! Come with me now to my place, rest the night, and refresh yourself; to-morrow morning your Abban will come and conduct you safely on your way." This was a climax to the day's journey; the men smelt grub in an instant, and hurried off with the old lady to some empty stone enclosures (sheepfolds), and at once unburdened and "lay-to" for the night. As before, I had many conferences about THE WADY NOGAL, which Lieut. Burton had desired me to investigate, but could obtain no satisfactory information. They said there were many wadys in Nogal, but the largest one was in the Mijjerthaine country, where its waters were deep and large, with extensive forests around it, frequented by numerous herds of elephants. Those in advance of my line of march, on the road to Berbera, were all insignificant, like Yubbé Tug, or Jid Ali Tug, and were not used for agricultural purposes. However, in the southern Dulbahanta country, south by west of this, at a distance of five or six marches, there was a nullah, with many springs in it, which united in certain places, and became a running stream. This I now, from subsequent inquiries and inspection of Lieut. Cruttenden's map,* suspect is the watercourse intended by my instructions for the Wady Nogal. This watercourse, I was assured, bounded the Nogal or white stony country on the west, and divided it from the Haud or red stoneless country, which is occupied in most part by the southern Dulbahantas, who have *the* finest grazing-grounds in the world, and possess incalculable numbers of camels and horses (meaning ponies), and cows, sheep, and goats; whilst the game which roamed about there covered the ground like flocks of sheep. Of these the largest were giraffes, rhinoceroses, and lions, elephants being confined to the Mijjerthaine country, the Koolies hills to the south of Berbera, and the Webbe Shebeeli, or Haines River.†

23*d*.—Early in the morning, accompanied by Husayn Ali, who opposed me no longer, we commenced our descent to the valley of Jid Ali, an expansive flat several miles in breadth, fuller and better wooded in the north than any place I had yet seen, but tapering away to the south and eastwards, until it became lost to sight in the barren plateau. After marching a mile or so, we found the Abban hastening to meet us, in high dudgeon with my men for having advanced contrary to his mandates, before he had time to arrive and smooth the way; for now the great impressive spell, his influence, which I was to understand could alone save me from the terrors of the unruly Dulbahantas, was proved to me of secondary importance, and he, consequently, insignificant. This occasioned a little delay, but at last, the Abban becoming reconciled to this defeat of his projected plans, we were permitted to resume the march, and soon arriving in the bed of the valley, encamped near the watercourse of Jid Ali Tug, on the meridian of Meyet. The water in the nullah extended upwards of half a mile, when it became absorbed in the thirsty soil. It consisted of a chain of pools, connected by little runnels, the produce of some bitter springs, and made the country green in consequence. Attracted by my dates and rice—for I had brought no other property save my specimen-boxes and ammunition—many of the Dulbahantas forgot their occupations in war, and flocked around my camp

* Unfortunately, when sent on this mission, I was not furnished with a chart, and had never seen any works written on the subject.

† For the advancement of future investigations, I would here notice the reported existence of a large reptile like the armadillo—probably a Manis—which the Somal think a very remarkable animal. It is said by them to be common in Haud, is very slow in motion, has a hard scaly exterior coating, invulnerable to their spears, and capable of supporting the weight of a man without any apparent inconvenience to the creature who bears it.

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all day and night, bothering my servants incessantly whilst cooking, and begging presents from me every moment. I remained here three days, trying to negotiate with the head men for permission to advance, but obtained no practical result. They insisted, for even coming thus far, I should give them as many cloths and material as I had given to the Warsingalis, for they would take no less. When told all my worldly goods did not admit of such a payment, they quietly said, I had come there against their will; they did not believe me; and if I did not open my boxes to their inspection, they would smash them up and help themselves. This was an everyday occurrence, which became only insignificant, as it was repeated without being carried into execution. Most of the time the Abban was away, stopping at his home, and no business could be done. I therefore took short excursions about the valley shooting, and inspecting the various habitations. Animals were more abundant, in consequence of the greater extent of water; and I shot gazelles, little Sultiana antelopes, hares, Egyptian geese, rock-pigeons, ducks and teal, and snipe and partridge, besides a choice collection of small birds. In one place I found a small stone hut, occupied by an old man who had once been on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and had seen the art of cultivating ground. He was now turning his experience to account by growing jowari (a species of millet), and effected it with some success; for he had two small enclosures, which he irrigated by cuts from the nullah, that produced grain, which grew from eight to nine feet high. He was loud in praise of the advantages which he derived from his farm, saying it saved his flocks, and assisted him in the means of food when his ewes were pregnant, or giving lamb. I patronised this farmer, and offered to lend him some tools for digging with, when he said he did not want that so much as some hints about sowing, and wished I would send a man to instruct him. Farhan, who was with me, delighted at the prospect of showing his skill in any manner,—for he styled himself professor of all things,—at once took the hint, and bargained to do a day's work, and furnish him with wrinkles for his future guidance, for the payment of a goat, which was readily agreed to.

The people here were highly superstitious, and, like all ignorant races, very punctilious in their ceremonies of worship. As *true* Mussulmans, they were constant in their time of prayer, and abused my interpreter for never saying his. When I made him cut the deers' throats a little lower down the throat than their canons permit, to save the specimen, they spat on the ground to show their contempt, and abused him heartily. If I threw date-stones in the fire (the seed of paradisaical food), they looked upon it as a sacrilege. They were also very suspicious. If I walked up and down the same place to stretch my legs, they formed councils of war on my motives, considering I must have some secret designs upon their country, or I would not do it, as no man in his senses could be guilty of working his legs unnecessarily.

Considering all the northerners were said to have been driven up here by the war, I was much surprised to see so few habitations or flocks in the valley; all there were consisted in a few kraals scattered over the plain, which were constantly moved as soon as each plot of ground in turn was eaten up by the cattle. In changing ground, these nomads pack up everything on their camels, mat and stick, hut and all, and placing the wife, with perhaps a baby also, on a donkey, march to any unoccupied watering-place they can find. Their food is very limited, except in the rainy season, when milk prevails; in consequence of this, it being now the dry season, my servants accounted for their increasing appetite for my dates. Some of the poorer men are said to pass their whole lives without tasting any flesh or grain, but live entirely on sour milk, wild honey, or gums, as they may chance to come across them, and they are almost naked; but notwithstanding this, disease is scarcely known, and excepting in a few cases of endemic ophthalmia, which appears to attack the country pe-

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riodically, at intervals of two or three years, I never heard of any. The climate was very delightful at this season, and the nights so cold I had to wrap well up in flannels. But perhaps that which best illustrates the healthiness of the country and pleasantness of its atmosphere, is the fact that I, although I had no bedstead, but always slept on the ground, never pitched my tent a single day in the interior, and neither wore a hat or shoe throughout the journey, save on one or two occasions, when, severely stabbed with thorns, I put on a sandal. I never knew a moment's illness.

25*th*.—This evening, Husayn Hadji, who I now found out was brother-in-law to Samater, approached me as I came in from shooting, and said, "We are surprised to see you return alive: did you not meet some armed men when you were shooting?" I replied, "No, not one." "Then," said he, "there are many men come here, who, from the first, have forbid your coming into this country; they are under no control, but, in open defiance of the Gerad, do and act just as they like: indeed, every head man is a Gerad here, and those who are strongest carry the day." This was the prelude to another farce; presently the men came of whom Hasayn Hadji spoke, and, surrounding my camp, boisterously demanded to know what I was doing in their country against their orders. A violent altercation then ensued. They must have all my property given up at once, or they would take it by force, and remained trying to bully me into compliance, until I said I would sooner die than give them anything. Seeing me determined, they then walked off, saying I had not one night left to live, for they would return and kill me after dark. The place was now getting too hot to be pleasant, for, the fact was, we were so near the watering-place, that my camp offered a convenient and tempting lounge for all the idle blackguards of the country to assemble at.

26*th*.—I sent orders back for the rear traps to come on as quick as possible, and at the suggestion of my servants, who were just as tired as myself of these incessant provocations, changed camp to a place three miles further up the valley, much more remote from water, but nearer to the Abban's home, by which I hoped I should be able to get at him easier; for the aggravating wretch, whenever I sent messages to recall him, invariably returned plausible excuses, showing the necessity of his having stopped away, and as repeatedly said he would not fail in coming immediately; but at the same time, as the sequence showed, never intending to do so. It would be useless, as well as painful, to narrate in detail all the daily and hourly incidents which occurred in the next few days whilst I was detained here by the artful and dishonest machinations of this vile-conditioned man, from whom I could never get one true word, and whose absence, although I was striving to induce his coming to me, really seemed a relief. A wicked feeling was almost coming over me, which made me shudder again when I reflected more calmly on what my mind was now dilating. He seemed to me only as an animal in satanical disguise; to have shot him would have given me great relief, for I fairly despaired of ever producing any good effect upon his mind. Again I tried the old scheme of foroing him to leave me, and even begged an Agil of the Dulbahantas, offering him large rewards, to be my guide to Berbera. This, as might be imagined, provoked a severe row. The man I was endeavouring to seduce to favour me, was one of the gang of forty thieves, and as birds of a feather all Dulbahantas flocked together to assist the victim of my displeasure; for Samater was, by his intermarriage with these northerners, naturalised amongst them. However, I had my wicked will, by relating, in presence of all his now rapidly congregating friends (a row always brings a crowd), the whole of his misdemeanours since he first came with me to this country, and threatened him with the lasting displeasure of our Government, and ruin to his trade at Aden, if he still persisted in his tricks. This brought matters home much closer than anybody liked to hear, and set all parties cogitating on what course had best be followed. I now retired to cool

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myself by shooting, and on returning again, was met by the Abban, interpreter, and many Dulbahanta Agils, who, now trying the conciliating dodge, came to report the good news that a victory had been gained by the northerners, and the southerners were in full retreat to their provinces, by which the road to Berbera would be open to my proceeding onwards. Moreover, the rear traps had arrived at Abi, by which accident everything seemed to harmonise. This sounded very cheering for the moment, but soon was damped again. I wanted to move at once, and lose no time in taking full benefit of the opportunity thus offered; but this, like every other proposal that I made, was immediately checked by a cruel device, as unforeseen as it was objectionable. Hassan had not come with the ponies; I must, therefore, before advancing, send back to the farther frontier of the Warsingalis to purchase, by bills on Aden, five ponies at thirty dollars a-head, to be afterwards given away in presents to chiefs on the road for allowing me to pass through their territories, and this, at a minimum calculation, would occupy a fortnight's time, and even then I should have to go single-handed without a servant, instrument, or article of any bulk with me. Of course this, as the Abban knew, I never would consent to. On no account would I suffer my being separated from my men and property when the time for my return to Berbera was so close at hand; and, moreover, without the instruments, the journey would be of no avail. Row succeeded row when I pushed matters closely; the Abban sometimes affected repentance, but more often became defiant, and forbade anybody's assisting me without his entire consent. Such, in fact, were the effects of these angry ebullitions of temper on the minds of my people, that the young Prince Abdullah, fearing to be witness to them any more, took his leave and departed home.

31*st*.—At length the rear traps arrived, but one camel, having been taken ill on the march this morning whilst coming from Abi, was slaughtered to "*save*" his flesh, and devoured by my hungry men. As soon as everything had arrived, and the men were made aware of my intention to push forward, they requested their discharge, affecting fear to enter on a strange land, but in reality seeing I had no cloths left to pay them, as afterwards transpired. This deficiency I visited on the Abban, who, in trying to excuse himself for inefficiency in his protectorship, meekly said he had been grieved to see the very rapid decline of my property, but he could not help it, as I had so many thieves in my employ!!! Mrs Awado came over from Birhamir, bringing a sheep and some ghee as a present for me; but I refused taking anything from the relative of the Abban, and this appeared to grieve her much. She said she had heard of all my disputes with Samater her son, and had remonstrated with him about them; he was a proud man, and led away by vanity. She could see his being at variance with me would not end to his advantage on his return to Aden, and tried coaxing him to journey with me; but at the same time told me he would have to be well upon his guard, as in former years he had married clandestinely with a damsel of the Rer Hamaturwa, a sub-tribe of the Habr Gerhajis, who occupy the hill-range overlooking Burder Heis; and her loss to those people would be avenged at once, if he ever came within their power. The Rur Hamaturwa had heard of my intention to journey westwards, and would be in readiness to descend upon and intercept our march, kill Samater, and destroy the whole of us; indeed, they had sent messages to that effect.

3*d January*.—During these last three days I visited a ruined musjid and a cemetery, which, though much resembling the one at Rhut in every respect, was said to be of more recent origin, and built by Mohammedans. On my walking amongst the tombs, and inspecting the crosses * at their heads, the interpreter rebuked me for sacrilegious motives, and desired me to come away, lest the Dul-

* From the presence of these crosses, it would appear as though in ignorance they had adopted the emblem of their Christian predecessors.

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bahantas should find it out, and be angry with me. Besides this, I daily tried to draw Samater, like a badger, from his hut, which was four miles distant from my tent, but without effect. He and his wife, two dwarf sisters (little bits of things, which, the interpreter said, were too small to be of any use to man), and some children, all lived together in a small beehive hut, so low they had to crawl in on all-fours, and so small it was marvellous how they could turn round in it. At length to-day he arrived in a sullen angry mood, and said, haughtily, he was displeased at my trying to force him into compliance, as if I had the power to make him move unless he chose. It was impossible to keep one's temper under such constant provocation; so I abused him vehemently, and warned him off the camp, again repeating he had abused his commission, as well as the Government authorities who engaged him,—and entreated he would "get away," and let me take my chance of proceeding how I could, for his presence simply made my position one of purgatory. He laughed in scorn, wishing to know if I thought I could do anything without him,—and said he had only to turn his back an instant, and the Dulbahantas were ready to devour me. I still persisted; and then he said, "If you say go once more, I will take you at your word; and see you to the consequences." My resolution was fixed; for I plainly saw I could not by any possibility be worse off. He now tried frightening me by assembling the Dulbahantas to confirm his words, making them say they only permitted my residence there out of the love they bore to their brother Samater, and that they certainly would kill me if he once left the place. They did not fear guns. The English could not reach them; besides, their fathers had driven Christians from these lands; and if an army was to attack them, they would assemble so many cavalry, and ride in such rapidity around them, that their gunners could take no aim in consequence of the clouds of dust which this feat would occasion. In addition to this, they thought the English only efficacious behind walls; else, why did they not take revenge upon the Arabs at Lehaj, two years ago, for the murder of an officer? They had often heard of their threatening and preparing to do it, but somehow they never carried their intention into execution. I treated these vain bombastic words with the contempt which they deserved,—but said, I only wanted Samater to take me on, or otherwise to leave me to my fate. They then tried weakening my party by bribing Farhan to side with them and leave; but the noble-hearted Seedi disclosed their treachery, and gallantly said he would share misfortunes with me, and fight, if necessary, to the last extremity. Imam, tame-hearted Indian, got in a dreadful fright, and implored I would compromise the matter; for by this time all the camels had been driven away; and the Warsingalis moved off with Samater, saying I brought the rupture by my obstinacy on my own head; and as soon as they were out of sight, the Dulbahantas would walk in and kill us all in a heap. I then loaded all the guns, and, giving one to each of the servants, sat on the boxes waiting to see the upshot. I was clearly outmanœuvred — unable to move or get anything—but still was, to use their own expression, "obstinate." After proceeding a certain distance, the retiring band, with Samater at their head, sitting fully equipped with spear and shield on his war-steed, came to a halt, and invited the interpreter to meet them, presuming, they said, there might be some mistake, and therefore wished to open negotiations afresh. Samater then gave me back my own words, saying, "If the Sahib would only say he wished me to take him to Berbera, I will give some small presents to the Agils of the Dulbahantas as a passport for him, and proceed at once;" for they were only endeavouring to feel my disposition towards them, and did not intend desertion, if I was not irredeemably incensed against them. They then came back, and work began afresh, by the distribution of presents, which, as is usual when no man can bear to see the smallest trifle slip from his grasp to be given to another, was a

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matter of no small difficulty in adjusting. If the Dulbahantas did not succeed in skinning me of all my effects, they naturally thought the next tribe would; and a whole day was consumed in wrangling and disputing how much they should get. This ended by my giving one musket, thirteen tobes, and my reserve silk turban; and now I was at liberty to quit Jid Ali.

11*th*.—At 10 A.M. we were loaded, and commenced the journey westward; whilst the Abban said he would bid his friends adieu at home, and bring five horses with him to Biyn Hablé, where he would meet us on the following day. The track led us across a flat alluvial plain, still in the valley, which was well covered with a thick growth of acacias, and dry short grass, nipped short by cattle. After walking five miles, we arrived at our destination, not far from a well, and made a ring-fence of prickly boughs.

Here for the last time I boiled the thermometer, to ascertain the altitude of the plateau along my line of march, and found its average height was 3913 feet: the minimum, at Rhut Tug, being 3077 feet—and the maximum, at Yubbé Tug, 4498 feet.

The following day two Dulbahantas paid us a visit, and demanded to know by whose authority we had come upon their grounds; we were trespassers, and must pay our footing. The ground was theirs, and they recognised no authority over them. What I had given at the last place was no concern of theirs, but I must give them also a quantity of cloth equivalent to it. This being refused as a preposterous imposition, they turned hastily away, and, tossing their heads, said, I might soon expect to see them again in larger numbers, when they would help themselves. Moreover, for my satisfaction, they could assure me that a number of men, who had learned which road I was bent on travelling, were fast gathering on ahead, to oppose my advance. In the evening the Abban arrived, bringing only two ponies with him.

17*th*.—It would be needless to recount all the varied incidents of the next five days which were wasted here, by the thousand and one stories which the Abban produced to fritter away my time near his home, and filch me out of my property. The time had now arrived when by appointment I should have been at Berbera; and as I was not then aware at what time the fair usually broke up, I felt much afraid of being too late to join my companions. Sometimes Samater raised my hopes by saying he would certainly proceed on a certain date; and when that day arrived, it was deferred again, but not without severe rows, so much in accordance with the past ones as to be unworthy of repetition. One day we were ready, and I was to pass through any people that might fall in the way by giving large credits on Aden under his security, when the tide was turned again in another moment by the arrival of some accomplices, who dropped in like unexpected evils, to say the southern Dulbahantas had gained a great victory, slaughtering men and cattle, and the road to Berbera would be thronged with people, so that advance would be impossible for the present. This was a settler to my westward march; and now I thought of escaping from this land of robbers by turning northwards, and marching over the hills to Bunder Heis, where I could either ship off, or march along the coast to Berbera.

Negotiations were then set on foot with the Rer Hamaturwa, and several of their agils came at my bidding, but were as implacable about obliging a stranger as any of their neighbours. The whole distance was not three days' travel; still they said I should not see their country, and acknowledged themselves a lawless band, who would take everything from me if I ventured there: adding, if the Warsingalis and Dulbahantas, who were stronger than themselves, would only withdraw from me one day, they would come down at once, and demolish my whole camp. They then demanded cloths for the trouble I had given them, but, not receiving any, retired in huge disgust.

18*th*.—In final despair I faced about, and marched north-easterly, by a new route, to reach Bunder

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Goree again, to ship for Aden, as there only could I be certain of finding a vessel to convey me over the Gulf. After six miles' march across the head of the valley, we arrived at Mirhiddo Kraal, on elevated ground, and found a large party assembled there. Some of them were the Rer Hamaturwa, with whom I tried again for permission to cross their hills, but this time by the gap at the head of the valley in front of Bunder Jedid. This they were ready to permit, and give security of passage to my people, if I gave them all my remaining cloths; but they thought I should not find a vessel there, which settled the question. I had no time to lose, and, moreover, should save my cloths by continuing on the line I was travelling. For though I should have to cross the hills where they were occupied by the Habr Gerhajis, in the new way my track would pass so near to the Warsingali frontier, that tribe would not have strength enough to demand anything from me, and passport fees are only given in such places as strength prevails. The other people I met here were some Dulbahantas arming for the fight. They said they were 4000 strong in cavalry, and were slaughtering sheep wholesale for provision on the road. Each man carried a junk of flesh, a skin of water, and a little hay, and was then ready for a long campaign, for they were not soft like the English (their general boast), who must have their daily food; they were hardy enough to work without eating ten days in succession, if the emergency required it. Here a second camel was on the point of dying, when his flesh was saved from becoming carrion by a knife being passed across his throat.*

21*st*.—The Abban slipped away on the 19th, when I was out specimen-hunting, and would not come again till to-day, and then even returned to give his wife a last salute, permitting me to advance to a watercourse called Hanfallal, whilst he would join me on the following day. This day we accomplished ten miles, and made a kraal about four miles north of our old line of march.

22*d*.—As the Abban did not keep his promise, and none of us knew the road, I now tried to prevail on his mother Awado, who was tending her flocks close by, to be my guide, which she readily consented to do, as she was anxious herself to go to Bunder Goree. The water found here was in a circular cleft of limestone, sixty feet below the surface, which was so small, only one person at a time could descend to it; and the supply was so limited, I was obliged to keep my men down there all night, to be the first for drawing in the morning. Gazelles were very abundant, and in the evening we were visited by a very singular-looking animal, which unfortunately I could not get a shot at. It was a little less in size than the Durwa hyena, but inclined rather more, in its general shape, to a wolf than a hyena. The body was a pure black, like the black Tibet wolf, but the tail was tipped with white. I am not aware that this animal has ever been described.

23*d*.—At the usual starting-hour the Abban arrived, with two ponies belonging to his brother-in-law, Husayn Ali, but which he tried to pass off as his own, being ever very anxious to make me believe he was a large stock proprietor, to magnify his importance. But, unfortunately for him, the interpreter, who was as treacherous a man as any of the breed, although he often confounded me by his innate deceit, also peached at times upon his brother Samater. The Abban, on seeing his mother equipped and ready on her donkey to go with me, scolded her heartily for presuming to undertake the journey without his leave, and sent her home faster than she came. We now commenced the march, and travelled five miles diagonally across some low spurs of hills, and encamped in the evening in a broad, deep, dry nullah, at a place called Dalmallé. We brought water with us, and fortunate it was so, for none could be found anywhere near the camp.

24*th*.—We started early in the morning, ascending the hill-range by

* The old Mosaic law again prohibiting blood to be eaten.

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a steep winding footpath up one of its ridges, which, in respect to its barrenness and soil, resembled the descent I had from Yafir. After completing eleven miles' march, the caravan crested the hill opposite Ras * Galwénee, travelled a short way on the flat of the summit, and encamped in the evening amongst some thick jungle on its north or seaward side, at a kraal called Gobamiré. Immediately on arriving, as we commenced to unload the camels, a number of men who were occupying that district—the Urus Sagé section of the Habr Gerhajis tribe—seized the camels by their heads, and demanded their customary fees, at the same time boisterously gesticulating that they would help themselves if their request was not complied with. Farhan enjoyed the row in the boisterous characteristic manner of a seedi, began dancing frantically the negro war-dance, cocking his gun, and pointing it at everybody by turns, whilst Samater and the other Warsingalis began thumping them with their clubs, and swearing a fearful vengeance would be wrought upon them by their tribe, who were living within an hour or two's call, should they not desist. The fact was, my men knew their power here, and, guided only by animal passions, enjoyed showing it. The poor discomfited Urus Sagé now slunk off like defeated dogs, or schoolboys returning from a fight, just wishing to know if they were only to be considered in the light of women, who could not maintain their own right, and, snarling and snapping, threatened they would return again in stronger force before the morning. We then unloaded, and lay-to for the night. Immediately on reaching the top of this range, a most interesting and novel sight was presented to our view. We stepped in one instant from constant sunshine into constant clouds, and saw what accounted for the dense verdure of the north, as well as the extreme barrenness of the south side of the hills. For two months we had not seen the vestige of a cloud, or felt a drop of rain, and now we were at once launched into the middle of the "Dairti" or north-east monsoon, which had been pouring for some time previously against the north face of the mountain, and was arrested there by it. It reminded me at once of that marked phenomenon with which all travellers in the Himalaya Mountains, who spend their "hot-weather" season at Chini, on the banks of the Sutlege river, to escape rain, must be acquainted, when the clouds of the great Indian monsoon envelop all the mountain-range for months together on the weather or south-west side, and hang suspended on the top of a high hill in sight of that place, but never pass over, looking as if the mountain was too high to be surmounted by them, when trying to reach the dry plateaux of Tibet. The clouds were rolling in thick successive volumes at our feet, and obscured the view below us.

25*th*.—We were detained until noon in consequence of the Abban's ponies, which had gone astray, and until then could not be found. In the meanwhile the Urus Sagé came again, and tried to prevent us loading, on the same plea as yesterday, but without effect; but when we were starting, a compromise was effected on condition they would escort us down the hill and guide the way. The road was steep and very slippery, so that the camels could hardly get along, and this was further increased by the thick strong green jungle-bushes, as well as rocks and other difficulties incidental to mountain travelling with such large and ungainly animals as laden camels. At the fourth mile we found a large roomy cave under a rock, and put up for the night. Sheep had been kept here, and the place was so full of fleas that the ground was literally browned with them. I never saw such an astonishing quantity congregated in one place; but we soon disposed of them by burning certain boughs, which the Somalis justly said was a specific remedy against them.

26*th* and 27*th*.—During these two days we descended by a tortuous winding footpath under no mean

* Ras means point or headland.

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difficulties, and finally arrived, after twelve miles' marching, at a place called Hundurgal, situated in the hollow of a watercourse which divides the Warsingali from the Habr Gerhajis frontiers, and transmits its waters to the Gulf at Ras Galwénee. During the journey the Somalis pointed out some of their richest gum-trees, of which the finest in order is a species of frankincense, called by them Falafala, or Luban Méti. The gum of this tree is especially valued by the Somali women for fumigating purposes, which they apply to their bodies by sitting over it, when ignited, in the same manner as Cashmeres sit over their little charcoal-pots to keep themselves warm when resting on their travels. They enshroud themselves in a large wrapper, place a pot with the burning gum between their legs, and allow the perfume to rise to every portion of their body simultaneously. We gave our guides five cloths for escort, and sent them away.

I was informed by my men that under lee of Ras Galwénee there is a better harbour than any on the whole coast-line, having deep water close in to the shore, but, being a neutral ground, the Warsingalis will not allow anybody to occupy it. They don't allow the Habr Gerhajis to do so, as they would monopolise the trade; and they won't take it themselves, as their sultan sagely remarks it would draw all their force to one side of their possessions, and thus leave the other exposed to attack from the Mijjarthaines. Now the Dulbahantas are obliged to come to Bunder Goree if they want to traffic with outer nations, but were the Habr Gerhajis at Galwénee, this custom would be drawn from them.

28*th*.—The inexpressible delight I felt at snuffing the fresh sea-air, and being comparatively free from the tyranny of my persecutor Samater, was truly indescribable; and I felt so impatient to end this useless journey, and join my friends for the larger and more promising one, I could hardly restrain my spirits. I stepped out before the caravan was ready, and began the journey alone, when presently a rapid fire, the discharge of a six-barrel revolver, attracted my attention. This was done by the Abban, who said, whilst travelling there his life was in jeopardy from the Habr Gerhajis, in consequence of an old feud he had contracted with them, and for which reason they had forbidden this road to him. He thought to frighten them by the report of firearms, but it seemed to have the opposite effect, for many men at once gathered around the caravan, and for the time being prevented its onward course. As usual, they wanted me not only to pay for travelling in their country, but to liquidate their claim on the Abban, as I had brought him there, and only out of consideration for the respect they felt towards me, they permitted his passage in safety. They might as well have tried to skin a flint as obtain anything from me, and I told them so, for Samater had fleeced me of all my effects. This parley concluded, we travelled on without any further molestation, and, crossing over the foot of some low spurs, arrived at noon in a broad watercourse on the maritime plain to eat some breakfast. Here I shot and stuffed a very interesting rat, with a bushy tail, very much resembling the little gilléri squirrel of the Indian plains, but plumper in face and body, like a recently born rabbit. I had seen many of them in rocks about the hill's side, but until now had not secured a good specimen. This interesting little animal has since been compared by Mr Blyth, curator of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta, and determined to be a new genus, and was named by him *Pectinator Spekei*. Lieutenant Cruttenden, by his Somali paper, published in the 19th vol. of the Royal Geographical Society, from which I have availed myself to enrich these pages in many respects, appears to have met with them, but considered them to be genuine squirrels. Again at this place I saw those large, black canine animals with white-tipped tail, but could not get a shot: there were three hunting together, like jungle dogs in India. After refreshing ourselves we resumed the march, and travelled along the sandy shore eastward to a halting-place called Farjeh, completing a march of twelve miles.

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29*th*.—This day we completed our journey by marching into Goreeat, when I again took occupation of the old fort. An answer from the Government at Aden to my appeal against the Sultan and Abban had now arrived, and affected Samater severely. He was ready to sink into the earth, and said to me, "Oh, why did you not whip me when I was in fault? I could have borne that well, but writing to the English at Aden is more than I can bear. What will be the consequences now if I return to Aden?" I said I could not answer for it, as it was now beyond my control, and if he went over there he must take his chance; but I strongly advised his not going at all. "Indeed," I said, "I wish you would depart from me at once. From the first, I told you I was obliged, by order, to write accurate accounts of everything as they happened, and the English, as you have often said yourself, are remarkable for not telling lies." The Sultan, into whose hands the letter first went, would not show himself, but remained in the distant jungles, although I sent repeatedly for him to converse concerning Samater.

The buggalow in which I came from Aden was now anchored in Bunder Goree. It had made a voyage somewhere in the meanwhile, but the captain had been afraid to go to Aden in consequence of the salt question, in which Samater had made him confederate, fearing lest I might have since written to the authorities there about it. However, I now wanted to hire it again, and made sundry overtures to the captain, who at first showed a disposition to treat, hoping thereby I should forgive him; but he was finally hindered from doing so by the insidious machinations of Samater, who doubtless was afraid by this means of collecting at Aden more witnesses against himself. Samater now saw his position clearly, and must have felt equally with myself it was a great pity the letter of reproof from the Brigadier of Aden* did not arrive sooner, and keep him on a course of rectitude, for he was obliged to return to Aden and take his chance, as there he had not only a wife and family, but Aden was the headquarters of all his mercantile transactions. I was now dreadfully impatient to get away, but day by day I had to suffer disappointment. I was assured by Samater he was doing everything in his power to facilitate it, and as often told by the interpreter, when he had gone away, that he was doing nothing of the sort, but, on the contrary, had sent to the interior to get three ponies, which would make five with what he had, the complement required by Lieutenant Burton, to make a present to him on arrival, as a bribe to overlook his faults. I besought he would desist from this hopeless speculation, as time was now more precious than any other matter. Still he persisted, and in a fortnight's time the animals arrived, and then, without further trouble, we chartered a vessel for thirty-five dollars, twelve times the fare I paid for coming over, with the whole vessel to myself; and embarked with eight camels and five ponies on the 15th February 1855. After five days' sailing we anchored in the Aden harbour, and no sooner did the "let go the anchor" sound, than, Somali fashion, overjoyed at my release from three and a half months' persecutions, I plunged a header into the sea, and hastily swam ashore to hurry off and meet old friends.

After the first greetings were over, and I had delivered for report all my sketch-notes† of the journey, as well as maps and collections, which latter was sent to the public museum in Calcutta, a discussion took place for disposing of the Abban, who, I now found out, was not singular in the way of treating his clients, for Lieutenant Herne had been writing over complaints constantly about his man. I was averse to taking revenge from the simple fact of having brought him over; but my commandant thought otherwise, and that he had better be punished, if for no other reason than to set a good moral example to the others.

Against my inclination I was ap-

* Then changed to Colonel Coghlan.

† These notes were reported in an Appendix in the *First Footsteps in East Africa*, by Lieut. BURTON, with his other reports of this expedition.

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pointed to be Samater's prosecutor, and with my servants as witnesses, a verdict of guilty was speedily effected against him in the Aden Police Court, which ended by his being condemned to prison for a period of two months, and to pay the sum of 200 rupees, or, failing to do that within the given time, he would be further subjected to imprisonment, with hard labour, six months more, and was to be banished with his family for ever after the present punishment should cease.

I now advised Lieutenant Burton, after my late defeat in travelling, that it would be highly essential to the success of the great expedition that we should be escorted by some Somalis picked from the Aden police force, as by this means alone should we have men on whom we could depend. He also was aware of this fact, from having been successfully taken himself into Harar by one of that corps; but, unfortunately for us, there were none to spare.

Though the Somalis are rare blackguards in most respects, there are some traits in their character which have always won me to them. They love freedom and liberty, and enjoy a jolly row, added to which they are always in good spirits. In my humble opinion they would make first-rate Gorilla soldiers for Aden, if armed and trained to shoot with good rifles, and not restrained to wearing any particular clothes, or confined to steady-marching drills. They have a national antipathy to the Arabs, from being their elder brothers, and would glory in having scrimmages with them.

(*To be continued.*)

NORMAN SINCLAIR.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART V.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the urgent entreaties of Carlton, I persisted in declining to take up my residence under his roof. In coming to that determination I was influenced by two reasons. In the first place, I anticipated that the approaching winter would be one of hard work and study; things which can hardly be undertaken and steadily carried through, unless one is absolutely master of his own time and motions. However zealous or determined you may be in the prosecution of a task, however religiously you may refrain from the ordinary seductions of society, you are liable to the most grievous interruptions, and will fritter away much valuable time, if you do not possess the means of insuring at will the most perfect and unbroken seclusion. Now, seclusion is a thing not to be had, when two young men with similar tastes, and with a strong mutual liking, reside together. The day begins with breakfast, some pleasant talk, the perusal of the paper, and a cigar, during which pastimes an hour or two insensibly glide away; and then, if the weather be fine, the idler or more unoccupied of the twain proposes a stroll, or a visit to some object of interest, which the other has rarely strength of mind to resist. For oftentimes, and in some moods, all kind of work is abhorrent to us; and we are too glad to embrace even the flimsiest excuse for escaping from what may be a positive duty. But, supposing that this temptation is overcome, and that the remainder of the forenoon is dedicated to work, there must be a certain space allowed for exercise, after which comes dinner, either at home or abroad. A certain genial lassitude is felt, which, combined with the delusive thought that we have already done a good day's work, indisposes us from further labour; and the result is that we find ourselves in the theatre, or the opera, or some other

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place of popular entertainment. Rely upon it, young men, if you have occasion to work hard, which means to practise self-denial, you will do well to eschew companionship under the same roof. Your best friend may prove your worst enemy—at least, looking back through the vista of years, I recall the image of more than one good fellow, to whom I was sincerely attached, but of whom I must nevertheless say that it would have been better had our acquaintance been the less. In the second place, I was, as Carlton truly enough observed, somewhat independent in my views. That is a national characteristic which people may commend or not, according to their peculiar ideas. I am aware that many Englishmen have or had the idea that what they call "booing" and scraping is an attribute of the Scot, and they quote the dramatic character of Sir Archy M'Sycophant as an example. They are egregiously mistaken. The Scot, if he is a gentleman, is as proud as a Spaniard, and sometimes carries pride even to a ridiculous degree. Within the range of my own recollection, there has, in this respect, been a considerable improvement, for I remember the time when the merest dullard who could show chartors for a few hereditary acres, dated six or seven centuries back, gave himself the most intolerable airs, and sneered at the British Peerage as if it were a convention of parvenues; but I would fain hope that all such preposterous extravagance has disappeared, or only remains to be laughed at. But the proper pride of the gentleman—that which keeps him free from subserviency, from doing anything that can derogate from ancient honour, from staining the purity of his shield—will, I trust, continue to be observed so long as Scotland adheres to her ancient and honourable traditions. I cannot assert that I was entirely without ambition, for the total absence of ambition is as fatal to a man as its presence in unrestrained excess; but I was resolved, so far as possible, to maintain my own independence while entering on a new career.

I accordingly took lodgings in a dull street in Westminster, which terminated in a railing on the bank of the river. It was certainly about as undesirable a locality as I could have found in all London, but I chose it because it was not a thoroughfare, being accessible only by a flight of steps which precluded the entrance of cart or carriage. Here, I thought, I shall be able at least to secure absolute quiet. Never was there such a delusion! From the first glimmering of early dawn the street was vocal with the cries of hawkers of every kind, who seemed to drive a smart trade in milk, vegetables, pies, and other small comestibles; and no sooner was the business of the ambulatory market over, than we had an influx of the children of Israel, whose delight is in cast raiment; of Bavarian broom-girls, saucy sluts as ever peered into a window on the ground-floor; of unannexed Savoyards, with hurdy-gurdies, barrel-organs, monkeys, and white-mice; of fictitious sailors with wooden legs, bawling the ballad of the Arethusa; of unemployed operatives, who marched in gangs, howling a most dismal litany; and of a most unfacetious Punch, who thrice a-week molested that street with his squeak of preternatural shrillness. It was no use attempting to buy them off with loose coins. The Cobre copper-mine itself would have been exhausted by the rapacity of so many vagabonds, who, I am convinced, marked those houses in which weak-minded donors resided, and made them the especial object of their visits. The only way to mitigate the nuisance, was to draw down the blind, and to put a ticket in the window announcing vacant apartments; but I soon discovered the fallacy of that expedient, which involved the necessity of having candles lighted at noonday, so I even tried to endure this succession of plagues with the calm obstinacy of an Egyptian.

Decidedly mine was an uncomfortable lodging. Besides the parlour to the front, which was my breakfast and writing room, I had a back bedroom looking into a paved court, which latter was the favourite resort of the feline tribe; for there Tom and Tabby did most amorously consort at nightfall, and rob Morpheus of his dues by dint of their confounded ca-

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terwauling. Nor can I say much in favour of the internal accommodation. I am not of Sybaritic tendencies, and might in the course of time have become accustomed to the hardness of the bed, but my flesh suffered grievously from the lumps of unpicked oakum which appeared to constitute a large portion of the stuffing of the mattress. Upon what food my landlady, Mrs Lewson, and the one gawky girl, evidently taken from the workhouse, who was her sole domestic, subsisted, I never exactly ascertained, but, judging from the odours which, at certain hours, pervaded the passage, I am inclined to think that onions formed a large ingredient in their meals. I had no faith in Mrs Lewson's talents for cookery, and indeed never requested her to favour me with any specimens of her skill, except for breakfast, and even then I was forced to content myself with eggs and anchovies, having been greatly scared, on the morning after I took possession of the rooms, by the appearance of some most equivocal sausages, which, if subjected to analysis, would, I fear, have been condemned. At all events, Lion, who was no way particular as to diet, turned away from them, after a preliminary sniff, with a look of unutterable disgust. Howbeit, as Mrs Lewson, in her own way, was very civil, and not more of an extortioner than was natural to her calling, while slipshod Sally, though awkward and untidy, was a willing drudge, and extremely grateful for an occasional shilling, I made up my mind to tarry where I was, at all events, for the winter months, which were now rapidly approaching.

I had no want of occupation of a fair remunerative kind; for, as already explained, I had established a literary connection; and, being always punctual to my engagements, my pen was in considerable request. And here I cannot help observing with gratitude and delight, that even anonymous authorship in our day, if deliberately adopted and steadily persevered in by men of competent ability and education, is certain to receive a reward—not large, certainly, nor any way to be compared with the emoluments which are to be derived from the steady adherence to a recognised profession—but much more liberal than high genius could have commanded in the days of Savage and Johnson. I am quite aware that literature, regarded as the sole means of obtaining a livelihood, is the most precarious of pursuits; and that, even now, adventurers of no inconsiderable talent, who have forced their way into the literary field, have been compelled to eat the bread of misery, and have moistened it with their tears. But I think, if we come to consider such cases individually, we shall find that one of two things was wanting—Either that the candidate for recognition in the republic of letters (which, in plain terms, means the good-will of the publishers) had been too ambitious in his early attempts, and, overlooking the fact that very few authors have attained celebrity or won the ear of the public without undergoing the probation of a long apprenticeship, had tried to take heaven by storm, and, like Phaeton, to step at once into the chariot and drive the horses of the sun. Or, which is the more common case, that, after a certain amount of success, the animal spirits which most literary men possess, and which, under proper control, are to them no inconsiderable advantage—or otherwise their vanity and proneness to adulation—hurry them into excesses and disorderly habits, such as brought Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe to their early and dishonourable graves. The greater the gift, the more numerous and powerful are the temptations that beset us. O that men would but consider that the talents which they are enabled to exhibit, and which are oftentimes so much admired by the unthinking multitude, who, after a peculiar fashion, regard them as intellectual idols, are not of their own creation, but were vouchsafed to them by the Almighty, and that, if abused or perverted, those talents will be a curse to them on earth, and condemnation in the judgment to come!

Of course I did not occupy myself entirely with quill-driving and mental work, but sought in a moderate way such recreation as London, during the gloomy months of November and December, could afford. I saw a

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good deal of Carlton, passing many pleasant evenings at his house, which was the resort of some artists of eminence and literary men, whose acquaintance I was happy to make. I did not fail to call upon Lord Windermere; but learned that his lordship and family were at their country seat, and were not expected in town until the meeting of Parliament in spring. Oddly enough, I felt this as a kind of relief, for I rather dreaded the preliminary interview. Most people know how extremely disagreeable it is to make a set speech of acknowledgment for a favour bestowed—it is, I am sure, quite the same when you are to be the recipient of the thanks. Between friends, a squeeze of the hand or a glance of the eye suffices. You know magnetically what is meant, and there is no occasion for further palaver. But with strangers you must go through or endure a set form of words, which, to my mind at least, is absolutely detestable, resembling the buttering style of discourse adopted at the presentation of testimonials—occasions which, I am sorry to say (never having myself received any valuable testimonial), are, at the present time, far too numerous. Every commonplace individual whom you dine with parades upon his sideboard a salver, or on his table an epergne, with an engraved inscription purporting that it was presented to him by a large circle of admirers of his public zeal and integrity, for having opposed some obnoxious water-rate, or for having done his best to destroy the efficacy of the Established Church; and it is pretty to remark the self-satisfied simper with which he draws your attention (after a limited allowance of Gladstone's Particular Claret, which hideously convulses the bowels) to the grand eulogium engraved on the side of the silver. I apprehend that, for future testimonials, brass would be the more proper material.

I had maintained but little communication with my friends in Scotland; indeed, save for the scanty intelligence conveyed in the occasional letters of Ned Mather, whose powers of composition were limited, I should have heard nothing of the early friends of my youth. One day, however, when taking my solitary dinner at the coffeehouse which I usually frequented, I discovered an old acquaintance. Two men, whose showy apparel indicated that they were deep in some tailor's books, entered the room with that assumed swagger which no person of real breeding assumes, and calling for the bill of fare, proceeded to criticise its contents aloud. The elder of the two, who was seated at a table directly opposite to mine, was a strong-built, flash-looking fellow of some five-and-thirty, elaborately got up as a representative of that class of society which arrogates to itself the exclusive term of the sporting world. He wore a brilliant blue scarf, ornamented with an immense fox-head pin, and a natty green cut-away coat with metal buttons, which partly covered, but did not conceal, a waistcoat of colossal stripes. His hair was cut short like that of a groom or prize-fighter, but he had given the utmost latitude to his whiskers, which flourished in unrestrained luxuriance. His features were somewhat Jewish in their cast, representing cunning and sagacity, whilst an immense under-jaw betokened great tenacity of purpose. Altogether he was just the kind of man whom you naturally would expect to encounter in the betting ring, but with whom it would be exceeding wise if you refrained from entering into any transaction.

This worthy took the lion's share of the conversation and the wine, and was evidently regarded by his companion, whose back was towards me, as a fellow of infinite fancy and unbounded humour. It was impossible to avoid hearing their discourse, which, indeed, was obviously intended for the astonishment and delectation of the other occupants of the tables; but it was not of the most edifying kind, consisting principally of anecdotes of the private lives and walk of actresses and opera-dancers, with several of whom the knight of the blue scarf appeared to be upon terms of easy intimacy. Sentences like the following were poured forth in abundance:—

"By Jove, sir, Fanny is a devilish fine girl, I assure you. Clean made,

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tight little thing; neat in the pastern, and steps out like a thorough-bred filly. You can't help liking a girl that has go in her; and as for fun, she's up to all manner of ginger. Tell you what—I'll introduce you; yes, by Jove, I will! Fanny's just the sort of girl to suit you."

"Young man!" said an elderly stranger seated at a neighbouring table, who had already manifested some annoyance at the rude tone of the discourse—"Young man! if thou art indeed as lewd and loose-living a person as thou representest thyself to be, I would advise thee not to proclaim it abroad, seeing that thou wilt receive no credit or worship for the same, but rather incur the contempt and disgust of those whom thou hast insulted by thine ill-mannered conversation."

"Eh—what! By Jove, here's a go!" replied he of the fox head, bristling up like a Bobadil; "who the devil spoke to you, sir? What right have you to address yourself to a gentleman? By Jingo, I've a great mind to pull your nose, you sanctimonious old humbug!"

"Friend," retorted the Quaker, for such his speech denoted him to be, "if thou art indeed, as thou sayest, a gentleman, which, trust me, I do not believe, thou wouldst not appeal so frequently as thou dost to the father of lies. And as for pulling my nose, thou hast neither the power to do it nor the temerity to attempt it."

So saying, the Quaker arose, displaying a figure which for burliness might have stood comparison with that of Tom Cribb, or any other professor of the fistic science, while a stout crabtree cudgel quivered in his grasp.

I confess that I heartily enjoyed the scene, and almost wished that the representative of the sporting public would be rash enough to carry his threat into execution, in which case he would certainly have received a most righteous and salutary drubbing. But, as is generally the way with such Hectors, he showed the white feather, and, muttering something about not wishing to make a row, he turned to his companion, and recommenced his discourse, though in a much lower tone than before. I had now an opportunity of observing the other, whose voice had struck me as familiar, and, to my extreme surprise, I recognised my old office comrade, James Littlewoo, whom I had left upon the threshold, as I supposed, of professional life in Edinburgh.

James had always been regarded by us as a soft lad, rather weak than wicked—"Pap-headed," as Mr Shearaway used to say of him; "his brains are just perfect batter"—but I never had seen any great harm in him, nor, as a youth, was he viciously addicted. I therefore felt quite sorry to find him on such intimate terms with a scamp of the worst description, and evidently on the road towards folly, vice, and ruin. I determined, for his father's sake, as well as from the recollection of old times, to ascertain how far he was involved, but that, of course, necessitated a further and private interview.

Accordingly, before leaving the room, I went towards him, and, notwithstanding an insolent stare from his companion, which I felt strongly inclined to resent, made myself known. Littlewoo, to do him justice, seemed really glad to see me, though he hesitated and blushed as he introduced me to "his friend Mr Speedwell," who thereupon thought fit to abate somewhat of his dignity, and graciously assured me that he "was devilish glad to make the acquaintance of any friend of his friend Mr Littlewoo." As I could not, without being rude, depart instantly, I sat down at their table for a few minutes, for the purpose of procuring Littlewoo's address, which having obtained, I took my hat, and was about to leave, when Mr Speedwell broke in.

"So you've been lately on the Continent, sir? Ah—that's the place for fun! No slow-coachiness there, or confounded peelers of policemen to interfere with your amusement! Been at Wiesbaden and Homburg? *Rouge-et-noir* from morning to night, with pretty women squeezing in to the tables, and picking up the gold like dickey-birds pecking at the flies! Know Charley Topham? He was a rare good un was Charley! By Jingo, sir, he broke the bank two nights

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running, and pocketed a cool six thousand—that's what I call luck and fast living!"

I contented myself by simply denying all knowledge of either watering-place, and by stating that I had not the good fortune to be acquainted with the accomplished Charles.

"Ah! Perhaps you're quite right not to make a clean breast of it here," replied Mr Speedwell. "Devilish queer people one meets in these coffeehouses. Was very nearly pulling the nose of an old snob of a Quaker in this very room, not two minutes ago, for impertinence—but, hang it! after all, it would have been a shame to have served out Obadiah. Tell you what—you and Littlewoo haven't met for a long time, it would appear. The night is young yet. Let us all go together to the Shades, and prime ourselves with a bottle or so of claret, or some hot brandy-and-water; and then I'll show you a little of real life in London. I know a quiet house in Jermyn Street—door with a wicket in it, you understand?—none but swells go there; and we can have a shy at hazard. What's the odds so long as we are happy? Young fellows like us must do something to keep the blood in circulation in this confounded muggy weather. And then we'll top off at the Finish!"

I not only gave a decided negative to this proposal, but attempted to rescue Littlewoo from the clutches of the destroyer, by asking him to walk home with me. But he was too far gone already. The fascinating picture, limned by the artistic hand of Mr Speedwell, had for him an irresistible attraction; and I was compelled, though most unwillingly, to leave him in the custody of his Mephistopheles.

Next morning I proceeded to Littlewoo's rooms as indicated by his card; but as he had told me that he should remain at home all the forenoon, I did not make my visit an early one. This was so far fortunate, for I found him just risen and seated at breakfast, to which meal, with the exception of the contents of the teapot, he did marvellous little justice. Now that I had leisure to observe the poor fellow, I saw that he was greatly altered. From a fine, healthy, rosy-faced lad, he had decayed into a thin, ghastly young man, with an ominous red spot upon his cheek, and that peculiar discoloration under the eyes which is the never-failing mark of long-continued dissipation. His nerves too were evidently affected, for his hand shook as he raised the cup to his lips. However, he appeared lively enough; and, without entering into any details regarding his adventures of the previous night—as to which I did not think myself entitled to inquire—he began to talk of old friends, and was especially communicative as to his own personal history.

It was the old story over again. It appeared that Jamie Littlewoo, from the first hour that he was seated at a desk, loathed his occupation, and inwardly determined that no power, human or divine, should make him a practitioner of the law. His own penchant was for the army, an inclination which his father sternly refused to gratify, alleging that the profession of a soldier was a damnable one, inasmuch as it must necessarily lead, as an ancient jurist had well remarked, to *homicidium planum per plures commissum*, which, if it could not be altogether regarded in the light of *homicidium culposum*, or murder, did certainly imply the lesser crime of *chaudmella*, or casual slaughter, "which," said Mr Littlewoo, "doth not, in the opinion of many, imply the assoilziement of the slayer, but doth simply entitle him to the privilege and advantage of refuge in the Girth, which privilege of sanctuary in matters criminal hath been abolished since the time of the Reformation."

But this learned exposition did not carry conviction to the heart of the son, who still hankered for the glories of the scarlet uniform, and showed his tendencies by cultivating the acquaintance of the officers of every regiment that was stationed either at Edinburgh Castle or at Piershill. In this he was aided and abetted by his sisters, who liked to have military partners at the assemblies, and by his mamma, who considered them desirable acquisitions for her private dancing-parties; and Hicks of the

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Heavies, and Spoonbill of the Light Bobs, could not do less in acknowledgment for such courtesies than invite Jamie Littlewoo to the mess. In the days of which I speak, I regret to say that a very great deal of liquor was consumed on those festive occasions when the gallant defenders of their country admitted guests to their table. I believe that in this respect a vast improvement has now taken place, and that the "nights at mess" are not so killing as they used to be; but then the pace was fast and furious—far too much so for poor Littlewoo, who was driven to sore shifts to preserve even a decent appearance in the office.

"I always told the Governor," said he "that it would not do. I did hate the law most cordially, Sinclair—didn't you? and I could not stand the way in which the good fellows at the Castle used to talk about attorneys. Besides, I had no head for it. Old Shearaway kept perpetually bothering me to write out deeds and nonsense of that kind when I was thinking of quite other things; and whenever I dined at home and the table-cloth was off, the Governor began to prose about cases, and to quote Morison, and Shaw, and Dunlop, and Connell upon Teinds, till I wished the whole gang of them at the bottom of the Red Sea. You'll allow it was very aggravating. Well, Norman, I had no sooner got through my apprenticeship than my father wanted me to pass W.S. No, no! Now or never, I thought, I must make the stand, so I told him flatly I would not. He was a good deal vexed at this, I think, for he said I was throwing away a splendid opportunity, and sacrificing a first-rate business; but I stuck to my point like a limpet, and then he told me that he would not oppose my qualifying myself for the bar. Now the bar is all very well in its own way, and there are no doubt some capital chaps in the Parliament House, no end of fun at the stoves, and roaring dinners at the Fleshmarket; but it must be a tiresome thing sweeping the boards with a black gown if you have no practice, as was likely to be my case; and if a large practice comes, you are worked like a horse in a mill, which does not answer my constitution. Besides, one is obliged to be up at the House every morning by nine o'clock, summer or winter, and that does not agree with dining out; so I told the Governor that the bar would not suit me. He flew into an awful passion, and sulked for three weeks, during which time I took care to be as little at home as possible. At last I believe he took council with old Shearaway, who is not a bad sort of fellow at bottom—you were always a great favourite of his, Norman—and Shearaway told him at once that he did not think I would do for the bar, but suggested that he should use his influence to get me into one of the public offices, as I was then too old for joining the army. I made no objection, for I understood that the government work was light, and the attendance easy; and I should have liked well enough to have got into the Foreign Department. But it seems there is no choice in these things. One must take whatever comes first; so they planted me in the Board of Trade, where we are like to be smothered to death by the pressure of these confounded railways. It is lucky that this happens to be a holiday, else I could not have seen you."

"And how do you like the work, Littlewoo?"

"I like it as well as I can like any kind of work whatever. It is a nuisance at the best, but I would not complain, if they did not ask us to come at extra hours. However, I believe I shall get a step soon, and the Governor gives me an allowance. And I must say that I like London far better than Edinburgh. Nothing like being near the centre. And then I know a lot of first-rate fellows."

"Do you mean such gentlemen as your friend Mr Speedwell?" said I.

Littlewoo blushed to the eyes.

"I saw well enough that you did not like him, Sinclair; and I admit that he is much too plain-spoken. But he is a real friendly fellow. I don't know any man whom I can more readily apply to when I happen to be hard up. And he has a first-rate connection—knows all the nobs—d'Orgeat and the rest of the top-sawyers."

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"Hem!—I should be disposed to doubt the intimacy of your friend with the Count."

"O, it's a fact, I assure you. I had it from himself."

"From the Count?"

"No; from Speedwell. D'Orgeat, you know, is a little dipped, and Speedwell has dealings with Rothschild."

"My dear Littlewoo, I am almost inclined for once to adopt your friend's phraseology, and to say, The devil he has! Why, man, you must have lost your senses! I vow and declare that I never set eyes upon a more palpable or brazen-faced blackguard!"

"Sinclair! do you mean to insult me?"

"Not at all, my dear James. I wish to save you from present disgrace and ultimate ruin. Now do just listen patiently to me for a minute or two, and then, if you think I am wrong, be as angry as you please."

"The deuce take that cigar!" cried Littlewoo, pitching a newly-lighted weed in the fire and setting himself on the sofa. "It will not draw. Now I suppose I am in for a sermon. Cut it short, Norman, for I know the text already."

"I don't intend to sermonise; but please recollect that yesterday I could not help overhearing the conversation of your companion, who, among other things, offered you an introduction to an opera-dancer, which you seemed nothing loth to accept; and then proposed to us both to spend the evening in a gambling-house."

"Well, what of that? I suppose such things are common enough among young men."

"They may be common enough among people like your friend Mr Speedwell; but they are not common, I hope, among young men who have been brought up and educated as you were."

"Well—I grant you that Speedwell is rather a loose sort of fish, but that does not entitle you to call him a blackguard."

"Pardon me! I consider that the man who in his sober senses makes a parade of his vices before strangers—who attempts to turn over a mistress of whom he is tired to his friend—who seeks to entice younger men than himself to a brothel or a gaming-house—is a blackguard in every sense of the term."

"What would you have me do, Sinclair? I won't deny that there is some truth in what you say, for I feel that Speedwell has been rather carrying me off my legs. But I can't cut the man at once."

"No; but you can avoid his society and drop his acquaintance by degrees."

"That's not so easy, let me tell you: nor would it be altogether convenient. The fact is, though I don't like to mention it, that I owe Speedwell money."

"I am deeply grieved to hear it. O Littlewoo! what could induce you to commit the miserable folly of contracting debt? Do you not see what a terrible power you have given this man over you?"

"Yes — I see that well enough, but I cannot help it now. By Jove, it makes me sick to think of it! I must have a drop of brandy by way of fortifier. The fact is that I have been very foolish and very extravagant; but don't blow me up, Sinclair—I can't stand it just now!"

"I have no such intention, my dear Littlewoo; the more especially because I see that you are now conscious of your fault. But tell me, do you own him much?"

"The last bill was for four hundred."

"That is serious enough, but not absolutely deadly. And pray how much of that did you receive in hard cash?"

"One hundred and eighty. The rest was in pictures and cigars."

"Pictures?"

"Yes—and very valuable pictures they are too, Speedwell says. That's one of them—a genuine Titian. I believe I could get two hundred guineas for it if I were to offer it to the National Gallery."

So saying, he pointed to a vile daub, representing Nymphs and Satyrs, upon which no pawnbroker in his senses would have advanced sixteen shillings.

"You don't seem to admire it much," continued Littlewoo. "All I

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can tell you is that the Duke of Devonshire——"

"My dear James, don't talk nonsense! you have been regularly taken in. I trust your cigars are better than your pictures?"

"Why, I must say I think there has been a mistake about them. They *do* taste very much as if they were of British manufacture."

"I thought as much. Your friend Mr Speedwell was not likely to do things by halves. Pray, what may be his profession?"

"I believe he is a broker in the City. At all events, he knows a good deal about the Funds."

"Yes; he seems to have a genius that way. Now, Littlewoo—you are evidently in a bad scrape, and you must try to get out of it as quickly as possible."

"But how am I to do that, Norman? I dare not tell my father how the affair stands—it would drive him distracted."

"Surely it is better he should know that you owe four hundred pounds now, than be informed, six months hence, that you are liable for a thousand, which will most certainly be the case if you do not disentangle yourself from the claws of Mr Speedwell."

"Ah! you don't know the Governor so well as I do. I have irritated him quite enough already. And then my mother!—what would she say if she heard of the way in which I have been going on? O dear me! I do believe I am the most miserable fellow on earth!" And here poor Littlewoo burst into a regular fit of crying.

I was profoundly sorry for the lad, who, though a sad fool, exhibited every now and then glimpses of a better feeling. But the case really did seem a desperate one. He was utterly unfit to guide himself, was marked out by nature as a prey for the sharper, and, if left alone in London, would certainly, even if relieved from his present difficulties, be ruined soul and body. The first thing, however, to be done, was to get rid of Mr Speedwell; so I advised Littlewoo, since he had such an insuperable objection to communicating directly with his father, to write to Mr Shearaway, who was a very friendly man, acknowledging the extent of his error, and expressing contrition.

"I have very little doubt," I said, "that Mr Shearaway will extricate you from this danger. But, Littlewoo, I would seriously advise you as a friend to consider whether you would not do well to throw up your appointment, quit London, and turn to some other pursuit. You could not be in more peril if you attempted to cross a quicksand than you are exposed to in the streets of this city."

"Let me alone for that!" replied Littlewoo, who began to brighten up, as silly fellows always do when they have eased their minds by confession. "Once let me get out of this scrape, and I shall take special care not to fall into another. I'll drop Speedwell, read in the evenings, give up the opera, and never enter the door of a casino or a saloon."

"If you can adhere to those resolutions, Littlewoo, you may quite redeem the past. But remember; the temptations are strong."

"Ah, you don't know what a determined fellow I can be, when I once make up my mind to a thing! I shall be as firm as Ailsa Crag."

"Never boast of your own strength, Littlewoo! The best and wisest of mankind have no power of themselves to resist temptation. The power must be given from above, and it will not come unless you pray for it."

"Indeed I will, Norman—at least I'll try. I've been a very bad fellow, I know, but I'm not an atheist. And I'll go to church too.—'Tis a long time since I've been there."

"Do so, by all means; but do not regard that as a mere matter of form. Go there to confess your errors, not only because you feel their consequence, but because you are sincerely sorry for having offended in the sight of God. And now good-by! One word more. Deny yourself to Mr Speedwell; keep out of his way; avoid him as you would avoid the pestilence: for if you allow him again to fasten upon you, you are lost beyond the reach of remedy!"

"Never fear! I will keep out of his way. Thank you, thank you, Norman."

I must acknowledge that I had

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little faith in the endurance of Master James Littlewoo's good resolutions; which it was evident had been adopted, not from inward compunction, but from an aroused sense of the extreme danger in which he stood. However, I could only hope for the best. Leaving his rooms, I bent my steps homeward; but ere I had traversed one street, I observed the mosaic form of Mr Speedwell, on the other side of the way, advancing in the direction from which I came.

"Heaven help the unfortunate fly," said I to myself; "for there is the remorseless spider!"

CHAPTER XVIII.—WILBURY HALL.

November had gone by, and a considerable portion of December; and muggy London had assumed its most dismal aspect. I do not wonder that foreigners should affect to pity us on account of our climate, always supposing that they have resided in one of our large towns at the period of the winter solstice. There is no finer or more enjoyable climate than that of England, during the greater portion of the year; and even the winter is not so rigorous with us as it is in many parts of the Continent. But winter, in country and in town, bears a different aspect. In the first, it is beautiful in its way, bracing, invigorating, and hilarious. In the second it is raw, slushy, foggy, and oppressive. Clean, white snow, even when frost prevails, disappears in London, and the other large towns, immediately after a fall, and resolves itself into a disgusting slimy plash, which penetrates the most cunningly devised boot, and is equivalent to the essence of chilblains. Then the heavy atmosphere drives down the smoke issuing from a million chimneys, so that the very air which you inhale is tainted with sulphurous fumes, and you gasp with extreme discomfort as you grope your way through the fog. And then a thaw! Reader, did you ever attempt to pass along the Strand during a thaw? I need not ask; for if you have once essayed such an exploit, you are not likely ever to forget it. We must, in common charity, forgive the French, who universally and unanimously accuse us of being nationally afflicted by that mysterious disease, the spleen; which, as I understand it, is not exactly a liver-complaint, but a kind of chronic melancholy, induced by the climatic influences: nay, there is a substratum of truth in their averment; for, unquestionably, whatever element of moroseness or irritability lurks in our nature, is sure to find its full development under such conditions as those which I have described.

I am not one of those painstaking individuals who preserve notes of the varieties of temperature, or record barometrical variations, and the prevailing currents of the wind. I am but a poor physist, and an indifferent metaphysician; nevertheless, I have observed that the great majority of stupid quarrels between friends and members of the same family, of savage and slaughterous reviews of unoffending authors, of attacks upon the British constitution, of despairing prophecies of its ruin, and of predictions that the world is to perish within the limited period of six months, as also what are called religious revivals, originate in the months of November, December, or January. In February, the combative spirit is still great, but it is more lively and elastic than before. Sullen abuse, dogmatic denunciation, and positive assertion, lapse into a sardonic tone; a symptom of amendment, which, in March, resolves itself into irony. In April, we begin to jest, and symptoms of conciliation become apparent. In May, we agree so far as we can, provided the breach be not irreparable, to merge differences and be friends, and to drop all unnecessary discussion. In June, with the exception of those exemplary patriots who sit in the House of Commons, no human being concerns himself with politics or polemics, but, following nature's suggestion, applies himself to strawberries and claret-cup. In July, old Father Thames, who is really a public benefactor, most judiciously stinks both Lords and Commons out of their magnificent

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palace; and the grouse, partridges, and pheasants of August, September, and October, contribute largely to the safety of the body politic, by preventing speculative legislation during the period when they are attainable by the sportsman. The cackling of the geese in ancient Rome once saved the republic—the crowing of the muir-cock on our northern hills may possibly have rescued Britain from some impending but self-imposed calamity.

Sanguine as I was by temperament, I began to feel a sense of weariness and desolation steal upon me. The actual discomforts of my temporary home appeared greater than they really were. I continued, indeed, to work, but I did not work with the same spirit as before, and the current of my ideas no longer flowed rapidly along. One forenoon, while I was in this cheerless mood, I received a visit from Carlton, who was evidently afflicted by the like spirit of ennui.

"Well, Sinclair," said he, after a few preliminary remarks on the atrocious state of the weather, "I hope you are satisfied with your choice of a lodging. Lively street this, it must be confessed, though some say the river fog is not over-wholesome for the lungs. No want of music, though—there goes another barrel-organ! I wonder how you manage to work at all in the midst of such a medley of discords."

"I admit that there is little to be said for my discretion in that respect. However, I shall make a change when better weather comes, and till then I must endure with patience."

"Better make a change just now. Do you know, you look very jaded; and if you don't take some relaxation, I prophesy that you will be in for a nervous fever. Look here! I am going down to the country for the Christmas holidays, and I want to take you along with me; indeed, I have got a formal invitation for you to that effect from my former guardian, Mr Stanhope of Wilbury Hall. It is a charming place, and there will be a pleasant party."

"Really, I do not think—"

"Nonsense! Why should you insist upon becoming a hermit? Why, man, if you go on long this way, you will stagnate down into a poor automaton, like one of the old illuminating monks! Trust to me. I'll have my friend Lion here taken to my quarters, where he shall be duly cared for, and we'll start on Monday next."

"But I have some work on hand—"

"What of that? Cannot you write in the country as easily as in the town? There is a splendid library at Wilbury, and you can have it all to yourself. Come—I see symptoms of relenting in your eye. You have no idea of the miseries of a London Christmas, especially if spent in a lodging-house. You would be stifled to death with the odour of turkey and mince-pies—that is, when you went out of doors; for, judging from appearances, the excellent Mrs Lewson is not likely to rush into such extravagances. Besides, I have a personal motive in wishing you to go along with me."

"Well, since you say that, I shall accept Mr Stanhope's invitation."

"Bravo! Now then, I shall be off to secure places on the coach. Recollect—Monday next. I'll send you a note of the hour."

Early on the day appointed, Carlton and I ascended as outside passengers the glorious "Defiance," which in those times, when the railway system was yet in its infancy, was the pride and wonder of the road. Much as our comfort has been enhanced by the traction of what Mrs Barrett Browning calls "the resonant steam-eagles," I am not sure that the new mode of locomotion is so hilarious as the old. In a railway train you profit little by the scenery—you dash so rapidly past town and grange that you hardly have a glimpse of their outline—and you are utterly precluded from the grand old amusement of studying character on the road. The stage-coach, on the contrary, carried you into the very heart of the country; gave you time to enjoy the scenery; brought under your notice many a curious specimen of life and manners; and enabled you, if the driver or guard were disposed to be communicative, as was usually the case, to form a tolerably accurate estimate

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of the peculiarities and history of the neighbourhood. But it is of no use instituting comparisons between the living and the dead. Stage-coaches, except in a few very remote districts, are as defunct as the hand-loom or spinning-wheel, and will ere long become mere matters of tradition. I wonder what was the fate of all those gorgeous "Defiances," "Eclipses," "Lightnings," "Rattlers," and "Sohos?" Did the indignant proprietors, when they found that they were fairly beaten off the road, and totally unable to compete with the screaming metallic competitors, bring together their defeated chariots, and sacrifice them as a magnificent holocaust? Or have they been consigned to the infamy and disgrace of a back-shed, therein to remain until they rot to pieces, being tenanted in the mean time by cocks and hens, for lack of better company?

No sooner had we passed the London suburbs, than the atmosphere became clear as by magic; and on either hand was opened up an expanse of landscape, winter-clad indeed, but enlivened by the rays of the sun. On we went, past stately mansions just visible in the midst of old spreading trees, through villages where many a smiling and happy face was seen at door and window; the iron-shod hoofs of the horses ringing clearly as they galloped along the frozen road, till we reached the station for relay in the centre of some pretty market-town. There were visible active preparations of the coming Christmas. Most of the shops were already decked out and garnished with branches of holly, the scarlet berries contrasting gaily with the dark-green glossy foliage; jolly Boniface, the apt representative of good cheer, came forth with his jug of grand old ale to administer to the wants of the passengers; while bands of children, rosy with health and exercise, followed each other down the long slides, unrebuked by parochial severity. Those who maintain —and there are many who do so— that our country is not now entitled to its old appellation of "Merry England," must either possess a strange obliquity of vision, or their spheres of observation must be limited to the stifling courts and crowded purlieus of great cities, and the haunts of misery and crime. Labour, when not unduly tasked and overweighted, is no impediment to mirth. Even in the busy workshops of Manchester and Birmingham few sullen faces are to be seen, unless indeed at a time when some one of the great springs of national industry has received such material injury that labour is suspended, or when the capitalist and the workman have been forced into unnatural collision. On such occasions it is true that general gloom prevails; for how can we expect that men should be mirthful or light of heart when poverty is staring them in the face—when their wives and children are suffering from lack of food, or starving in an inclement season—when the strong arm is compelled to be idle, and the spirit is too proud to brook the degradation of soliciting or accepting alms? There are certain conditions, and they are not confined to the poor, when care, or sorrow, or anguish, effectually banish mirth; and it may possibly be that, in a state of society so artificial and complicated as ours—when the competitive principle is actively at work, and each new discovery, though it may ultimately prove beneficial, has the immediate effect of displacing labour—such conditions are more frequent of occurrence than they were in the older and more simple times. But I do not believe that thereby habitual moroseness has been engendered. I do not believe—and my own observation leads me to quite a contrary conclusion—that the character of the people of England, regarded in the mass, has become materially altered, and that their once noted cheerfulness has been superseded by a sullen and vindictive spirit. I know that the Englishman hates tyranny and oppression of whatever kind—will not tamely submit to it, but will do battle for his rights to the death. Hence it is not wonderful if, when it appears to him that such tyranny does exist, and is, moreover, either expressly sanctioned or tacitly permitted by the law—whether that tyranny be the undue influence of capital exerted to depress labour, or the withholding of rights

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and privileges to which he considers himself justly entitled—his language should often be vehement, and his attitude sometimes menacing and defiant. It is a great error—and it has ere now proved a lamentable one—to infer from this that the English people are discontented with their political constitution, or that they are prone to sudden and violent change. It is the interest of demagogues to represent them as such—to rear up imaginary grievances, or to magnify small ones into great; but I am convinced, that throughout the length and breadth of England there exists a sound and hearty spirit, which, if it be not unwisely tampered with or abused for mere party purposes, will defy the utmost efforts of radicalism or infidelity to overpower.

In the course of our journey I received from Carlton a sketch of the family at Wilbury Hall. Mr Stanhope had, in early life, served with some distinction in the army, but, at the close of the war, he withdrew from the military profession, married, and had ever since devoted himself to the management of his considerable estate, and the active discharge of the duties of a country gentleman. He was now a widower, with a son and daughter.

"As for his manners and opinions," said George, "I shall leave you to judge for yourself. All I shall say is, that he has been very kind to me, and took an infinite deal of trouble in the management of my affairs when I was a minor. I doubt not that our American friend Mr Ewins —whom I trust we shall fall in with after he has completed his observations in the north—would consider him rather behind the world in his notions; and so perhaps he is, for you can hardly expect an old English squire, living amongst his ancestral oaks, and cultivating his Sabine farm, to keep pace with the headlong velocity of modern movement. For my own part, I think it is a blessing to the country that such men should be found forming the nucleus of a large and independent party, otherwise ministers would be too prone—heaven knows they are prone enough!—to yield to what is cantingly termed the pressure from without, and to adopt, as part of the national policy, every scheme which is suggested by the interest or selfishness of the manufacturers. But here we are at the last stage, where the carriage from Wilbury is to meet us."

I never was good at architectural description, so I shall spare the reader any attempt at sketching the exterior of Wilbury Hall, simply inserting the following extract from the *Beauties of England*, which is sufficient for my purpose. "Sir Dudley Stanhope erected the present mansion, which was completed for his residence about the year 1616. It is a venerable edifice, but singular in its form, which is an irregular polygon. The upper windows command some fine views over the valley and adjacent country." A respectable antiquity for a country-house, dating back to the reign of James I. and the days of Somerset and Villiers.

We were received by Mr Stanhope himself, a tall, handsome, florid man, whose cordiality removed at once the awkwardness which usually attends introduction.

"George Carlton!" he cried, fairly embracing my friend, "Welcome back to Wilbury Hall! Why, boy, it is five long years since we saw you last; a great cut out of life, as you will know when you come to be as old as I am. And this is your friend, Mr Sinclair? Welcome, sir, welcome! Why, George, what a great strapping fellow you have become! Travel seems to have agreed with you; but we shan't let you go abroad again, wandering over the face of the earth as if you had no home of your own. You must settle down among us; become a country gentleman; and do your duty to your country. We want young blood to take the place of us old fellows in these queer times. But come—let me show you to the drawing-room. I daresay you will hardly recognise my little Amy; she was a mere child when you left us."

So saying, Mr Stanhope led the way up the staircase, and we entered a spacious and elegantly arranged apartment, in which several ladies were seated. It was now past sunset, and the room was lighted only by a blazing fire of logs, that threw out a ruddy glow. Ruddy as it was, it

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hardly could have accounted for the very deep flush upon Carlton's cheek, as, in obedience to her father's call, a graceful girl came timidly forward and extended her hand. I saw before me the model from which Carlton drew—the Real of his Ideal—the Saxon type of beauty—the sweet face and sunny locks of Saint Agnes.

I have sometimes envied the coolness and self-possession of those gentlemen who, fortified by long practice, can enter a drawing-room, having no previous knowledge of its inmates, with as much *sang-froid* and indifference as if they were lounging into a box at the opera, and commence a conversation without exhibiting the slightest embarrassment. Yet, after all, I doubt whether they are to be envied, for I apprehend that such demeanour must be the result either of remarkable self-complacency, or of a callousness of heart and imagination. It argues the absence, I think, of that chivalrous feeling towards the fair sex, which, in the middle ages, was carried to so extreme a length that, in the words of an old writer of romance, "a true knight should stand more awed and abated in the presence of beauty, than if he were summoned before the throne of the most puissant emperor of the world." Be that as it may, I, who had mingled little with English society, felt bashful and diffident, and was not sorry when the dressing bell summoned us to our several apartments.

When I again entered the drawing-room, I found a large company assembled, amongst whom I was surprised to recognise Sir George Smoothly, whose acquaintance I had made on board of the Rhenish steamer. The Baronet was pleased to favour me with a warm pressure of the hand, was particular in his inquiries as to my success in London, and not less so regarding the origin of my acquaintance with Mr Stanhope; but I had not forgotten Carlton's admonitory hint, and restricted myself to such general replies as conveyed but little information.

Dinner was served in a spacious old hall, panelled with oak, and hung round with ancestral pictures; and the business of that important meal was conducted with that quiet regularity and unostentatious good taste which are the characteristics of a well-governed household. I did not feel myself very pleasantly situated, for my neighbour on the right was an elderly lady of swarthy complexion, whose immense turban gave her the air of a Turkish Imaun; whilst on the other side I was flanked by a gentleman of some forty years of age, of Herculean dimensions, and elaborately got up, who nevertheless wore an air of extreme listlessness, and did not seem by any means inclined to enter into conversation. Not so the lady, who, perhaps guessing that a neophyte was delivered into her hands, began incontinently to talk.

"Have you been in this part of the country before, sir?"

"No, madam; I never had that pleasure."

"Ah! I can assure you it is anything but a pleasure to those who know it best! You can have no idea what a terrible sort of people there are hereabouts—so corrupted, so wicked, so ungrateful, and so disrespectful to their superiors—I mean, of course, the lower orders. It sometimes positively makes me weep to think of their iniquity!" And she sipped a glass of sherry.

"That must be distressing indeed," said I: "Pray is there any special reason for their being so abandoned?"

"I cannot exactly say," replied the lady with a portentous quiver of her turban. "Some think it is because they are too well off, and some think it is the natural growth of original sin, which the regular clergy take no pains to keep down; but for my part, I think"—and here she lowered her voice—"that it's all owing to the Jesuits!"

"To the Jesuits, madam?" said I.

"Yes, to the Jesuits, sir. Surely you are aware that they absolutely swarm around us, and that they insinuate themselves into all kinds of families for the purpose of making converts. I shudder to tell you that I have detected two in my own household. One was the gardener, a Scotchman; but I soon found *him* out. Would you believe it, sir, he absolutely refused to eat pork upon

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a Friday, and admitted that he did not believe in the Book of Common Prayer?"

"But are you sure, madam, that was not the effect of national prejudice and education? I happen to be a native of Scotland, and, though I honour and adopt the prayer-book, I am not fortunate enough to partake of the Saxon partiality for pork."

"You surely do not wish to persuade me, sir, that the Scotch people don't use the prayer-book in their churches?"

"Unfortunately, madam, they do not."

"Then they must all be Jesuits! I hope you are not a Jesuit, sir?"

"If I were so, madam, you could hardly expect me to confess it, after the strong opinion you have expressed; but I assure you I am no member of the order."

"Well, sir, the other was the laundry-maid, who seemed a good, quiet, inoffensive girl from Devonshire. I found her one evening in the kitchen confessing herself to an Irish groom, who, I am perfectly satisfied, was a priest in disguise!"

"That was startling, doubtless. Did you find her on her knees before him?"

"No—I rather think he was on his knees before her—but it amounts to the same thing."

The Imaun was becoming a bore, but I could not shake her off. As her tongue was loosened, for she never refused champagne, she launched out into all manner of complaints touching the backsliding and iniquities of the time. She told me that she was patroness of a female society for the propagation of flannel and cheap tracts, the former being withheld unless the catechumen could give a minute abstract of the latter. She inveighed against the parish clergyman, whom she accused of thwarting her efforts by beseeching her to temper her zeal with a little discretion, which she considered a clear proof that he also was at heart a Jesuit; and she finally began a lecture on the approaching millennium, taking for her text-book the fifty-third treatise of an eminent dissenting divine in London, who has made a fabulous sum of money by his interpretations of the Apocalypse, each new brochure being a direct contradiction of that which preceded it. I was becoming utterly bewildered with the woman's talk, when my neighbour on the other hand, observing my distress, kindly began a conversation which enabled me to get rid of the persecution. A more gentlemanly person than Mr Lumley—for such was the name of my new acquaintance—I have rarely encountered; but the effect which his fine figure and expressive countenance were calculated to produce, was somewhat marred by an affectation of extreme delicacy and langour. He looked as Achilles might have done when disguised at the court of Lycomedes; and he rarely spoke above his breath, as if the mere exertion of talking was too much for his physical energies.

"I am sure," said he, after a few preliminary remarks—which had the desired effect of relieving me from the attacks of the Imaun, who then fastened upon another victim—"you will pardon me for venturing to interrupt a *tête-à-tête* of so interesting and confidential a kind. But I am no stranger to the peculiarities of the inspired lady, and I really began to tremble for you as she advanced to the battle of Armageddon."

"On the contrary, I am most grateful to you for the service," said I, laughing; "I must acknowledge that my patience was on the point of giving way. I am curious to see her husband."

"So should I be," said Mr Lumley; "but no man of woman born was ever venturous enough to approach Miss Bootle with amorous or matrimonial intentions. She is a fine specimen of the ancient British virgin—very good-hearted, very domineering; sensible on some points, on others as fantastical as a magpie. For the rest, I hold the old lady (whom I acknowledge to be a distant relative) in some veneration not unmingled with fear. You have doubtless observed that she is a kind of Titus Oates in petticoats, brimful of information regarding a new popish plot, which is to shake this devoted kingdom to its centre, repress all

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liberty of conscience, and materially enhance the market-price of fish, sackcloth, and frankincense. Had she lived in the reign of Charles the Second, when Shaftesbury was in the ascendant, she would easily have found a spouse. Dangerfield or Bedloe would have proposed to her at once, on the strength of her Protestant revelations."

This was said with so much quiet humour and comical laziness, that I could not forbear asking him to favour me, as an absolute stranger, with some account of others of the company.

"You pay me far too high a compliment," said Mr Lumley, "in supposing that I can sketch character; for I am the laziest, dullest, and least observant of mankind, until you force me into action. I like claret and *kief*—you know what *kief* means?—absolute repose; and I have a high appreciation of eider-down. I read the other day of some country near Persia—I forget the name of the particular district—where, when you want to have a siesta, you have only to send out a slave or two to shake the peach-trees, and straightway you are supplied with an odorous carpet of blossom a foot thick, on which you may repose and dream, as if in early Eden. That would quite suit me. I am emulous of the sloth; notwithstanding which, when I get into the saddle, I flatter myself that I can astonish the lightweights; and I own that I am not despicable at rackets. But these are mere gladiatorial matters, and I ought to apologise for my egotism;—try this *entrée*, it is of decided merit—and I shall be happy to give you any information in my power; the rather, because I understand you are the friend of Mr Carlton, who ought, one day or other, to take a high position."

"I have not had much experience of English society," said I; "but one thing which has struck me rather forcibly is the inclination of accomplished and wealthy men to devolve the public duties which they are fitted and even bound by their position to undertake, upon a class of specious but unreliable adventurers."

"You had better say that to Carlton, who is still young enough to reform, and whose moral fibre is not relaxed. But are you not rather too hard upon adventurers? Why should men to whom fortune has been preposterously kind try to monopolise everything? For my part I am much of the mind of the honest soldier who, having taken one fortress and received his reward, declined to lead another storming party, on the plea that it would be very ungenerous to deprive some aspiring comrade of the chance of winning distinction."

"Yet surely there is some truth in the maxim that property has its duties. It would ill-become me, who am but an adventurer, and one of a very humble kind, to object to a system so wisely liberal; but I cannot think it conducive to the welfare of society that men of high station and great wealth should avoid public life."

"And yet the wisest philosophers, both heathen and Christian, have recommended such abstinence. Retired statesmen, men whose heads waxed grey in office, have uttered their regret that they had not sooner withdrawn from the sphere of strife, intrigue, and ambition, to that quiet seclusion which affords the best chance of happiness. But I really cannot afford to hazard my reputation as a poco-curante by talking in the strain of Seneca. You desired some information regarding the guests. Whom shall I begin with?"

"As you please."

"Ah! then—*Place aux dames!* That gaily-dressed lady seated next our host is Lady Lorimer, a person of prodigious scientific acquirements. She corresponds with Buckland, is deep in geology, and has cultivated her talents to the utmost in the somewhat incongruous departments of millinery and mathematics."

"A formidable lady!"

"Then there are two Misses Carrington. They sing well, dance well, have a turn for acting *proverbes*, and do not object to a flirtation. However, I would not recommend you to fall in love with either of them. Their mamma, who is somewhere on this side of the table, has some fixed notions about settlements."

"I shall observe your caution, and

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regard them as beings of another sphere!"

"O, they can be quite terrestrial when they please, I assure you. Then there is Miss Stanhope, a very sweet girl indeed—pretty, gentle, and affectionate. By the way, your friend Carlton appears to be making himself wondrous agreeable. Handsome dog! If I were in love with Amy now, I should feel extremely jealous; but fortunately I have no energy."

"And the other lady?"

"O, that is Miss Stanhope's great friend, a Miss Beaton. I hope you admire her, for she is a decided beauty, and what is more, a very charming girl. Her father is a London merchant and Member of Parliament—one of the rising men of the day; by repute a sort of city Crœsus, bold, speculative, and enterprising. It is said that Peel has a high opinion of his judgment, and consults him on financial matters."

The appearance of Miss Beaton certainly justified the eulogy. Above the middle height, with her lustrous black hair braided over a queenly brow, and a complexion so delicate that the colour went and came like sunlight on a bed of roses; deep dark violet eyes, and a grace of gesture unparalleled—I thought that I had never gazed upon a creature more lovely and benign. I cannot tell why it should be so, but there are some women by no means wanting in charms, whom we cannot, by any exertion of fancy, disassociate from ordinary life. They belong essentially and entirely to our generation, such as it is, have no place in our reveries of the past, nor do their shadows appear in the enchanted world of our dreams. But others there are—and Mary Beaton was such—whom we cannot behold without either identifying them with some one of the splendid creations of Shakespeare, or assigning them a place in the scenes of chivalry and romance, in which, ever and anon, we are fain to take refuge from the dull monotony of our existence. As I looked, it seemed to me as though I heard the words of the pathetic old Scottish ballad warbled in my ear—

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The day she'll hae but three;
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me."

My thoughts went back to Holyrood. I beheld Queen Mary in the prime of her youth and beauty, seated in her bower, surrounded by her maids of honour, and the fairest of them all, who "put the gowd in her hair," bore the semblance of the living Mary Beaton.

Not long ago I heard an eminent philosopher deliver an address to a youthful audience, in the course of which he exhorted them to put away from their minds all romantic notions, and forego the perusal of all works of an imaginative nature, as these could only tend to weaken the intellect and to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of worthier themes. I dissent utterly from such a doctrine. Stifle the imagination, and you take from the inner man all the light and glory and vivid charm of existence—you make him colour-blind, unsympathetic, passionless, and repulsive—you rob him of the heart of flesh, and substitute an organ of stone. Let science have its place and precedence, but do not ask us to forego the pure delights of fancy or the kindly influences of poesy; for these are to the mind what the silent dews of night are to the thirsty earth—they cover its bare surface with verdure, they stimulate the plant, and prepare the bud to expand under the eye of morn into a beautiful and odorous flower. It may be well that we should uncover our heads with reverence at the name of Newton; but will any one have the hardihood to deny that Shakespeare and Scott have contributed more largely to the sum of human enjoyment and intellectual culture than the whole venerable phalanx of the men of science and discovery?

Why do I write thus? Simply to express my remembrance, still vivid, of the hour when the conviction first dawned upon me that romance and reality are not things entirely separated and irreconcilable—that the former is not a mere abstraction, but a subtile and potent essence, capable of animating, embalming, purifying,

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and sustaining us through our daily pilgrimage and toil.

> "'Tis not merely
> The human being's Pride that peoples space
> With life and mystical predominance;
> Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
> This visible nature, and this common world,
> Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
> Lurks in the legend told my infant years
> Than lies upon that truth we love to learn.
> For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace:
> Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
> And spirits; and delightedly believes
> Divinities, being himself divine."

"As for the gentlemen," said Mr Lumley, "there is really little to be said. You cannot expect to find such variety of character at a Christmas party in a country house as would suffice for the requirements of a first-rate comedy; and I rather think I shall leave you to form your own conclusions, more especially as the ladies are about to withdraw."

After dinner conversation varies much according to the usual occupations and habits of the company. If you are doomed to take your claret with a set of sporting men, you must make up your mind to hear a great deal on the subject of horse-flesh and runs with the Pytchley and Quorn. If lawyers predominate, the chances are that they begin to talk shop, and become exceedingly tiresome by discussing knotty points of law with as much volubility and keenness as they possibly could exhibit at the bar. Manufacturers converse of markets, and trade, and samples, and improvements in machinery; while country squires naturally become plaintive about crops or enthusiastic about over-fed oxen. The company at Wilbury, however, was of a mixed kind, though the agricultural interest predominated, and the conversation gradually took a political turn.

The country was at that time in a state of considerable excitement, resulting from various causes. In the first place there had been great depression and consequent distress both among the agricultural and the manufacturing population, and that, almost as a matter of course, had led to agrarian outrage and urban strikes. There were reports from several counties of rick-burnings so numerous as to justify the belief that there existed a deliberate scheme of destruction. In Wales gangs of miscreants disguised in women's clothes, and calling themselves "Rebecca and her daughters," assembled nightly for the demolition of the turnpikes. Chartism was very rampant and even alarming; and the Anti-corn-law League was then beginning to give forth no uncertain sound, though it failed altogether in carrying with it the sympathy of the masses. The minister of the day, Sir Robert Peel, was then cautiously and almost furtively taking the initiative steps for making vast alterations in the commercial policy of Britain; thereby exciting no little jealousy and apprehension among a large section of the country party, who, though open to conviction had a matured scheme of policy been laid before them, objected to be led blindfold. Passive obedience has long ago been exploded as a principle between subject and monarch; but here was a minister who not only expected but exacted it from his followers, and was notoriously irascible at the slightest symptom of hesitation. I am not, I hope, insensible to the many good qualities of that distinguished statesman, nor shall I even question the abstract propriety of the commercial system which he latterly advocated with success; but I cannot accord to him the praise of having been a skilful tactician, seeing that his conduct was such as gradually to alienate from himself the confidence of the party whom he aspired to lead. A tortuous or underhand policy, however speciously vindicated, has never found favour in the eyes of English gentlemen. Plausible reasons alone will not content them. They must be satisfied that the arguments adduced in justification of any important measure are such as have really operated upon the conviction of the speaker. And hence it is that the speeches of lawyers, however eloquent or ingenious they may be, rarely make much impression upon the House of Commons; for extreme plausibility, which is the chief aim of

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the practised pleader, always begets a doubt as to the sincerity of his conviction.

Other circumstances, of a totally different nature, caused at that time much excitement among the country gentlemen. The growth of the railways, regarded at first rather with curiosity than suspicion, had been progressing for several years. Important towns, great seats of manufacture and marts of trade, had been brought into closer connection by the locomotive engine; and trunk lines to convey passengers and expedite traffic from one end of the kingdom to the other were in the course of construction. The necessity for, at least the great advantage of, such communication being admitted, the movement so far was considered a good and wholesome one. It was calculated to benefit the labourer, the mechanics, and the iron-master—it opened a new field, and apparently a favourable one, for the investment at home of capital which otherwise might have been squandered or lost in foreign speculation or loan—and to the tourist and traveller it promised advantages, which a few years before would have been regarded as equally fabulous with the mode of transport by means of magical carpets so frequently referred to in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Here and there, indeed, some great landed proprietor, the sanctity of whose parks or the privacy of whose domain was to be violated by the screaming engine, made fierce opposition to the lines; but the directors, justly conceiving that human squires would not prove more inexorable than the Colchian dragon, took occasion to administer such copious draughts of the *aurum potabile* as disarmed the hostility of their opponents.

But as at the Californian or Australian diggings, the discovery in a new locality of a single nugget of gold instantly creates the rush of a thousand desperadoes towards the spot, so did the success of these early railways, and the high price which their shares commanded in the market, stimulate the cupidity of the British public, and transport them utterly beyond the boundaries of reason and of prudence. Trunk communication, it was confidently averred, was not sufficient, even with the aid of branches which might subsequently be made, for the pressing wants of the country. The system so developed must go on, and that immediately, until Britain should be covered by a vast network of railways. To lag behind when others were pushing forward was a palpable folly and a positive crime—to let capital remain idle when it could be so usefully employed was next thing to insanity The true Dorado which Raleigh had crossed the ocean to seek for and explore was at last discovered to be our native English soil.

The lawyers scented the prey from afar and chuckled gloatingly at the prospect of unlimited fees. Engineers by the hundred sprang up into life and being, like the stones which Deucaleon hurled over his shoulder. Projectors mapped out the country, and compiled outrageous advertisements. Traffic-takers betook themselves to the practical study of the whole art of lying. Men, whose entire worldly property did not exceed fifty pounds, or who were positively worth less than nothing, contracted engagements for thousands, in the full confidence that, long before payment was required, they could dispose of their certificates at a profit. Talk of *roulette*, or *rouge-et-noir!* Continental gamblings shrunk into insignificance when compared with the magnitude of English railway hazard!

Railways, however, cannot be constructed without ground on which to lay them down; and many proprietors, taking alarm at the extent of the mania, and perhaps not feeling quite satisfied as to the sufficiency of the security tendered, were unwilling that their lands should be bisected and cut up, and would not even allow the projectors to make a preliminary survey. But the crafty engineering staff was not to be so baffled. What they could not take by force they were resolute to compass by guile; and accordingly they made their way over the country in all manner of disguises, attracting as little attention as possible when not-

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ing down their observations, or, when challenged as trespassers, abandoning their design by day to renew it by night with aid of moon or lantern. Many strange stories were told of adventures that had taken place under such circumstances; but on the whole it was generally allowed that the surveyors had the best of it, their superior astuteness enabling them to throw dust in the eyes of the stolid watchman.

"So it is actually proposed to make a railway from Goatshead to Ditchington," said Sir John Hawkins, a burly representative of the order of baronets. "That is really too bad. There is no call whatever for such a line, and it will cut up both our properties, Stanhope. I don't know what you may be inclined to do, but I am determined to oppose it even though I should be compelled to go to the House of Peers."

"Well; I suppose there can be no doubt of their intentions," said Mr Stanhope. "They made application to me — quite civilly, I must say— for permission to take a survey; but, as I am as much against the line as you are, I thought it my duty to refuse."

"Quite right! There is no standing the impudence of these fellows. What title have they to ask Parliament to compel me to surrender the land which my family have possessed since the reign of Henry the Fifth, for the purpose of trundling along their bales of cotton and calico? Have they not a canal already, and is that not sufficient for their wants? I tell you what, Stanhope; I don't like the posture of things at all. It appears to me that Peel is systematically playing into the hands of the manufacturers, and using our support in the mean time to throw us ultimately overboard."

"Nay, nay!" said Sir George Smoothly; "You must not judge Sir Robert too harshly. It cannot be denied that he is a very sagacious man. That was a wonderful idea of his advising us to attend to the registers."

"I can see nothing wonderful in it," said Sir John Hawkins. "It was sound common sense to be sure; but Peel had not the credit of originality. The advice was first given to the party by Alison, and Peel adopted it verbatim."

"That shows his great talent for appropriation," said Sir George. "Of what use is a good idea unless it be practically enforced?"

"Appropriation? humph!" said Sir John, "I think we are likely to see that talent exhibited in still greater force. There's the Income-tax now—do you think he has behaved fairly to us in regard to that? I was one of those, and I am not ashamed to confess it, who cheerfully consented to its being laid on, on the distinct understanding that it was only to be a temporary impost. For that we had Peel's own express assurance. Well—here it is still hanging like a millstone round our necks, and, for anything I can see, it will be made a permanent burden."

"But you must admit," urged Sir George, "that it is a fair tax in principle."

"I admit nothing of the kind," replied the indignant Sir John. "It presses far more heavily upon the land-owners than on any other class. Don't you see that while we are taxed on rental, the manufacturers are taxed on profits only, and are allowed to make their own returns? But what is the use of arguing? It is quite clear to me that the tendency of modern legislation is to abolish indirect taxation, and to raise the whole annual revenue from realised property. I hope you like that prospect, Sir George. I, on the contrary, am old-fashioned enough to regard it as deliberate confiscation."

"We have not come to that yet," said Mr Stanhope; "and I should be sorry to think so hardly of Sir Robert Peel as you do, Hawkins. Certainly he has exhibited no leaning towards the Manchester men, whose organised agitation is becoming rather formidable."

"Wait a little," said Sir John; "before you and I are much older we shall see him on terms of friendly relation with Cobden. Mark my words—he will drive our party to a split, and then take up with the Radicals."

"Do you really think so, Sir John?" said Dr Wayles, the vicar

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of the parish, a quiet gentlemanly man of singularly mild demeanour. "I have a very great horror of the Radical party, who, I have observed, are for the most part Unitarians—as hostile to the Church as were the Independents in the days of Cromwell, and much more depraved in their creed, since we cannot admit them to be Christians. Surely Sir Robert Peel can never sink so low as to fraternise with men like these."

"Wait till the Jews get into Parliament, Doctor," said Sir John, "and you will see something to astonish you."

"I trust such a thing will never come to pass in my day," said Dr Wayles; "even Cromwell would have shrunk from such profanation."

"True, Doctor; but old Noll was a very different sort of man from your modern demagogues. Regicide and usurper as he was, he had a stout English heart; and would sooner have parted with his right hand than allowed the country to be humiliated in the eyes of foreigners; whereas these Manchester fellows think of nothing but trade and profits. They grudge every shilling that is paid for the maintenance of the army, and would reduce the navy to a mere skeleton. I read a speech delivered by one of their leading men the other day, in which he asserted that war would henceforth be an utter impossibility, and that the reign of peace would be inaugurated by the free interchange of commodities."

"Doctrines of that sort," said Mr Stanhope, "have been broached before now; and it is curious to observe that they have always been most boldly enunciated, and greedily received, just on the eve of some terrible convulsion of society. Peace and fraternity were the professed leading ideas of the originators of the great French Revolution; but the results were war, anarchy, and ruin."

"Aye," said Dr Wayles, "and France has never yet recovered from the shock. Great she may be hereafter; but her greatness cannot be abiding until she has done penance for the awful crime committed on that day when the nation deliberately denied their God, and worshipped at the feet of a harlot. Religious fanaticism is a frightful thing; but far worse is it when all religious faith has disappeared from the land, when the altars are broken down, the sanctuaries profaned, and the cry of prayer no longer ascends to heaven! Then, indeed, the divine Spirit ceases to contend with the madness and impiety of man. The messengers of the Most High are recalled, as a voice was heard saying—'Let us depart from hence,' in the temple of Jerusalem, when that guilty city was tottering to its fall; and in their place came the demons of lust, and rapine, and revenge; and God's fair world is made a field of slaughter and desolation. O, gentlemen, if it ever happen that the people of England, abused by false doctrines and misled by philosophic teachers, should renounce the faith of their fathers, and cease to acknowledge their dependence on the Almighty or to invoke his aid, then be sure that the might of Britain will decay, and her boasted empire crumble into dust, as the tower of Babel was smitten down by the red thunderbolts of heaven."

So saying the worthy Doctor rose and left the table, followed almost immediately by the rest of the company, for all seemed to feel that the solemnity of the address was such as to forbid a return to a lighter strain of conversation.

The evening passed by very pleasantly in the drawing-room. Young Frank Stanhope, a nice-lad just from Oxford for his Christmas vacation, and blessed with exuberant spirits, began a vehement flirtation with the younger Miss Carrington; whilst the elder, Teresa, a sentimental *blonde*, seemed intent upon arousing the dormant energies of Mr Lumley, whose attitude as he reclined on the sofa was that of a confirmed invalid. George Carlton and Miss Stanhope appeared to be deeply interested in the inspection of a book of drawings; and Miss Bootle, after a vain attempt to seduce Dr Wayles into a discussion upon the doctrines of Loyola, pounced upon Sir John Hawkins, and craved his opinion as to the real nature of the Apocalyptic beast; which mystery the worthy baronet at once solved by declaring his conviction that it was typical of the

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Anti-corn-law League. Then followed music. The Misses Carrington sang, in a high bravura style, duets from the last popular Italian opera, which they executed neither better nor worse than the majority of young ladies who, being gifted with naturally flexible voices, have had the advantage of the best teaching which London could afford. But as for anything like feeling or adequate expression, that was utterly beyond their power. I wonder if the time will ever arrive—it has been very long in coming—when the fair young girls of England shall be persuaded that the inordinate pains which they take to qualify themselves for exhibiting a fifth-rate imitation of the reigning *prima donna* are utterly thrown away, in so far as their audience is concerned, and awake to the sad truth that the cavalier who so sedulously turns the pages of the music is all the while thinking of the lamentable contrast which their forced vocal organs exhibit to the ease, fulness, flexibility, and deep emotion of such artists as Grisi or Alboni. The sooner they become aware of this truth the better, for really nothing can be more unpleasant than to listen to this kind of singing, which is a mere vocal exercise, leaving no impression on the heart, and arousing no sort of sympathy—which, unless music can convey it, is no better than a rhythmical experiment. In singing as in declamation, the one grand and crowning excellence is the truthful expression through the words, of the passion or emotion which the words are intended to convey. Unless this point can be reached, all the minor and subsidiary accomplishments and training are of no avail, or rather create a presumption that the sympathies of the singer are defective. Now, in order to attain to that point the singer must not only thoroughly understand the situation of the represented character, but take up the entire spirit of the particular strain; whereas it is notorious that the majority of our would-be drawing-room syrens, who profit (as they think) by Italian teaching, simply learn the words by rote, and do not even know distinctly what kind of emotion they should counterfeit. Ah, young ladies! if you seek to win admirers through your voices—and the voice of woman has a most potent charm, and if rightly used, can thrill the manly bosom more deeply perhaps than you can conceive—you will do well to give up those unprofitable and, for you, disadvantageous attempts to vie with foreign professional artists, and betake yourselves to the study of your native melodies. Sweeter, more pathetic, more plaintive, and more spirited music does not exist than what you can cull from the English, Scottish, and Irish collections; and the results which you fondly expect, but will never realise, from a shrieked Italian aria, must assuredly follow if you obey natural instincts, and apply yourselves to British song.

Of this we had an instance, or rather more than one, that evening at Wilbury Hall; for Amy Stanhope, though not gifted with much power of voice, sang very sweetly a madrigal by Ben Jonson, that fine old rough-cast frequenter of the Mermaid and glory of the age in which he lived, in whom the elements were most curiously if not gently mingled; and who ever and anon, though shagged as Father Winter, threw out blossoms fit to be gathered as a posy by the hands of Flora.

But I heard, and having heard it, never could forget, from the lips of Miss Beaton, a strain which took me wholly by surprise. She seemed unwilling to sing; but being pressed, took her place at the harpsichord, and touching merely the notes, so that the music became, as in the old days of minstrelsy, simply indicative of the thought, she sang with a pathos and power which I never heard paralleled, the ballad of "Helen of Kirkconnell." So strong, evidently, was the emotion which she felt, that the conclusion was nearly inaudible; and I doubt whether the Misses Carrington retired to rest that evening in a very Christian spirit, so decided, and even intense, was the admiration which was excited by the performance of Miss Beaton.

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SCOTTISH NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THERE are few subjects of study so interesting and picturesque as that of national character, and scarcely any which has attracted so much of that unconscious universal observation which forms the opinions of the world. Perhaps because, in former times, before this age of travelling began, it was chiefly the inquisitive minds of a country which bethought themselves of travelling into other countries, and that difficulties of locomotion made their report decisive. But it is certain each of the distinct nations in our great European commonwealth has an established and received idea, not to be shaken by any amount of experience, of the mind and characteristics of its next neighbour;—so that perhaps the first amazement which strikes an unaccustomed traveller, but which, of course, in the shyness of his novitiate, he hides jealously out of everybody's sight, is the shock of finding how entirely his foreign companion, first of all, is his fellow-creature, and how unchangeable, by all secondary conditions, are the catholic features of common humanity. The dress is quaint, the belongings are novel and unfamiliar, but at the bottom we are all so like each other, we common children of the universal Father! This wonderful fact, however, reveals itself only to individuals—while the great mass of every people receives into its firm and undoubting belief a recognised conventional portrait of every other, laughably unlike to the perceptions of the nation portrayed, but a standard article of faith with its neighbours: and the charm which we all find in these one-sided reports of the peculiar features which distinguish other nations, let a hundred ramble-books, which have no pretension to be called travels, and sketches of costume and custom, declare. There is so much attraction in this kind of study, that everybody dabbles in it more or less; and even harmless tourists, who have had a summer's holiday in Germany or Switzerland, feel themselves warranted henceforward to deliver verdicts upon "the character of the people." The races, with all their modifications and mixture, from erudite speculations of ethnology down to the easy adjectives of Celt and Saxon—the genius and tendencies of this or that nationality—the imaginary lines of separation, vague and faint as any disputed boundary-line of moor or fen, which part one neighbouring people from another, are matters of inquiry and speculation—gossip on a prodigious scale—of the most fascinating kind; the only drawback being that these investigations, in respect to other countries, are so clearly made from a standing-ground outside of and foreign to the object investigated; and, by consequence, costume and circumstance are so often mistaken for character, that the result is seldom much to be depended upon, so far as relates to living and contemporary people. How amusing to us, for example—not to go back to that delicious adumbration of national character, the John Bull of France, with his top-boots and the ejaculatory compliment proper to his island—are the notes of French travellers, even in these days of treaty and *entente cordiale*, upon ourselves and our ways. How quaint is the metamorphosis sustained by our unsuspecting acts and words as they pass through the highly-flavoured medium of our clever visitor's brilliant and logical brain. What astonishing notions inspire the inscrutable insular mind to the lively perceptions of the *feuilletonist*, and how piquantly sombre and respectably ridiculous look the uncomprehended decorums of sober British households to the puzzled observer, half malicious, half admiring, in his bewildered attempt to exhibit the English as they are, to his countrymen and readers! Our insular arrogance, which by this time has sublimated itself into a superlative quality too big to take offence, laughs hugely at the caricature; but how can we tell that our sketches, which sting the less sublime self-consequence of our neighbours, are more

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true than theirs? It is easy to do a vignette of holiday costume out of doors, and still easier to caricature the homely fireside of English domesticity; but to clear the eyes of the two people to a mutual beholding of each other, instead of the absurd phantom which each has pertinaciously labelled with its neighbour's name, is a mightily different matter—a result not likely to be much aided by literature on either side, and only attainable, perhaps silently, by intercourse of people who have the gift of eyesight, without having thereto added the dangerous advantage of that traveller's pen, of which haste and exaggeration are the attendant sprites.

But there is no such objection to be made to those kindly national researches into the social and domestic history of one's own country, which help us to identify our forefathers. It is not to be expected or looked for, perhaps not to be desired, that an imperial history should halt on the road to mark the special flora, or to describe the characteristic hedgerow prickles which accompany her way. Honour and praise to him for whom, the other day, solemn Westminster opened her pious gates! let us hang our garlands on that new gravestone, and do our homage to a noble adversary: there he lies who told the calm story of our national progresses and perseverance in a splendour of words more entrancing than any measure of romance. We have not hesitated to dispute his conclusions, nor to maintain, even in face of that overpowering eloquence, our own very different sentiments; but, just or unjust, there was but one Macaulay, and it will be rare fortune for this generation if another such voice arise in our time. With that illustrious example before us, we still say it is not to be expected, and perhaps not to be desired, that the great story of a nation should be embellished by all the picturesque particulars of a more leisurely and personal narrative; nor does it by any means follow that a man whose mind can grasp the combinations of State, the developments of civilisation, the gradual swell and growth of national institutions, must necessarily possess the wit to discriminate and the tongue to describe those finer peculiarities of character and tones of thought which exercise a subtle invisible influence upon all laws and dominations. These are not his special materials: it is only when a national dislike or inclination gains volume enough to make itself felt in the public councils that it comes under his legitimate notice, and any examination into the domestic social story, other than a statistical and general one, would be an interruption of that more stately record which it is his business to make. But while the reaper goes on in his important labour, the gleaner strays about the field. Before the strong arm and sickle the corn falls in golden waves, the grain goes to the grinding, the food to the big universal mouth; but it is the handful of generous ears in the blue apron, the unconsidered increase to the homely household stores, one brown loaf the more on the labourer's table, which strikes the eye of imagination, and perpetuates in all its sunshiny details that harvest scene. And after a similar fashion, it is the occasional research —not to be called research because it is a work of love, pursued with genuine relish and liking—into the individual sayings and doings of our forefathers, which warms our hearts towards these kindly originals of our blood, and puts heart and life into the outlines of history. Of all our national possessions there is none so precious and dear to us as that Past of ours, with all its noble and touching lessons, the chart of our great voyage—a chart with annotations how sad, tragical, and passionate; its breakers signalled by what blood-lines; its sandbanks distinguished by what cost of lives; its dangers all marked and chronicled by the last heroical effort of some courageous, victorious, drowning hand, snatching from its own destruction a security against its brother's! That wonderful record of a nation's experience; its lessons, for which it paid so dear; its blunders gallantly and loyally consummated, yet blunders notwithstanding; its great deeds blindly accomplished, few knowing their greatness till they are completed; its revolutions noiseless and

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imperceptible—these are the legitimate glories of history;—but for many a gleam of side-light upon these big transactions we are in debt to novel or ballad; and, perhaps, more than either, to such books as that genial and graceful one which Dean Ramsay, something more than a year ago, gave to the public, which has wisely shown its discrimination by pursuing the little volume from edition to edition—to the happy increase of its contents, of which we can only wish a still greater and fuller enlargement.

For it would be useless to pause here with any estimate of Sir Walter and his supreme and inestimable services to his country. It is not Scottish character but Scotland herself which beams upon all the world out of his tales—tales which one finds wherever one goes—books, perhaps, more universally diffused in every European state and language than any other books in existence. Critics may dispute for ages over the extent of that vast, broad, manful genius which was not the genius of idiosyncracy; but there is a rank beyond all touch of criticism, above comment—a scanty bead-roll not bearing half-a-dozen names—to which nobody has reached with more universal acclaim. That Scotland of Sir Walter is, as much as the hills and valleys on which we look with our own eyes, a broad, green, living country, embracing not merely partial embodiments of character and peculiarity, but a full current of many-sided life, warm, wide, and various; the life and nature, as in every grand picture, transcending the local features which they make immortal. This is no lantern gleaming upon the picturesque angles, and wandering, an amusing Will-o'-the-wisp, over the misty moors and plains; it is the sweet daylight, in which the whole landscape is recognisable—the full portrait, where we see not features only, but heart and soul.

Few countries, perhaps, have been placed in a position so well adapted for the development of *character*, as distinguished from merely intellectual gifts or outside customs, as this our kingdom of Scotland, ancient, hardy, pugnacious, and poor;—always dwelling next door to the rich brother, who vexed her soul with ostentatious display of his greater wealth—often hardly set to it holding her own against him—driven now and then to her hills and rocks—tenacious, indomitable, not to be conquered or silenced—bearing herself in more peaceable times with that most excusable fashion of arrogance, the pride and brag of a poor gentlewoman wrapping herself close in her pinched cloak in self-defending bitterness, while her plump neighbour laughs beside her, full and lavish, mocking the pomp of poverty. We do not suppose that any just estimate of the Scotch character of former generations can be formed, without keeping in perpetual recollection this juxtaposition with the richer nation, which the poorer one never can forget her perennial opposition and antagonism to. With sentiments totally the reverse of those accommodating and enlightened ones which Mr Bright attributes to the gallant proprietors of Savoy, Scotland, furious at the possibility of increasing her wealth by compromising her independence, kept that idea viciously at bay for many a year before the Union, and fumed and fretted after it with an almost womanish vehemence and fierce disgust. Throughout her history, from the Wallace days, when that history may have been said to begin, this inevitable junction of the two portions of our island has been the one steadfast ghost afflicting the spirit and aggravating the temper of our auld respected mither. England, when astute Edward was dead, and Bannockburn had taught that astonished nation that weakling princes and mercenary soldiers conquer no kingdoms, forgot her attempt at conquest for long enough; but Scotland has never been able to forget it; and even in recent days, when the same England, now linked to her poorer sister with bands indissoluble, opened her eyes in wide amazement, not untinctured with amusement, to hear that Bannockburn was still the glorious victory to which Scotch patriots looked back, and that not all the wars and glories which the two

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have shared together had lessened the Scotch complacency in that ancient bloodshed, Scotland herself, a little ashamed of the brag, still smiled but grimly, and in her heart of hearts hugged the remembrance still of having once, if but once, thoroughly thrashed and beaten that big brother, whose bigness, and lavishness, and plenitude have afflicted her life. This strong national sentiment has given a certain edge to the national character. That instinct of opposition, contradiction, resistance, which kept Scotland so long independent, seems to have acted upon her offspring as a mother's passion would do, all unawares and unconsciously, upon her child. There is nothing so clearly marked in the national character as this thread of contradictoriness. The full round genial good-humour of a smoother region is not to be found in any large degree beyond the Tweed. Of all the floating anecdotical talk of the country—and no country is richer in that unwritten literature—a large proportion is flavoured with this stinging quality. It is the strand of "carle-hemp" in the web, giving a certain colour to all its variations. Strenuous resistance, with the broadest ridicule and derision of all the encroaching novelties of the time — contradiction always wrathful, always humorous, sometimes bitter, of new opinions and ideas — outspoken comical defiance of changed modes and manners —a general pugnacity of mind not given to assent or compliance, quick to seize on the ludicrous or weak point of an adversary's defences, perverse by instinct, and ready to differ even with the expression of its own opinion from other lips;—yet, in spite of all this, not quarrelsome, loyal, loving, tender, with a gibe on the lip and an old-world devotion in the heart. Everybody who has had experience of Scotland in the past generation—everybody especially who has been brought in contact with that lineage of Scottish women who bear so large a part in all the characteristic literature of their country, must have seen this paradox. Where but in Scotland could Meg Dods have flourished? and who can help acknowledging that in this irresistible character the great novelist has embodied a comic, absurd, affectionate representation of the temper and humour of his country, or of what used to be the humour of our venerable but imperative parent? Things have changed nowadays. That inevitable mingling, long ago foreseen by the sharp vision, sharpened by jealousy and national pride, of the smaller kingdom—and which ages since solaced itself by the long-accomplished prophecy, that not by conquest or battle, but by the blood of Bruce mounting the wealthy southern throne, the union of the nations should come to pass—has been at last accomplished. The universal national sentiment no longer halts upon the Marches, or changes its colours ere it vaults across Tweed. The same current flows from Cornwall to Orkney, the same impulse moves the entire island. The narrow yet noble obstinacy of independence has done its work and had its day, and general feeling is against the existence of local limits and separation, as well as national policy. Even Italy, last to learn that lesson, begins to sacrifice her individual pride to the general safety. Florence and Milan yield with acclamations their metropolitan supremacy to the homely little Turin of yesterday; and Venice and Rome, both born to empire, would be but too happy to follow their example, and transfer their historic dominions to the heir of that old mountain principality in his little capital under the Alpine shadows; and nowhere does there exist an Italian sympathiser so romantically sympathetic as not to cry shame upon them, if, for the mere name of a Tuscan, a Lombard, or a Roman, they let their chance of liberty go by. To believe, with this and many another lesson before us, that Edinburgh has any real quarrel with London, or that a passing twinge of mortification or momentary grudge entertained by the ancient little capital against her imperial neighbour implies the existence still of the strenuous old impulse of opposition, the bitterness of a brother's quarrel, is simply ridiculous; the sharp features of old modify and

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melt in spite of themselves; and Scotland, like other countries, has learned the lessons of her time.

The age of international contention and the cruel wars of brethren seems happily over and done with; and all recent changes of government, make it more like, that the simple discrimination of Scripture, Peoples and *tongues*, will come to be the only rule of division in this period of the world's history. For example, there is seldom wanting some grumble of a possible quarrel between ourselves and our undutiful Transatlantic children. But though young America is valiantly willing to explode his powder in the face of his senior, and sober British opinion decidedly inclines to believe that a thorough good whipping would do the boy no harm, yet we have never once been able to come to blows, since that unguarded moment when the ungovernable stripling snatched the birch from his guardian's astonished hands, and set himself up on his own account. Spite of all aggravation, nature in us rebels against the possibility. We cannot fight the lad with the words we taught him on his lips. He speaks through his nose, but he speaks English, bless him! and as he grows older he will learn better manners. Peoples and tongues!—perhaps it is the broadest and simplest division that can exist till the Babel curse is abrogated, and one tender celestial language breathes through the new earth and the new heaven. The present turn of affairs in Italy is but another example of the same charm and influence. Never was there difference so great between a Scotchman and an Englishman, as between the homely hardy mountaineer of Piedmont and the sensual and arrogant Roman. Yet even the *bocca Romana* hails with bated breath the King who is no Cæsar, but who, failing of all hereditary claim upon them, triumphs in the simplest of sympathies, an Italian prince. Divisions and subdivisions of sovereignty are ceasing to be possible. That which is now being accomplished in the Italian states was accomplished long ago in France as well as in our own island; the further progress of the world seems destined to be accomplished by the broad and comprehensible influences of race, rather than by the individual and isolated work of little kingdoms. It is a change favourable to peace; but it adds, when war does come, a deadly momentum and magnitude to that conflict. There is less of the picturesque, and infinitely less of the individual; but everything is fuller, broader, and on a larger scale. The streams widen as they flow, increased by every tributary brook that crosses their way—the waters gather in, river by river, to those full floods of humanity: is it because, unawares, and taking no note of the solemn meaning of such changes, we are drawing nearer and nearer to the sea?

Notwithstanding all the advantages of this changed condition of things, it is not entirely gain. Much is lost by this general social reunion, in which "we rub each other's angles down." There is little in the ordinary placidity of modern society, its light wit and bookish allusions, and high moral discouragement of gossip, that most delightful species of talk, to make up for the original flavour and piquant individuality of times less smooth and broad. To tell the truth, save for a little gesticulation more or less, a sharper or a softer tone, a raised or lowered pitch of voice, there is little indication left us, except the merely arbitrary one of language, as to which of the European nations any ordinary assemblage of polite society may belong. The difference between Scotch and English is necessarily a still more faint and impalpable line—though there does happily exist a certain lingering touch of ancient perversity in our beloved countrymen, to make it apparent still that they are their fathers' and yet more their mothers' sons. It is entirely another world into which we look through the medium of such books as Dean Ramsay's*—possibly not so comfortable to live in, for one could scarcely hope

* *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh. Edmonston & Douglas.

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to escape a sting where so many sharp words are going—but beyond all comparison more attractive to look at—a rich and varied landscape full of picturesque heights and howes, and an inexhaustible vitality. There is no languor in that old-world existence. Nobody is *blasé*, few dispirited—life, strong, wilful, and not to be discouraged, overflows everywhere. Nobody reads, but everybody thinks. The mild adoption of some one else's opinions, and the calm stagnation of mind which makes it desirable to have one's opinions made for one, is a state unknown to the energetic soul of these stout generations; and the result is, that each individual expresses himself or herself in his or her own words; and if it is impossible to disagree totally or always in sentiment, still manages to differ in expression enough to mark the personality of the thought. Literature and literary talk, discussions of books, and little effusions of criticism, were happily unknown to these times. An active mind which does not read, and cannot be always talking, must perforce take refuge in itself when alone or indisposed, and the result was an amount of vigorous thought and individual opinion often quaintly, sometimes rudely, always characteristically expressed. Upon the whole, perhaps reading is a safer operation than thinking, and results in a more equable and less exciting state of mind; not to say that the sentiments of a bookish person are much more easily to be foreseen and understood than those of a wilful and perverse intelligence, guided by nobody's conclusions but its own. It is odd enough, however, that the most interesting talk is to be had, even in the present day, either from minds of the very highest cultivation, conversant with all literature, or from active and lively intellect almost entirely innocent of any. Reading does not always encourage thinking; perhaps, on the contrary, rather stifles it, and substitutes its own ready-made conclusions for the unnecessary exertion; and if any narrow-thinking individual chooses to conclude that the inordinate growth of books and consumption of the same is another device of Satan—in which, however, as in most other of his devices, that over-wise and too far-sighted tactician sometimes overreaches himself—to engage men's thoughts, and keep them from personal meddling with the great problems of the universe, far be it from us to say that conclusion nay.

But there was little reading, comparatively, a hundred years ago, and no smooth beaten path in which people of so-called education and intelligence could exhibit their acquirements at little cost to themselves. The age of romance was but just ended, scarcely ended in Scotland. The political creed of the Jacobite was still a living faith, though failing fast, and faded into deep disgust in the minds of some who still supported it. England was still a half-known friend, but well-remembered enemy; and the traditions of Scotch right and wrong were strong and powerful, and scarcely diminished of their full national influence. It is to a generation which has begun its course under these circumstances that Dean Ramsay's book introduces us—a generation which has been illustrated by many other writers, and which perhaps was as much more striking and picturesque than its predecessors, by dint of the new element slowly at work within it, as it is more picturesque and striking than ourselves, by reason of its antique features and obstinate resistance to the new world which rose at its feet. Looking back through the clear, sharp air, we see the frugal country, with all its primitive thrifts and managements, its homespun coats and manners, its energy of speech; the leisurely ploughman pausing in the furrow to hold his own against his master; the faithful servant caustically critical upon the affairs of his "family;" the quaint dialogue maintained with equal freedom on both sides between my lord and the passing beggar or trespasser; while at home the women spin and talk, and bring up sturdy children, and do their best to neutralise the goodman's conviviality by thrift and honest labour, not breaking their hearts either over the melancholy condition in which that honest fellow is apt to come

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home. Good stout hearts these were, scarcely wincing at the ordeal which breaks the more brittle article nowadays—scolding warmly, bearing womanfully, guiding the house by the least questionable divine right of sovereignty and legislation. While in the great house the laird suffered nightly eclipse like his tenants, but not to the discredit of his reputation, or the loss of his fortune, or the confusion of his brains, as might have been supposed; and the lady looked after her meal and her milk, not scorning the example of those honest housewives whom she did not scorn a gossip with when occasion offered, and between whom and herself existed all the sympathy of women whose family chronology bears similar marks, and whose children are "ages" with each other, just elevated by a refining touch of superior and inferior, which added to the charm of the acquaintance without diminishing its honest friendliness. And in the kirks—those ugly kirks, meagre and unadorned, but not without their dear and solemn associations—the ministers spoke out in homely force, with quaint admonitions to special sinners, and were not above losing their own temper in the pulpit, and demonstrating their fallibility as men, when the audience slept too audibly; —and throughout the whole community, pervading the air with a pungent aroma, which gave precision to the kindred character of the entire country, a scattering of solitary independent personages, principally ladies, widowed or unmarried, sometimes men in the same circumstances; a class of talkers unrivalled, and thinkers not to be despised, with the strongest prejudices, the cheeriest intelligence, the sharpest tongues and warmest hearts, the best blood, and raciest Doric, and most homely manners in Scotland. This class alone, nowhere else perhaps so clearly distinguishable among the crowd, was enough of itself to give character to the social aspect of the country. In no other region has the genus "old-maid" developed itself so notably; and the young feminine reformers of our own day, stoutly bent upon demonstrating that, for woman at least, if not for man, it is perfectly "well to be alone," would do well to perceive the very forcible and emphatic realisation of their doctrine given by the Miss Jeans and Miss Grizzels who flourished before such sentiments were heard of. These were not the gentle souls of modern romance, benign sufferers from some youthful disappointment spending their placid lives in recollections of a lost love, and tender offices of sympathy and help towards all the world, and specially towards lovers. So far from conceiving themselves set apart into such a mild twilight of retirement by their unwedded condition, this class of celibates behaved themselves with great energy and emphasis in the world, and have worked their opinions and reminiscences into the history of their time with a force and clearness not to be surpassed. In that pre-scientific age there were no special studies commended to the feminine mind, and nobody concerned himself with the unfortunate possibility of unoccupied lives consumed with *ennui*, or hearts and faculties perishing for want of something to do. They found abundance to do, these old ladies, according to all appearance. If they knew nothing about botany, and lived in heathen ignorance of the stars and their systems, they were proficients in the noble erudition of genealogy, and knew everybody's pedigree better than any college of heralds. If they visited no districts, and did no systematic benevolence, they did what perhaps had much the same result in that condition of society—they *lived* an influence stationary and local, in a hereditary neighbourhood, always there to be appealed to, coaxed, and believed in by the "puir bodies" whom they snarled at, but loved and aided with many a scold and gibe and secret charity. "A singular race of old Scotch ladies," says Lord Cockburn, "strong-headed, warm-hearted, and high-spirited, merry even in solitude, very resolute, indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world, and adhering to their own ways, so as to stand out like primitive rocks above ordinary society. Their prominent qualities of sense, humour, affection, and spirit, were embodied in curious outsides,

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for they all dressed and spoke and did exactly as they chose." This sketch many people of the present generation can still fill in with many individual details; and perhaps the sisterhood will never cease to exist in a country which seems so strong in female character. Nor did the caustic sharpness of tongue which distinguished them at all detract from their importance as a feature of the national landscape. In these thoroughly excellent women — for such they were in spite of all their peculiarities—the national genius for contradiction attained its climax; not that they were argumentative or disputatious, like slower wits, but only possessed of a strong intolerance of other people's opinions, and in the clear rapidity of their own intellects entertained a sharp impatience and contempt of dulness, which they did not choose to veil under any haze of charity. Optimists all, as unhesitating in the expression of their conclusions as they were distinct in forming them, there is a fragrant flavour of something which, but for the warm heart and effusive temper, would be bitterness, in all the records of this delightful sisterhood. Perhaps even Mrs Martha Bethune Baliol owned a slight national jar in her temper, and sometimes varied the wording of her own sentiments to procure herself the pleasure of differing from the last speaker—certainly the tendency is strong and apparent in most members of the class; and it is really quite a miraculous example of the popular misconception cherished by one people of the character of another, when one turns from the contemplation of these outspoken, effusive, and humorous old maids of Scotland, quick of wit and of wrath, fearing nothing and nobody, dealing in the broadest sarcasms and sharpest repartees, to learn at secondhand that the Scotch character is supernaturally reserved, grave, and austere, and that humour is incomprehensible by the sober and slow understanding of this melancholy people. Oh, ancient maidens, merry and resolute! would that the framers of this southern heresy had but found occasion to expose themselves once, and no more, to the tempest of your wrathful glee!

But when such women as these were mothers and matrons—what mothers, what women they were! Capable women, unswayable by circumstances, queens of their position — imperative Spartan mothers, sparing of indulgence, willing their own will and having it; given to few caresses; ready to lay down life any day rather than see cowardice or falsehood or failure among their children; knowing neither age nor weakness when succour was needed, brave to do all and bear all. Capable women! neither their hands nor their hearts ever failing them; dauntless, inexhaustible, not to be conquered. What life, what force, what a flood of vital power! Certainly, though it has done no hysterical government by the hands of women, nor ever managed State affairs at little suppers, Scotland has or had a peculiar faculty in the production of womankind — womankind not of genius, but *character*—working not at the Fine Arts, or other money-making or fame-acquiring business, but mighty in the grand and ancient vocation of life!

Dean Ramsay, whose recollections have lately reminded the world once again of that field of amusing and picturesque observation first opened by Sir Walter, enters not only with thorough relish and understanding into his subject, but does so from a position particularly favourable for such a review. "I profess myself an out-and-out Scotchman," he says with affectionate fervour. "I have strong national partialities — call them, if you will, national prejudices. I cherish a great love of old Scottish language. . . . . I am interested in everything that is Scottish. I consider it an honour to have been born a Scotchman." With this warm and lively interest in his subject for itself he combines the pleasure naturally felt by a man advancing into age, and with a fifty years' memory and much opportunity of observation in reviewing the general historic course of that long chapter in his country's life as well as his own, and sketching its picturesque course and quaint

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windings for the benefit of a younger audience. Then, a member of an ancient Scotch family, and a dignitary of that little Scotch Episcopal Church which, without much of either decrease or increase, has kept its ground from the time when it was held in odium as the agent of the "persecutions," down to those later and smoother days when aspiring Presbyterians of social ambition begin to think the "English chapel," a step in advance of their ancestral High Church or Tron, the Dean of Edinburgh, has had no small advantages as an historian of the humours and manners of his countrymen. Such an observer in England would find the fact of belonging to another religious body than that of the Church established by law, a serious drawback to the truth and breadth of any national portraiture he would be likely to make from his own experience. But the case is different in Scotland;—very many of those "lawyers, lairds, and old ladies," whom the Dean quaintly particularises, were of the old Jacobite principles and Jacobite faith—Episcopalian by all the influences of family pride, prejudice, and *esprit du corps*, as well as by belief and education; so that this piquant, high-tempered, exclusive, but most characteristic portion of the Scotch people must have been comparatively out of the reach of an Established Churchman. To us, accustomed to think of Scotland simply as a Presbyterian nation, the glimpse, entirely accidental and by the way, of a little aristocratic community deeply contemptuous of a "Whig minister," and in the midst of all its homely familiarity still standing aloof and superior from the less refined religious services as from the meaner blood of the common people, is a gleam of new light upon the half-told story. Presbyterianism undoubtedly runs strong in the native current of Scotch blood. Dissent itself, in so logical a country, clings to the beloved forms, and is as Presbyterian as the Mother Church with which it quarrels. Whatever variety there may be of church order and government, it is imported, and not of Scotch production; and with this fact so visibly before us on all the broader surface of the country, it is strange and striking to catch sight of this little cluster of people, fiercely national and characteristically Scotch, yet looking with a little contempt, and a decided distaste and opposition, upon a national principle so pervasive and influential. More or less, there can be little doubt that this sentiment of a certain superiority and refinement—an idea that Presbyterianism answers very well for the common people, but that Episcopacy is necessary for gentlefolk—still exists, despite all modern ameliorations; and perhaps, when one remembers how totally the services of a Scotch church are in the hands of the preacher—how much depends not only upon the ability, but upon the tone and even taste of the man—and how thoroughly it is in the power of any individual minister, coarse in mind and blunt in feeling, to debase and vulgarise even the devotional exercises, one cannot be surprised that such a sentiment should exist. However, it is neither so strong nor so piquant as it was when politics held a large share in the prejudice. "Don't get up, madam," said a Scotch clergyman, calling upon one of Dean Ramsay's old ladies for a charitable purpose, and finding her enthroned in infirmity and an easy-chair. "Get up!" exclaimed the stout old Tory, "I wadna rise out of my chair for King George himsell, let abee a Whig minister." Exquisite classification! for what was King George himself but a Whig minister, a higher functionary of the same order included in the general contemptuous indifference with which the unwilling Jacobite regarded these officials of a new age, though it was no longer possible to resist their intrusion. Jacobitism, to be sure, is dead and gone by this time; and if the old sentiment of loyalty exists anywhere, it is in this island—and in this island finds no warmer or stronger adherents than among the descendants of those who poured out the utmost torrent of their disdain, broadly, bitterly, with stinging sneer and sarcasm, upon the "wee, wee German lairdie" who had displaced the ancient line. But Jacobitism lived and flourished as

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a creed in the age to which Dean Ramsay's recollections go back: it gave a warmer complexion to the religious feelings of those lawyers, lairds, and old ladies, who were not over-devout, and conferred a certain odour of aristocracy upon the little church, almost exclusively made up of noble and gentle families and their adherents, which held everything Whig in abhorrence, and were keen-sighted to perceive the external defects of Scotch piety. "No bishop, no king," almost reversed itself in their hands to "no bishop, no gentleman." The excellent Dean himself, all genial and friendly as he is, speaks not without a certain gentle patronage of the homely minister who furnishes him with so many characteristic stories; and this little book will, perhaps without any such intention, do more to make the ordinary public aware of that tenacious representative of Episcopacy which forms the most remarkable exception to the general unanimity of Scottish religious opinions, than half-a-dozen histories of that remarkable little Church.

The ministers, however, are largely represented in this pleasant volume, from that fortunate individual who, when every other expedient had failed, brought sleep to the eyes of an old Earl of Lauderdale—this original remedy being suggested by the recollection that "he aye sleeps in the kirk"—down to more modern instances, sometimes of a not unsimilar power. A companion story we glean not from Dean Ramsay's book, however, but from another little volume of somewhat similar character — a biography of old Bishop Low. A minister of Crail had been long annoyed by the drowsy propensities in church of a farmer, one of his parishioners—"one David Cowan in Troustrie;" and remonstrating on the subject, had his patience conciliated by two cartloads of coals which the offender engaged to drive to the manse door. Nevertheless, "a few Sundays afterwards, Mr Cowan, soon after the commencement of the sermon, fell into a sound sleep as formerly; and not only so, but made so much noise as to disturb the sitters near him and the minister; Mr Glass bore with it for a while; but at last, being able to stand it no longer, desired the people in the north loft (*Anglice*, gallery) to "wauken David Cowan." David, awakening suddenly, and forgetting where he was, asked the minister "if he didna drive twa cartloads of coals to the manse last week to *let him sleep?*" "True," replied the minister, "but I did not agree to let you *snore!*" A simpler version of this story is, that the honest David, suddenly aroused out of the peaceable rest for which he had compounded, demanded to know, in amazement and indignation, whether "the coals were a' dune a'ready?" — a most natural inquiry. Such tales of colloquy in church abound. "Jenny," asks a Dunfermline minister of the same generation, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got a preen (pin) about ye?" — "Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by your side." Such instant punishment must have made it dangerous work to trifle with the temper or even attract overmuch the notice of these keen-sighted observers. "An admirable story of a quiet pulpit rebuke," says Dean Ramsay, "is traditionary in the East Neuk of Fife, and told of a seceding minister, a Mr Shirra, a man well remembered by the older generation for many excellent and some eccentric qualities. An officer of a volunteer corps, on duty in the place, very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to Mr Shirra's church, and walked about as if looking for a seat, but, in fact, to show off his dress, which he saw was attracting attention from some of the less grave members of the congregation. He came to his place, however, rather quickly, on Mr Shirra quietly remonstrating, 'Oh, man, will ye sit doun, and we'll see your new breeks when the kirk's dune.'" This same Mr Shirra was well known from his quaint, and, as it were, parenthetical comments which he introduced in his reading of Scripture—as, for example, on reading from the 116th Psalm, "I said in my haste, All men are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, David, an' ye had been i' this parish, ye might hae said it at your leisure." These dull old

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kirks, in the end of the eighteenth century, can scarcely have been so dull as one might suppose. Perhaps it is a Boanerges storming in the pulpit, with afternoon auditors woefully unable even to get to sleep; but lo, a dog has followed his master to church, and, unseen, somewhere pays tribute to the eloquence of the sermon, becoming "first excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise, and from whingeing and whining, as the speaker's voice rises louder and louder, at last beginning to bark and howl." The indignant minister calls upon his beadle to eject the intruder. "Ay, ay, sir," says John, looking up to the pulpit, "but indeed *it was yersell began it.*" Perhaps it is a still more amusing and confusing encounter. "The circumstance happened in a parish of the north. The clergyman, on coming into the church, found the pulpit occupied by the parish idiot. The authorities had been unable to remove him without more violence than was seemly, and therefore waited for the minister to dispossess Tam of the place he had assumed. 'Come down, sir, immediately,' was the peremptory and indignant call; and on Tam being unmoved, it was repeated with still greater energy. Tam, however, very confidentially replied, looking down from his elevation, 'Na, na, minister, just ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and faith they need us baith!'" Or imagine the effect upon a sleepy congregation of the following little episode:—"One day when Jamie was sitting in the front gallery wide awake, when many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavoured to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying, 'You see, even Jamie Fraser the idiot does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing.' Jamie, not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, 'An' if I hadna been an idiot, I wad hae been sleeping too.'" Or of this much more complimentary and pleasant interruption: "Another of these imbeciles belonging to Peebles had been sitting at church for some time listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit of the guilt of deceit and falsehood in Christian characters. He was observed to turn red and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if wincing under the supposed attack upon himself personally, he roared out, 'Indeed, minister, there's mair leears in Peebles than me.'" By dint of these amusing interruptions, our forefathers must have felt it easier than we imagine to get through their hours of sermon; indeed, a certain dramatic expectancy must have pervaded the atmosphere, where nobody knew what accident might excite the minister into personal reproof, and the culprit into repartee. In these days, Dean Ramsay tells us, it was the custom of the ministers, service being over, to turn "to the heritors, who always occupied the front seats of the gallery, and make low bows to each family." Strange acknowledgment, wrung by custom out of the most rebellious and recalcitrant of churches! but, to be sure, these were "Moderate" days.

There are, however, independent of the Church, some excellent and characteristic ministerial stories, well worthy of repetition. For instance, what could be more significant, or convey a better idea of the cool dry sense and humour of a Scotch cottager, than the following amusing and philosophical reply:—

"A faithful minister of the gospel being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little, he opened the door and walked in, saying, with an authoritative voice, 'I should like to know who is the head of this house.' 'Weel, sir,' said the husband and father, 'if ye sit doun a wee, we'll maybe be able to tell ye; for we're just tryin' to settle that point.'"

What a rare stroke of genius! It is to be hoped the wife was impressed with the felicitous description, and that the minister left them to arrive at so important a conclusion without interference; but how few people are there anywhere who could set aside an intruder so good-humouredly and distinctly, and neutralise the discovered strife with so much honest

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discretion! The story is one of the best in the book.

What phases of individual character—what bits of landscape warm upon one's imagination with every half-dozen words! A servant is being hired, who is to have the liberty of attending church every Sunday, but must return home immediately after the service. "Then I canna engage wi' ye, Mem," says the sturdy lass; "for 'deed I wadna gi'e the crack i' the kirkyard for a' the sermon." The crack i' the kirkyard! "Whisht, bairns! oh, whisht!" said an anxious house-mother of our own knowledge, when there were some youthful quarrels astir among her children; "ye'll be blythe to meet at parish kirks before ye're as auld as me." How warmly human, how tenderly picturesque, grows the crowd of a rustic congregation, scattered in groups about the church, waiting till the last moment before they will enter—and lingering afterwards, when the services are over—under the light of such words! Gossiping, to be sure—telling each other of brothers abroad, and old fathers and mothers at home—of who is born, and married, and dead—and perhaps a word to the state of the "craps" and the health of the stock, and the general news of the district; —their graves about them, for which the same is none the sadder—their flutter of Sabbath-day dresses—their idylls of rural love in progress—their middle-aged meetings, of which all the week perhaps has been soberly expectant. Sermons, after all, at their highest, are not the chief end of man; and who would condemn that humanest assemblage, or grudge "the crack i' the kirkyard?"

Or again, here is the farmer elder's Sunday dinner-table, where he and his family sit discussing the sermon, and exercising freely their right of judgment upon the manner of the services—the head of the house somewhat grimly hospitable to the young preacher, in the height of his youthful self-complacency, who has supplied the pulpit for the day, and has not discretion to perceive that his own delight in the exhibition of his talents has not been shared by his critic and entertainer. "You see," says the young man, who is gifted with an appetite, "I am always very hungry after preaching." The old gentleman, not much admiring the youth's pulpit ministrations, having heard this apology two or three times, at last replied sarcastically, "Indeed, sir, I'm no surprised at it, considering the trash that comes off your stomach in the morning!"—a "not very refined rebuke," Dean Ramsay acknowledges, but thoroughly characteristic, both of the perennial comment of age upon youth, and the homely and familiar relationship between pastor and hearer—though in this case, if the preacher was, as is probable, only a "probationer," the elder, an ordained official of the Church, was in reality, according to Presbyterian rules, his ecclesiastical superior, with full right of criticism.

The lairds in Dean Ramsay's collection are unfortunately distinguished by their confused humour, resulting from large administrations of toddy—and the lawyers are not much behind their landed neighbours. Thus we accompany the renowned Balnamoon, after a convivial evening, driving in his gig with his servant across a wild stretch of moorland. The night-wind, blowing fresh, carries off hat and wig from the bemused worthy, who recognises his hat when it is restored to him, but demurs at the other article. "It's no my wig, Hairy, lad; it's no my wig," mumbles the laird. "You'd better tak' it, sir," answers Harry with sardonic significance, "for there's nae waile o' wigs on Munrimmon Moor." Nae waile—no choice; Munrimmon Moor, in the dark, being no place for such an article. The wig, it was to be supposed, was put on after this unanswerable argument, and Harry continues his progress; but, alas! when he reaches home, finds no laird in the unlucky vehicle, Balnamoon having dropped out softly upon the heather, like the wig, and taken his fall with the composure incident to his hazy condition. The night's adventures—heads being hard and constitutions sound in those days—ended quite safely in the quiet search for and conveyance home of the unconscious hero—who, "a neighbouring laird having called a few days after, and having referred to the accident,"

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made only the quiet and philosophic comment, "Indeed, I maun hae a lume that'll *had in*"—namely, a vessel that will carry its contents without spilling. Sublime precaution! but let us hope that even the ladies took such mishaps coolly, and that no hearts were broken over these social habits of the lairds. The ladies, indeed, according to Dean Ramsay's report, by no means excited their feelings unduly either about this peccadillo, or the kindred one of swearing; in proof of which, he instances one of these stout-hearted gentlewomen, who, though obliged to make provision for sending her husband to bed almost every night, yet did all she could to train her sons in manly habits of drinking; and of another who acknowledges "our John sweers awfu', and we try to correct him; but," she added in a candid and apologetic tone, "nae doubt it *is* a great set-aff to conversation!" These quaint and homely households had their pecuniary troubles too, like other people—troubles not likely to be lessened by such social enjoyments as those of Balnamoon. Another worthy laird had been employing an English workman of the name of Christmas, who ran away unexpectedly. His servant delivered this piece of information early one morning at the laird's door with great excitement, whereupon the anxious landowner turned in his bed with the fervent ejaculation, "I only wish he had taken Whitsunday and Martinmas along with him!" Some still more emphatic stories are told by Bishop Low's biographer of a Fife gentleman, poor and witty. Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night by the unwelcome sound of thieves rummaging in his drawers, this philosopher awoke with all his wits about him, and the calmest equanimity of spirit. "Haud ye busy, lads, haud ye busy," he says quietly; "an' ye find ony siller there i' the dark, it's mair than I can do in daylight." At another time the same individual had "a company assembled to purchase the trees round his house, and, as usual under similar circumstances, it was hinted to him that it would be well to produce a bottle or two of brandy to inspire competition. "Lord have a care o' your daft heads!" exclaimed the poor laird, "if I had two or three bottles of brandy, d'ye think I wud sell my trees?" Liberal living, claret, and whisky, not to speak of attainders and confiscations, put more than trees in danger; but despite our national character for frugality, there are always pointed anecdotes against houses wanting in a liberal and hospitable expenditure in Scotland. Nothing could be more obnoxious to our forefathers than the reproach of meanness, and against no quality is the trenchant force of national sarcasm so contemptuously directed. For example, a master, leaving a penurious house, charges his servant, who has accompanied him, with the common failing. "Jamie, you are drunk!"—"Indeed, sir," answers Jamie, with ineffable disdain, "*I wish I war.*" How fine is the irony! It might not have been good for Jamie, but at least it would have been "a credit" to the house.

As for the class of old servants, there are perhaps no such relics of it anywhere as in Scotland—and Dean Ramsay has abundant ground for devoting an entire chapter of his reminiscences to this almost extinct phenomenon. Perhaps the connection between servant and master continues in Scotland, as in almost every Continental country, to be more familiar and friendly than has been customary in England, where the necessary relationship is more formal, and more reserve and "respect" are demanded from the inferior than anywhere else perhaps in the world: but the old Scotch servants of last century, even when they were not Andrew Fairservices, must have been, it is impossible to deny, somewhat uncomfortable attendants. Let us confess that we all have to humour, more or less, these homely ministrants to our comfort, and that the peace of a household can be disturbed very summarily, not alone by the insolence of a Jeames, but by the milder sulks of Betty, when that worthy domestic is out of temper. Out of temper, however, is the constitutional condition of the faithful old servant. "All the family know how attached he is—nobody likes to speak cross to him," says the kind-

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hearted Dean; and accordingly the "domestic tyrant," supreme in his privilege, takes up the abandoned weapon, and is cross to all around him. We all know the story, given originally, we imagine, by Sir Walter, of the worthy who inquired with innocent wonder where his master was going, when that unfortunate and helpless individual declared that they *must* part. But the following amusing variation is new to us: "An example of a similar fixedness of tenure in an old servant was afforded in an anecdote related of an old coachman, long in the service of a noble lady, and who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last the lady fairly gave him notice to quit, and told him he must go. The only satisfaction she got was the quiet answer, 'Na, na, my lady, I drave ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial.'" Apart from the national temper, which was strong in those affectionate but troublesome adherents, their minor interferences are always characteristic and amusing. No placid dignitaries in clerical costume were these, but very nearly as independent as—not their masters, for that would be a small matter—but their mistresses. "What ails ye at her with the green gown?" asks one of them, touching the elbow of a forgetful master, who had missed one lady at his table in the old-fashioned wine-taking ceremonial. Another, tired out by the demands of a pretty large dinner-party, and bewildered by two or three calls at the same moment, addresses the whole party with indignant mockery; "Cry a'thegither, that's the way to be served," says the baited butler, sardonically. The mistress of a third, "knowing the habits" of her servant, holds her notes open and reads them over to him when she wishes them to be speedily delivered, with the significant observation, "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't—noo, dinna stop to open it, but just send it off." Are there not servants still who open our notes, and read our private memorandums, and know all about us? Surely Mr Thackeray knows they flourish in abundance—but of the two, one would rather have it done with an antique defiance, and buried in the jealous depths of Andrew's memory—as tenacious as his mistress of the credit of the family—as stolen and republished with ever so many cringes by the modern tenant of Andrew's place.

It is not, as we have before said, that tender species of old maid possessed by the world in general, born guardian of motherless children and help universal, which is the native development of the class in Scotland. Caustic spectators, shy of no demonstration but those of kindness, concealing little except their highest emotions, they make their appearance distinct and separate, a disengaged and critical sisterhood, by no means slow to acknowledge the restraints of their position—"an auld maid leevin in a flat wi' ae lass"—but equally undoubting of their right and capacity to overlook and make abundant comment upon things in general. Though on occasion they can make a humorous affectation of ignorance, like the Mistress Helen Carnegy, who "hated paying taxes," and recorded her opinion that "I just think that when Mrs Thom wants a new gown, the provost sends me a tax-paper!"—they were, notwithstanding, strong politicians, and perfectly abreast of the intelligence of their time. Dean Ramsay declines to quote the free opinions entertained by this class of his clients concerning the prospects of Dutch William and his Hanoverian successors in the other world, and has likewise observed great reticence in respect to all stories which could be imagined to touch irreverently upon sacred subjects—stories which, we are obliged to confess, abound more in Scotland than they ought to do in a country distinguished by gravity and religious fervour. The Dean has even refrained from exhibiting that quaint familiarity with the Prince of Darkness himself, and his supposed customs and likings, which colours so many local anecdotes, and overflows in Burns's "Address to the Deil," with its touch of pathos. Here is, however, just one gentle reminder of the popular acquaintance, a rebuke full of penetrating yet quiet sarcasm:—

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"A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and I suppose somewhat sharp and short in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about his preparing and putting up his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed by all this bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question, 'Whaur's this ye're gaun, Robbie, that ye make sic a grand wark about your claes?' The young man lost temper, and pettishly replied, 'I'm going to the devil!'—'Deed, Robbie, then,' was the quiet answer, 'ye needna be sae nice, *he'll just tak ye as ye are!*'"

Of the same class is another brief anecdote, disclosing, with the most amusing force, the supreme aristocratical sentiment, and full of an ineffable calm of disdain which is quite edifying. "One of the old-maiden ladies of Montrose called one day on some ladies of one of the families in the neighbourhood, and on being questioned as to the news of the town, said, 'News! oh! Bailie ——'s eldest son is to be married.' 'And pray,' was the reply—'and pray, Miss ——, fa' ever heard o' a merchant i' the toon o' Montrose *having an eldest son?*'"

Apart from the joke in both cases, what an inimitable force of suggestion are in both these expressions—the humour lying not in what is said, but in what is inferred and left to the imagination to supply. Perhaps in this particular there lies a good deal of that national difference which (if it is not in itself one of those jokes which it needs a surgical operation to get into the Scotch understanding) has made it common to say that there is little humour or sense of humour in Scotland. Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith were both jokers by profession, habitual sayers of good things, accustomed to an audience who listened with a laugh prepared for the occasion. But let any one compare the jokes, for example, of this book, with those of Sidney Smith, and it will not be difficult to perceive the difference. Let us not disparage the wit of that genial and honest Englishman; but it was at all times thoroughly self-conscious, and if not premeditated, had at least grown to be something expected from him, and which he was bound to furnish, if he did his duty to society. Such recognised jokers, players with words, *wits* in short, to whom fun, if once spontaneous, has long ceased to be so, and who find it necessary to throw their intellect altogether into the production of this, their quit-rent to the world, are not in fact plants of Scottish growth at all. But the sparkling and volatile quintessence of talk which finds its perfection in France, and which evaporates even with the tenderest handling of translation, differs as much from the broad good-humour and merriment of English wit as does the humour of Scotland. In France—in this respect *our* direct antipodes—wit artificial culminates and has its apotheosis, and people toss about that crystal ball of conversation for mere conversation's sake, to show how sharp, how brilliant, how steel-bright it can be made. On the contrary, the humour of Scotland has never shaped a separate course for itself, nor made up its mind that wit was a profession. It is nothing if not spontaneous. It is strong in sudden lights, flashes of fun or ridicule upon the subjects under its hand, whatever that may be; and unlike its English neighbour, is not to be calculated upon, but bears its strongest charm in the fact that it breaks unexpectedly into the soberest discussions, and takes that most powerful instrument of art, the faculty of suggestion, for its principal weapon. We cannot recollect at the present moment a single Scotch humorous story in which the fun was fairly hunted out and exhausted. Wit, to come up to the Scotch standard, must not only be appropriate to the matter in hand—an important distinction—must not only be spontaneous and without any trace of manufacture, but it must be wisely reticent of words, and leave imagination to fill up the ludicrous, or grotesque, or amusing picture on which it has, in passing, flashed its laughing light.

This characteristic is very visible in the anecdotes we have just been quoting, and all the kindred record of such which abound in Scotland.

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They are spontaneous, natural, unintended—the odd side of a subject caught in passing by a singularly lively and vivid intelligence—not a joke or *bon mot* manufactured of *malice prepense*. Many of them *might* be taken literally by a dull listener—many are doubtless laughed at with constraint and imperfect understanding by people who can see their oddity without being able to supply the apprehension which makes them so full of humour; and their peculiarity lies in the fact of their entirely inferential character, and in many cases in the perfect good faith and gravity of the speaker, who is not always aware himself that he has said anything remarkable. Take, for instance, the reply of Lord Lothian's gardener, quoted by Dean Ramsay, to his master's particular directions concerning a special plum-tree, "charging him to be careful of the produce of that tree, and send the whole of it in marked, as it was of a very particular kind."—"Ou, I'll do that, my lord," says the gardener, with satirical alacrity, "*there's just twa o' them.*" Can any one define by words wherein the humour of this answer lies? There can be no doubt it was the simple fact, and a plainer statement of fact could not possibly be made—yet it is "traditional in the Lothian family," and we presume there are few of Dean Ramsay's readers who have not laid up its charming anticlimax in their memory. Such is the characteristic peculiarity of Scotch humour; there is nothing to define in it—it is rarely extravagant, often unintentional. It gleams out by the way in a consciousness of comic situations, and a faculty for discerning the humorous side of any subject under discussion; it is delivered commonly with a dry quietness which makes it irresistible to those who can see, but betrays nothing to those who cannot. It is not a jocund light concentrated in an individual, but a gleaming eccentric spark, throwing out odd reflections upon things and men, making a glow across unexpected corners, and catching at the brackets and gargoyles. Accustomed to such wit, which seems inseparable from that quality of suggestion, just touching a subject and leaving it, laying its match to the train which imagination itself explodes, a humour accidental and momentary by its very nature, it is perhaps not to be wondered at if the elaborate jests of a professional wit fall blank upon Scotsmen. These are not of the fashion of fun to which their minds are accustomed. The very completeness and absolute character of the witticism proper spoils its effect beyond the Tweed. It may be Ithuriel himself, a lusty angel; but in Scotland we prefer to that shining presence the dramatic and enlightening touch of Ithuriel's spear. Dean Ramsay is becomingly and warmly indignant at the imputation, which, he says, "has been declared on high authority, that no such thing as wit exists among us." Let us take it easily. There are many examples of Sidney Smith's broad fun which would have been poor wit from any other person, and which we confess we are sufficiently benighted ourselves not to perceive the jest in—and to any imputation against our national sense of humour Dean Ramsay has given a better refutation than argument in his book.

It is not, however, as a collection of witty stories, but as a series of illustrations of Scotch character, that this pleasant volume is intended. These generations, with their characteristics good and evil, are gone, and can never be resuscitated. Their free speech and uncompromising views—their homely wit and vigorous nationality—their knowledge, so much less than ours, but so much more taken possession of and pervaded with the character of its possessor—their expressive language and vehement prejudices, have quietly gone down to the grave with them, besides, let us thank God, much of their prevailing vices. And besides the gratification of revived recollections, and many graphic incidents throwing light upon these our immediate ancestors, the young generation of enthusiasts for their country ought to learn from Dean Ramsay how impossible that society and these manners are nowadays, and that trying to be Scotch is as futile an attempt as any other unreality. We could forgive the young people for growing out of acquaintance with

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the language of their grand-aunts and grandmothers, but not for getting up a spurious Scotch, to affront these helpless champions in their tombs. On the contrary, we hold it the bounden duty of all who love that terse, reticent, and expressive tongue, to set their faces against the apparently prevailing notion, that to cut off the terminations of words generally, and to say *a'* instead of *all*, is enough to make a bit of English writing, prose or verse, do duty as Scotch. Perhaps the special characteristics of our mother-speech are ebbing back into the common sea of that broad composite tongue called English, which on both sides of the Tweed, and with all manner of contributions, solemn deposits of the antique Rome, waves of Norse and French, and chance torrents from the Celtic mountains, we have been labouring at for ages; but if it is and must be so, let us not make a calamity of that natural event by a mockery of independent language.

Nothing can be more striking than the entirely spontaneous, natural, and unconstrained individuality of the Scotland which Dean Ramsay lights up once more to our sympathies and recollections. Nothing less than these great primitive qualities can suffice to identify, after such a fashion, the passing ages. Life and manners which are not spontaneous, which are modelled after something else, and shaped to a pattern, are of little good in this world. When such imitations prevail, the time of their ascendancy takes its place as a ghostly interval between the firmer and more noble chapters of history. This is the temptation of our own time, which, so far as ourselves can see, has everything but the one precious gift of individual character. How real, how living, are our old fathers and mothers in their old Scotland yonder, so much poorer a Scotland than it is in our days! We cannot imitate them; but the only way to preserve the distinct character of our country, as of every other, lies in the truth, reality, and spontaneous nature of individual life.

DOMITIAN AND THE TURBOT.

FROM THE FOURTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

[Every scholar will at once see that these lines pretend neither to be a literal translation, nor an imitation of the original. The author has endeavoured to abridge the story, preserving only those points which seem to be of general interest.]

WHEN the Flavian tiger the nations was rending,
And the Romans before the "bald Nero" were bending,
A wonderful size of a turbot one day
In a fisherman's nets at Ancona there lay;
And the owner, amazed at the bulk of the fish,
To the Emperor's table devoted the dish.
It was well he resolved to surrender it *volens*,
As otherwise he must have done the same *nolens*;
For who could have courage to buy or to sell it,
When informers around him were ready to tell it?
There they stood scrutinising the seaweed that lay
Of a treasonous tint on the sands of the bay;
On the spot they were ready to take up the case,
To deal with the boatman, and swear to his face
That the fish in the Emperor's pools had been bred,
And for many a year on his bounty had fed,
And that as they had this upon sure information,
The Emperor's paunch was its true destination;
For everything good—if their doctrine be true—
By land or by sea, is the Emperor's due.

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But it needs not; their efforts the fisherman spared;
On his journey to Court, though 'twas winter, he fared
With such haste, you'd have thought that the weather was broiling.
And the turbot in imminent danger of spoiling.

The two now arrive at the wide palace-gates,
His tale to the porter the boatman relates;
The crowd stands admiring each scale and each fin:
"Let the nobles stay out, and the Turbot come in,"
Was the Emperor's mandate; they hear to obey,
And they enter the hall without further delay.
"Here's a fish far beyond what a subject's should be;
Receive it, O Cæsar, 'tis worthy of thee:
And do thou then thy part, for the banquet prepare;
Let thy stomach be empty, thy mind free of care;
Have a high day of feasting and joy without measure
O'er the turbot the fates have reserved for thy pleasure.
He wished to be caught"—at this scandalous fiction
The fish bristled up—but in vain contradiction;
For these are the dainties that always go down,
And are relished the most at the sign of "The Crown."

Do you ask what the fisherman got for his booty?
The proud satisfaction of doing his duty.

But, alas! how shortsighted a creature is man!—
It is found a huge turbot requires a huge pan;
The cooks of the palace are at their wits' end,
And the Emperor now for his Council must send.

They come with their visages lengthened and pale,
For what dangers their lives and their fortunes assail!
Uneasy's the head that is nigh to the crown,
And the smile of the prince is akin to his frown.
They must heed how they say in the Emperor's ear
That the weather is warm or the frost is severe,
Or else unawares they may draw on their head
The sword that is hanging above by a thread.
To see an old noble our wonder would raise,—
The Emperor's friend lives but half of his days,
And during that time the poor man is a martyr
To fears lest the half be reduced to a quarter.
And so I prefer my long absence from Court
To a life full of titles, and honours but short.

The turbot itself on the table is set,
And now round the board all the Council are met;
The paunch of Montanus creeps into the room,
And Crispinus is there with his wonted perfume,
And Pompey, a life who can whisper away,
Has come to the Turbot his homage to pay.
The Turbot's the theme of profound admiration,
But Catullus is loudest of all in laudation,
Catullus the blind. That his words might be true,
He turned to the left its perfections to view;
His ardour was kindled afresh at the sight,
But none can tell how, for it lay on his right.
While they thus are inspired with a dutiful zeal
In words to give birth to the transports they feel,

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Veiento breaks in on their commonplace tattle,
Like a votary fired by the goddess of battle:
"'Tis an omen of good to your Majesty's arms,
And the breast of the foe it may fill with alarms;
Such a fish ne'er was caught till your Majesty's reign,
And he fills my whole soul with a sense, not in vain,
That each mutinous chief, who's at liberty yet,
Will be caught as this Turbot was caught in the net.
And look at his back! By the bristles he shows,
Defiance he means to your Majesty's foes."

For matter of praise he had ransacked so well,
That nought was Fabricius unable to tell,
But the spot of its birth, with the date of the same,
Both deserving a place in the annals of fame.

"But enough now of praise; let the point be decided;
For want of a dish, must the fish be divided?"
And Montanus burst out with a vehement motion,
For the blood of the senator boiled at the notion,
"I'll ne'er see in silence, while I have a tongue,
The Turbot enduring so flagrant a wrong;
It matters not, Sire, what expense you may go to,
Let a dish be prepared for the turbot *in toto*;
For so worthy a cause there can never be fear,
But a second Prometheus is sure to appear.
Let the workmen get ready their wheel and their clay,
And the dish be begun without further delay;
And in case such another fish Fortune should send you,
Let a suite, for the future, of potters attend you."

The thoughts and the words both were worthy the man,
And the councillors voted *nem. con.* for the pan.

When the point had been settled they rose to depart,
And took leave of the Emperor joyful in heart.
In haste they had come, as if called to debate
On some imminent danger that threatened the state.
But let none their exertions behold with disdain;
Let all men allow that they toiled not in vain,
And that justly the fame of the Council increases
Who saved such a fish being cut into pieces!

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UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN SAVOY AND NICE.

. . . . . "This is understood:
Private injustice may be general good,
But he who gains by base and armed wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoiled; even as a stolen dress
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he
Left in the nakedness of infamy.'—SHELLEY'S *Fragments*.

THE annexation of the provinces of Savoy and Nice to France may now be regarded as a *fait accompli*. The only act still required to confirm it is the ratification of the Treaty of the 24th March by the Turin Parliament. This will in all probability be obtained as soon as possible after the meeting of the Chambers. For the moment, then, the Imperial policy has triumphed, and the select coterie at the Tuileries may rest for a while and complacently regard the effect produced upon Europe generally, prior to forming new combinations. The materials are perhaps not so promising as might have been expected—still the hand is not a bad one, and contains some trump cards. There is Russia indifferent but friendly, Italy enslaved and prostrate, Prussia sullen and suspicious, Austria outraged and impotent, England gulled and indignant. Then we have Switzerland and the Pope both very much in the same frame of mind, pugnacious and obstinate—Naples in revolt, while, farther east, Hungary simmering, and Turkey tottering, contribute their respective elements to the general dish of European politics. This being the present perturbed condition of the Continental mind, it is satisfactory to persons who might otherwise regard the future with some anxiety, to know that those who are intrusted with the destinies of this country do not share in this disquiet. They see no cause whatever of future trouble, no prospect of further complications.

Men who are really well informed upon foreign politics, such as Mr Bright, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and others, declare that France has nothing to gain by pursuing a turbulent policy, and that the only source of irritation is to be found in the language held by certain persons in the House of Commons, and in newspaper articles. According to these gentlemen, our ill-used ally is the victim of anti-Gallican prejudices, is innocent of aggressive tendencies on other Powers, and desirous only of casting oil upon the troubled waters of European politics. Inspired by a genuine good faith, and carrying out his views by means of a guileless diplomacy, we may consider ourselves fortunate in possessing a friend upon whom we may rely in the hour of need, and in whose sincerity we may feel the profoundest confidence. In the simplicity and frankness which characterise the despatches of Mons. de Thouvenel, in the unswerving regard for truth which has ever marked the statements of Mons. Walewski, in the pure and lofty standard of morality maintained by Mons. de Morny, as well as in the high tone of the French Court generally, we have guarantees, not merely of the respectability of our Imperial ally, but of his value as a true and faithful friend. In the measures employed by Louis Napoleon to secure his return by universal suffrage as President of the French Republic; in his repeated assurances that he aspired to no loftier position; in the *coup d'état* by which he tested the value of those assurances, and became Emperor; in the Peace with Russia, by which the honour of this country was imperilled; in the Treaty of Plombières, and in the recent annexation of Savoy and Nice, they detect only the natural development of an ingenuous single-minded policy, calculated to reflect credit upon him who conceived it, and to render his friendship a source of pride and gratification to any other sovereign who may be fortunate enough to possess it. Under these circumstances, it would be an invi-

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dious and disagreeable task to endeavour to undermine an alliance at once so honourable and advantageous to this country; and it is not with this object that I will attempt to give some account, from personal observation, of the circumstances under which the recent annexations took place, but rather to illustrate the value of universal suffrage as practised under a despotic form of government, so that in the event of a further extension of the French frontier becoming necessary for the safety of the Empire, we may form beforehand some idea of the manner in which the wish of the populations to be acquired will probably be consulted.

In the last Number I gave some account of the contests in northern Savoy for the election of deputies to the Parliament of Turin, and described the state of feeling in Faucigny and Chablais to be at that time decidedly in favour of annexation to Switzerland. All that was then known of the prospect of a vote by universal suffrage was, that it would not take place until it should be unanimous in favour of annexation to France. Considering that one deputy was actually returned as a supporter of Swiss annexation, that severe contests took place at all the other elections, and that nearly 13,000 signatures were obtained to a protest against French annexation, it did not then seem likely, to those unskilled in the working of universal suffrage, that in three weeks so complete a revolution would be effected in the sentiments of the population as to result in an almost unanimous vote in favour of France. Of the means employed to produce that change I had afterwards an opportunity of judging. In the mean time, there can be very little doubt that the result would have been very different had the neutralised territory been occupied by Swiss troops prior to the taking of the popular vote. There can be no question that, according to treaty, the Swiss Government would have been justified in adopting this course; and we must ever have deep cause to regret that the representatives of the British Government prevented them from taking a step which would have brought the matter to an issue. It must have led to one of two alternatives; either a popular vote in favour of Switzerland—for the people would then have voted freely, and in accordance with their sentiments—or the invasion of northern Savoy by the Imperial troops, in flagrant violation of all treaty engagements. The proceeding, on the part of the French, would have been in some respects analogous to, but less justifiable than, the crossing of the Pruth by the armies of Russia, when the feeble policy of our Government involved us in the Crimean war. Nobody doubts now that had the Emperor Nicholas been given clearly to understand beforehand that the invasion of the Principalities would be considered a *casus belli*, he would have indefinitely postponed that operation. So, had England decidedly announced her intention of supporting Switzerland in these provinces, they must at this moment have been Swiss instead of French. Those who have watched the Imperial policy must admit that a European war at this juncture would have been fatal to it. A war with England for the independence of Switzerland would have given an opportunity to Austria to regain Lombardy, and brought Prussia down on the Rhine: to have risked the objects gained by the late Italian campaign, and to have arrayed three of the great European Powers against France for the sake of northern Savoy, just at a time when the army was exhausted and the exchequer deficient, would have been preposterous. If, instead of telling all the world that we were *not* going to fight for Savoy, we had declared that we were, the question would have been settled, and the war which is now inevitable, though not immediate, might have been prevented. Statesmen should occasionally condescend to swagger a little; the great art of diplomacy is to know when it may be done safely. It is one of which our Government is entirely innocent.

The election of the deputies for the Turin Chamber having been concluded, I proceeded to Turin, in company with Mons. Chenal, the only deputy who was returned from Savoy

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as the representative of the cause of Swiss annexation.

The 2d of April was fixed for the opening of the Chambers of the first Italian Parliament, and as I passed through the gay and crowded streets of Turin in anxious but fruitless search for a lodging, I was consoled for my want of success by the good fortune which enabled me to witness an incident pregnant with such deep importance to the future destinies of Italy. The Place du Chateau, picturesque at all times, was now decorated with festoons of many-coloured flags, waving over an excited crowd which swayed to and fro under the varying impulses of the day. Large stands full of bright flowers, triumphal arches gaily decorated, and balconies decked out in green, white, and red, crowded with ladies, were the chief accessories to the brilliant and animated scene; troops were marching, bands playing, people cheering, handkerchiefs fluttering, royalty bowing, and the bright sun shining over all. If the Italians only exhibit as much skill in working their new constitution, as they displayed taste in its inauguration, the young Italian kingdom may look forward to a happy and prosperous future. In the evening a brilliant illumination terminated the "spectacle," and 300 Senators went to bed to meditate upon the new responsibilities which devolved upon them—and perhaps to dream about the thorns which might possibly lie hidden among the roses that had strewn the path to the councils of their country. The following ten days were occupied in constituting the house. The verification of the returns, the election of President, Vice-President, and other office-bearers, were necessary but very uninteresting formalities, and it was not until the 12th that the first debate took place upon a motion of General Garibaldi, which had for its object the postponement of the vote by universal suffrage at Nice, until after the treaty of the 24th March had been ratified by the Italian legislature.

In order to a thorough appreciation of the importance of the discussion which this motion gave rise to, as well as of the vote arrived at, it will be necessary to advert shortly to the events with which many are probably familiar, but which can alone account for, though they do not justify, the course pursued by the Sardinian Government with reference to the annexations of Savoy and Nice. The arrangement come to and signed at Plombières in August 1858, between the Emperor and Count Cavour, is now a matter of notoriety. The terms are well known to the public. It was then agreed, that although no definite ground of quarrel existed between France and Austria, still, that in the commencement of the ensuing year that unhappy Empire should be despoiled of two of its provinces, and that, in consideration of this act of violence and wrong, the Emperor should be rewarded by the cession of Savoy and Nice to France. It is evident that the principle which has been introduced by the agreement at Plombières, if it be allowed to obtain generally, must be fatal to the peace of Europe.

It is a monstrous doctrine that two or three of the great Powers of Europe are to be allowed to conspire together, and then, without a moment's warning, to make a sudden onslaught upon some unsuspecting empire, upon the plea that it is maladministering the affairs of one of its own provinces.

Russia, no doubt, at this moment sympathises with what it may choose to consider the wrongs which are suffered by our Indian subjects; the grievances of the Ionian Islands are notorious in Europe; but a secret combination of European powers formed to free these "enslaved and oppressed populations" would seem a gross and wanton outrage upon international propriety. Yet the Government and the great majority of the public of this country have not been ashamed to sympathise with an act of violence plotted in secret, and which, if practised towards themselves, would have been regarded as nothing short of treachery. There is doubtless a sacred right inherent in every conquered people, to throw off the yoke upon any favourable opportunity. We cannot constitute ourselves the judges between British

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and Austrian mal-administration; the conquered race is the sole judge; and freedom is not the less freedom because it is escape from the British instead of the Austrian rule. Still we should very much question the right of interference on the part of other nations, and invoke loudly the doctrine of non-intervention which we are ourselves so slow to practise.

The Plombières conspirators having completed their programme, the necessary insult was offered to the Austrian Ambassador on the first day of the ensuing year; while in order the more effectually to hoodwink our Government, pretended negotiations were entered into with it, ostensibly to enlist its good offices as mediator. At this time, upon the solemn assurances of Mons. Walewski, our Ambassador in Paris, positively informed the Government that the Emperor had no intention of going to war with Austria. The activity with which military preparations were being carried forward, left no doubt in the mind of the public of the fallacy of this statement, and the consciousness that a war was inevitable, induced Austria to precipitate the campaign which terminated so disastrously to her arms at Solferino. The necessity under which the Emperor felt himself of concluding a peace at Villafranca, before he had fulfilled that part of the Plombières agreement by which Venetia as well as Lombardy was to be transferred to Sardinia, caused a temporary estrangement between those who had been parties to it, and led to the resignation of Count Cavour. An attempted compromise was soon after proposed, by which the duchies were to be in a manner substituted for Venetia; but the scheme did not seem to promise well, more especially as the attitude of Tuscany and the Romagna was such as to inspire the Italian party with larger hopes.

For a moment the Italians seemed to be getting the best of the game; and Cavour went to Geneva to incite the population of Savoy against French annexation, and proclaimed with more sincerity than he got credit for, that Sardinia had no intention of abandoning Savoy and Nice. About the same time Mons. Pietri, a French agent of police, proceeded to Nice to sound the temper of the populations upon the subject of French annexation; and Mons. Walewski solemnly declared that the question of the annexation of these provinces, if it had ever been entertained, was now entirely abandoned. Count Cavour's mission to Paris, and his return to office, once more gave the two Governments an opportunity of coming to a definite understanding upon the much-vexed question; and it was finally arranged that Savoy and Nice should be ceded to France, after the populations had been "consulted;" and that Tuscany and the Romagna should also, in accordance with the same popular voice, be annexed to Sardinia, the autonomy of the former country being, however, preserved for a year.

The treaty of the 24th of March was the result of these negotiations; and it was with reference to one of its stipulations under which the popular vote was to be taken in Savoy and Nice, that the debate at which I was present occurred. The occasion was one of sufficient interest and importance to insure a full house, and attract a large non-official audience. The galleries were crammed with spectators, and scarcely a vacant seat was to be discovered in the body of the chamber, which, though hardly large enough to accommodate the recent accession to the number of deputies, had been tastefully and comfortably fitted up.

The Constitutional point upon which General Garibaldi, who opened the discussion, insisted, was one which did not seem to admit of a moment's controversy. By the fifth Article of the Constitution it is provided that "Treaties which shall make any alteration in the territories of the State, shall not take effect until after they shall have obtained the consent of the Chamber." The very reasonable request preferred by the deputies who represented the town and county of Nice in the Turin Chamber was, that the popular vote should not be taken until after the Treaty, by virtue of which the people were entitled to vote at all, had been submitted to Parliament.

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A somewhat parallel case to that which now occupied the House would be afforded, if our own Sovereign concluded a treaty with the Emperor transferring Ireland to France, allowed French garrisons to be substituted for British throughout the island, handed over the appointment of all the local authorities to the French Government, and then called upon the people to vote in obedience to orders, in defiance of a unanimous protest on the part of all the Irish members of Parliament, and without submitting the treaty to the House at all. If we stretch the analogy a point farther, and imagine the Duke of Wellington to have just returned from fighting and winning the battles of his country, to find himself on his arrival, rewarded by a grateful Government by being converted into a Frenchman, we may form some notion of the sentiments which animated Garibaldi, when he rose to enter an indignant protest against the unjustifiable course that the Government were adopting with reference to the country of which he was a native. The simple and straightforward speech of the honest soldier was followed by the stirring eloquence of Melana, and the racy description of Robaudi of the means of coercion employed at Nice—of which place these gentlemen were the representatives. The galleries, crowded with spectators, could not repress the expression of their sympathies with the cause advocated by these men, and, in defiance of the privileges of the House, burst forth in such unanimous and hearty cheers that the Speaker was obliged to interpose, and threaten them with expulsion. The greater majority of the members who afterwards voted with the Government were inconsistent enough to be as demonstrative as the galleries, so warmly did the Nice deputies appeal to the patriotic sentiments of every man present. The embarrassed aspect presented by the "Treasury Bench" during this debate was sufficiently remarkable; and the speech of Count Cavour, in justification of the course adopted by the Government, fell like lead upon the unsympathetic ears of the greater portion of the audience. It was impossible to defend that course upon constitutional grounds, and Farini, Mamiani, and other members of the Government who addressed the House, confined themselves rather to appealing to its indulgence, than to refuting the constitutional arguments adduced on the other side. "Upon political grounds," said Count Cavour, "I confine myself to this simple declaration, that both I and my colleagues are firmly convinced that the cession of Nice and of Savoy are conditions essential to the prosecution of that policy which, within so short a time, has conducted us to Milan, Florence, and Bologna." While Mamiani, with even more frankness, declared that "in times of such difficulty it was inopportune to discuss legal subtleties, and that, therefore, under the present circumstances of political necessity, he begged to recommend resignation."

It is only fair to say that this rather questionable sentiment was received with murmurs of dissent by the gods above, who take very much the same interest in the proceedings of their Chamber, that the galleries of a London theatre do in the stage performance; but it did not the less express, in a sentence, the attitude of the Government to which the speaker belonged. Resignation to the Imperial will is the characteristic feature of Sardinian policy at present, if a government which only acts in obedience to foreign dictation can be said to have a policy at all.

Victor Emmanuel is a French Viceroy, with all the inconveniences attendant upon a false position into the bargain, while Count Cavour might have received his appointment from the Tuileries. That Italian liberty which evoked such warm expressions of sympathy from the greater portion of the British public, is a curious study just now. It is defined by the word "resignation," a virtue for which Britons have not been in the habit hitherto of displaying much sympathy; while the sentiments of alarm and disgust enter largely into the feelings of those enjoying it;—alarm at the power to which they are resigned, and disgust

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at the thraldom in which they are held. Nor need we wonder at this when we remember, that although the campaign terminated nearly a year ago, the French troops have not yet evacuated Sardinia; and that although Tuscany and the Romagna expressed, by a popular vote, their determination to become Sardinian some months since, their annexation has not yet been recognised by the Emperor, who has, moreover, taken care to stipulate that the autonomy of Tuscany should be preserved for a year, so that this sword of Damocles will be suspended, at least for that period, over the head of the new Italian kingdom. With Austria, vindictive and powerful, still in possession of a portion of the country, and holding a dangerous strategical position; with the Pope outraged and desperate, organising an army which is attracting, like the hosts of the Crusaders, a large share of the chivalry and fanaticism of Europe; with France mercilessly grinding her into submission, Italy lies like a stricken deer in the clutches of a tiger, round which are prowling the jackals and the hyænas that have been scared away by their more formidable rival. Happy would it be for her if, in addition to the dangers which menace her from without, she could contemplate without anxiety the elements which compose her nationality. How far these are homogeneous will only appear when the pressure which now coerces into acquiescent submission her legislative bodies is removed. Then, perchance, we shall find that Lombardy, still smarting under the injustice of the Ratazzi administration, and groaning under a war-tax in addition to all those which existed under Austrian domination, and which have been retained, may give vent to her feelings, and that the strong radical spirit which characterises the province, and which the long continuance of Austrian rule has only served to foster and increase, will find an outlet; while the pride of the Tuscans, and the hot blood of the Romagnese, will introduce discordant elements into the councils of a nation endeavouring to prove its fitness for freedom to the world, and which, by way of a sample, has deliberately trampled upon constitutional rights under the plea of political necessity, and has voted rather in favour of "resignation" than of justice and of law.

No nation ever yet inaugurated its liberties by the sacrifice of its independence, or by the substitution of a servile and tortuous policy for a lofty and chivalrous adherence to honour and right; and a Parliament, whose first act has been to abandon its self-respect, waive its constitutional privileges, and yield up its dignity as a peace-offering to a foreign despot, is not likely to become distinguished as the type of constitutional government abroad, or to give satisfaction to the nation with whose destinies it is intrusted.

A parliament which is composed of men who are not free themselves, and who do not represent free constituencies, is the mere shadow of a parliament, and so long as it remains a shadow it will exist. This is the present condition of the Turin Chamber; the government for the time being nominates its candidate for each constituency, and orders the syndics and the priests, who are, in nine cases out of ten locally supreme, to return him. These men, whose hopes depend upon the Government, and who are not, as with us, political partisans—for parties worthy the name have not yet sprung into existence—obey orders, and the member comes up bound hand and foot to the government which has returned him. As the external pressure is removed, and men begin to feel and know their rights, and as the uneducated boors who now exercise the franchise become politically educated, the shadow will turn into a substance, but a substance composed, as I have already described, of such combustible materials, that the chances are that it blows up. Meantime Count Cavour is a general of division, with his forces thoroughly well drilled; but the headquarters and the commander-in-chief are in Paris.

When the time comes, and the Italian regular army shall have reached its full complement of 200,000 men, the order will be given to recover Venetia; and while the

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attention of Austria is fully absorbed by Italy on one flank, and by Hungary which will rise in rear, the commander-in-chief will create a pleasing diversion on the Rhine, whereby Prussia will not only be prevented from coming to the rescue of Austria, but lose her own Rhenish provinces.

Meantime the simple-minded British public will go on sympathising with the enslaved populations of Venetia and Hungary, blindly confiding in the *bona fides* of the deliverer, who will in fact be merely substituting his own despotism for that of Austria at the price of English preponderance. Do we feel quite certain that the day may not yet come, when the necessity of self-preservation will league Germany and England against France and Italy, and the muskets which we have subscribed for and sent to Garibaldi will be fired at those who paid for them? If we will persist in viewing the Emperor as the representative of political liberty on the Continent, we must pay the price of our infatuation, and he will continue to make merchandise of our sympathies to his own profit, until the gigantic swindle is exposed, and the base coin which he has passed under the name of freedom is acknowledged as a counterfeit.

The blot upon the table of the Imperial backgammon-board at this juncture is Rome. So long as a French army occupies the Holy City, the hands of the Commander-in-chief are tied in this direction: therefore it is that he has permitted General Lamoricière to accept the command of the Roman army, apparently in opposition to his wishes; while the known hostility of this distinguished man, who is doubtless acting from the highest motives, to the Imperial cause, gives a colour to the transaction; but, inasmuch as it is manifestly in the interest of France that northern Italy should be entirely dependent upon her ally for protection, it is desirable that she should be surrounded with as many enemies as possible; and the withdrawal of the French army of occupation from Rome, and the substitution of a garrison hostile to Sardinia, and powerful enough to threaten the Romagna, is the object at which the Imperial policy is now specially directed. Already overtures have been made to the King of Naples to replace the French army; but that Sovereign has been sufficiently well advised not to allow the Emperor to force this card from his hand, and he has consequently declined the office with thanks. Thus the organisation by Lamoricière of a sufficient army to threaten Romagna will be an additional means of pressure supplied to the Emperor, who will then, in the event of the Sardinian Government showing symptoms of insubordination, threaten to withdraw his troops from Rome, and leave the New Kingdom exposed to "Papal aggression," just as he now occasionally threatens to withdraw from Lombardy, and give it up to the tender mercies of Austria.

This account of the present defenceless and prostrate condition of Italy has been rendered necessary in order to a thorough appreciation of the measures taken by the Sardinian Government, and which I am now about to describe, to secure a vote in Nice and Savoy in favour of France. The order came from head quarters that this vote was to be all but unanimous, and inasmuch as the sympathies of the populations of Nice and Northern Savoy had already been manifested very decidedly in an opposite sense, it was an order which caused some little anxiety to the authorities at Turin. However, to hear these, is to obey; hence the vote in the Turin Chamber on Garibaldi's motion, which decided by a large majority in favour of a gross injustice, and a breach of the constitution. So strongly opposed were the popular sentiments to the vote of the Chamber, that Garibaldi, on leaving it, was made the object of an ovation, and could scarcely show himself in the streets afterwards without some description of demonstration being made in his honour.

The sentiments of the people of Nice being very doubtful, and it being suspected by the Government that an intention existed, on the part of certain influential Nizzards, to work more systematically and energetically

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than they had done, in order to counteract the undue influences which had been brought to bear upon the voters, it was decided to anticipate the day of votation which had originally been fixed for the 22d April, that being the day of votation in Savoy. Where the training was so delicate, it was difficult to bring both provinces into condition exactly at the right moment; Nice had been slightly overworked, and delay might cause serious embarrassment. The day was therefore changed from the 22d to the 15th; and as I was desirous of witnessing the process, I determined to proceed thither, finding an additional inducement in the prospect of the companionship of General Garibaldi, who was anxious to protest, by his personal presence and vote, against the iniquitous transfer of his native province. On our arrival at Genoa, however, the General was dissuaded from this project, and seduced by the prospect of more active, and, as he believed, more useful occupation in another part of Italy. The undertaking in which he is now engaged may offer greater hopes of success, though the cause can scarcely be more just than that which originally decided him in favour of proceeding to Nice.

Leaving Garibaldi the object of popular adulation at Genoa, I proceeded by the Cornice along the Riveira, and after a drive of twenty-four hours through that most beautiful piece of coast scenery, arrived, early on the morning of the 15th, in the town of Nice. Before proceeding to describe the actual process of voting, it is necessary that I should give some account of the preliminary measures employed by the Sardinian Government to insure a result in the right direction. I have already alluded to the determination which existed at Turin to obtain the popular vote in favour of France. So strongly opposed, however, were the inhabitants to the idea of becoming French, that they not only returned all their deputies to the Turin Chamber upon the express understanding that they were to protest against any such transfer to another power, but upon the occasion of the French troops first entering Nice from Italy, received them so roughly, that the latter actually came into collision with the townspeople upon one occasion, and were compelled to use their bayonets, the proof of which was exhibited to me by a young man whose clothes had been pierced in the scuffle. When we remember the accounts in the French papers of the enthusiasm with which the French troops were received at Nice, we can form some estimate from this incident of the amount of truth which characterises their assertions generally. Matters being in this state, it was clear to those to whom the management of the universal suffrage vote was intrusted, that unless the influence of the Government authorities was brought to bear upon the people, the majority would vote according to the Italian sentiments they had hitherto lost no opportunity of expressing. The provisional governor, Lubonis, accordingly issued the following proclamation:—

"Citizens,—All uncertainty with reference to our future has ceased. By the treaty of the 24th of March the gallant King Victor Emmanuel has ceded to France Savoy and the arrondissement of Nice. The most powerful motives of political necessity, the exigencies of the future of Italy, the sentiment of gratitude towards his powerful ally, and, finally, the exceptional circumstances of our country, have decided, although with regret, our beloved Sovereign to separate the provinces which have been, for so many centuries, intimately bound up with his dynasty. But the fate of people does not rest exclusively with the desire of princes. Therefore, the magnanimous Emperor Napoleon the Third, and the loyal Victor Emmanuel, have desired that this treaty of cession should be strengthened (*fortifié*) by the popular adhesion. For this purpose you will ere long be convoked to the electoral committees, and his Majesty the King has unexpectedly confided to me the provisional government of this arrondissement in my quality of your fellow-citizen.

"Fellow-Citizens,—At the august voice of the King, all incertitude as to your future has disappeared; in the same way, at those august words, ought to disappear for the future all

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dissensions and rivalries. All the citizens should be animated by the same spirit of conciliation. All opposition should fall powerless before the interests of the country and the sentiment of duty. *Besides, it will find an insurmountable obstacle in the wishes themselves of Victor Emmanuel.* There is no longer any use in public demonstrations. Their only effect will be to compromise the public order, which will be for the future energetically protected. Confidence, tranquillity, and collectedness, ought to preside over the solemn act to which you are called.

"Fellow-Citizens,—The mission which the King has just confided to me is transitory but important. In order to fulfil my task at this extraordinary juncture, I count upon the support of your co-operation, upon your respect for law, and upon the high degree of civilisation to which you have raised yourselves. Hasten, therefore, to confirm, by your suffrages, the *reunion* of your country to France. In rendering ourselves the echo of the intentions of the King, let us draw round the banner of that noble and great nation which has always excited our lively sympathies. Let us rally round the throne of the glorious Emperor Napoleon the Third. Let us surround it with the same fidelity, so especial to our country, which we have always preserved up to this day to Victor Emmanuel. As for this august Prince, let us retain among us the worship for bygone memories, and let us raise earnest prayers for his new and brilliant destiny.

"As for the great Napoleon the Third, whose powerful and firm will is to open a new era of prosperity for our country, our inflexible fidelity will now commence, and our respectful devotion.

"Vive la France!
"Vive L'Empereur Napoleon III.!

"*Le Gouverneur Provisione,*
LUBONIS."

Considering that this worthy was a Sardinian, this production would simply be considered an act of high treason, in any civilised country; for although the governor alludes to the civilisation to which the people have raised themselves, their tame submission to oppression and injustice seems scarcely to justify the compliment. There is a *naïveté* in his reference made to the *desire* of the magnanimous Emperor Napoleon and the loyal Victor Emmanuel, that this treaty of cession should be strengthened by (not depend upon) the popular adhesion, a frankness in his declaration that any opposition to it would meet with an insurmountable obstacle in the wishes of the King of Sardinia, and an inconsistency in his appeal to their former fidelity to their sovereign, which is now to lead them to transfer it instantly and inflexibly to another, which proves the diplomatic qualification of the writer for the post to which the Turin Ministry had appointed him; while in the gentle hint contained in his allusion to the "firm and powerful will of the Emperor" is concealed a menace which could not fail to produce an effect upon those for whom it was intended.

Some skill was shown in making the provisional appointments rendered necessary by the unwillingness of some of the old employés to perform the unworthy functions assigned to them. Thus Lubonis, a lawyer by profession, was especially selected as a fitting and unscrupulous instrument on the resignation of the regular governor; while, on the other hand, the Syndic Malaussena was retained in consequence of the readiness he exhibited to sacrifice his principle to his interest; when it is remembered that this gentleman was president of the junta which sent a vote of thanks, only a few weeks before, to Sir Robert Peel, Mr Kinglake, and other members of the House of Commons, for their advocacy of the cause of Nice as *against* French annexation, the following proclamation will be the better appreciated:

"Fellow-citizens,—You are called upon to accomplish an act which will mark a memorable epoch in your annals. Upon the 15th and 16th of this month, the urns of universal suffrage will be open to you to confirm (*constater*) your wish upon the annexation of France. At so solemn a moment the voice of your first municipal magistrate should not re-

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main silent. He is bound alike by honour and duty to declare to you frankly, openly, the course which his conscience and the public interest compel him to follow. The duties which her history and the traditions of her ancient fidelity have imposed upon her, Nice has nobly fulfilled. In presence of the treaty of the 24th March, in presence of the proclamation of our beloved King, of the 1st of April, all those who really love their country, all those who are sincerely devoted to the King and to the Italian cause, can have but one idea, but one object. It is, that the will of the two sovereigns, accepted by the free consent of the people, should encounter no difficulty, no obstacle; it is, that its frank and loyal execution should tighten in an indissoluble manner the bonds of the alliance of the two great nations upon which repose the future and the hopes of Italy.

"Let us, therefore, collect round the urns with calmness and dignity; let us be united by the spirit of an enlightened and conciliatory patriotism; let nothing arrest the free expression of our wishes; but let each of us, in giving up his vote, think what he owes to his country, to France, and to the Emperor.

"Vive la France!—Vive l'Empereur!

"MALAUSENNA,
Syndic of the City.

"*Given at the Hotel de Ville,*
8th April 1860."

How in the face of such a proclamation nothing is to arrest the free expression of the wishes of a people accustomed implicitly to obey their authorities, it would require a conscience as enlightened as that of the syndic to comprehend. But it is rather singular that, while the governor should talk of French annexation as a glorious prospect for Nice, the syndic should allude to it as a sacrifice made for the sake of Italy. At all events, the governor evinces a greater knowledge of human nature in his appeal rather to the pockets than the patriotism of the Nice public.

In addition to these two proclamations was a third issued by the bishop in the same sense, making it a case of conscience for any person to vote against French annexation. Not only was it prohibited by the authorities to hold any public meetings to discuss the affairs of Nice, but no canvassing on the part of those opposed to French annexation was permitted, or placards or circulars allowed to be issued by the Italian party. No such restriction, however, applied to those of an opposite character; and the following circular, bearing the Government stamp, was issued by the French committee, and sent, under official sanction, to the various authorities and influential persons both in town and country:—

"The annexation of the country of Nice to France will not be a *fait accompli* until after the favourable vote of the populations. Already all the measures necessary to secure the success of the votation have been taken by the Sardinian and French Governments. All the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, as well as all the employés and *chefs d'administration*, have been invited to favour, in every possible way, and in the French sense, the votation which is immediately about to take place. Thus, M. ——, on the eve of seeing our most cherished hopes realised, it behoves all the partisans of France to use all their influence with the populations, and to unite their efforts in order that the result of the vote should be a striking proof of the French sympathies of the country, and of its entire adhesion to the great act of reparation so long expected. We are convinced that the Imperial Government will recompense the populations for the unanimity of their vote, and will proportion the reward according to the good disposition manifested by them.

"Without enumerating here the immense and incontestable advantages of every kind which our country should derive from its annexation to the great French nation, we consider it a duty to address ourselves to all our friends and correspondents, not only to stimulate their zeal in favour of the common cause, and to engage them to use all their influence in order to ensure the success of the vote in the French sense, but also that they

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should carefully watch and point out to us the steps which may have been taken in a contrary sense by those in opposition, in order that the necessary measures may be taken to neutralise the influences which are hostile to the interests of the country. Will you have the goodness, M——, in acknowledging the receipt of this, to make known to us the spirit of your population, and that of the local authorities? and believe us your devoted servants."

The necessary measures here alluded to were threats and bribes, the pecuniary resources of both governments having been placed at the disposal of the provisional authorities for the latter purpose. It was estimated by those who had opportunities of judging, that £120,000 was spent in this manner; but this does not include the expenses of the days of votation, when the country voters lived at the cost of the government; a tri-coloured cockade, or a voting ticket with "*oui*" upon it, being equivalent to a free order at the cafés and drinking-booths, specially erected for the purpose. One inebriated voter did indeed vote a "*bon de pain*," or order for bread, instead of his voting ticket, which was discovered on the opening of the urns at the scrutiny, to the great amusement of the spectators.

When it is remembered that, in addition to the pressure exercised upon the docile population by means of these proclamations, the Sardinian troops were withdrawn, and the citizens of Nice saw their barracks occupied by French soldiers, who mounted guard everywhere; when they saw two French men-of-war steam into, and take up their berths, in the harbour of Villa Franca; when they were assured by the clergy, whom they were accustomed to respect; by the authorities, whom they were accustomed to obey; and by the police, whom they were accustomed to fear, that any demonstration in the opposition sense would lead to the ultimate punishment of the individual, we can scarcely wonder at the result when the day of votation arrived; but we may wonder at the conduct of the Sardinian government, in the face of the first article of the treaty of the 24th March, which declares, that "it is understood between their Majesties that this re-union shall be effected without any constraint upon the will of the people, and that the government of the King of Sardinia and the Emperor of the French will agree, as soon as possible, upon the best means to arrive at and to confirm the manifestation of this will." I certainly did wonder when I saw the streets of Nice, on the day of the vote, swarming with French soldiers, and I recalled to mind the official answer given by the King to the Nice deputation, in which his Majesty stated, "that he had stipulated, as a condition of this cession, a votation free from any external pressure, and promised that, if a military occupation took place, or if the condition was violated in any other manner, he *would protest*;" and again, in his proclamation releasing his Savoy and Nice subjects from their allegiance, his Majesty reiterates this assurance: "Under no circumstances will this great change in your fate be imposed upon you; it must be the result of your FREE CONSENT. Such is my firm determination; such also is the intention of the Emperor of the French."

The words of Count Cavour in answer to Garibaldi in the Chamber of Deputies seemed still ringing in my ears: "With reference to the vote, I think I can assure the Chamber that this will be entirely free (*pienamente libero*)." And he went on to say, that the same system would be adopted at Nice and Savoy which had already been put in practice in the Æmilia and in Tuscany. If this be really the case, the new Italian kingdom is founded upon the sand.

I have already alluded to the appointment of the Governor Lubonis. The "Government Councillor," also specially chosen, was a M. Auguste Gal, the only single member of the municipal council who, on the occasion of an address expressive of loyalty and devotion being presented to the King of Sardinia, had, with more consistency than his colleague the Syndic, refused to sign it. The post of "Government Councillor" was the reward of this act of loyalty. The other provisional appointment

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was a M. Prosper Girard, well known for his ultra French sympathies, who was selected to fill the post of vice-governor. Both these gentlemen were oil-merchants, and deeply interested, on mercantile grounds, in the annexation of Nice to France. Though ostensibly appointed by the Government, they were said to be really the nominees of M. Pietri, the French agent of police, who had originally visited Nice in August last, and was now, after having paid a visit to Turin, openly directing the government of the town and county of Nice, and making the necessary arrangements to secure the French vote. The governor and town-council made no secret about repairing daily to this indefatigable and able French official, to receive instructions. Deputations from all classes waited upon him without concealment, and he as frankly promised to carry out every request, in consideration of their voting in the right way. He was there, he said, to learn the wishes of the population, and to assure them that, if they became French, the Emperor would meet their wishes.

This dexterous but withal amiable and agreeable policeman was supported by a body of mouchards or detectives, roughly estimated at five hundred, besides numerous other agents who were disseminated over the country, and kept him *au courant* of every movement. He deserves the greatest credit for the untiring energy he displayed in the cause of his Imperial master, both in his management of the decorations of the town and the popular demonstrations. Considering the great difficulties he had to contend with, the general scenic effect was better than could have been expected. The only mistake committed was in not allowing more than eleven dissentient votes to be placed in the urns. It would have given a greater air of plausibility to the transaction, in a place where almost everybody had voted in the opposite sense on the occasion of the election of their deputies three weeks before, to have allowed it to be supposed that there were more than eleven righteous men in Nice. It would have removed it further from the category of those cities of the plain which did not contain even ten. Almost every day the papers contained some notice of the answers given to the various deputations which were sent up to M. Pietri, in most cases, I was assured, at his own instigation. One illustration will serve as a specimen, extracted from the *Avenir de Nice* (the French organ):—"The deputation of workmen and workwomen of the tobacco manufactory was presented yesterday by M. le Chev. Torrini, formerly employed in that manufacture, and by the Abbé Mari, curate of the port. Their object was to ask M. Pietri if it was the intention of the French government to preserve the manufacture of tobacco at Nice, which they had been told was to be suppressed. M. Pietri received them with great affability, and gave them the assurance that not only would the manufacture of tobacco be maintained, but that a considerable development would be given to it; moreover, that the wages, both of the men and women, would be augmented, as well as their retiring pension, as in the various French manufactories. The visitors were extremely satisfied with this reception, and withdrew shouting "Vive la France! vive l'Empereur!" Considering that the deputation consisted only of five persons, their cheers must have been feeble; but this circumstance, as well as that they subsequently denied, in the *Gazette de Nice*, that they had been sent either by their fellow-workmen or their employers, are facts omitted in the French account.

The proclamation convoking the electors and fixing the day of votation, only allowed five days' notice for the registration of the voters. The electoral lists were in fact made, published, and declared valid in less than five days. This, to those who know the country, and the difficulty of intercommunication, was an evident mockery — the object was to carry the thing by a *coup-de-main*. The Italian party not allowed to canvass, to hold meetings, or issue circulars, were, in the face of this sudden manœuvre, rendered utterly powerless. Inasmuch as, constitutionally, the local governor had no right to call upon the people to vote them-

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selves subjects of a foreign power without the sanction of the legislature, they did not anticipate so barefaced a breach of the law, and were completely taken by surprise. Meantime the central annexationist committee, upon whose proceedings no restrictions were placed, issued the following circular:—"Sir,—The central annexationist committee has named you member of the special committee for the parish of ——. Will you have the goodness, sir, to concert with your colleagues, Messrs ——, measures which may unite and bring to the poll on Sunday next the greatest possible number of electors, and take any steps which appear expedient, in order that the vote of the population of Nice may be at the same time a striking manifestation (*éclatante manifestation*) of its sentiments towards France and the Emperor?" As the day of the vote approached, the pressure put upon the population increased—rumours were current that lists of *proscrits* had already been made out. The cantonniers, or rural police authorities, did not hesitate to say that those who abstained from voting would be punished as soon as they became French subjects, while they received orders from headquarters at Nice to collect the peasants upon the day of voting, and march them in procession into the town, with drums beating and French flags waving at their head. Accustomed, as the ignorant population of the country were, to show implicit obedience to these authorities, their condition very much resembled that of the French regiment who, under the liberal institutions of the country, were called upon to give a vote by yes or no. The colonel having formed his regiment, thus addressed them:—"Soldiers! Opinions are free—those among you in favour of 'yes,' will present arms. Attention to the word of command! Carry arms! Present arms!—Result—carried unanimously!"

The first object which met my view, as I entered Nice on the morning of Sunday the 15th, was a procession of country people, thus well drilled, marching into the town. At the head of the procession was a fat *curé*, arm-in-arm with the village syndic, and another local functionary; behind, were thirty or forty rustics, some of them extremely drunk, although early in the morning, carrying flags, beating drums, and cheering in a maudlin, irregular manner. The streets were crowded with persons wearing tri-coloured cockades, and carrying the *oui* voting ticket stuck prominently in their hats. French soldiers, of whom there was a plentiful sprinkling, mingled freely with the crowd, although one battalion had been marched to Villafranca, distant two or three miles, to give the authorities an opportunity of saying that, in order not to influence the vote, part of the French troops had left the town. A more serious moral effect upon the population had been created by the withdrawal, some time before, of the Sardinian troops than by the presence of the French. It was a singular circumstance that the members of the National Guard who were on guard at the poll, had been selected, not in the regular manner, but by their known sympathies. The urns were placed in the National College, and thither I repaired to watch the process of voting. The people crowded in and voted with scarcely a challenge; lists of those registered were posted up outside; but at first the votes were given too rapidly to enable the scrutineers to exercise any check. The *oui* ticket was distributed freely in the streets—men stood at the corners of them as if they were advertising quack medicines, and gave you any number of "ouis;" but I endeavoured, both in shops and in the streets, to procure a *non*, without success.

One boor I saw just about to vote two tickets. I asked him if such was his intention, and he naïvely answered, "Why not?" "Oh," I said, "it won't be fair; give me one," which he most good-naturedly did at once. Another man to whom I spoke told me that he was strongly opposed to becoming French—that he had two sons in the Sardinian service, one in the army and the other in the navy—that he himself was a poor boatman, and that he had voted *oui* against his inclination, because the police had told him that if he did not he would be imprisoned—that the

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king, whom he loved, wanted it—that England and all the Powers wanted it—and that as for his voting in the opposite sense he would simply get himself into a scrape and do no good. "But," he said, proudly, "I have neither cheered, nor will I wear a cockade." As all the scrutineers were the nominees of Pietri, and as they held the keys of the urns, there was, of course, no security against any number of *oui* tickets being put into them in private; while instances came to my knowledge of persons not only voting two tickets at a time, but voting twice. By two o'clock in the afternoon, the majority of the votes had been already deposited, and the rest of the day was devoted to drunken and noisy demonstrations, proceeding principally from the country people. These paraded the streets in gangs, singing, yelling, and reeling about, no payment being required for strong drinks; while sleek priests either walked in front or smiled bland encouragement upon their intoxicated congregations. It is worthy of note that, by becoming French, the salaries of these spiritual men will be considerably augmented. Crowds of citizens lined the streets, who, however, for the most part, abstained from any symptom of demonstration, and regarded, in sullen silence, the degrading spectacle which their town presented. Not a handkerchief waved from a female hand, or a real, hearty, soul-stirring cheer was to be heard. Fifes, drums, and songs composed the chief part of the enthusiasm, and when the *vivas* did come, they were feeble and irregular. One of the strongest demonstrations at which I was present, took place in front of the hotel occupied by M. Pietri, when that affable Corsican appeared upon the balcony, and smiled upon the rabble. I am aware that upon such occasions as these it is difficult to form a general estimate of the sentiments of a population; and there were persons at Nice who gave the people credit for a greater amount of unanimity in favour of France than I did. It is safer to judge by facts than by appearances; and if such be the case, I would ask, why were those candidates who were opposed to French annexation recently returned to the Turin Parliament? why were the French troops hissed on their first arrival at Nice, and obliged to use their bayonets? why did the municipal junta send a vote of thanks to those members of the English Parliament who opposed French annexation? Why did the French Consul, only three weeks before, represent to his government that if a French man-of-war did not come to Villa Franca, his own life and that of his wife and family would be endangered? Why was the editor of the *Avenir de Nice* (French organ) besieged in his house and obliged to rush down to Villa Franca to the said ship, when it came, for refuge? Why have large sums been spent in bribery? Why was the vote hurried? Why did the crowds who lined the streets remain silent, while the peasants and French agents paraded them? Where were the bouquets and waving handkerchiefs of feminine demonstrators, which always accompany the ebullition of popular feeling in Italy, instead of which the Nice ladies openly avowed, to the shame of their lords, that if the suffrage had been extended to them they would have had the pluck to say *no*? Why, finally, if the feeling was so unanimous, was it necessary to withdraw the Sardinian soldiers, to dismiss the Sardinian authorities, to infringe the constitution, to garrison the town with French troops, and to send a French police agent to superintend the operation? These circumstances, coupled with what may be termed the unnatural unanimity of the vote, may fairly warrant us in assuming that it was by no means even a proximate expression of the real sentiments of the population. That so transparent a trick should have been unnecessarily passed off upon Europe, is an insult to those nations who were intended to be duped, and a disgrace to the constitutional government which perpetrated it. That universal suffrage may be a convenient instrument in the hands of a ruler who, while he is governing upon the principles of absolute despotism, is obliged at the same time to conciliate the revolutionary sympathies of Europe, is very possible; but that

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the government of a nation, whose boast it is that it is emerging from darkness into the full light of liberty, should inaugurate its regime by violating all the natural rights of a portion of its subjects, must deprive it of the sympathy of all who have the cause of freedom really at heart. While, on the other hand, had the people of Nice,—released by royal proclamation from their allegiance to the King of Sardinia,—taken advantage of the occasion to insist upon their rights as free men, and, if necessary, die for them, they at least would have secured that sympathy which seems going begging; but their behaviour throughout has proved that they are not yet competent to appreciate the value of free institutions; and we can scarcely regret, for their own sakes, though we may for the interest of civilisation generally, the fate which has overtaken them.

The last act of the drama was yet to come; and though the *spectacle* was not of a cheerful or exhilarating character, I determined to see it out. As soon, therefore, as the scrutiny was terminated, and the result of the Nice vote made known, I returned to Savoy, where the same process was to take place on the 22d of the month. On my way I visited Toulon, and inspected, so far as opportunity would permit, the naval preparations in progress there. I observed building two line-of-battle ships, two *vaisseaux blindés*—which, however, the stranger is not allowed to inspect except from a boat—two frigates, and several gunboats.

On the morning of the 22d I found myself once more at Bonneville, in Faucigny; but a considerable change had taken place in the aspect of affairs since I had left it less than a month before. From every house, and almost from every window in every house, waved French flags. The hotel, which had formerly been the headquarters of the anti-French party, and where I had dined with the members of the committee, was tricked out in all the splendours of red, white, and blue. The bookseller's shop, where I had heard sentiments strongly hostile to France, now displayed a gigantic banner; but more remarkable than all, the house of the candidate who had contested Bonneville three weeks before on the Swiss interest, as opposed to the French, was now decorated with French flags. My old friends were nowhere to be found: the committee had evaporated; and throughout the town, where recently party feeling ran so high, and anti-French annexation was rampant and openly expressed, there was not a syllable to be heard against it. A little shopkeeper, whom I knew formerly as a furious anti-Frenchman, was now, with difficulty, dug out of his back shop, and owned to having just voted in favour of France as an act of self-preservation. "What could I do?" he said, "the conciérge de la ville brought me two tickets this morning, with a message from the intendant that if I did not vote them it would be the worse for me. He also asked where my French flag was, and advised me, if I valued my liberty, to show one without delay. There is the flag, and here is the other voting ticket—a similar one I have just voted, but this I present to you"—

"BULLETIN DE VOTATION.

"La Savoie veut-elle être réunie à la France?

"oui et zône."

My informant went on to tell me that every voter had received his ticket from the police authorities, and smiled when I asked him where I could procure a *non* ticket. "No printing-house here would venture to print one," he said; "you would have to get them from Geneva." The addition of the word "zone" struck me as curious, and I asked the object of its insertion in the voting ticket. The device was ingenious. The authorities, fearing that though the people had not the courage to vote *non*, they might be bold enough to abstain from voting at all, gave it to be understood that such a course would not prevent their being annexed, but that they would thereby lose their commercial zone or free frontier with Switzerland, upon which their future prosperity would depend; in other words,

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by voting, they would be annexed and get their zone—by abstaining, they would be equally annexed, but ruined. By a recent French circular I perceive it stated that the desire of the Emperor to carry out the conditions of neutrality, as laid down in the 92d article of the treaty, has induced him to grant this zone. It was originally invented as an "election dodge," and served the purpose admirably, being used either as a bribe or a threat. If it is again to do duty in a conference, this *idea* will have done good service. The Hotel de Ville, although a Sardinian government building, was covered with French flags, on one of which was inscribed "France et Zone," but not a Sardinian flag was visible. The following official proclamations were posted upon the walls of the same building :—

"*Inhabitants of Bonneville,*

"The treaty concluded on the 24th of March last between the Emperor of the French and his Majesty Victor Emmanuel, the immense majority of votes in favour of the candidate who represented the French idea, the late proclamation of the Governor of Annecy, who invites us himself 'to give a free course to the sympathies which draw us towards France,' permit us for the future openly to express our sentiments, our aspirations. In his solicitude for his new subjects, his Majesty Napoleon III. sends amongst us one of the members of the Senate, M. Laity, to study the wants, and understand what are the desires, what is the future of Savoy. He will prove to our future sovereign that we sympathise in his great and generous ideas, that we enter into his views, in according to his illustrious envoy a reception worthy of the high mission which is confided to him.

"Fellow-citizens and friends,—We are inaugurating a new era of peace and concord. Let there be no more political dissensions to create mistrust and hate, to divide men of heart and of action who are the best fitted to understand each other. We count upon the enlightened patriotism of the inhabitants of Bonneville. On the decisive day, forgetting the past and full of confidence for the future, let us have but one rallying-cry,

"Vive la France et l'Italie.
"Vive Napoleon III.
"Vive Victor Emmanuel II.

"*The Syndic, afterwards Intendant,* } T. GUY."

Another proclamation, calling absention "a crime," and ending "Vive la France, vive l'Empereur," signed by the same man as Intendant, was posted side by side with the following still stronger official manifesto :—

"The Syndic of Bonneville notifies, that the Communal Council will assist at the benediction of the flags which the Imperial Government has presented to the commune,—that this religious ceremony will take place on Sunday the 22d, at seven o'clock, A.M.,—that the cortège will leave the Hotel de Ville to go to the church. All the electors are invited to this ceremony, which will immediately precede the opening of the urns. In the morning the Hotel de Ville will be *pavoisé* with the French flags and national colours. The flag inscribed Zone and France will be hoisted upon the front of the Hotel de Ville. All the inhabitants are invited to decorate their houses with flags of the same colours.

"Fellow-citizens,—The solemn moment approaches. The province of Nice given to France, as well as Savoy, by the treaty of the 24th of March, has given an almost unanimous vote in favour of reunion to France.

"Shall we be less French than our brothers the Nizzards?

"The Imperial Government has made its *debut* by a signal benefit, by giving us the customs zone, which has been refused hitherto. It assures to us the prosperity of the country. Its generosity will not end here. French engineers have explored the province to study the banks of the rivers, the state of our roads, and the public works most useful to the country. The numerous mines of Faucigny will be worked, the condition of our *collège* will be improved. Let us show our grati-

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tude to the Emperor. Let us give a free course to our sympathies, so long restrained, and prove, by a compact and unanimous vote, that we are as much French as our fathers were.

"Vive l'Empereur.
"Vive la France.

"*The Syndic,* DUFOUR."

It must have been a relief to the Sardinian official, whose sympathies in favour of a foreign country had been "so long restrained," while serving his own government, to be able at last, with its consent and approval, to utter these treasonable words. The official blessing of the French flags was calculated to create a great effect upon a somewhat weak and superstitious population, and was a well devised measure. With reference to it the Intendant, in one of his circulars to the Syndics, says,—"MM. les Commissaires de mandement" will distribute the flags which *MM. les Curés* are authorised, and indeed invited, to bless. These standards will be in this case presented by the commune, at the head of the inhabitants, to MM. les Curés, who will receive them at the entry of the church. Finally, you will understand the importance which I attach to this last recommendation. You will take care that official proclamations, manifestoes, and notices, are preserved intact. All appeals to the passions—any notice whatever affixed without the required authorisation—will be immediately torn down. T. GUY, *Intendant.*" Considering that the sentiments of the population were supposed to be unanimous, and that M. Guy was still a Sardinian, this last act of official tyranny on the part of a free and constitutional government was somewhat gratuitous. It is unnecessary to say that proclamations against French annexation were not only forbidden to be posted, but not allowed to be printed. A proclamation by the governor was as follows :—

"*Government of the Province of Annecy.*

"The Governor-regent of the province of Annecy is happy to be able officially to announce that His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III. will visit Savoy in the course of the approaching summer.

(Signed) "LACHENAL,
"*The Governor-Regent.*"

Inasmuch as many of the syndics and local authorities were utterly opposed to the idea of French annexation, and without their co-operation the coercion of the people in the right direction could not be insured, the same authority, acting with the sanction and under the instructions of his government, issued the following circular :—

"*The Governor of Annecy.*

"Considering that M. ——, syndic of the commune of ——, does not seem to have accepted favourably the consequence of the treaty of the 24th of March last : considering that it is important, under the present circumstances, to have at the head of the administration of each commune, men devoted to the new order of things ;

"It is decreed,—

"1. M. ——, present syndic of the commune of ——, is dismissed from his functions.

"2. The municipal counsellor —— is charged, until the new order, with the communal administration of the said commune.

"3. The above will be transmitted to MM. —— and ——, for their guidance.

"*Annecy, April* 1860.

(Signed) "LACHENAL,
"*The Governor-Regent.*"

The French organ (*Bon Sense*) of Annecy, commenting upon this most necessary measure, remarks :—

"A very important thing for the success of the great votation to which Savoy is about to be called, is to have at the head of each commune a syndic thoroughly devoted to the French annexation, for it is he who should give the impulse, and preside at the electoral operations. A syndic who is still devoted to Piedmont, or having a Swiss leaning, will be altogether out of place on such an occasion.

"We learn with pleasure that a great purgation has already taken place in the province of Chambery,

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of syndics hostile or suspected. We engage all sincere friends of France to keep a sharp look-out upon all their communal administrations.

"We do not doubt that the governor of the province of Annecy will be ready, if such is the case, to make use of the full powers with which he is clothed, to replace in each commune all the syndics who will not loyally co-operate in the great cause of our national regeneration."

Having thus dealt with every communal authority supposed to be tinged with loyalty or patriotism, the Intendant of Faucigny issues a circular addressed to MM. the syndics, communal administrators of the congregations of charity, and public functionaries of Faucigny, in which he says, that "In order for the votation to have a happy result, it is necessary to enlighten the voters. Have the goodness to explain to these gentlemen, that it is no longer a question of pronouncing upon a preference between France and Piedmont, between France and Switzerland, — that Piedmont has ceded us to France by the treaty of 24th of March, and that we can no longer belong to it, and that Switzerland is foreign to the treaty submitted to their adhesion. There remains only the affirmative or negative vote upon their reunion to France: any other vote will be considered null. In voting affirmatively, we confirm the vote of our fathers in 1792. We re-enter into the great family, after a long absence, to enjoy there the rights and advantages attached to the name of a Frenchman, and to the inappreciable privilege of a customs zone, which you have so long desired, and which is now officially guaranteed.

"The Emperor, who is the personification of great and generous ideas, will not remain insensible to this manifestation of the sympathies of a people: he will restore to that people, in kindnesses a hundredfold, the satisfaction which they will have caused him.

"In voting negatively, Savoy will be reduced to impotence and anarchy. It has been my duty to make you understand the situation, in order to avoid surprises.

(Signed) "T. Guy, *Intendant.*"

But lest this should not produce the desired effect, it was followed by another to the same authorities, which ran thus:—

"Sir,—Upon the 22d instant all the Savoyards are convoked to determine their destinies. I consider it useless to insist upon the importance of the solemn act in which your countrymen shall take part. Your mission, sir, imposes upon you new duties, new obligations, greater even than those which your devotion to the common cause has doubtless dictated. Profit by the influence which your past services have given you over the country people, in order to make them understand the greater interest which attaches to their vote of the 22d and 23d April 1860. Let them be put upon their guard against the influence of those men who, unable to carry out their criminal attempts, would wish to involve them in their fall. Let them understand that those counsels are perfidious, those patriots false, who say, 'It is all over, and it is useless to vote.' Absention is always the act of a bad citizen. To-day it will be still worse; it will be an irreparable fault. *There must be* an immense majority. The unanimity of the bulletins *must* show Europe that Savoy is altogether French at heart, and that the exigences of politics are perfectly reconciled with national aspirations.

"You will give a striking proof of your devotion to Savoy by conforming to these instructions.

"In addressing myself to you with full confidence, I trust that you will afford me an active co-operation.

(Signed) "T. Guy, *Intendant.*"

I could multiply proclamations of this description, but if I have already run the risk of wearying the reader, I must plead the necessity which exists of bringing actual proofs of the pressure exercised upon the Savoyard population, as any mere statement to that effect would simply be denied by the French papers. During my first visit to Savoy, I did not gain the impression that the anti-French feeling was so strong as was evidently the case from the extreme measures taken to counteract it. Not only were the communal committees

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generally composed of the authorities themselves—not only were other committees not allowed to be formed, but the printing establishments were under surveillance, and letters opened and stopped at the post-office. As the registration of the voters was in the hands of the authorities, many of those suspected of opposition views were not included in the lists of voters at all; while, as the lists of "suspects" were popularly supposed to have been actually made out, the omission implied that their names were to be found in that less agreeable category.

Had the vote been secret, it is very possible that, in spite of all the pressure used, a large number of *nons* might have been found in the urns. The fact that *nons* were not allowed to be printed, was only a partial guarantee. The *oui* ticket had so distinctive a character that it would have been difficult of imitation; while, to have written a ticket, would have been an evident *no*. Still, to guard against any such contingency, M. Guy (who seemed to be omnipotent, though, on constitutional grounds, his authority might very fairly have been disputed), ordered that, as each elector presented himself, "the President, after having 'constaté' the certificate of inscription, should receive the bulletin, one of the members of the office, or the secretary, will register the vote, by writing upon the list the name of the voter, *and the President will place the voting-ticket in the urn.*" I have already described the views which the President was expected to entertain. Anxious to see this original mode of ballot in operation, I repaired to the voting-room in the Hotel de Ville, but was, of course, not admitted. A very fussy official, whom I suspect to have been M. Guy himself, apparently boiling over with rage at the attempted intrusion, told us we had no business there, but that, if it was any satisfaction to us to know it, three-fourths of the voters had already voted, and all in favour of France. He probably obtained his information from the President. So indignant was he at the natural curiosity we manifested in our investigations, that we had no sooner repaired to the hotel to refresh ourselves, than we received a visit from three gendarmes, whose cocked hats and swords were perhaps hardly calculated to inspire us with so much terror as the population they were intended to overawe. These gentry demanded our passports, and were much disappointed at finding that we not only had them with us, but that they were strictly *en règle*. Until their unexpected appearance I had hoped that, while the Sardinian Government had permitted the authorities to retain their official character, they had at least withdrawn that material force which the presence of their carabineers enabled the local functionaries to rely upon for coercing the population. There was a strange anomaly in allowing a man who ended his proclamations with "Vive la France," "Vive l'Empereur," to employ Sardinian soldiers. Either he was a Sardinian and a traitor, or a Frenchman, and incompetent to use Sardinians for his police purposes. We gently hinted as much to the poor men whose unpleasant duty it was to do the bidding of the Intendant; and, to do them justice, they seemed to feel excessively embarrassed by the awkward task imposed upon them, and very much relieved to find that we were not arrestable. Nevertheless, throughout the remainder of our visit, our steps were dogged by one or other of these myrmidons; and I consequently found considerable difficulty in obtaining some of the proclamations, as the printing-offices had received strict orders not to allow them to be copied, and to stand in the street and do it was out of the question. It seemed desolate not to find a single one of my old friends in the town. I got tired of hearing nothing but "Vive la France!" and succeeded at last in discovering the only solitary representative of the liberal party left in Bonneville, who confirmed all I had already heard of what he termed "la pression epouvantable" to which the voters had been subjected. Every one of his colleagues had left the place—to remain would only have exposed them to persecution and insult; and as we left the town, we could sympathise with the motives which had induced them to desert it,

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for a crowd of boys and "roughs" had been stationed in the street to hoot and hiss us as we passed, our friends the gendarmes not upon this occasion interfering.

The result of the vote, which was announced two days afterwards, was, as we expected, almost unanimous, although three weeks had not elapsed since nearly 13,000 persons had signed a memorial against French annexation, and a member had been returned from Faucigny to the Turin Chamber to protest against it. Altogether, M. Laity, who was a fellow prisoner with the Emperor at Ham, proved himself a worthy colleague of the Corsican Pietri; and in the event of its becoming shortly necessary to consult the populations of the Prussian provinces on the Rhine, we shall doubtless see these two indefatigable election-agents each with his corps of detectives again employed.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the bargain struck at Plombières was a political necessity, there surely was no occasion to carry out the terms of it in the manner above described. Had the Sardinian Government boldly acknowledged the grounds upon which it had determined to make the sacrifice, and spared us the farce of the popular vote, it might have pained, but it would not have outraged, the liberal sentiment of Europe. But to make use of popular institutions as a mask behind which to hide a system of oppression and tyranny, is calculated to bring those institutions into contempt, and to discredit every government conducted upon free and enlightened principles throughout the world. If people are to be slaves, let them at least be spared the miserable mockery of sham liberty. If, on the other hand, there be "a sacred cause of freedom," let it not be prostituted by being made subservient to the ends of despotism. The most absolute government in Europe is preferable to a cunningly-devised imposture, which, while it dupes those who love liberty, avails itself of the appliances of those who hate it.

THE FIGHT FOR THE BELT.

A LAY SUNG AT A FEAST IN PALL-MALL.

I.

THE Fancy of America
By all creation swore,
A British champion round his loins
Should gird the Belt no more.
With strange great oaths they swore it,
And chose a man straightway,
And felt his arm, and saw him hit,
And loafed, and chewed, and cursed, and spit,
And sent him to the fray.

II.

Sooth was this picked American
Of Irish parents born,
As like Columbia's progeny
As wheat to Indian-corn;
But 'tis the boast of that free land
To take the stranger in,
And, be he any tint but black,
To own him for her kin.

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III.

I do not know that great men
  Avail them of her grace,
That shining merit makes her shores
  Its chosen resting-place;
But the persecuted burglar,
  Or the man of many wives,
Or he whose quick ingenious wit
With legal maxims doth not fit,
  Still seeks that land, and thrives.

IV.

America's step-champion
  Went forth upon the wave,
High hopes pursued him from the shore,
  And prophesyings brave,
"Dollars to cents he wins it;
  Yes, sir, I guess he's spry;
He'll whip the cussed Britisher,
  Our prime Benicia B'y."

V.

Like ancient heroes fabled
  Of strange descent to be,
The Transatlantic hero claimed
  A curious pedigree;
His dam an alligator,
  A fiery steed his sire,
Remoter (thus the tale I read)
A snapping-turtle crossed the breed,
  Infusing force and fire.

VI.

Full many a practised warrior
  The halls of Congress hold,
Full many a gouger dexterous,
  Full many a rowdy bold,
With dagger or revolver
  Prepared to legislate,
But Heenan (so 'twas said) could give
The skeeriest Representative
  Defeat in such debate.

VII.

Three years against all comers
  The Champion keeps the Ring,
Keeps it against what fistic might
  The universe can bring;
Three years the mystic girdle
  The Champion's strength hath graced,
Pelides' belt, or that which spanned
The sinewy loins of Hector grand,
  No braver heart embraced.

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VIII.

And in three years no foeman
Had dared dispute the prize;
All feared the crashing iron fist
Whose blow not Pollux might resist,
Though trained amid the skies.
But now the loud defiance
Across the Atlantic hurled,
Warned Sayers he must guard his fame;
Quoth Tom, "All right, my boys, I'm game;
Old England 'gainst the world!"

IX.

Then out spake Harry Brunton,
Sage bottle-holder he;
Quoth he, "I've at your service, Tom,
My counsel and my knee."
And out spake Jemmy Welsh also
(I know not who was he),
"I will abide, too, at thy side,
And wet the sponge for thee."

X.

Across the sea came Heenan,
Like an ancient Argonaut,
Yet found it difficult to meet
The willing foe he sought,
For in times so tender-hearted,
'Tis the fashion to prevent
All personal damage to a man,
E'en with his own consent.

XI.

So where'er a champion goeth
A constable doth go
(I wish our Volunteers may watch
Invading Frenchmen so);
They cannot find a county
Where this vigilance doth cease,
And many hazards strange they ran,
And pondered many a cunning plan,
Ere they could war in peace.

XII.

At London Bridge there waited
A train immensely long,
And with the dawn the Champions came,
And after them a throng
Of men in shawls deep-muffled,
Unshaven and unwashed—
Men who, forewarned, sat up all night
To see the long-expected fight;
Each carriage crammed, the word "All right!"
Was passed, and off they dashed.

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XIII.

But quicker still the telegraph
Went flashing on its way;
"Look out, police, and stop the fight!"
The wires officious say.
From east and west come breathless in
The myrmidons of Mayne,
Each stands aghast, and gapes, and stares,
Its freight the engine past them bears—
Lives not the constable that dares
Arrest a special train!

XIV.

Fast, fast, with wheels quick spinning,
That train far-lengthening sped,
It whirled along through Caterham,
Where folks were still a-bed,
Turned sharply short at Reigate,
Passed Dorking, Gomshall, Sheire,
Shalford, and Guildford, pausing not,
Rushed by the Camp at Aldershott,
And checked in a convenient spot
Near Farnborough its career.

XV.

And as, when April sunshine
All torpid life revives,
The bees with flutter and with hum
Come swarming from the hives,
So in the broad bright morning
Poured forth the pent-up throng,
And clamorous o'er the meadows spread
To where a stream in oozy bed
Rolls its dull length along.

XVI.

And, throwing off their wrappers,
All stood in open view,
Full many a potentate and peer,
And reverend prelate too,
And judges filled with learning,
And authors known to fame,
Guardsmen and statesmen, nobs and snobs,
The old and sick and lame;

XVII.

For deep in English bosoms
A germ pugnacious lies,
And skill to combat still calls forth
The people's sympathies:
They love to see men daring,
Yet temperate, cool, though bold;
Who shows no fear they love to cheer
As in the days of old.

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XVIII.

And with the crowd came veterans
Whom well the arena knows,
Acute observers of the hug,
The rally, and the close:
The noted Quaker bruiser
From Manchester had come,
Who, as he passed a gentleman,
Still scowled and bit his thumb;

XIX.

Beneath one arm a bludgeon,
Cut from an olive bough,
Was tucked—the other linked his mate,
(Mate new and strange, I trow),
The Flashy Chancellor, who bore
Dark marks of punishment,
Where Ben with might put in his right,
And left him stunned and spent.

XX.

And other cause for sorrow
The Chancellor had that day,
Knowing how for a shadow he
The substance trucked away—
Deep felt the Homeric critic
The tale that Homer told,
How, in the barter, Diomed
Exchanged his brass for gold.

XXI.

And Pam was there, still jaunty,
Elastic, trimly laced,
But looking much too Frenchified
To suit the present taste:
His pal, the Bedford Bantam,
Had a grandchild weak and ill,
And though he yearned to see the fray,
Paternal feelings had their way;
The old 'un stayed at home that day
To nurse his little Bill,

XXII.

The babe whose idiot features
Ancestral sins disclose,
Despised of all, disgrace of kin,
And ridicule of foes—
Whose misbegotten being
Is dishonour to his name,
Link in a still-descending line
To end in woe and shame.

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XXIII.

But now the ring was forming
Around the champions twain;
The circling crowd kept surging on,
And then surged back again;
And the weak were sorely damaged,
And by dexterous hands and sly
Pockets were searched, for prigging swells
(As Ainsworth, my informant, tells)
Now faked the nimming cly.

XXIV.

And a Saturday Reviewer,
One Mr Bilious Prig,
An old young fellow, with false teeth
And a very youthful wig,
Got bonneted by a Scotchman,
Who jammed his hat so tight
That he couldn't get it off again
In time to see the fight,

XXV.

And 'mid the throng mov'd darkly,
Most piteous to behold,
His feelings pent from natural vent,
For he couldn't even scold;
And a thief who picked his pocket,
Got ('twas hardly worth his while)
Prescriptions for Acidity
And a remedy for Bile.

XXVI.

Down to the waist the champions
Stood naked to the sight,—
Secure the strong American
Appeared in towering height;
His arm both long and powerful,
To guard or deal the stroke;—
Beneath the white skin, to and fro,
Glancing the steely muscles go;
On trunk and limbs the sinews show
Like ivy-stems on oak.

XXVII.

And as in Rome's arena,
In her day of power and pride,
Some fair-haired gladiator, nursed
By Trent's or Thames's side,
Matched with a dusky foeman,
Of Mauritania's brood;
So, opposite, in contrast strong,
The swarthy Champion stood.

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XXVIII.

I cannot say that boxing
Improves the human face,
That either profile clearly showed
A flowing Phidian trace;
And any antique statues
They resembled, must be those,
A little chipt from long neglect,
And damaged in the nose.

XXIX.

Chance gave the choice to Heenan,
Who took the shaded place;
Apollo showered his rays upon
The dazzled Champion's face.
Both smiling stood, both cautious,
At distance feigned, and sparred,
Like men who fain would know their foe
Before they left their guard.

XXX.

But soon the game grows earnest,
More swift the changing blows;
Like some great engine, to and fro
The stranger's left arm goes;
Before its rushing violence
His footing none may keep;
And twice the Champion reels and falls,
'Mid shouts and murmurs deep.

XXXI.

But ever he uprises,
With step both firm and light,
And still opposes vigilance
And skill to strength and height;
Still as the towering foeman
Breaks in above his guard,
The Champion, hurled like stone from sling,
Recalcitrant across the ring,
Goes headlong to the sward.

XXXII.

And seeing how he staggered
Beneath those thundering blows,
Each Yankee loud derided,
Exulting through his nose.
These taunts the impatient Champion
To fiercer action stung,
And, springing in, he dealt a stroke
That o'er the meadow rung,

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XXXIII.

Stern as the stroke of cestus,
Or hand in glove of mail,
Splitting and crushing brow and cheek
Like corn beat down by hail;
The tall foe reels before it,
And counter cheers, as loud
As hailed the American before,
Rise from the wavering crowd.

XXXIV.

But now a general murmur
The English side depressed,
For his right arm the Champion hung
Disabled on his breast,—
That strong right arm, whose single stroke,
In many a bloody fray,
Delivered straight and full, had been
Decisive of the day.

XXXV.

Yet Sayers, dauntless boxer,
Right home his left hand sped
Thrice and again, till reeled the foe
Wide-tottering, streaming red,
Like stalwart Bacchanalian
Drunk with his drink divine,
When past his lips the flagon slips,
And floods his breast with wine.

XXXVI.

Long time these modern Spartans
Contested still the prize;
Long steps the sun, since they begun,
Had made across the skies;
And still, with fronts undaunted,
(Though sore defaced and smashed
Like figure-heads on hostile prows)
They rose, advanced, and clashed.

XXXVII.

Nor can the Muse determine
Who most renowned should be,
He who through that stern strife displayed
The spirit high and undismayed
That urged him o'er the sea,
Or he who strove so nobly,
Though reft of half his might—
Equal the valour, shared the meed,
Since neither was by fate decreed
Victorious in the fight.

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XXXVIII.

Most impotent conclusion
Had this combat long and stout,
When constables and lawless mob
Turned all the scene to rout—
The ring's fair precincts broken,
Wild rallies, aimless blows,
A throng that on the arena gained
Until no fighting-space remained—
In turmoil vexed the strife attained
Its indecisive close :—

XXXIX.

Close much to be lamented,
For the laurel must remain
Without a wearer, and my song
Without a crowning strain.
Beyond the unsettled issue
New arguments are seen,
And disputants their weapons wield,
Manœuvring in the boundless field
Of all that might have been.

XL.

By none so much as Heenan
Must that mischance be felt,
Who back to those expectant shores
Returns without the Belt,
For, though exalted office
No doubt awaits him there,
Yet, beltless, he will scarcely gain
What, conqueror, he might well attain—
The Presidential Chair !

XLI.

Meanwhile there swelled through London
Vague rumours of the fray,
No man, whate'er his own affair,
Thought much of it that day—
Swells at club-breakfasts, pausing
In gastronomic joys,
And little boys, who, going to school,
Met other little boys,

XLII.

And patriarchs old and hoary,
And matrons grave and staid,
And the sick with his physician,
And the swain with blushing maid,
Fair penitents conferring
With parsons Puseyite,
And clients with their men of law,—
All asked, *How went the fight ?*

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XLIII.

And well may both brave nations
Be proud of both brave sons;
Through all the triumphs of the race
A thread in common runs;
Still Jonathan must feel to John
As son to noble sire,
Still John (tho' sometimes moved to chide),
Watching the boy that left his side,
As on he goes with giant stride,
Must wonder and admire.

XLIV.

Embalmed in verse strong Dares
To far times lives anew,
Why not strong Heenan? Have we not
Our brave Entellus too?
And I would some worthier poet,
In more melodious rhyme,
Should sing the Battle of the Belt,
And send it down through time.

H.

THE BALANCE OF PARTY.

So completely has the balance between the two great parties in the State been restored within the last few weeks, that it is difficult to realise the fact of its having been lost, and to all appearance irrecoverably, at an earlier period of the session. When the Houses of Parliament assembled in January last, the Tory party imagined that they were a power in the State, that they held a strong position in the Lower House, and that they could compel the existing Government to respect their wishes. In a moment they found themselves bereft of power, in a hopeless minority, a derision to their enemies, and a wonder to themselves. The Whigs flapped their wings and crowed mightily, for, lo! the Radical policy was in the ascendant, the Tories had no chance against it, and there beamed upon the Treasury benches the prospect of a long lease of office. The Tories were dumbfounded, and felt so strongly the justice of their cause, that some of them began to ascribe their discomfiture to the bad management of their leaders. A few, echoing the popular cry that at last we have Demosthenes among us, attributed the success of the most reckless Budget that has ever been proposed by a British minister to the marvellous eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and felt that the party had committed a grand blunder in allowing Mr Gladstone to be severed from their ranks, no matter what the price of his adhesion. Others doubted the competence of Mr Disraeli, and felt that a chief of different mettle would either have led them on to certain victory, or would have masked defeat by avoiding a disastrous division. In the confusion of party, the wildest explanations were hazarded. But it will now, we think, be admitted, that the temporary success of the Budget was due neither to the merits of Mr Gladstone nor to the faults of Mr Disraeli. Mr Gladstone, with all his merits, is regarded as a thorn in the side of his friends, who cannot mention him without shaking their heads; and Mr Disraeli, whatever be his faults, is certainly not answer-

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able for the mistakes committed in what he has happily described as the delirium of the Treaty.

Four circumstances conspired to render the Opposition timid, and to give the Government a triumph. In the first place, nobody wished to displace the Cabinet. There have lately been so many changes of Government, that, in the interest of the Constitution, all Tory members have been anxious to give the Ministers a fair trial. They have no desire for office, as the result of a party move. They are willing to bide their time, well assured that the Cabinet has in itself all the elements of a speedy dissolution. Some members of the Cabinet are known to have Conservative tastes; others have friendly relations with the chiefs of Opposition. Even at the cost of accepting such a monster as the Budget, the Tory party shrank from striking a blow which might be fatal to such a Ministry as the present. A second consideration increased their unwillingness. Under most critical circumstances, the Cabinet announced to Europe through the Treaty that their relations with France were of the most friendly nature. The news seemed too good to be true; but there were the assertions of the Ministry made at their peril, and there was the fact of the Treaty, which gave to these assertions the semblance of validity. Many of those who were not convinced were at least perplexed, felt that they could not take upon themselves to give the lie to the Government, and declined to run the risk of a misunderstanding with France which an adverse vote might involve. We were arming against the Emperor—we were engaged in most delicate negotiations that in a moment might have precipitated war. Who can wonder if, when the Cabinet declared that they had discovered a means of averting strife and insuring eternal peace, there were those among the Tories who, however distrustful of such glittering promises, declined the responsibility of peremptorily meeting Ministers with a haughty negative? Add to this a third fact, that the reduction of the Paper Duties acted on a very large portion of the press as a direct bribe; that consequently a considerable clamour was raised in favour of the Budget by a very noisy set of personages; and that many members of the Tory party could not affect to be insensible to the appeals, urgent and defiant, which came to them through these organs of public opinion. Lastly, the Treaty offered a bribe to our manufacturing and commercial centres—to Belfast and to Liverpool, which are represented by Tories in the House of Commons, not less than to Manchester, Birmingham, and Newcastle. The Tory representatives of such towns were obliged to consider the interests of their constituents. Their hands were tied. They could not well vote in favour of a Budget which, to the country at large, boded no good; and they could not well vote against measures which would confer benefits on the particular localities with which they were connected. The fear of ousting the Ministry, quashing the Treaty, offending France, and precipitating a European crisis, was so great, that the Tories were in a hopeless minority. The Government was safe. Influenced by the considerations we have enumerated, the Opposition refused to run the risk of expressing want of confidence in the Ministry.

Suddenly the bubble has burst, the horizon has cleared, the delirium of the Treaty has been followed by the return of reason. In the annexation of Savoy, Louis Napoleon has furnished us with a key to the much-lauded Treaty. It is universally admitted, that had the design of the French Emperor been known from the first, there would have been no chance of the British Parliament giving its sanction to the instrument negotiated by Mr Cobden. It is palpable that the provisions of the Treaty were intended as a confection to help us to swallow what Louis Napoleon knew would be most distasteful to us. It appears, however, that the design of this astute ruler has not yet been plumbed to the bottom. We find that we have made a mistake, and the mistake which we have discovered appears to be blinding people to a source of infinite

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mischief involved in the Treaty. People expected that commerce was immediately to flourish between France and England—that we should buy each other up—and that we were to be so necessary to each other as to be incapable of using sword or rifled gun again. We have now discovered that we are not to gain so much as we expected from the Treaty, and that when the *ad valorem* are translated, under Mr Cobden's care, into specific duties, they will, even at the lowest point, amount to a heavy protective tariff, and will in many cases act as an absolute prohibition. People, therefore, jump to the conclusion that the Treaty is naught—that it was never intended to be anything—that it is operative only on our side, leading us to give up a great deal, while we gain but a song in return. This we believe to be an exaggeration. The Treaty is worth something. Mr Cobden has really succeeded in getting our iron and coal into France on better terms than before. Louis Napoleon was obliged to give us a sop, and he has furnished himself in this way with those two articles which a great military nation most requires. But is this all? Is the purchase of our coal and our iron useful simply in storing French arsenals and working French railways? It will lead to another result, which those who dwell on the worthlessness of the Treaty have quite forgotten. It will tend to depreciate the Belgian coal and iron, which hitherto have been very greatly favoured in the French tariff. Depreciating the coal and iron of Belgium, it will cause depression and suffering in the mining districts of that country; it will create such discontent as may express itself in a desire for annexation to France, which would effectually remove the duty on Belgian articles sent to the French market. According to Mr Bright's view of the value of patriotism, if we can cut out the Belgians from the French market, we shall very soon make annexation not only welcome to them, but a necessity. And it therefore appears, that at the very moment when Louis Napoleon was meditating the annexation of Savoy, he was soothing our fears and tickling our hopes by means of a concession which leads directly to a further extension of the French frontier, and another outrage to peace in the annexation of Belgium. M. Thouvenel, it is true, denies that his master has any designs upon the neutral territory of King Leopold; but French diplomacy has been so tortuous, that when the Foreign Office repudiates any design, people begin to feel that there must be some truth in what previously was nothing more than suspicion.

Although the evil in this direction has not yet been recognised—although it has not yet fully appeared that the annexation of Belgium is involved in our acceptance of the French Treaty, enough of Napoleon's design was unmasked to make us feel that we had been thoroughly duped. The eyes of the public were at the same time gradually opened to other grave defects of the financial scheme. It increases the income-tax, in violation of innumerable pledges; it insures a deficiency of more than £12,000,000 for next year's Budget; it does not even provide a revenue sufficient to cover the expenditure of the current year; and when these and other defects were pointed out, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had the imprudence to assert the propriety of leaving a large deficit and an uncertain future to the financial wisdom of a Parliament elected by the six-pound householders. The designs of Napoleon and the dreams of Mr Gladstone have at last thoroughly alarmed the House of Commons; all its latent conservatism is aroused, and a session that commenced with pœans for Gladstone and Manchester, gives every prospect of closing in derision of the "transcendent orator," and in detestation of cotton statesmanship. In not a few of the debates this is pretty clearly indicated, but most of all in the division on the Ballot, on Church-Rates, on the Paper Duties, and in the discussions on the abortive Reform Bill.

The question of the Ballot creates a division, but seldom raises a debate worthy of the name. Mr Henry Berkeley makes his usual speech, full of quotations and bad jokes. In order that he may have a resting-

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place for his mass of papers, he gets to the seat usually occupied by Mr Disraeli, with the large box before it, and there he holds forth to a House that is pretty well filled, not because it takes any interest in the discussion, but because it scents the coming division. The only thing remarkable in this particular debate was the reception given to that "chip of the old block," the junior member for Carlisle. The House of Commons usually receives with the utmost indulgence all maiden efforts. But if maiden speeches, in addition to being ridiculous, interfere with dinner, woe be to the speaker. Mr Lawson has an unfortunate lisp, and a pompous way of saying nothing. He was coughed down, and no doubt the old block of which he is a chip was thankful that, having left the House a few minutes before, he was not present to witness the humiliation of his nephew. Whenever a man has anything to say, the House of Commons always listens, and a cool spectator is often amazed at the conceit and bull-dog courage of men who, in spite of all interruption, push on and determine to speak because they rose to make a speech. The only member who was really attended to was Lord Palmerston, who put everybody in good-humour with his jesting proposal, that when Henry Berkeley should be gathered to his fathers, and the time should come for his friends to think of a monument for him, it should be in the form of a ballot-box. When the question came to a division, it was found that in a House of 400 members the friends of secret voting could only muster 147 names. Mr Berkeley had been very confident. A Cabinet of which Mr Bright was the judicious bottle-holder being in office, the friends of the Ballot began to wax valiant, and to hope all things. They were aghast at their discomfiture. Beaten by 107 votes, it was a disgrace to those who year by year had been diminishing the distance between the Ayes and the Noes, and who were now in full view of victory. They tried to explain away the defeat. It was all the effect of dinner delayed. It was the effect of attempting too much. It was the effect of interpolating a dull debate into the adjourned discussion of the Reform Bill. It was evident that there was something exceptional in the magnitude of the defeat, for the House of Commons was immediately afterwards counted out. The advanced Radicals could not see the true explanation, that already the Conservative feeling of the House began to show itself. With a Budget before the country that was the first step to the confiscation of middle-class wealth, and a Reform Bill by the side of it that despoiled the middle class of their power, the sense of danger began to work, and the motion for the Ballot was ignominiously rejected.

In itself this discussion might scarcely be worthy of notice, only when we are told that other successes obtained by the Tories were stolen victories and casual events, it is worth remembering that they have not been so isolated as it is convenient to aver. The division on Church-Rates was palpable proof of the Tory reaction that had set in. The opponents of the Church have been carrying their opposition to Church-rates by triumphant majorities. In the last struggle, however, their success dwindled to a majority of 9 in a House of 461 members. Mr Bright imagines that if a majority of 13 is sufficient to overthrow a Ministry, a majority of 9 is quite enough to repeal a tax. It is a fine illustration of the arithmetical style of argument which finds favour in the eyes of Manchester. It so happens that a majority of 1 against it in the House of Commons would in a moment send a Cabinet to the right about. Either it must resign, or appeal to the country. Therefore, according to Mr Bright, a majority of 1 is more than sufficient to secure the enactment of any measure introduced into Parliament. A grapestone is enough to choke off a Ministry; but a rate that has been in existence for hundreds of years, or a tax like that on paper, which has long been one of permanent impost, is far less important than any Ministry; therefore something less than a grapestone will suffice to insure its destruction. When Mr Bright propounded this argument in St Martin's Hall the

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other day, we can easily imagine him to have resorted to the little trick of manner with which he usually follows up any of his good sayings—chucking his nose with the back of his hand. Mr Bright is one of the most natural of living speakers. He has very little gesture. In his left hand he holds a few notes; his right hand he stows away in his waistcoat pocket. But whenever he raises a laugh, up goes that inevitable forefinger to his nostrils, the object of the trick being to conceal the smile that disturbs his lip as he perceives the success of his sally. How he must have laughed at his audience, and how he must have desired to conceal his laughter, as he advanced that wonderful argument in praise of slender majorities. Alas for his facts! If a majority of 9 means victory, it is a victory that is only less disastrous than defeat. A majority of 9 in favour of abolishing Church-Rates, and repealing the Paper Duties, is tantamount to a battle drawn, and a battle drawn is in these cases a battle lost. The Tory party had all the more honour in their defence of Church-Rates, inasmuch as, in the way of speaking, that defence devolved almost entirely on the Tory chiefs. On the occasion of the adjourned debate which ended in the division, the discussion was left, we may say, exclusively to Mr Bright on the one side, and to Messrs Whiteside and Disraeli on the other.

The most remarkable display of Conservative feeling, however, was produced by the discussions on the Reform Bill. And here a very striking point was the fact that, on the ministerial side of the House, member after member arose to express his horror of the Government proposition. The Member for Edinburgh was one of the foremost in expressing frankly his distrust of the working classes. Mr Edwin James, professing to support an extension of the franchise, as any one who expects to remain member for Marylebone must, nevertheless made a damaging speech against the "poor little Bill," by showing that it would admit a great many more of the working classes to the exercise of the franchise than entered into Lord John Russell's calculation. Mr Gregory, from his place immediately behind Mr Bright, gave some of his American experiences to the House, in a speech that was full of point, and warned us from proceeding on that downward course which leads directly to universal suffrage and a democratic deluge. Mr Walter on the same side gave expression to similar cautions in a speech that told with immense effect, especially that part of it which he devoted to the reproof of Mr Bright. The burly demagogue is not loved by the House of Commons, and he knows it. He knows also that he is at any time liable to a cutting answer, which he has no chance of receiving in more popular assemblies, and the fear of such a reply acts like a biting frost upon his oratory. On the platform he is an oratorical Samson; in the House of Commons he is Samson shorn of his locks, and the sport of the Philistines. Let us hope that the metaphor is not too accurate, and that this blind Samson will not eventually pull the House about our ears. In the mean time he is the butt of the House of Commons, and has been pleasantly described as a sort of legislative Aunt Sally. Everybody is having a shy at Aunt Sally. When, some time ago, Lord Palmerston referred to him as "the reverend gentleman," there was a certain degree of respect implied in the ludicrous epithet. How is the mighty fallen, when he can be described with applause in the House of Commons as Aunt Sally? It is said that the castigation which he has received from men of every party has affected his health; and if this be true, Mr Walter has a good deal to answer for, since the punishment administered by him was the most severe which the member for Birmingham has yet received. What made it all the more severe was its moderation. Mr Walter stated his facts, and left the conclusions to be inferred. It was a capital illustration of the old saying, that the half is greater than the whole, and it was a startling contrast to Mr Bright's style of attack. Mr Bright always overdoes an argument: he has false facts; he stretches them to the most sweeping conclusions; and as if these conclusions were not broad

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enough, he ekes them out with fierce vituperation. The result is that no one attends to what he says, and his explosions are for the most part as harmless as the explosions of a rocket in the sky.

The finest speech of the Reform Bill debate was assuredly that of Sir E. B. Lytton; and indeed for high oratory he stands first in the House of Commons. Other men may equal and surpass him in the ordinary conflict of debate, but for pure eloquence as distinguished from debate, Sir Edward is the only representative left of the old demigods—the Cannings and the Shiels. Nothing can be more brilliant than his orations, and the House of Commons rapidly crowds to hear him. At first the listener is rather tantalised. He catches a word here and a clause there, gets the glimpse of some brilliant saying, but loses half the sentence. Owing, we believe, to a slight deafness, Sir E. B. Lytton appears to be uncertain in regulating the pitch of his voice. When he speaks low, every word is distinctly heard; but as the sentence rolls on, and the voice rises with it, there is a difficulty in following him which at first completely baffles the auditor. One has some idea of how great is the orator's power, when in spite of such a defect he can enchain an audience for hours, can produce an enthusiasm which few may equal, and is accepted as, in the loftier sense of the word, the first orator in the House of Commons —the man who most of all deserves a niche in the splendid poem of "St Stephen's." The speech in which we are at present most interested was one of his happiest efforts, and very pleasantly combined amusing descriptions of popular habits, with philosophical arguments and statesmanlike warning. It was not a party speech; Sir E. B. Lytton has not the temper of a partisan. On the contrary, it was full of courteous appreciation of opponents; it expressed affectionate admiration of Mr Gladstone, and it gave hearty praise to Lord John. In point of fact, a party speech is generally a mistake. It is accepted for what it is worth, and no more. The man who combines a firm assertion of his own opinions with a generous consideration for his opponents will always be the most formidable of speakers; and the opposition which Sir E. B. Lytton felt it necessary to give to measures, with the authors of which he confessed the warmest sympathy, carried in consequence not a little weight, independently of the eloquence with which that opposition was enforced. The House applauded to the echo; the sentences were drowned in cheers; and when the orator sat down there was such prolonged cheering as we have seldom witnessed. No persons understand how to cheer like the country gentlemen. A cheer in the House of Commons means the rapid pronunciation of "Hear" so peculiarly that the stress is laid upon the latter part of the word, and the sound, as it is thickened by the multiplication of voices, very nearly resembles "Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah." A deafening shout of "Yah, yah, yah!" is raised as a song of triumph over the opposite side of the House; and when it begins to subside again, the country gentlemen burst forth in full cry, "Yah, yah, yah!" Etymologically, indeed, the "Yah, yah" of the present day is identical with the "Yea, yea" of olden times, and with the "O yes, O yes" which may still be heard in courts of justice. Only the modern cry has a singularly pugnacious, insulting sound, and when "Yah, yah" comes in full chorus from the throats of innumerable men, whose business it is to cultivate their lungs, great is the excitement and the noise. The shout that was raised in honnour of Sir Edward B. Lytton was as the voice of many waters, and it was a shout in which a large section of the ministerialists heartily joined.

The amount of Conservative feeling which has been drawn forth by "poor little Bill" has been so great that Mr Disraeli has been accused of pusillanimity and bad management in not having ventured to oppose the measure by a counter-motion. With a section of politicians everything that Mr Disraeli does is wrong. He is of Hebrew extraction, therefore he cannot be an Englishman. He has written novels, therefore he cannot be a statesman. He is not a man of wealth, therefore he must be

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an adventurer. He is of opinion that the names Conservative and Liberal do not, if rightly understood, express a real Opposition; that we should fall back upon the old names of Whig and Tory; and that the Tories ought, in the true sense of the word, to be liberal in their views: therefore he has no principle. He did his vanities and follies as a young man; therefore there is nothing but vanity in him still. He delivered a series of speeches in the House of Commons which, for at least the quality of polished and successful sarcasm, have been unrivalled in the present century; therefore he must have a cynical envenomed nature. Now we are very far from setting up Mr Disraeli as a perfect man. We do not disguise from ourselves that he has his faults. Where, indeed, are we to look for the perfect statesman? But in the interest of common-sense and fair-play we must protest against the sort of criticism which has been poured upon him for some time past. It is the malignant yell of a faction. Directly or indirectly, it can be traced to Peelite jealousy. And to the gentry who are so lavish in their vituperation—who see in him nothing but a bundle of evil and contemptible attributes—who describe every act of his life as an outrage against English ideas of truth, honour, and justice—we would suggest a single remark. Are they not aware that such injustice defeats itself? that the man who receives excessive condemnation is certain to enjoy the benefit of a reaction, and to be rewarded in due time by an excess of praise? The man whom they paint—a wretch without principle, without feeling, without a single good quality—if he is not an absolute impossibility, is certainly an impossibility at the head of the proudest party in the State. All the abuse which has been directed against Mr Disraeli has not succeeded in displacing him from the leadership of the Opposition, and it is worthy of inquiry whether the man who occupies such a position may not possess, at least, a few estimable traits, whether in intellect he is not something more than an intriguer, and whether in aspiration he is not something better than a place-hunter.

It is perfectly clear that, by not opposing the second reading of the Reform Bill, Mr Disraeli took the most effectual means of securing for it universal ridicule. Such is party feeling, that if he had opposed it, ministerialists would have been up in arms for its defence. Nay, how could the Tory party oppose it without incurring the imputation of factious motives? Having last year produced a Reform Bill, which is now pronounced on all hands to be infinitely preferable to the odious progeny of Lord John, the second reading of the measure was opposed on grounds which might have been urged with propriety when the Bill had gone into committee, but were universally scouted by the Tory party as insufficient and merely factious when urged in opposition to the less advanced stage of the Bill. Their own arguments would have been turned against them, and it would have been impossible to resist the conclusion, that if it was factious to oppose the second reading of Mr Disraeli's Bill, it was equally factious to oppose the second reading of Lord John's. Then we are told that the real fault of Mr Disraeli dates further back—that he ought never to have introduced a Reform Bill. But how could he have helped himself? Whig and Radical were on the watch, and if Lord Derby's Government had declined to introduce a Reform Bill, there would instantly have been proposed a vote of want of confidence. The Opposition had really no case against the Tory Government, in refusing to read their Reform Bill a second time. How much stronger their position would have been if Mr Disraeli had risen before his big box, and had announced that it was not his intention to propose a further extension of the franchise! To say that the Tories ought never to have proposed a Reform Bill, is to say simply that the Tories ought never to have taken office. The success in the present session of the Tory tactics with regard to reform has been such, that while at first the great Cotton party sneered at the leader of Opposition for his timidity, they now

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find out that he is a master of "Machiavellian policy" and "malignant subtlety," and that the contempt which has been poured upon the Bill is entirely owing to the ingenuity of a perfect fiend—a Mephistopheles in the senate. The Bill is doomed. If it ever goes into committee, we believe that it will not come out again, and that the rickety little thing will never find its way to the House of Lords.

The strength of Conservative feeling displayed in the votes and debates to which we have referred, was not likely to wane, as time began to show the blundering of which Mr Gladstone had been guilty in his Budget. Mr Disraeli had once and again followed up his memorable speech on the Budget by attacking, as they came before the House, the details of which it was composed, and by exhibiting all the weak points of a minister "transcendent" in oratory and transcendental in finance. He showed the enviable good fortune of Mr Gladstone, who had enjoyed for seven years the false celebrity of that famous budget of 1853, which made so many brilliant promises that have all been falsified. He pointed out how frequently the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes use of his eloquence to gild a fallacy, to distort a fact, and to persuade the House of Commons in spite of itself. He turned into ridicule the lofty assumptions and the tyrannical style of one who is supposed to be above rebuke. It fared with Mr Gladstone as it has fared with every one who has provoked the criticism of Mr Disraeli. Mr Disraeli discredited the authority of Sir Robert Peel as the Tory chief; he discredited Sir Charles Wood as Chancellor of the Exchequer; he has succeeded in discrediting Mr Gladstone. This was very evident when the Bill for the repeal of the Paper Duties came to the third reading. It then appeared that the only thing which prevented even the supporters of the Ministry from throwing out the Bill and denouncing Mr Gladstone's finance as charlatanry, was the fear that an adverse vote might upset the Ministry. It is no secret that a considerable party in the Cabinet have been greatly dissatisfied with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his whims—whims to which the Cabinet were obliged to consent under peril of dissolution. But Mr Gladstone's dreams were becoming too serious, when, in addition to leaving a deficit of not less than a dozen millions to be provided for next year, it appeared from the prospects both of diminished revenue and increased expenditure, that we are likely to face a deficit in the current year; and such men as Edward Ellice on the side of the Whigs gave their adhesion to the protest, which Sir Francis Baring on the same side did not hesitate to urge when the Budget, as a whole, was voted by the House of Commons. If independent Whigs of high standing thus felt that they could not conscientiously support Mr Gladstone's transcendental finance, it will be understood that Tories who had no party scruples to deter them were strong in their opposition. Sir Stafford Northcote proposed a resolution to the effect that in the uncertain state of our finances, it is inexpedient to part with the Paper Duties. He is a most able man, and never rises unless he has something of importance to say. Could he modulate his voice a little more, instead of saying everything in the same tone, he would be one of the most effective speakers in the House of Commons. Any one who will take the trouble to read his speech, delivered on the 8th of May, will see that it was a most convincing one, and that it was not fairly answered by any of the subsequent speakers. It was, indeed, unanswerable. He made it clear as day, that the Government had prepared a deficit for the current year. The Government had nothing to reply, and, unfortunately, they had no one to make their nothing look like something. They were almost all out dining, and their defence was left in the hands of Mr Milner Gibson, who can make a tolerable speech when he is prepared, but who makes one of the sorriest off-hand debaters. His speech was a dead failure. He never once came near Sir Stafford Northcote's argument. He shunned the encounter; and his reply was so lamentably be-

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side the question, that it amounted to a confession of inability, and did more harm than good. About the time of his sitting down, the diners-out, with their white neckcloths, began to drop in, and it became evident that we were to have a sharp tug of war. Mr Ellice rose to say, that much as he disapproved of the Paper Duties in themselves, yet he could not vote for their repeal in the present financial condition of the country. In a few pithy sentences he condensed Sir Stafford Northcote's argument into a clincher against the Government. Mr Gladstone was one of those who had, greatly daring, dined, and he rose to reply. It was one of his usual speeches, in which he attempted to envelop the facts in a cloud of words; and by his solemn manner to convince the House that a man so good, so earnest, so conscientious, could not deceive it — could not lead it astray—ought to receive its confidence. A number of his followers are deluded by the idea that a man of fine feeling must be a great statesman, and that good intentions will balance the national accounts — perhaps pay the National Debt, which, by the way, Mr Gladstone proposed to do in his Budget of 1853. It is one of those fallacies which have wonderfully helped Mr Gladstone's oratory, and have given him a spurious influence in the House of Commons. Everybody knows what, according to the description of Sterne, Obadiah's bull did with such infinite gravity that he never lost his reputation in spite of innumerable failures. Mr Gladstone has in this respect a resemblance to that celebrated bull. He advances his sophisms with such solemnity that people fancy there must be something in them. Is it possible for a man who appears to be so much in earnest to say anything that can give one a false impression, or is nearly allied to utter nonsense? He made an effort of this kind to save his bill for the repeal of the Paper Duties, the chief point of his argument being that it was unprecedented for the House of Commons to resist on the third reading a money bill, which, after being pro-ed by the Ministers of the Crown, it had accepted on the second rea-ing. It was a reply that could n-hold water, and was as fallacious a the assertions of the penny paper that it is beyond the power of th House of Lords to throw out a mone bill sent up to it by the lower Hous Mr Baring disposed of the Chance-lor's subtleties in a few words, an then Mr Disraeli rose to finish the debate. It was a most telling speech the most eloquent delivered in the present session by the Tory leader He showed, in the first place, that the facts were undisputed and undeniable, that in consequence of uncertainties which must enter into the calculation of every budget, and which were developed into painful realities sooner than usual in a budget framed so ambitiously and speculatively as that of Mr Gladstone, we had a deficit staring us in the face. and then he proceeded to attack Mr Gladstone generally as a financier, as an orator, and as a despot in the House. He exposed the absurdity of his great rival's pretensions, and gave one of those philippics for which he earned his earliest celebrity. Glancing at the state of Europe, he asked, is this a time when the country can afford to trust a finance minister who indulged so palpably in claptrap, and whose schemes had all ended in failure? The cheering was prodigious. The squires at the orator's back were wild with excitement. With not a little confidence they went into the division lobby. In a house of 429, the third reading of the bill was carried by a small majority of 9. It is quite certain that, but for the fear of dispossessing the Government, the majority could have been the other way; and as it was, a sufficient indication was given of the opinion of the House of Commons to suggest to the Peers what they ought to do. It was necessary to provide for a certain deficit; but it was also necessary to protest against Mr Gladstone's principles of finance, and to give a salutary check to that Cotton party which threatens to render England, in the world's eye, as cheap as are all the productions of Manchester.

The Lords did their duty, and [illegible] the overwhelm[illegible]

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one out of nearly three hundred votes threw out the Bill for the repeal of the Paper Duties, and asserted in no mincing fashion the privileges of the Peerage. Everybody expected that the Government would receive a decisive check on the subject of their finance from the Upper House, but certainly no one could anticipate that they would find themselves in such a miserable minority. When it was first announced, indeed, that the House of Lords was likely to oppose the abolition of the Paper Duties, great was the fluttering among the penny demagogues, and so firmly did they imagine that what was all-important to the proprietors of a few straw-paper journals was all-important to the people of England, that they hoped to be able to get up an agitation sufficient to intimidate Lord Derby and the whole of the aristocracy. A very large meeting was held in St Martin's Hall. Large meetings can be held anywhere if a great gun is in position on the platform, and promises to go off with a mighty detonation. It is well known that on a platform Mr Bright is the greatest of all guns. Where there is nobody to contradict him, who can speak more loudly than he? In any large city there are thousands who would be glad to hear the successful orator, even though they have not one spark of sympathy with his peculiar ideas. It is not wonderful that in London, where he does not often speak to popular audiences, he should collect a great crowd. It was equally natural that the penny papers should represent that crowd as a demonstration against the iniquity which the House of Lords was about to perpetrate. Numberless were the speeches and articles and threats thrown out by a small but energetic band who saw the prize slipping from their grasp. The abolition of the Paper Duties is their life—it is all the world to them. They were frantic; and not content to agitate for the repeal, they turned their agitation into an insult to the House of Lords. The effect of that insult is pretty evident in the vote to which we have just referred. The Duke of Argyle commenced his speech by saying that the question of privilege was so dangerous, that to his certain knowledge many noble peers who were opposed to the financial measures of Mr Gladstone, and would have voted against them in the House of Commons, meant, on constitutional grounds, and in the interest of the House of Lords, to give their suffrage to the Government. The direct converse of this might have been stated in still stronger terms on the opposite side of the House. Many peers who would have been neutral, and would have abstained from any vote likely to embarrass the Cabinet, felt constrained to come to the rescue of the House of Lords, and assert its rights once for all. The attempt at intimidation, therefore, instead of accomplishing what was intended, accomplished the very opposite, and combined such a majority against the Government as will carry immense weight throughout the country, and be accepted as a significant censure of Mr Gladstone's gambling and revolutionary finance.

The debate raised great expectations in the metropolis, and it was currently stated that not since the discussion on the second reading of the bill to repeal the Corn Laws was there so much excitement in the House of Lords. We should rather say about the House of Lords, for our hereditary legislators take everything quietly, and they did not appear in great force until they had done proper justice to the dinner-table. But all about the House—in the galleries, in the passages, on the steps of the throne, and in those wonderful niches and corners, including the royal box, where people are stowed away it is difficult to say how—there were immense crowds in a state of pleasant excitement. Ladies were rustling to their places, thanking their cavaliers, compressing their crinoline into the narrowest compass, and then taking aim at everybody with their opera-glasses. Members of the House of Commons were dashing in wildly wherever there was a chance of finding rest for the sole of the foot. Sharp at five o'clock there was a rush into the strangers' gallery as into the pit of the Adelphi Theatre for the front seats, and there was a wild clatter of questions and answers, all referring to who is who.

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From the reporters' gallery, immediately below, the men looked down with a more jaded sensation at a scene that was not entirely new to them, and that was likely to afford them more labour than pleasure. To complete the picture, one saw flitting to and fro—out and in ubiquitous through doors and passages, the Mother Carey's chickens of the brewing storm—members of the House of Commons who are interested in penny papers. These unquiet spirits were rushing about with great bundles of most formidable documents in their hands, trying to catch some noble lord, and to buckle him to his work. As the debate proceeded, Mr Disraeli or Mr Whiteside would drop in to see how all was going, would take a quiet survey of the House, and then depart to other duties.

The debate, unfortunately for those who assembled in such numbers, was not an interesting one. The issues at stake were tremendous; but the discussions which these issues raised, turned on questions of precedent and of statistics which were not adapted for oratorical display. In addition to which, when the arguments are all on one side, when there is nothing to combat, and when speaker after speaker has simply to reiterate what has been already said, a debate is apt to become tedious. On the Government side there were five speakers, Lords Granville, Dufferin, Clanricarde, Cranworth, and the Duke of Argyle; but they had absolutely nothing to say. Lord Granville declared that the Paper Duty was a very bad tax, that the Government could not have foreseen the Chinese war, and that very often, when a balance-sheet appears to be deficient in the middle of the financial year, it is found to yield a surplus at the end. Lord Dufferin, who, in defence of a hopeless cause, spoke with a command of language and of illustration worthy of his literary reputation, stated that, in presuming to differ with Lord Lyndhurst, he was David going out against Goliath—with this difference, however, that he had no divine mission. Lord Clanricarde declared that he did not consider the state of our finances encouraging (thus admitting the whole case against the Government), but that nevertheless he would vote for the repeal of the Paper Duties, because the decision of the House of Commons had led a good many people into commercial engagements which it would be extremely inconvenient for them to keep. Lord Cranworth admitted that the course which the House of Peers proposed to take might be constitutional, but still argued that it was so thinly separated from what seemed to be unconstitutional, that to many minds the difference would be unintelligible. The Duke of Argyle maintained that the Government had very good intentions; and that if the effect of their finance was revolutionary, they did not mean it to be so. Turning to the constitutional question, he made that wonderful statement, with regard to money bills and supply bills, in which he cut his own throat as neatly as ever speaker did. He objected to the precedents adduced by Lord Lyndhurst, that they all referred to money bills, and not to supply bills. It is amazing what arguments some people will put forward when they have nothing to say. A hungry man has been known to eat his own fingers; and the Duke of Argyle was in a state of the most abject want when he was reduced to such a reply. The facts are, first, that Lord Lyndhurst had really quoted a precedent relating to a supply bill; and, secondly, that the Bill for the repeal of the Paper Duties is *not* a supply bill. The Duke admitted that the arguments of Lord Lyndhurst might have some validity as referring to money bills, but that they had none as referring to supply. Lord Derby, in the gentlest way, pointed out the fact that this bill referred not to supply, but was a money bill of the ordinary class.

The speaking on the side of Opposition was much better and more convincing. Here, also, the speakers were five—Lords Lyndhurst, Monteagle, Chelmsford, the Duke of Rutland, and the Earl of Derby. Lord Lyndhurst's speech was the wonderful effort of an old man, who had that day completed his eighty-eighth year; but apart from this acute

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of interest, it was a perfectly clear and unanswerable statement of the rights appertaining to the House of Lords. He spoke for fifty minutes, in a clear voice, that was distinctly heard in a house which, notwithstanding its beauties, does not possess the first of all requisites, that of being well adapted for sound. And then it devolved on Lord Monteagle to make his motion, that the second reading of the Bill for the repeal of the Paper Duties be postponed to that day six months. The noble lord is not a brilliant speaker; and as he rose, at about a quarter to eight, he had to contend for an audience with the counter-claims of dinner and tea. The bishops and the ladies went off to indulge in tea, while the greater portion of the male sex were intent on more substantial fare. Lord Monteagle got on slowly enough with a cold and thin audience. Apparently, also, his speech acted with soporific effect on the reporters, for they have condensed and toned it down. Whig as he is, he said some wonderfully kind things of the Government and their financial measure, which would have appeared very pretty in print. For example, in referring to the new sources of revenue out of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer contrived to juggle a surplus — such as the Spanish debt and the malt and hop credits—he stated that this "revenue was raised on a rotten foundation, discreditable to all the parties concerned." He also described the national balance-sheet prepared by Mr Gladstone as "worthy of an insolvent passing through the Bankruptcy Court, and wishing to appear richer than he really is." Lord Monteagle's office, that of Comptrollor of the Exchequer, has been described in the leading journal as the pivot of the constitution. A pivot is generally a very hard and impenetrable substance—sometimes a precious jewel. It might be scarcely wise in us to represent Lord Monteagle as a brilliant and precious gem of the British constitution, but we are at liberty to speak of him and his speech as made of hard and impenetrable stuff. If his matter was dull, it was incontestable: if his [illegible] it was nevertheless irresistible. And no speaker that followed so much as attempted to show how we could possibly avoid a deficit either in the current or in the ensuing year.

The speech of the evening was Lord Derby's, and the criticism of Mr Gladstone's finance came with more force from him than from either Lord Monteagle in the House of Lords, or from Mr Disraeli in the House of Commons. People distrust the criticisms of rival financiers. When Sir Francis Baring chose to condemn the Chancellor of the Exchequer's propositions, he was reminded somewhat insolently by Mr Bright that his own budgets were not particularly happy, and that the Whigs had never produced a financier. There is a distrust of figures, and we all know that, by a skilful shuffling of statistics, an adroit arithmetician can prove anything he pleases, to the bewilderment of an audience that forgets the first row of figures long before the speaker comes to the enunciation of the second. We at once trust and distrust the statistics of the professed financier. But Lord Derby, so far from being a professed financier, was twitted by Lord Granville for his dislike of arithmetic. There were also private whispers among those who wished the Tory chief no good, that he always failed in marshalling figures, and that his speech, when it came to the statistical part, would be a perfect jumble of impossible and contradictory entries. Unluckily for the prophets of ill, the speech was as clear as crystal, and Lord Derby proved that he could, when he chose to take the trouble, make a financial statement unsurpassable in lucidity and accuracy. But the speech was more than lucid—it was a terrible exposure. Even Lord Derby's enemies will allow that there is nobody in Parliament who can equal him in critical acumen. He is the most masterly critic that we have; and when he comes to expose all the weak points of a Minister or a measure, nothing can stand before his ruthless analysis. Mr Gladstone's finance was exposed on the night of the 21st of May last to a tri[illegible] this sort, and it is needless to [illegible] as

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Lord Derby weighed it in his balance, there was written in many an eye throughout the House the *Mene, Mene* of the Chancellor's fame. He took Mr Gladstone's own figures. He did not dispute the calculations on which they were based. Accepting the premises, he showed the mighty gulf of a deficit, on the brink of which, according to the Chancellor's own showing, we are now standing. One part of this exposition was especially effective — namely, that in which he wound up what he had to say of the deficit, by denouncing the schemes of a man who attempted to get the country out of a financial embarrassment by throwing "double or quits." A period of financial difficulty, says Mr Gladstone, is the period for the country to make experiments which may retrieve all deficiencies. If the experiments succeed, so much the better; if they fail, we shall not be much worse off than before. "My lords," said Lord Derby, "I say that is not the policy of a statesman—it is the policy of a desperate and improvident gambler." There was a Chancellor of the Exchequer who, on account of his wonderfully prosperous budgets in a period of great national suffering, was named by William Cobbett, Mr Prosperity Robinson. Mr Gladstone is the legitimate successor of that gentleman, and it will not be soon forgotten that he was described by Lord Derby as a desperate and improvident gambler. No description could be more true, and the name will stick.

The most important part of Lord Derby's speech, however, was not that which exposed the improvidence and gambling of which Mr Gladstone had been guilty. The failure of all the financial measures of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the desperate character of his Budget, had been fully exhibited by Mr Disraeli, and Mr Disraeli's criticism had been followed by the attacks of many more who were thoroughly disgusted with charlatanry in finance. Lord Derby had another and perhaps a more important task to fulfil. He not merely put the Budget in the fire—he put Mr Gladstone himself into the same furnace. He showed Mr Gladstone contradictions. He set speech against speech, proposal against proposal, and showed Mr Gladstone contradicting himself in the most barefaced way whenever it suited his purpose. Everybody knows how very solemn how very earnest Mr Gladstone can be; how greatly his influence with the House of Commons depends on the belief that here is a man raised by moral feeling high above all party considerations, to whom honour is above all price, to whom truth and candour are infinitely more than any personal gratification. Other men are but mortals—they have personal ambition and party feeling to gratify, and well may he lecture them, as he does, for not being as he is—above suspicion. If, as Mr Disraeli says, Mr Gladstone has been more fortunate than the bottle conjuror in having enjoyed an enviable celebrity of seven years, on the faith of promises which he was unable to perform, he has enjoyed a much longer period of influence in the House of Commons on the strength of certain scruples of conscience which he was supposed to possess. He was such a good man, with such a wonderfully tender conscience about little things, that everybody imagined he must be equally tender on great occasions, and a most safe guide in any question which we should wish to decide with perfect candour and freedom from party considerations. Now, let no one misunderstand us. We are very far from saying that Mr Gladstone is not a conscientious man. We are very far from supposing that he would do what he believes to be wrong. But what is conscience? Is it not under the dominion of reason; and is not reason exceedingly fallible? Mr Gladstone follows his conscience; but his conscience is that of a casuist. People speak of him as Jesuitical. They mean precisely what we mean, when we describe him as casuistical. His is a conscience which no doubt may form its decisions with perfect honesty, but which plain and straightforward men will always be unwilling to regard as a safe guide. It is an elastic conscience that, as Lord Derby showed, permits of his saying one thing at one time, and contradicting

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it at a more convenient season. It would be vain for us to quote the instances recorded by Lord Derby. One instance is nothing; it might be an accident. It is the united sum of an immense variety of cases in which Mr Gladstone has shifted his sails to catch the popular breeze that brings conviction home. Let Lord Derby's speech be studied. The latter part of it was almost entirely made up of quotations. He stated his facts, and left his audience to draw the inference. That inference we have drawn, and it is, that granting Mr Gladstone to be an honourable man, his conscience, which we have always understood to be very tender, is not quite consistent in the conclusions it sanctions; and that for the future the member for Oxford University might, with advantage, moderate his tone, and address the House of Commons less as an angel, and more as a man of the world.

The result of the debate, however, is the chief thing. It is the latest triumph of the Conservative policy in the present session, and it will revive the hopes of a party that at the commencement of the year seemed to be greatly discouraged. The adverse vote in the House of Lords has, of course, put the drag on Mr Gladstone, and for the future he will have to trot down the hill a little more gingerly. In the mean time, not knowing what a day may bring forth, we can only express our hope, that as Lord Derby is unwilling for the present to take office, and as it might even be unadvisable, in present complications, to disturb the existing Ministry, they will, now that they have got their gambling Chancellor pulled up, think a little more of the nation and less of a class; legislate, if they please, for Manchester, but for Manchester as a part of England. Let us also hope that the revival of a Conservative policy has saved this year from the undesirable pre-eminence which it had every prospect of attaining, to use the phrase of Lord Granville, as "the year of immortal smash."

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